

MARVEL

EPIC COLLECTION

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



GOING OUT WEST

CONWAY • GERBER • COLAN • HECK

EPIC COLLECTION



DAREDEVIL

GOING OUT WEST

VOLUME 5

1972-1974

DAREDEVIL #87-107 AND AVENGERS #111

DAREDEVIL

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DAREDEVIL #87, MAY 1972

**"FROM STAGE LEFT, ENTER:
ELECTRO!"**

DAREDEVIL #88, JUNE 1972

"CALL HIM KILLGRAVE!"

DAREDEVIL #89, JULY 1972

"CRISIS!"

DAREDEVIL #90, AUGUST 1972

**"THE SINISTER SECRET
OF PROJECT FOUR!"**

DAREDEVIL #91, SEPTEMBER 1972

"FEAR IS THE KEY!"

DAREDEVIL #92, OCTOBER 1972

"ON THE EVE OF THE TALON!"

DAREDEVIL #93, NOVEMBER 1972

"A POWER CORRUPT!"

DAREDEVIL #94, DECEMBER 1972

"HE CAN CRUSH THE WORLD!"

DAREDEVIL #95, JANUARY 1973

"BULLFIGHT ON THE BAY!"

DAREDEVIL #96, FEBRUARY 1973

**"THE WIDOW WILL
MAKE YOU PAY!"**

DAREDEVIL #97, MARCH 1973

"HE WHO SAVES"

DAREDEVIL #98, APRIL 1973

"LET THERE BE--DEATH!"

DAREDEVIL #99, MAY 1973

"THE MARK OF HAWKEYE!"

AVENGERS #111, MAY 1973

"WITH TWO BESIDE THEM!"

DAREDEVIL #100, JUNE 1973

"MIND STORM!"

DAREDEVIL #101, JULY 1973

**"VENGEANCE IN THE SKY
WITH DIAMONDS!"**

DAREDEVIL #102, AUGUST 1973

"STILT-MAN STALKS THE CITY!"

DAREDEVIL #103, SEPTEMBER 1973

"...THEN CAME RAMROD!"

DAREDEVIL #104, OCTOBER 1973

"PREY OF THE HUNTER!"

DAREDEVIL #105, NOVEMBER 1973

**"MENACE FROM THE
MOONS OF SATURN!"**

DAREDEVIL #106, DECEMBER 1973

"LIFE BE NOT PROUD!"

DAREDEVIL #107, JANUARY 1974

"BLIND MAN'S BLUFF!"

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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87
MAY
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DAREDEVIL™

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

GET BACK,
YOU FOOLS!
IF YOU SO MUCH
AS **TOUCH**
ELECTRO---

...YOU
DIE!

AND JUST WHAT
DO YOU THINK IS
GONNA HAPPEN TO
YOU, DD--WHEN YOUR
BILLY-CLUB
HITS ME??



FROM STAGE LEFT:

ENTER **ELECTRO!**

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

SOFT, ALMOST UNFELT, THE BAY BREEZE MOVES THROUGH THE CITY LIKE SOME SILENT SPECTER. WHERE IT TOUCHES, TREE LEAVES RUSTLE, BITS OF SIDEWALK PAPER SPIN AND DANCE-- AND IN THE MORNING AIR, SAN FRANCISCO COMES ALIVE.

HE TURNS HIS HEAD SLOWLY, SENSING THE SHAPE AND SIZE OF THE BUILDINGS AROUND HIM, "SEEING" THE STREETS THAT DROP AWAY ON THE HILLS ABOUT THEM--

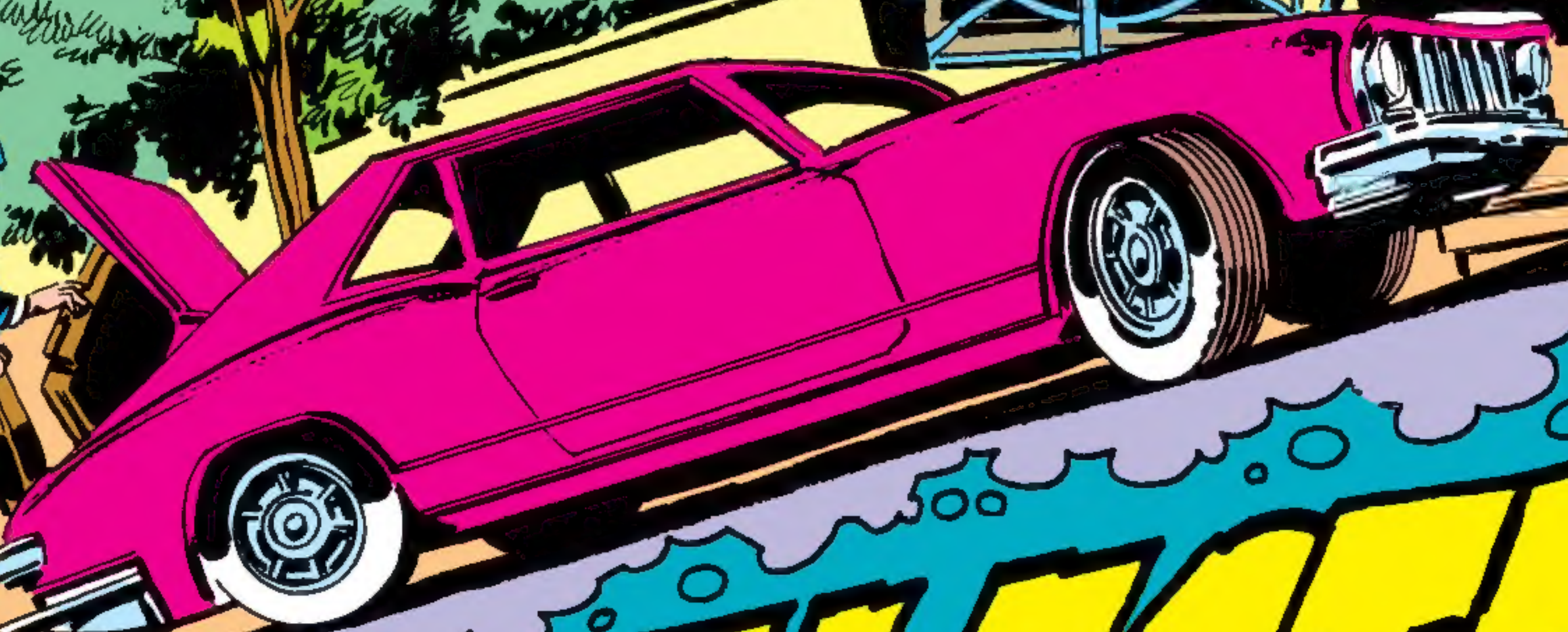
ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY, A SMILE FORMS ON HIS LIPS, AND MATT MURDOCK KNOWS, FOR AN INSTANT AT LEAST, THAT AT LAST, HE'S FOUND A PLACE HE CAN TRULY CALL HOME.

IT COST EVERY LAST PENNY OF MY INHERITANCE, MATT-- BUT FOR THE NEXT YEAR, IT'S OURS.

ANY COMMENT?

NATASHA, YOU ARE WITHOUT A DOUBT THE CRAZIEST FEMALE I'VE EVER TANGLED WITH.

I LOVE IT.

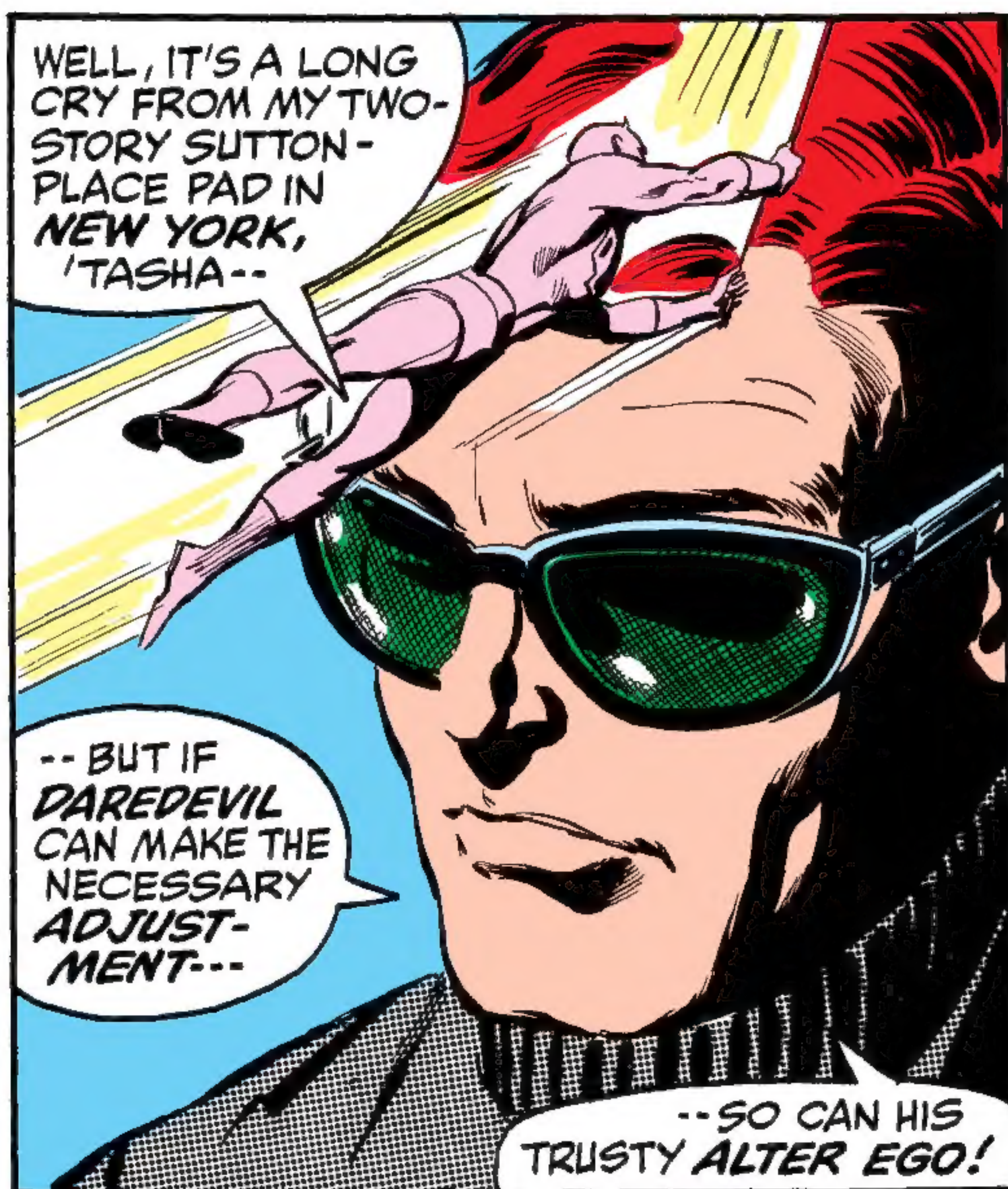


FROM STAGE LEFT,

ENTER

ELECTRO!

STAN LEE, EDITOR • GERRY CONWAY, WRITER • GENE COLAN, ARTIST • TOM PALMER, INKER • SAM ROSEN, LETTERER



WELL, IT'S A LONG CRY FROM MY TWO-STORY SUTTON-PLACE PAD IN NEW YORK, 'TASHA--

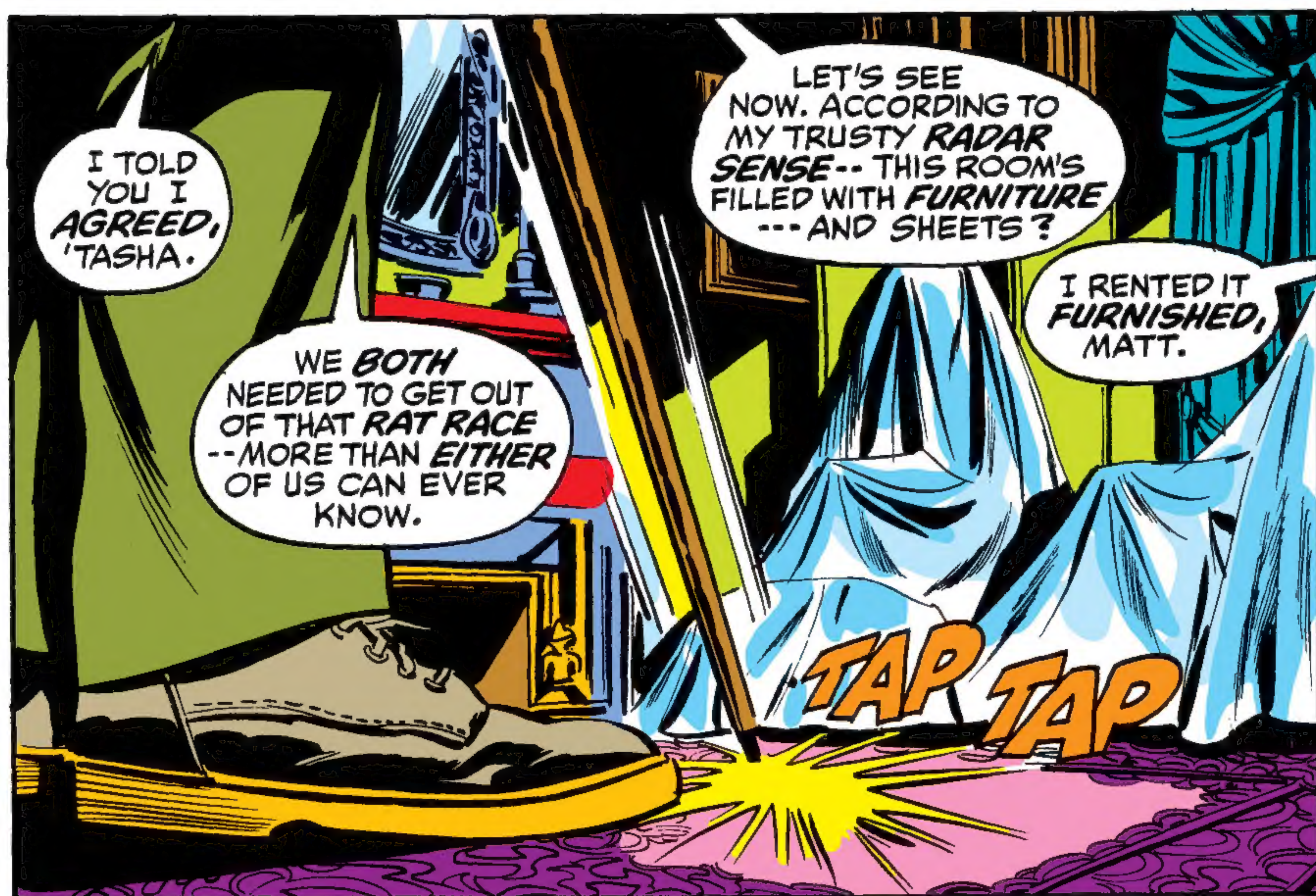
-- BUT IF DAREDEVIL CAN MAKE THE NECESSARY ADJUSTMENT--

--SO CAN HIS TRUSTY ALTER EGO!



BELIEVE ME, MATT-- MOVING TO FRISCO HASN'T BEEN A MISTAKE-- I KNOW IT.

MAYBE HERE WE CAN **FORGET** WHAT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK-- AND BUILD SOMETHING A LOT MORE WORTHWHILE!



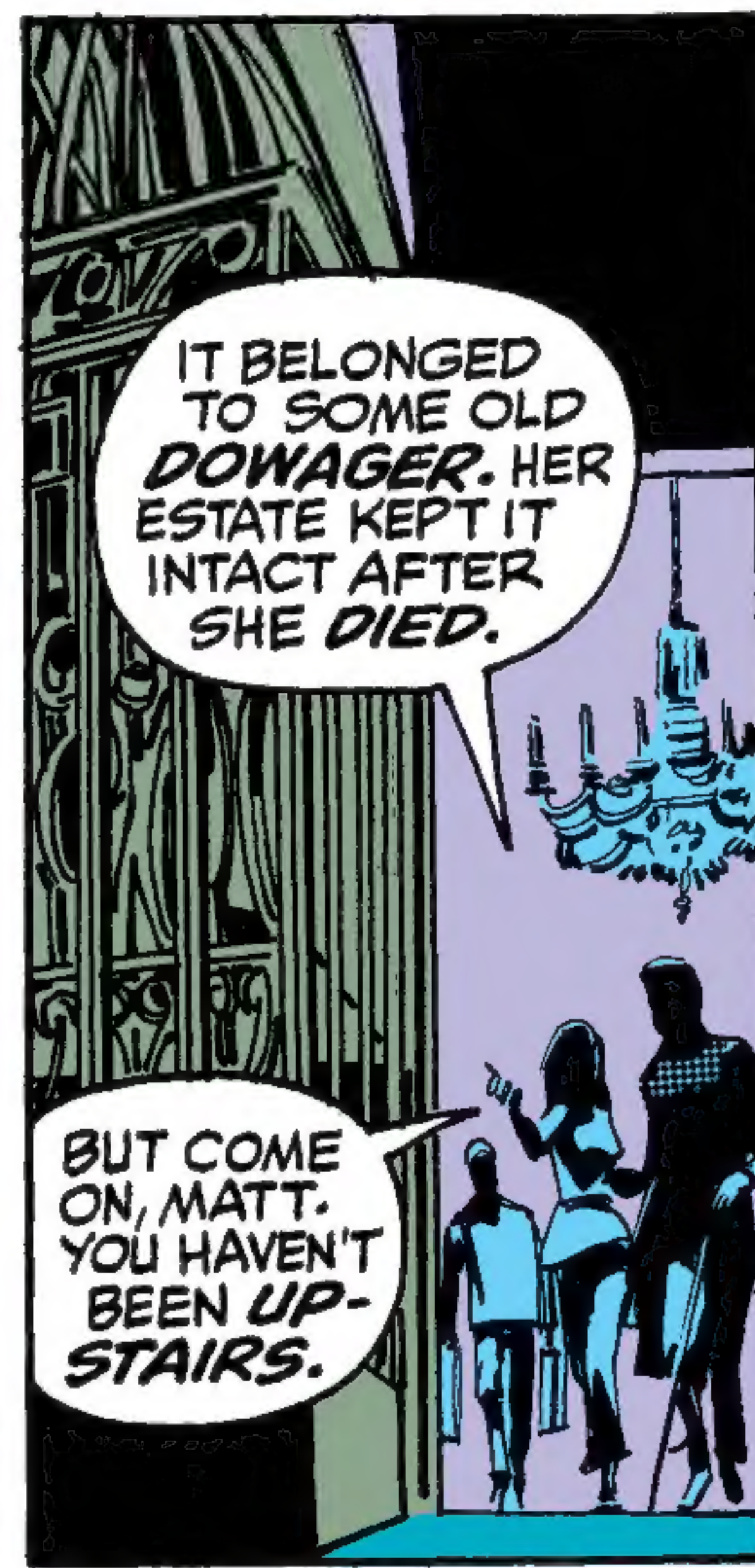
I TOLD YOU I **AGREED**, 'TASHA.

WE **BOTH** NEEDED TO GET OUT OF THAT RAT RACE --MORE THAN **EITHER** OF US CAN EVER KNOW.

LET'S SEE NOW. ACCORDING TO MY TRUSTY **RADAR SENSE**-- THIS ROOM'S FILLED WITH **FURNITURE** --- AND SHEETS?

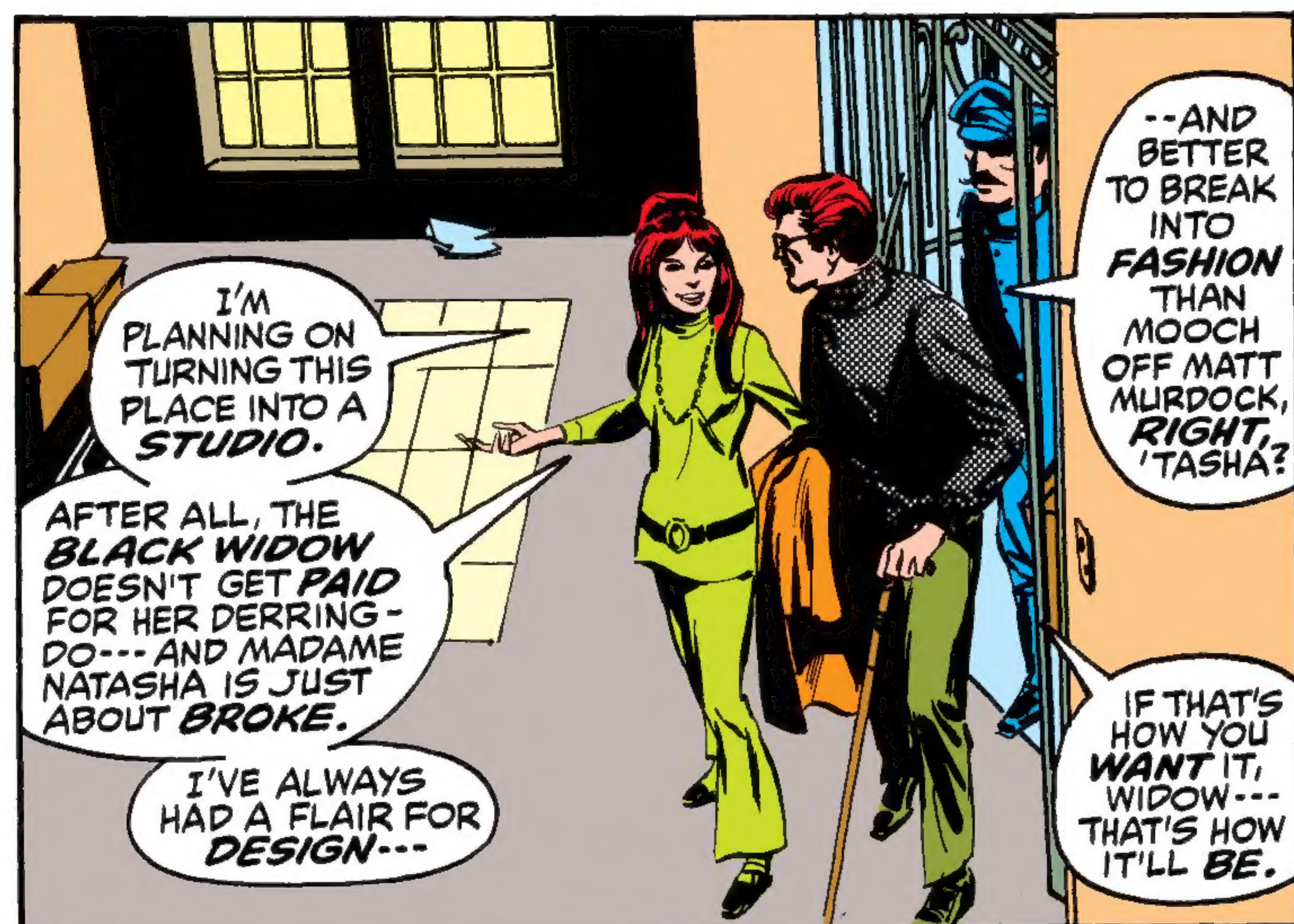
I RENTED IT **FURNISHED**, MATT.

TAP TAP



IT BELONGED TO SOME OLD **DOWAGER**. HER ESTATE KEPT IT INTACT AFTER SHE **DIED**.

BUT COME ON, MATT. YOU HAVEN'T BEEN **UP-STAIRS**.



I'M PLANNING ON TURNING THIS PLACE INTO A **STUDIO**.

AFTER ALL, THE **BLACK WIDOW** DOESN'T GET **PAID** FOR HER DERRING-DO--- AND MADAME NATASHA IS JUST ABOUT **BROKE**.

I'VE ALWAYS HAD A FLAIR FOR **DESIGN**---

--AND BETTER TO BREAK INTO **FASHION** THAN MOOCH OFF MATT MURDOCK, **RIGHT**, 'TASHA?

IF THAT'S HOW YOU **WANT** IT, WIDOW--- THAT'S HOW IT'LL **BE**.



OH, MATT-- YOU'RE **WONDERFUL**.

SO'RE THE **DODGERS**, SISTER.

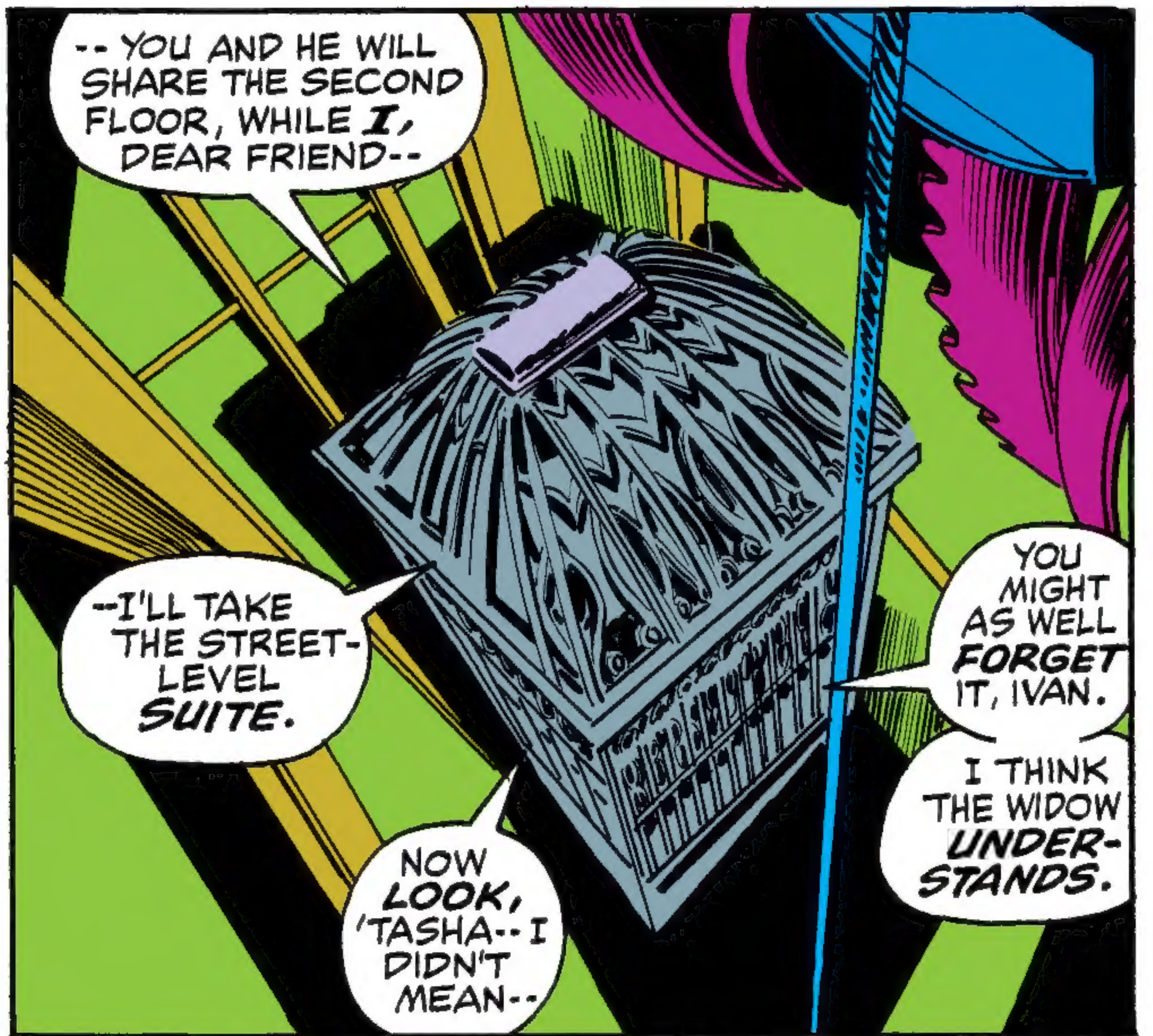
WHERE'D YOU SAY YOU WANTED THESE **BAGS**?



IVAN, MY DARLING **CHAUFFEUR**--
YOU'RE A DIRTY OLD **MAN**.

MATT AND I ARE
JUST **FRIENDS**.
FOR NOW, ANY-
WAY.

AND SO
YOU DON'T
GET THE
WRONG
IDEA---



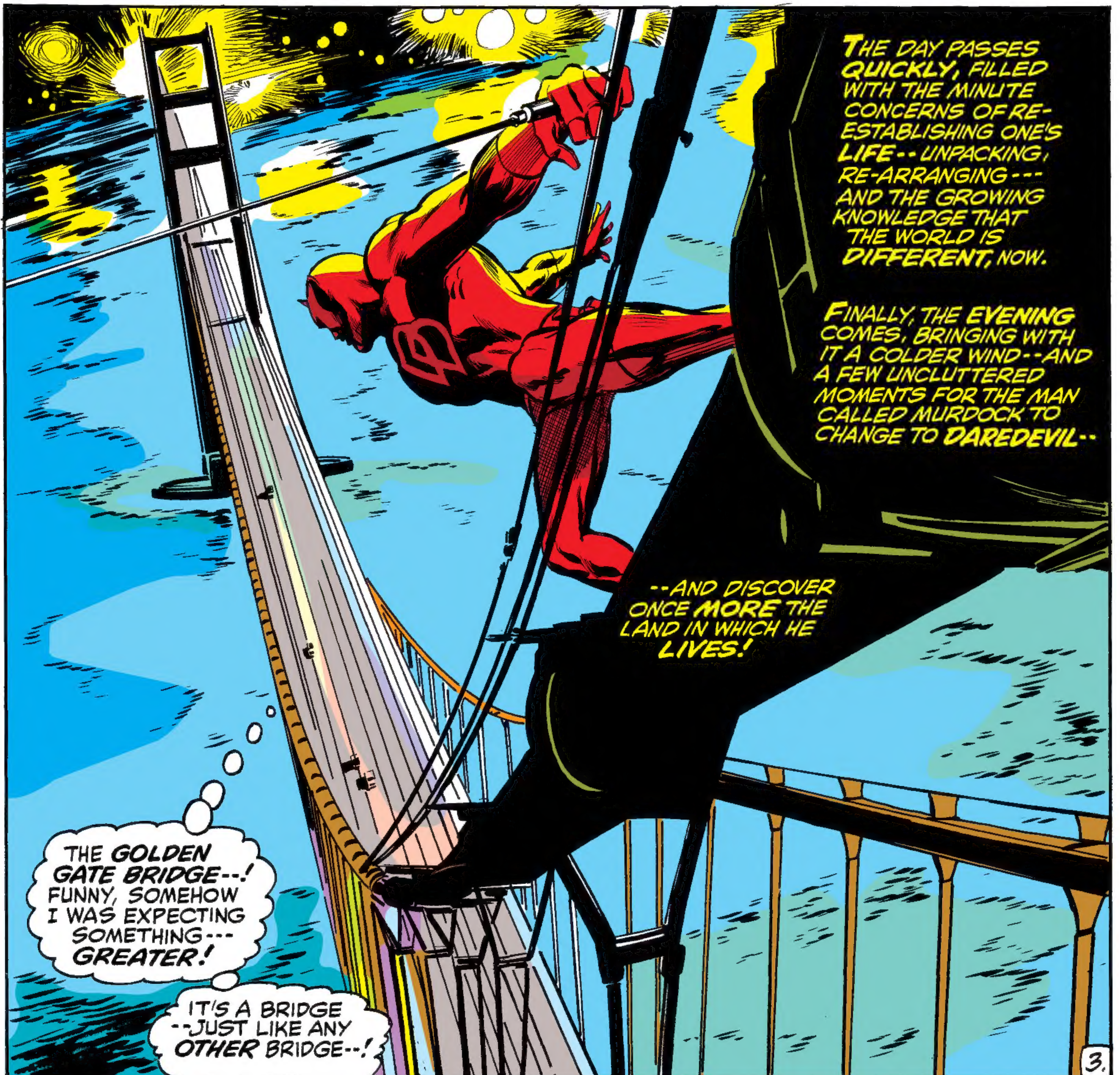
-- YOU AND HE WILL
SHARE THE SECOND
FLOOR, WHILE **I**,
DEAR FRIEND--

--I'LL TAKE
THE STREET-
LEVEL
SUITE.

NOW
LOOK,
'TASHA-- I
DIDN'T MEAN--

YOU
MIGHT
AS WELL
FORGET
IT, IVAN.

I THINK
THE WIDOW
UNDER-
STANDS.



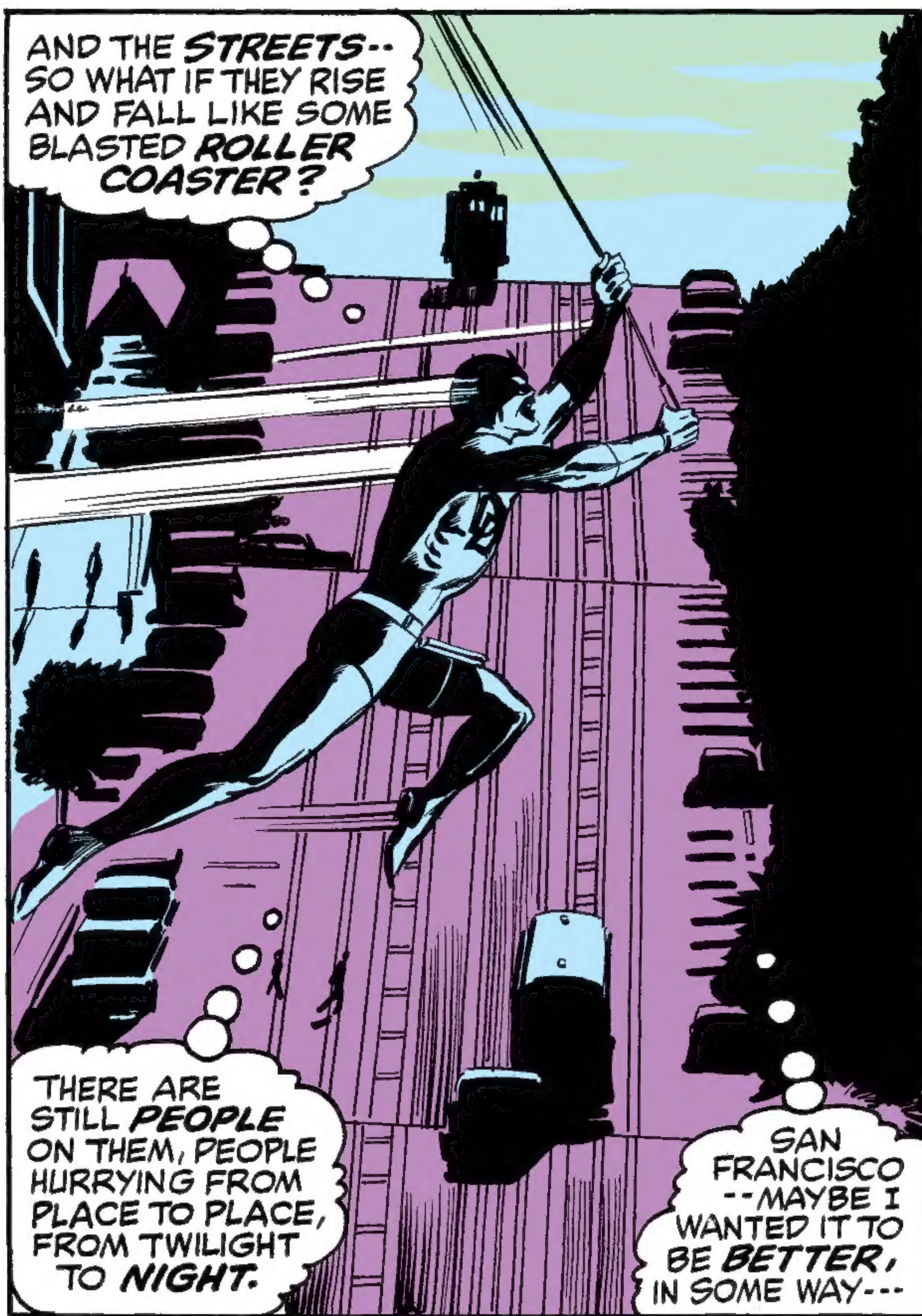
THE DAY PASSES QUICKLY, FILLED WITH THE MINUTE CONCERNS OF RE-ESTABLISHING ONE'S LIFE-- UNPACKING, RE-ARRANGING--- AND THE GROWING KNOWLEDGE THAT THE WORLD IS DIFFERENT, NOW.

FINALLY, THE EVENING COMES, BRINGING WITH IT A COLDER WIND--AND A FEW UNCLUTTERED MOMENTS FOR THE MAN CALLED MURDOCK TO CHANGE TO DAREDEVIL--

--AND DISCOVER ONCE MORE THE LAND IN WHICH HE LIVES!

THE **GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE**---!
FUNNY, SOMEHOW
I WAS EXPECTING
SOMETHING---
GREATER!

IT'S A BRIDGE
--JUST LIKE ANY
OTHER BRIDGE--!



AND THE **STREETS**--
SO WHAT IF THEY RISE
AND FALL LIKE SOME
BLASTED **ROLLER
COASTER**?

THERE ARE
STILL **PEOPLE**
ON THEM, PEOPLE
HURRYING FROM
PLACE TO PLACE,
FROM TWILIGHT
TO **NIGHT**.

SAN
FRANCISCO
--MAYBE I
WANTED IT TO
BE **BETTER**,
IN SOME WAY---



A CITY I COULD **LOSE**
MYSELF IN. THAT'S IT,
ISN'T IT?

THESE PAST
FEW MONTHS--
THE WIDOW'S **TRIAL**,
THE WHOLE ADVENTURE
WITH THE **ASSASSIN**
--- ALL OF IT'S TURNED
MY WORLD **AROUND**.

COULD I HAVE
THOUGHT THAT
LEAVING NEW
YORK WOULD
SETTLE THINGS?



NO, I'M NOT
THAT STUPID.

GUESS I JUST
WANTED A **CHANGE**.
A PLACE WHERE I
WOULDN'T BE CON-
STANTLY **REMINDED**
--OF PEOPLE LIKE
KAREN.

WELL,
I'VE GOT
THAT
CHANGE.



-- I'VE GOT
MYSELF
A WHOLE
FORSAKEN
CITY!



NOW IF ONLY
I CAN FIGURE
OUT SOME-
THING TO **DO**
WITH IT--!

C'MON,
LITTLE
**BILLY-
CLUB
WIRE**.
TAKE ME
ON A
TRIP--
SHOW
ME THE
SIGHTS--

-- HELP ME
TELL THE
WHOLE
FREAKIN'
WORLD--

-- DD'S
ON THE
LOOSE!



DON'T BOTHER, DAREDEVIL--
THE WORLD WILL KNOW SOON
ENOUGH ABOUT YOUR SWITCH
OF LOCALES!

FOR, EVEN NOW,
THE THREADS OF
DESTINY WIND
EVER TIGHTER
ABOUT YOU, AS,
ON THE STREETS
BELOW, IN THE
DISTRICT KNOWN
AS CHINA-
TOWN, A PAIR
OF GLISTENING
EYES TURN TO
FOLLOW YOU ON
YOUR PATH---



--AND A GENTLE, RASP-
ING VOICE LAUGHS OUT
LOUD IN THE BRISK BAY
AIR!

SO! LOOKS
LIKE I WON'T GET
THE REST I WANTED,
AFTER ALL!

IT FIGURES.
THERE'S
SOMETHIN'
IRONIC ABOUT
IT ALL---

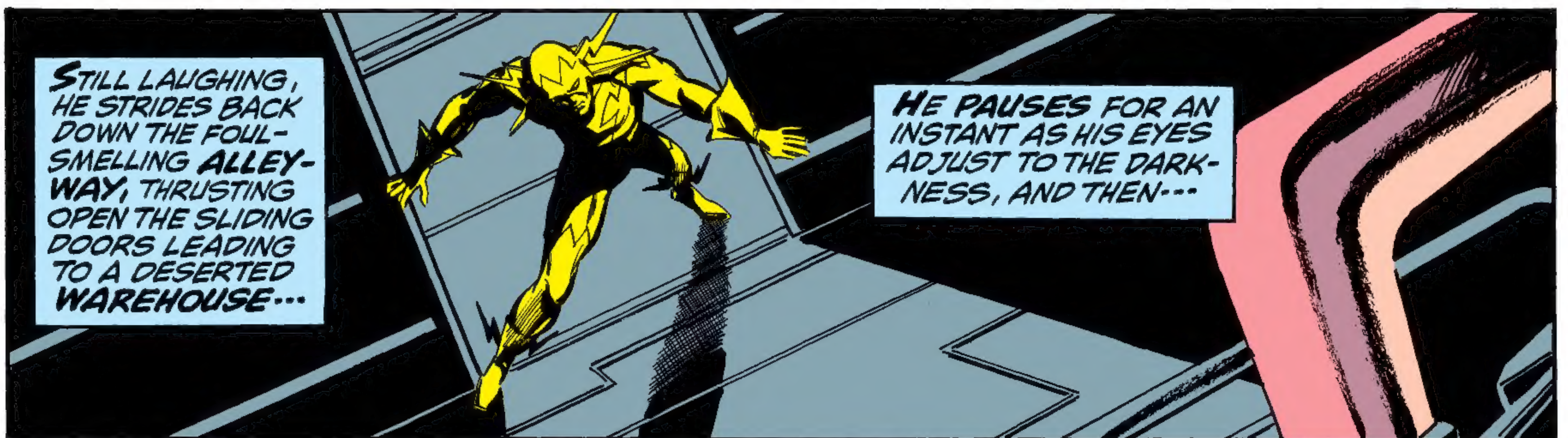


--'CAUSE HERE I GO'N
LEAVE NEW YORK, TRYIN'
TO GET AWAY FROM
THAT CREEP SPIDER-
MAN---

--AND
WHO
DO I FIND
IN WON'ERFUL
OLD FRISCO?

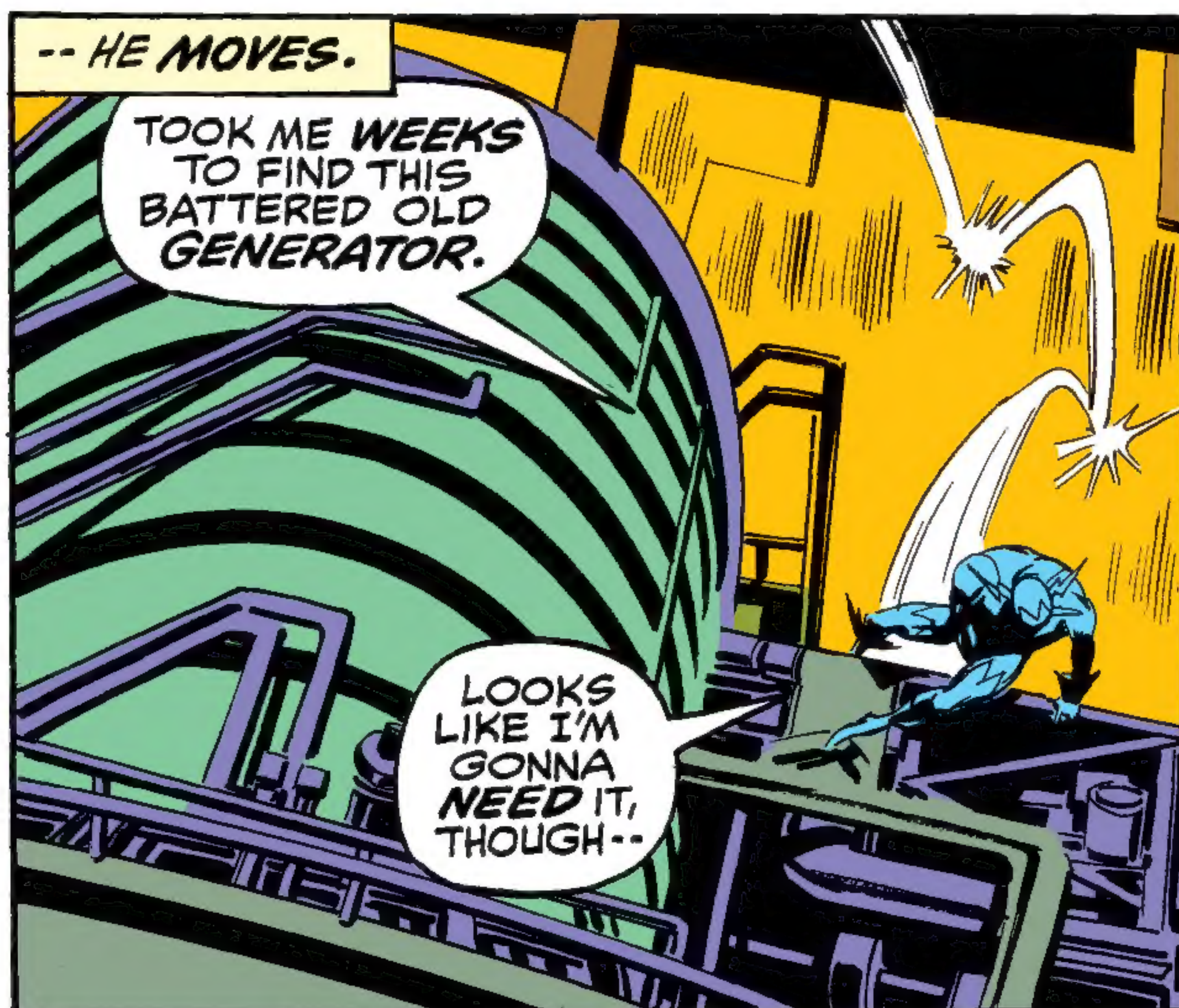
DAREDEVIL!

WELL, BABE-- YOU
BETTER BUCKLE YOUR
HORNS-- **ELECTRO'S**
ON YOUR TAIL!



STILL LAUGHING,
HE STRIDES BACK
DOWN THE FOUL-
SMELLING ALLEY-
WAY, THRUSTING
OPEN THE SLIDING
DOORS LEADING
TO A DESERTED
WAREHOUSE---

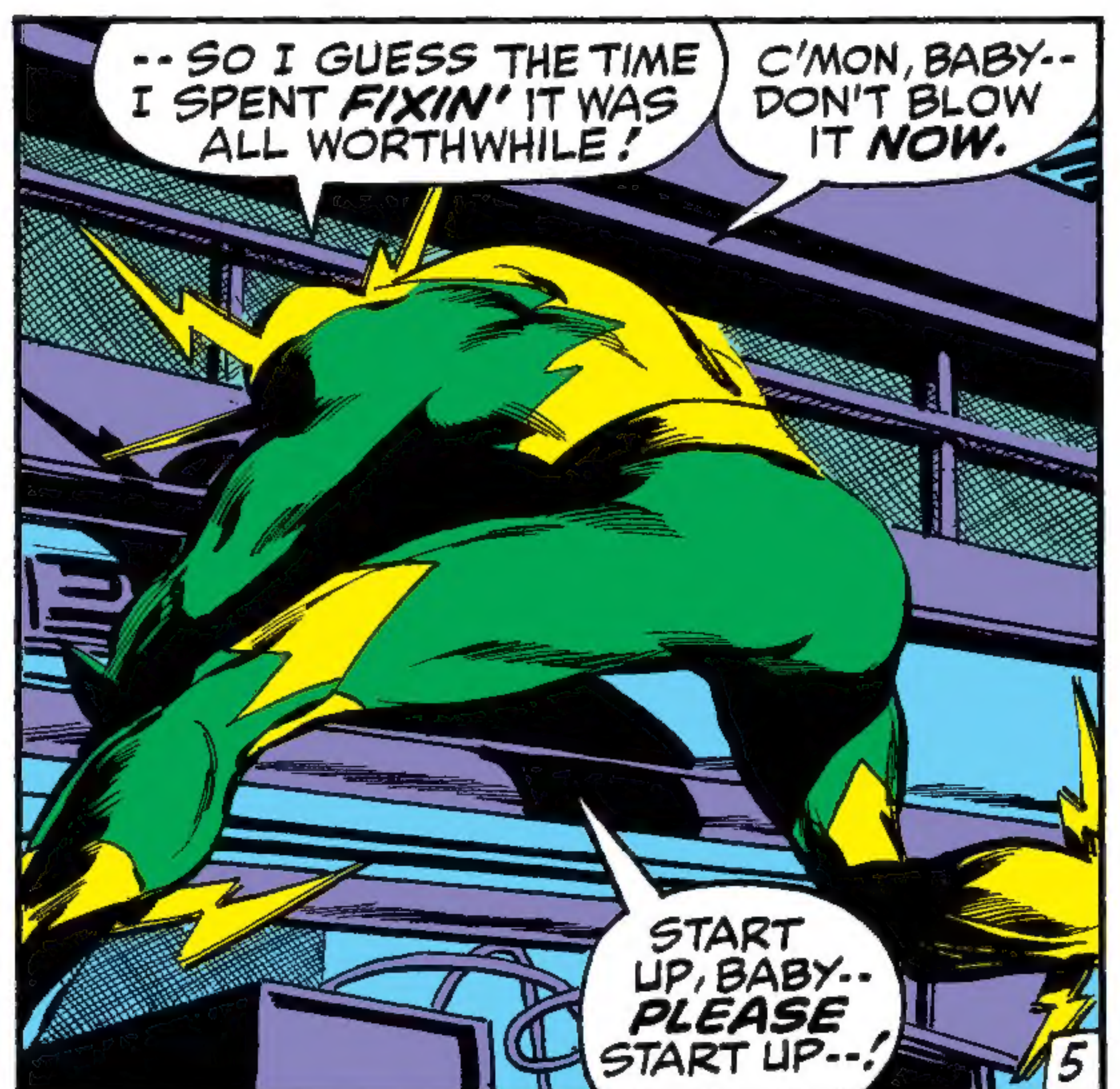
HE PAUSES FOR AN
INSTANT AS HIS EYES
ADJUST TO THE DARK-
NESS, AND THEN---



-- HE MOVES.

TOOK ME WEEKS
TO FIND THIS
BATTERED OLD
GENERATOR.

LOOKS
LIKE I'M
GONNA
NEED IT,
THOUGH--



-- SO I GUESS THE TIME
I SPENT **FIXIN'** IT WAS
ALL WORTHWHILE!

C'MON, BABY--
DON'T BLOW
IT NOW.

START
UP, BABY--
PLEASE
START UP--!

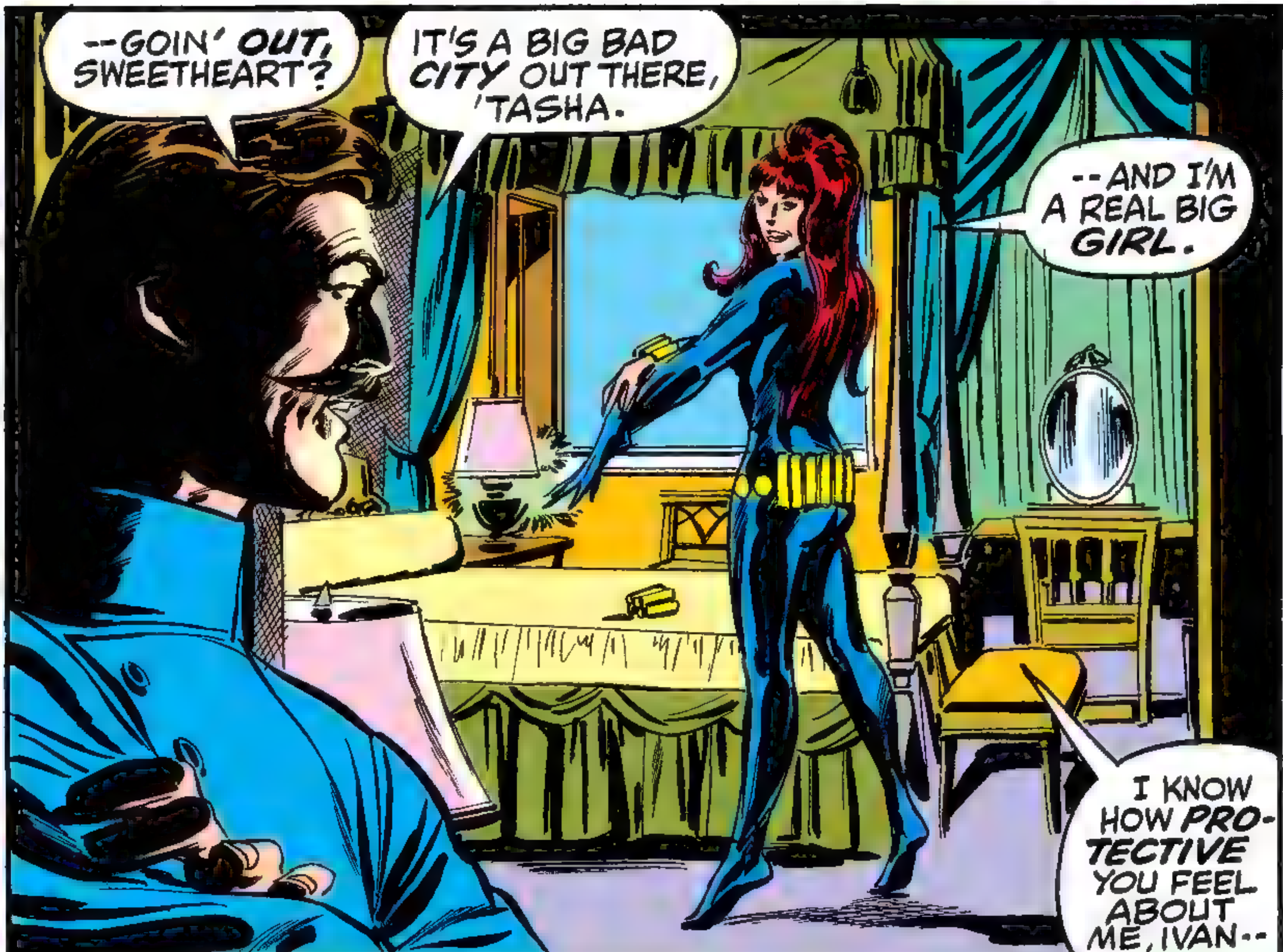


THE COILS SEEM TO SPIN,
GATHER SPEED--

HAHAHAHAHAHA

-- THE ROOM FILLS
WITH THE STENCH OF
BURNING OIL--

--AND IN A SUDDEN FLASH OF
LIGHTNING-- **ELECTRO
SCREAMS!**



--GOIN' OUT,
SWEETHEART?

IT'S A BIG BAD
CITY OUT THERE,
'TASHA.

-- AND I'M
A REAL BIG
GIRL.

I KNOW
HOW **PRO-
TECTIVE**
YOU FEEL
ABOUT
ME, IVAN--

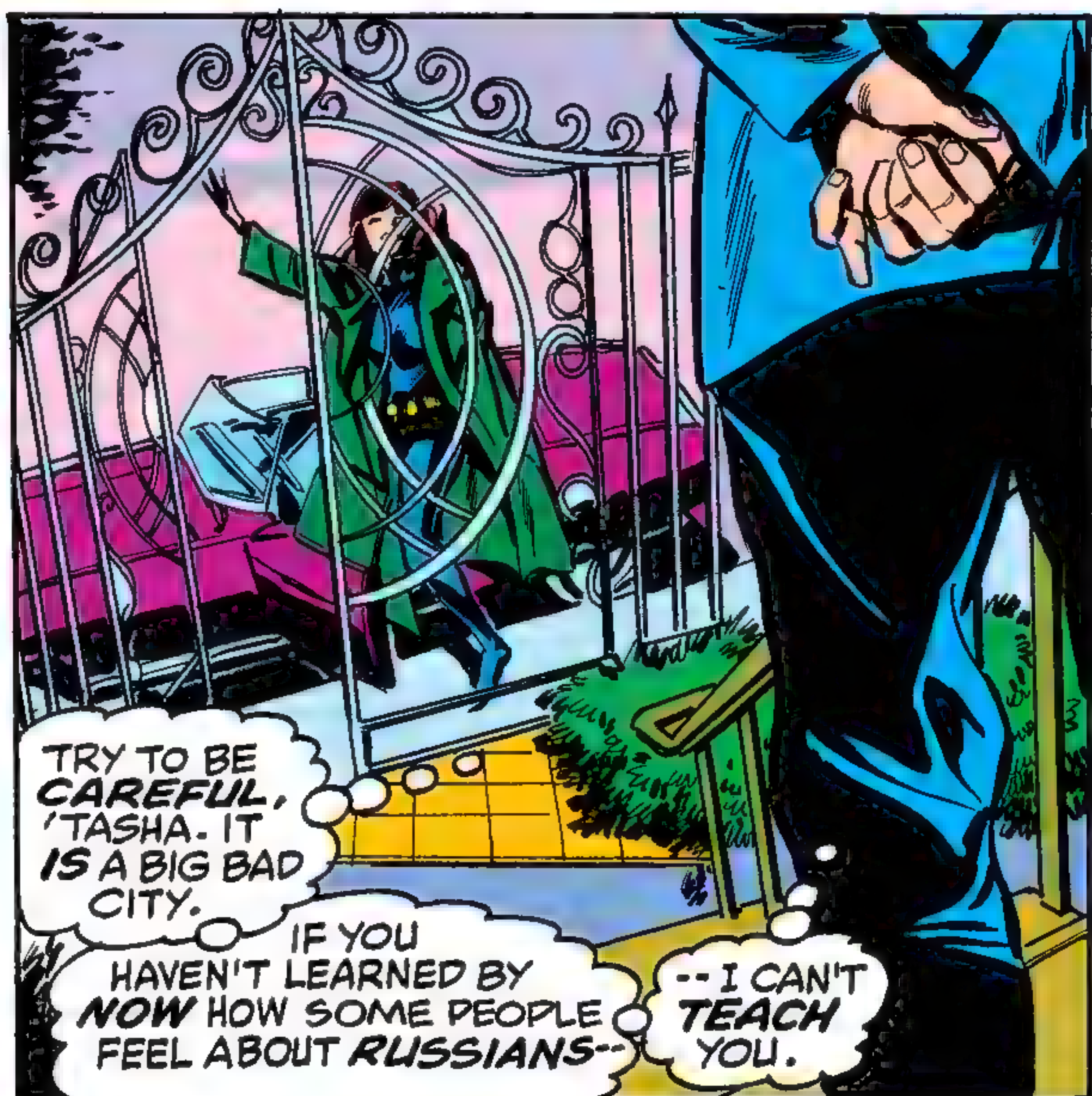


-- AND I KNOW YOU
DON'T **REALLY**
APPROVE OF MATT--

BUT THAT
CAN'T
CHANGE MY
FEELINGS
FOR HIM.

--OR
CHANGE
THE FACT
I'M MEET-
ING HIM
FOR
DINNER!

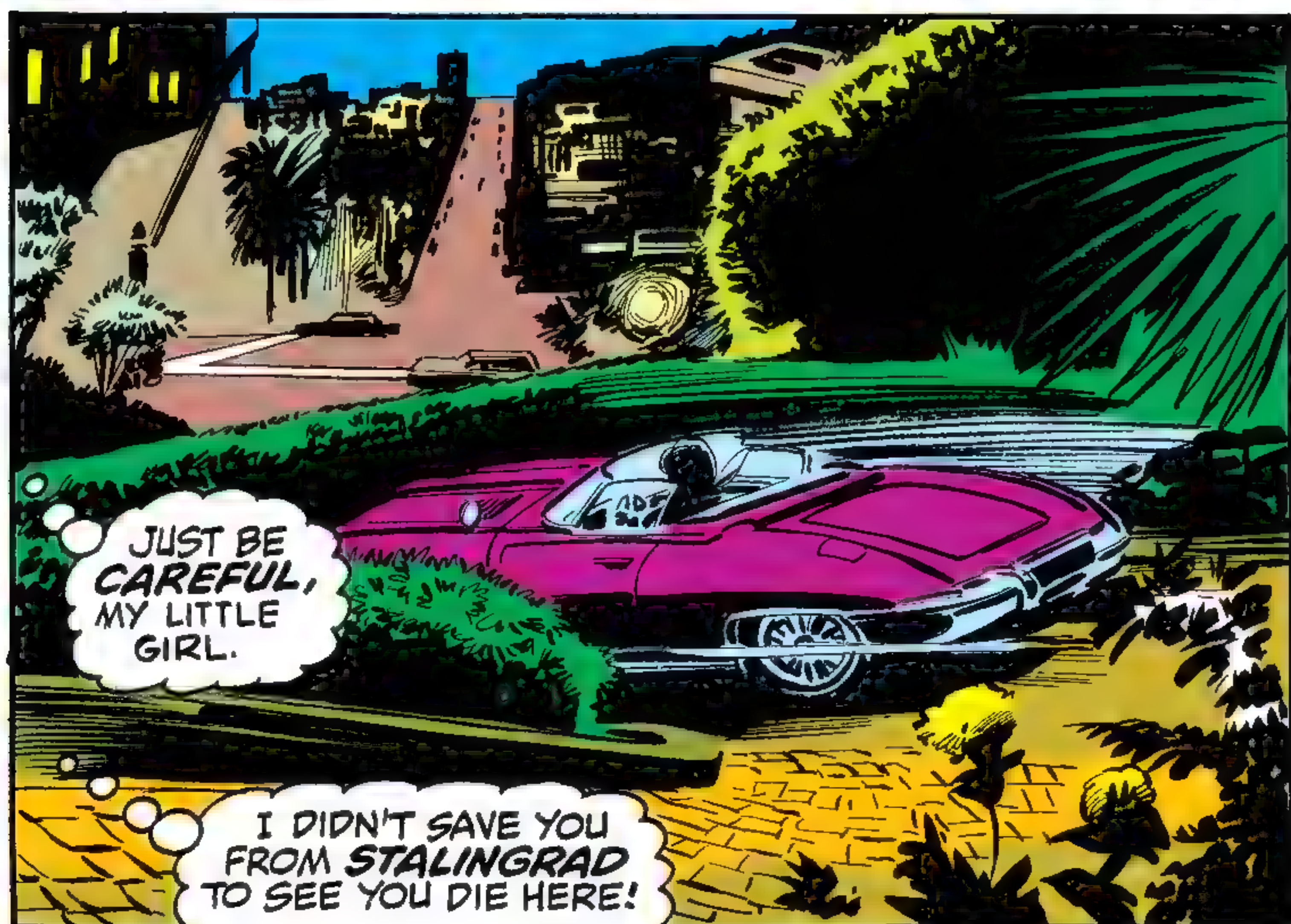
BE GOOD,
HANDSOME.



TRY TO BE
CAREFUL,
'TASHA. IT
IS A BIG BAD
CITY.

IF YOU
HAVEN'T LEARNED BY
NOW HOW SOME PEOPLE
FEEL ABOUT **RUSSIANS--**

-- I CAN'T
TEACH
YOU.



JUST BE
CAREFUL,
MY LITTLE
GIRL.

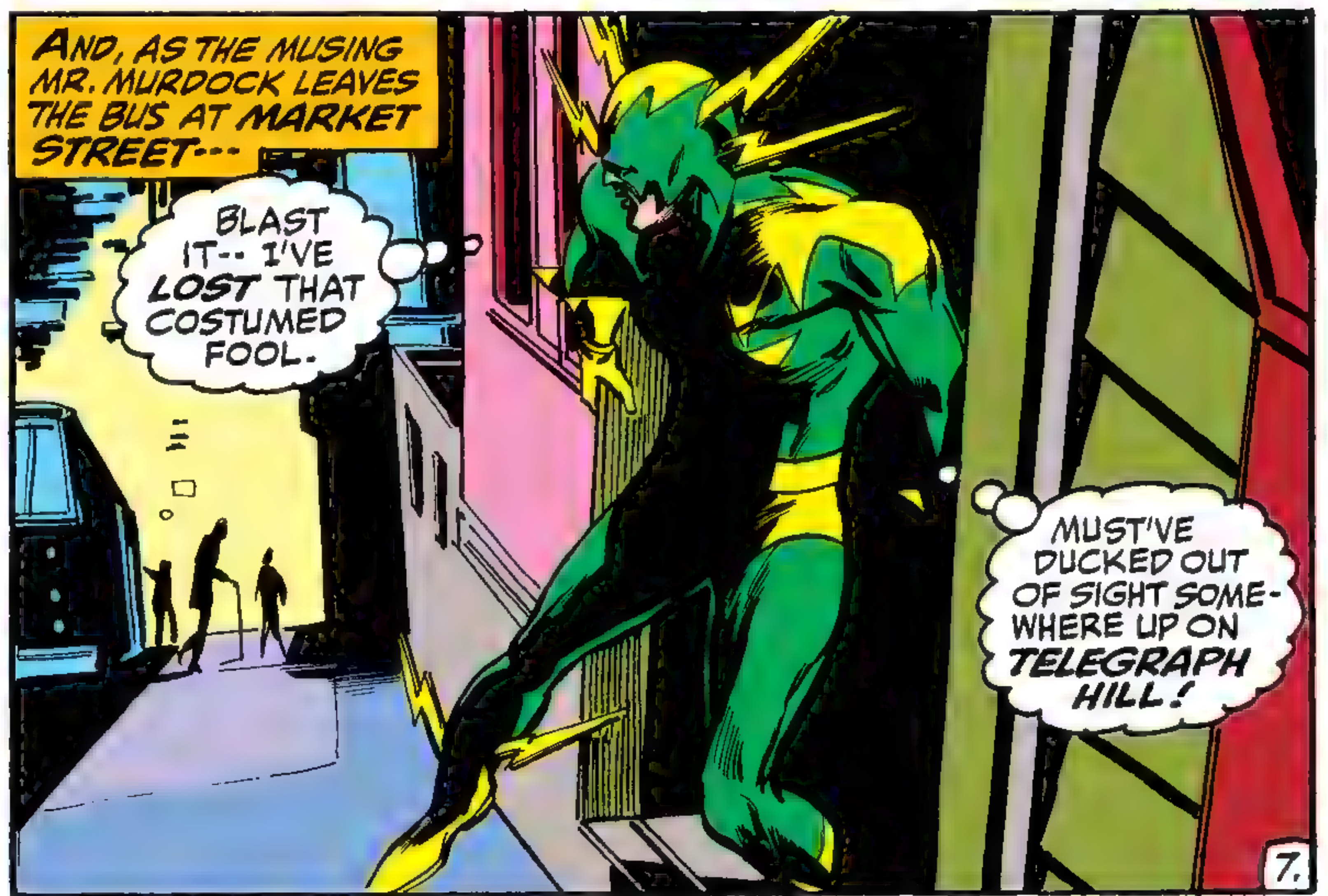
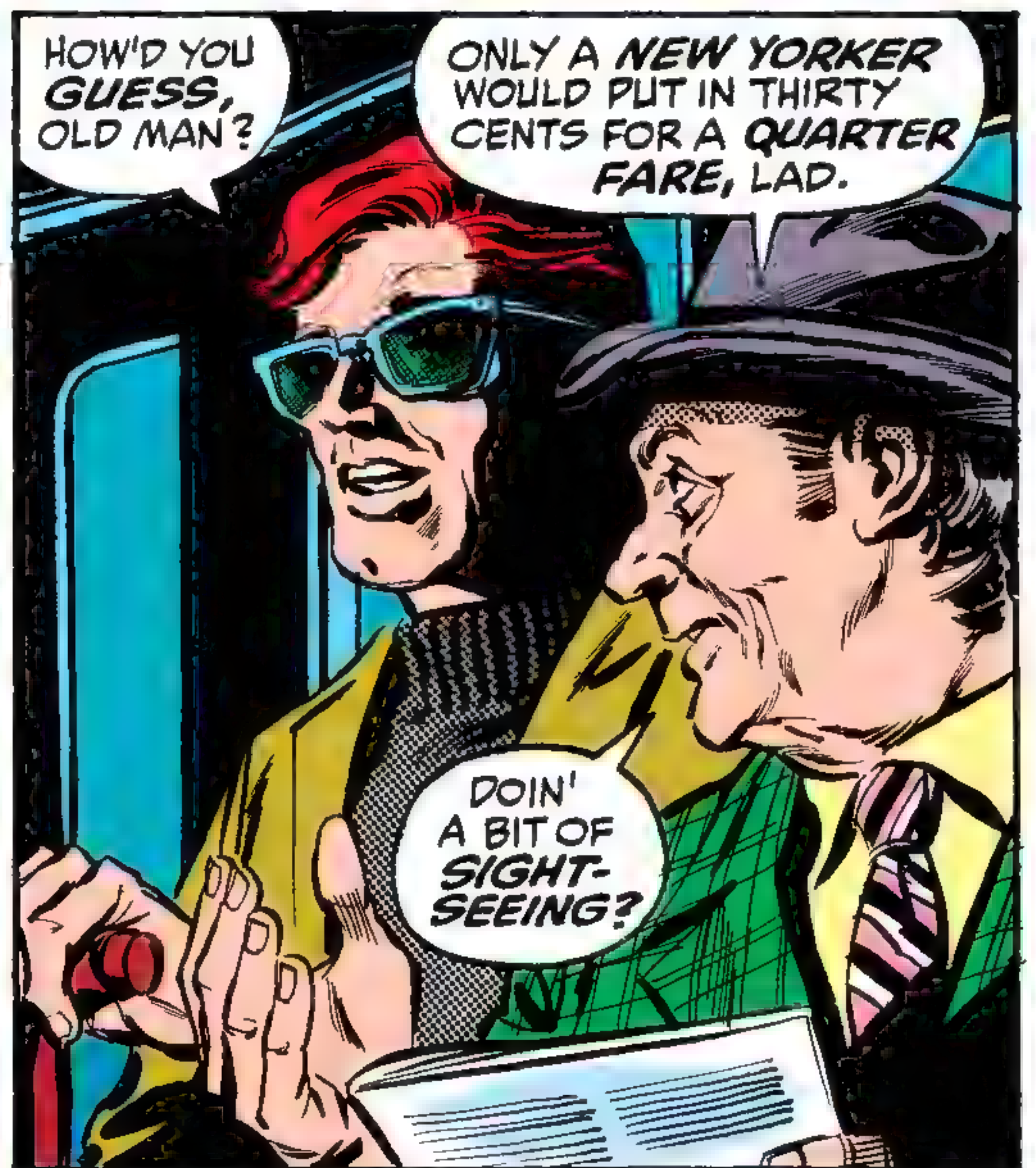
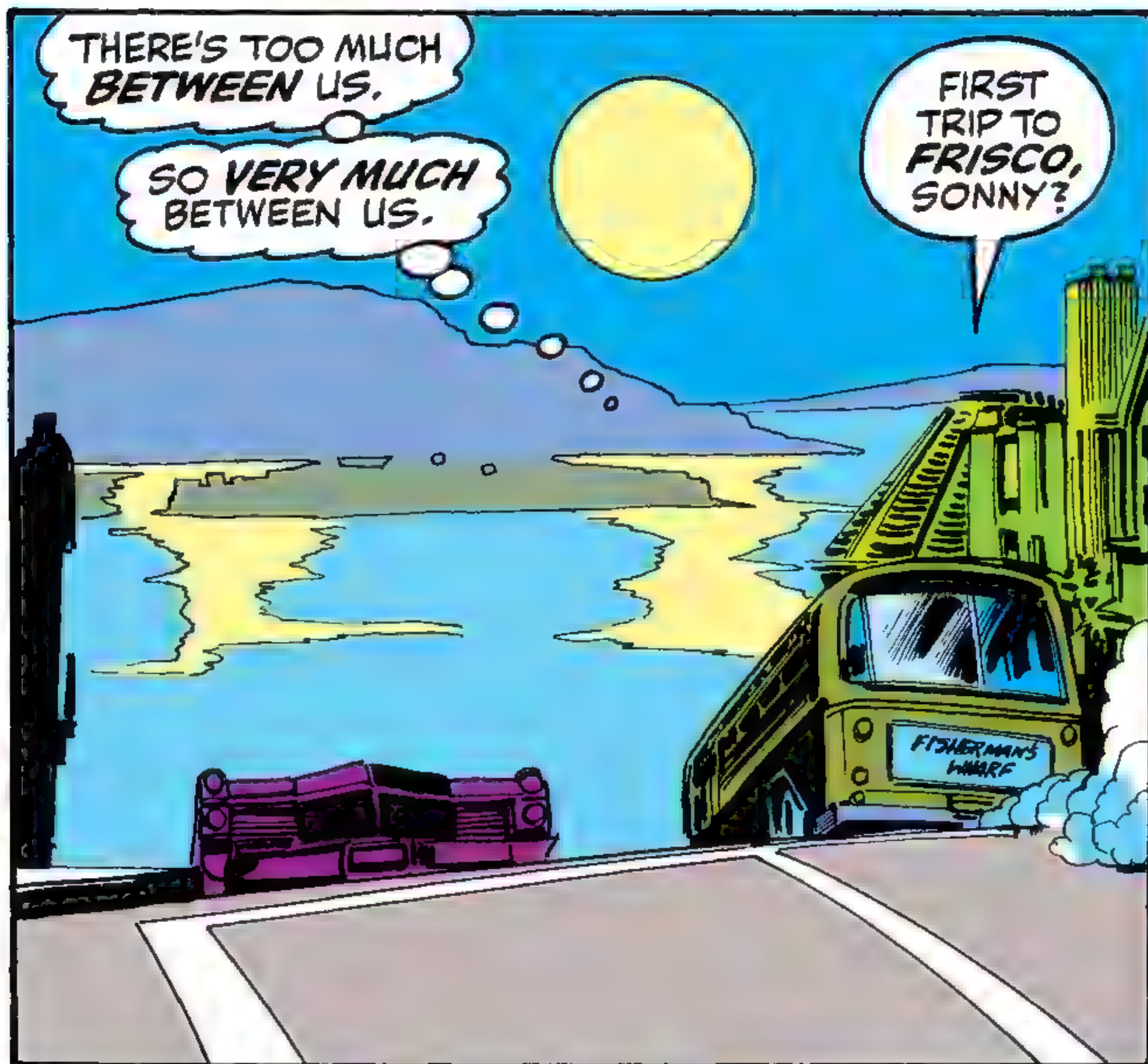
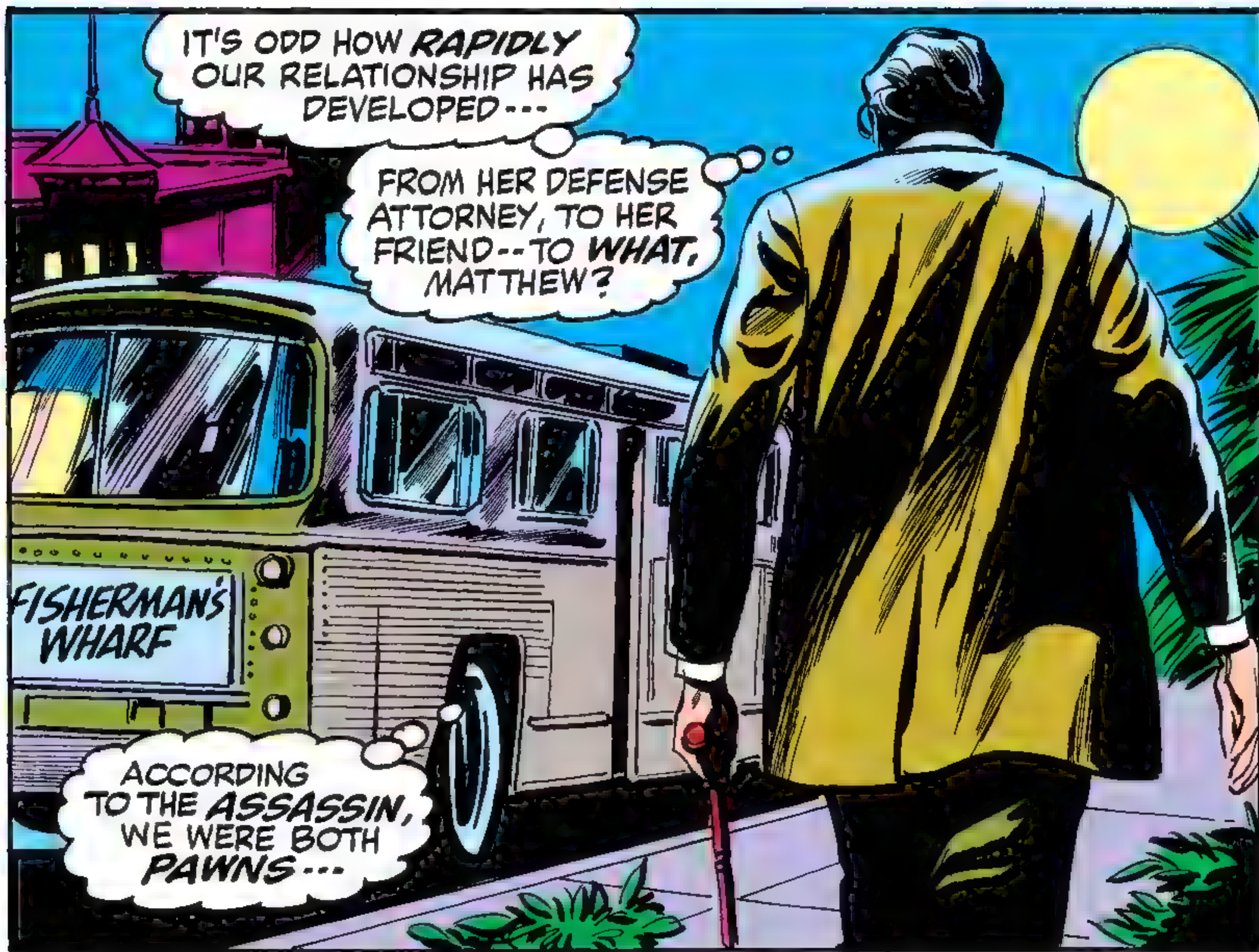
I DIDN'T SAVE YOU
FROM **STALINGRAD**
TO SEE YOU DIE HERE!



AND ELSEWHERE, IN THE BUSHES
SURROUNDING THE TOWER AT
TELEGRAPH HILL---

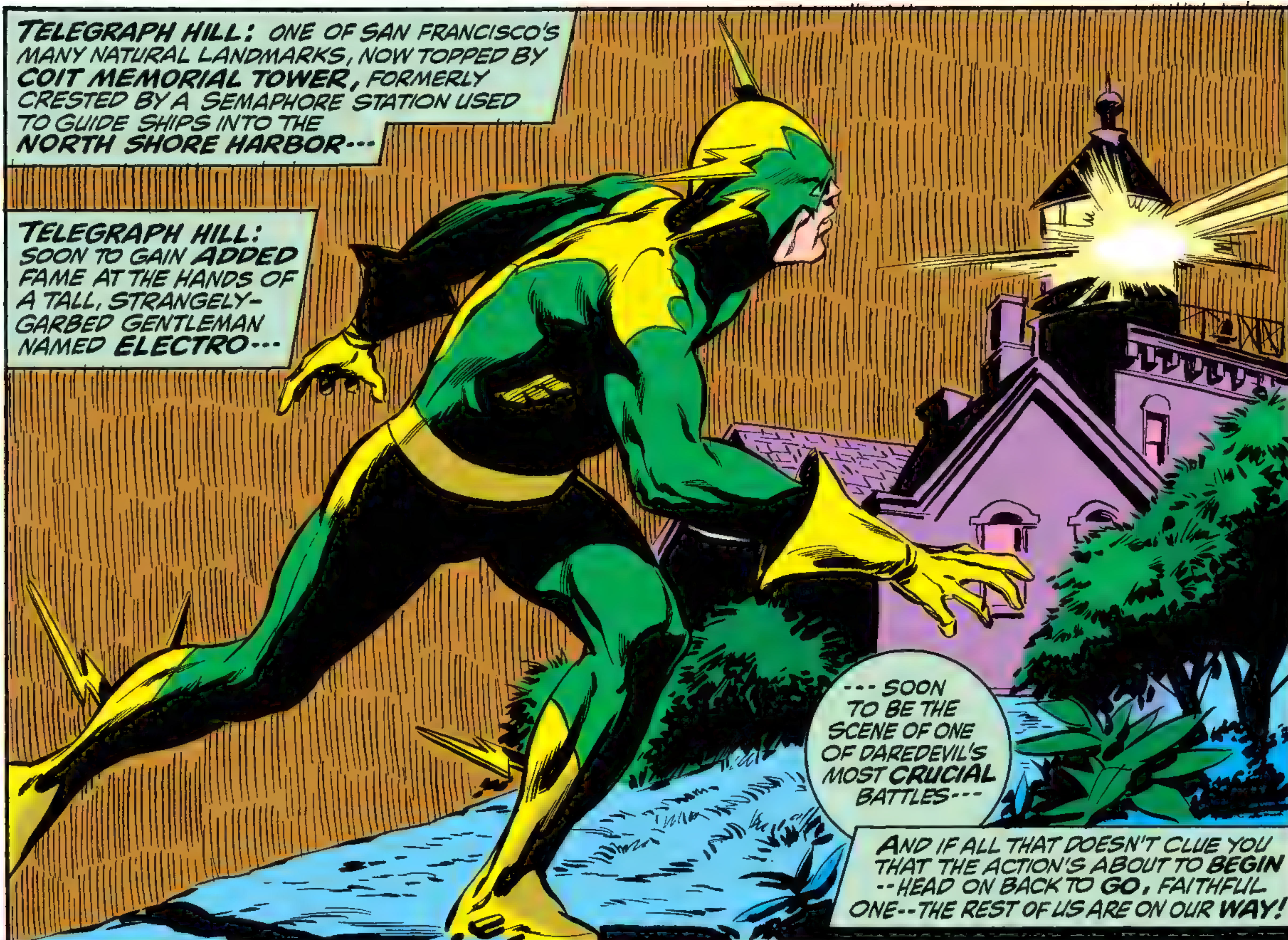
BETTER
HURRY.

MADAME
NATASHA IS **NOT**
THE SORT OF LASS WHO
LIKES TO BE KEPT **WAITING.**



TELEGRAPH HILL: ONE OF SAN FRANCISCO'S MANY NATURAL LANDMARKS, NOW TOPPED BY COIT MEMORIAL TOWER, FORMERLY CRESTED BY A SEMAPHORE STATION USED TO GUIDE SHIPS INTO THE NORTH SHORE HARBOR---

TELEGRAPH HILL: SOON TO GAIN ADDED FAME AT THE HANDS OF A TALL, STRANGELY-GARBED GENTLEMAN NAMED ELECTRO---



--- SOON TO BE THE SCENE OF ONE OF DAREDEVIL'S MOST CRUCIAL BATTLES---

AND IF ALL THAT DOESN'T CLUE YOU THAT THE ACTION'S ABOUT TO BEGIN --HEAD ON BACK TO GO, FAITHFUL ONE--THE REST OF US ARE ON OUR WAY!



QUICK WORK TO DISPATCH THAT HALF-BAKED GUARD.

FRISCO HAS YET TO BE EDU-CATED IN MATTERS OF SUPER-VILLAINY ...



--- AN EDUCATION I HOPE TO PROVIDE, AS WELL AS A FEAR-BEARING EXAMPLE!

A SHORT BURST OF ELECTRO-MAGNETIC ENERGY, AND THE BOLTED DOOR SWINGS WIDE--



--JUST AS ALL SAN FRANCISCO WILL SOON OPEN BEFORE THE HAND -- OF ELECTRO!

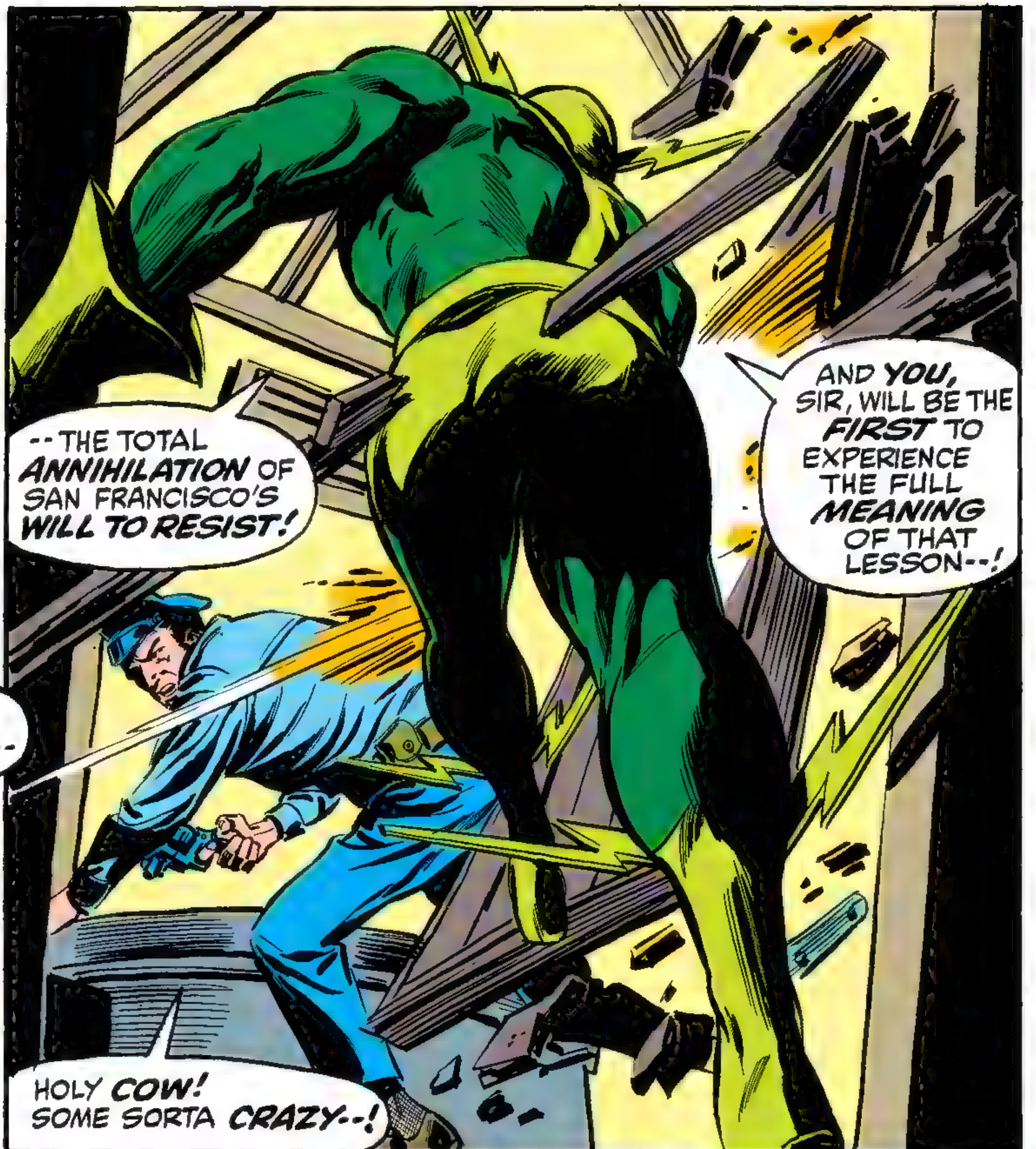
YES, A TWOFOLD PURPOSE WILL BE SERVED TONIGHT...



--REVENGE
AGAINST THE
HATED CRIME-
FIGHTER FOR
HIS IGNOMINIOUS
TRIUMPH
AGAINST ME
ONCE
BEFORE-- *

-- AND
MORE--

* DD #2. --MEMORY-LANE STAN.



-- THE TOTAL
ANNIHILATION OF
SAN FRANCISCO'S
WILL TO RESIST!

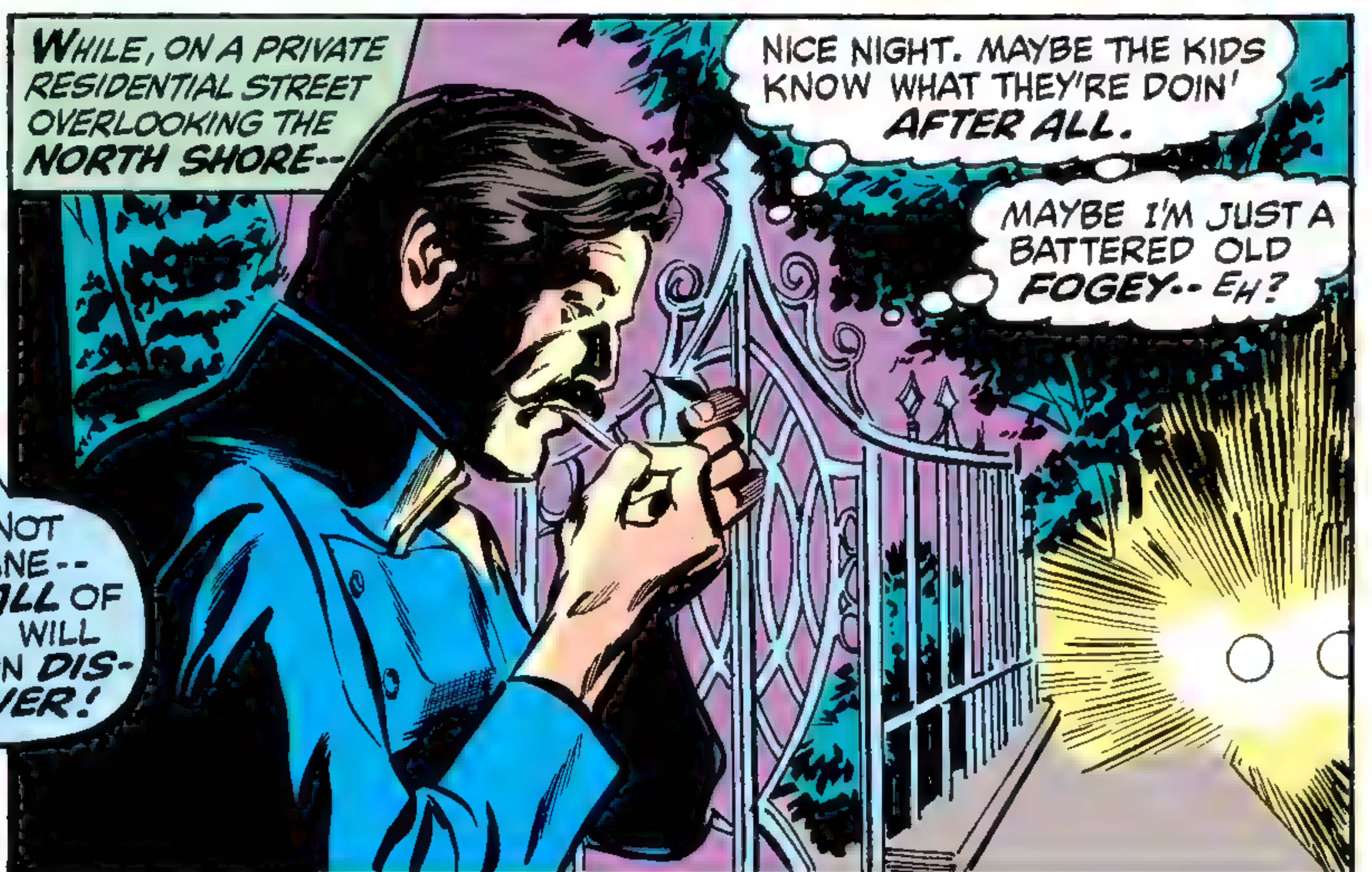
AND YOU,
SIR, WILL BE THE
FIRST TO
EXPERIENCE
THE FULL
MEANING
OF THAT
LESSON--!

HOLY COW!
SOME SORTA **CRAZY--!**



**HARDLY, MY
FRIEND.**

NOT
INSANE--
AS **ALL** OF
YOU WILL
SOON **DIS-**
COVER!



WHILE, ON A PRIVATE
RESIDENTIAL STREET
OVERLOOKING THE
NORTH SHORE--

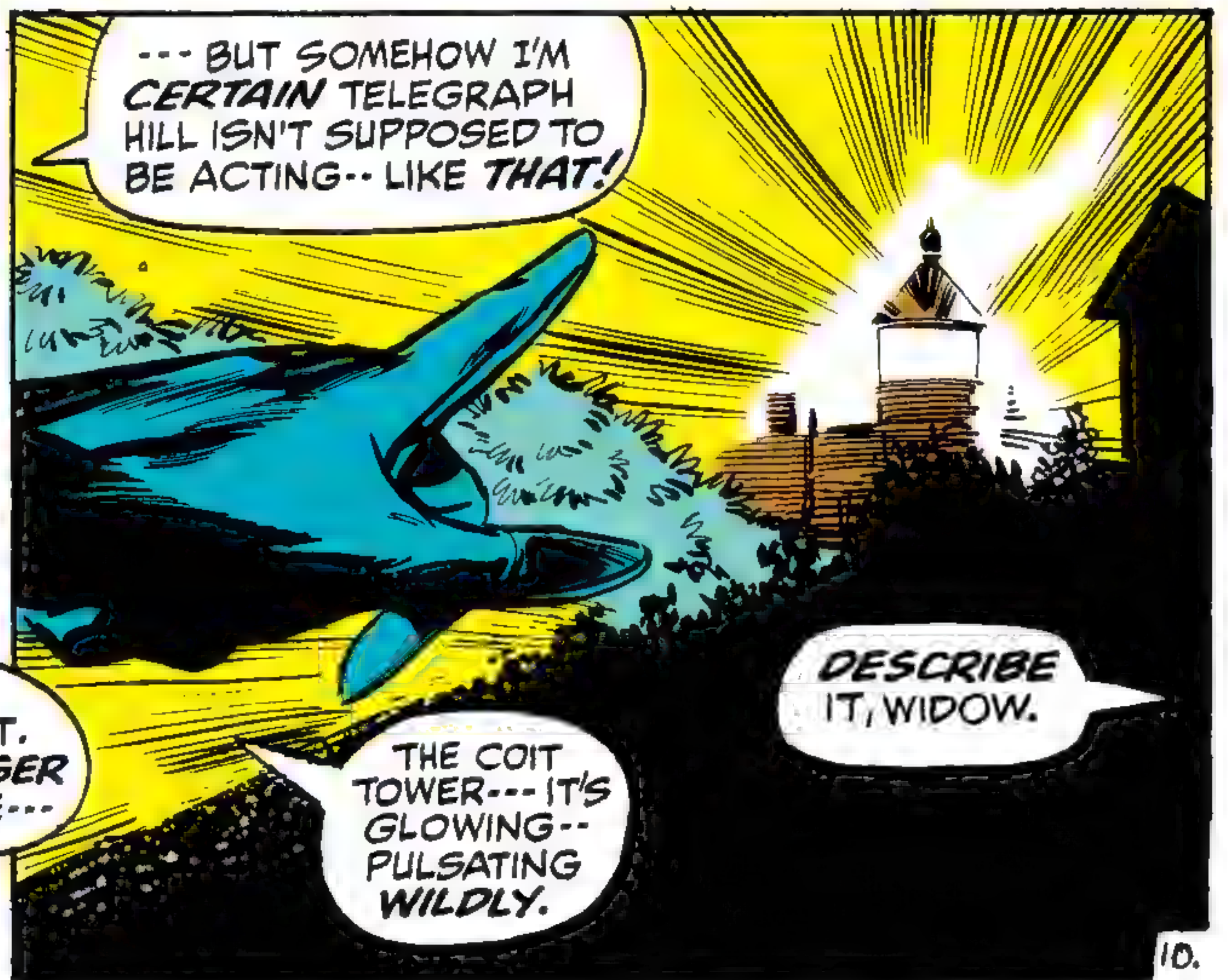
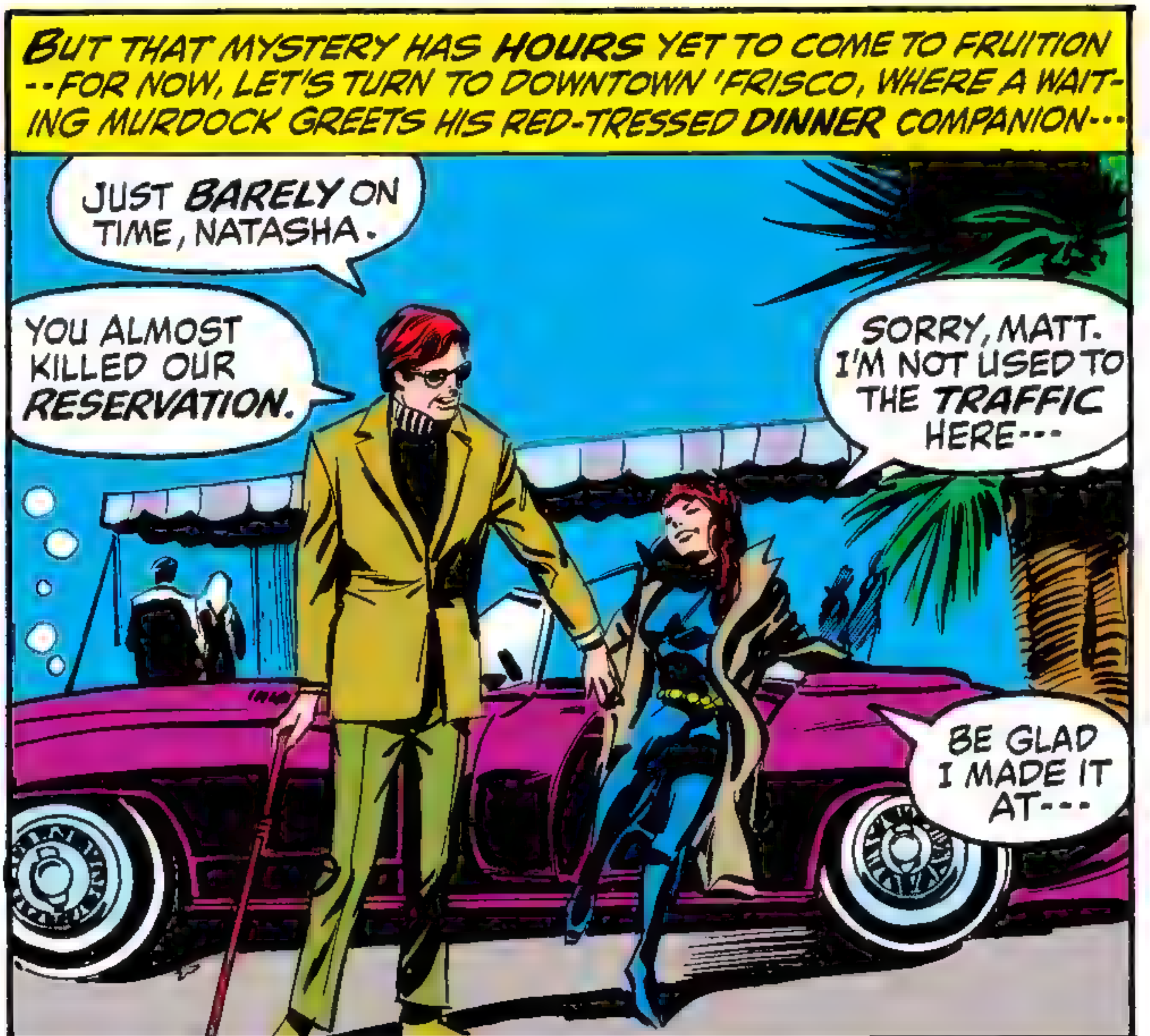
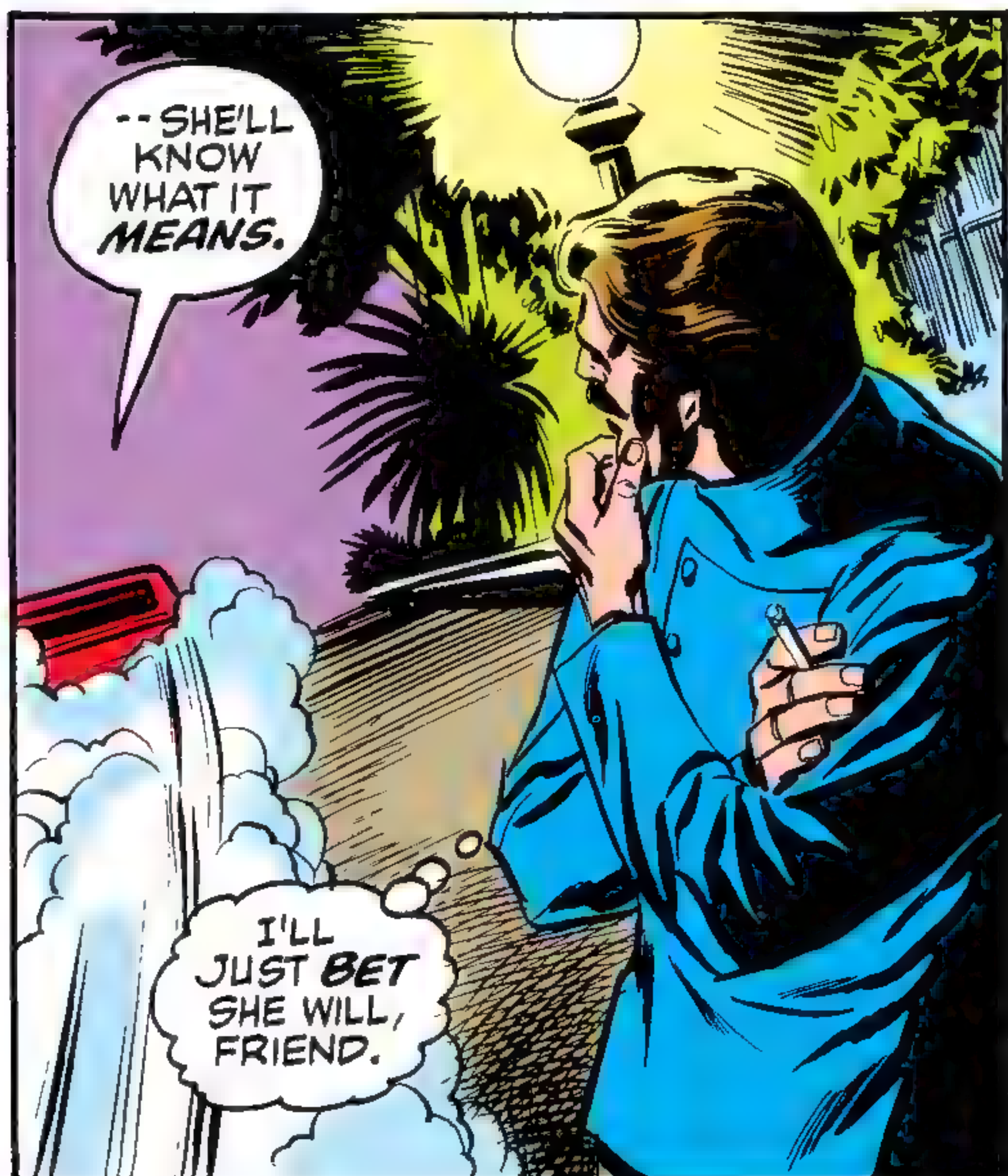
NICE NIGHT. MAYBE THE KIDS
KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOIN'
AFTER ALL.

MAYBE I'M JUST A
BATTERED OLD
FOGEY-- EH?



HEY, MAN-- THIS THE
PLACE WHERE A
CHICK CALLED
NATASHA LIVES?

WHO'S
ASKING,
HANDSOME?





UH-HUH!
C'MON,
LITTLE
LADY--

SUPPOSE YOU JUST
GO ON
AHEAD
WI--

--WITHOUT YOU? SORRY, MR.
MURDOCK-- BUT IN CASE
YOU'VE FORGOTTEN--

-- WE SIGNED UP FOR
THIS TOUR TOGETHER!

THE
ALLEY'S
THIS
WAY.



'TASHA, I'M NOT
GOING TO ARGUE
WITH YOU--!

THEN STOP
TRYING TO
PLACATE
ME, MATTHEW.

WHERE
YOU GO--
I GO.

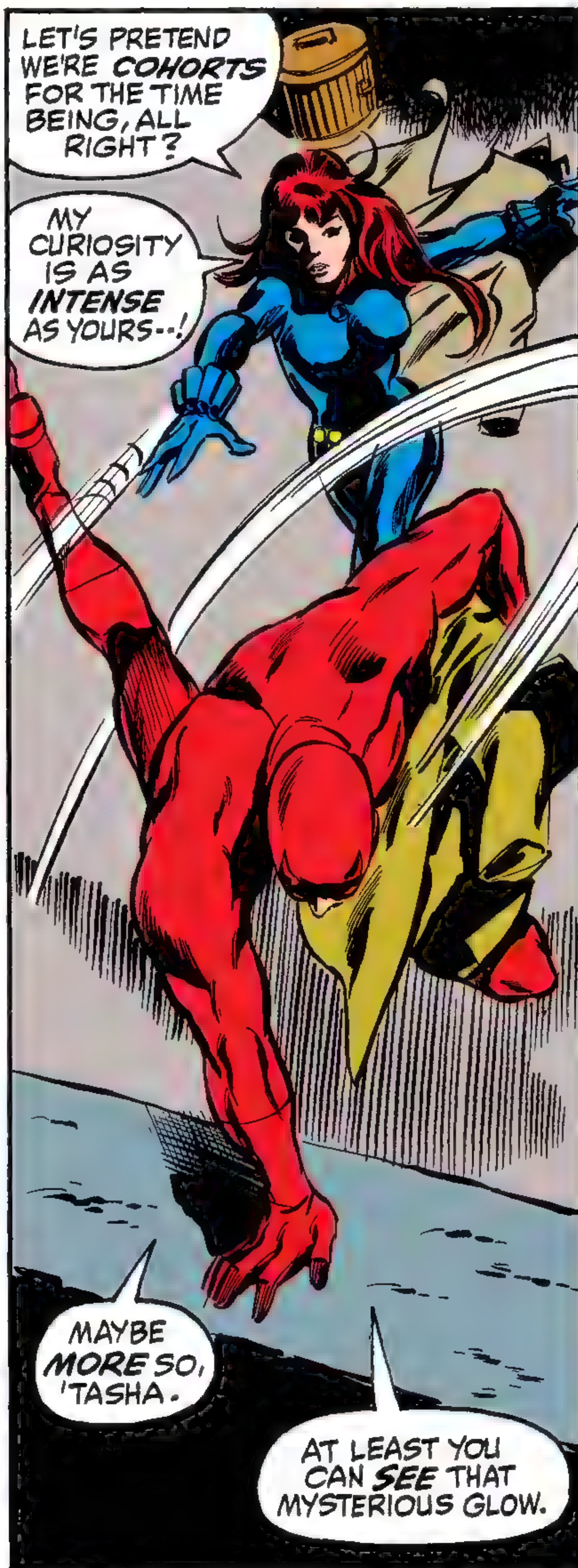
NOW STOP
KISSING ME,
MATT---
PLEASE?



OKAY, OKAY! I
SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN SOME-
THING LIKE THIS
WOULD HAPPEN.

NATASHA,
YOU'RE OUT
OF YOUR---

NOW,
COUNSELOR--
WATCH YOUR
TONGUE.



LET'S PRETEND
WE'RE COHORTS
FOR THE TIME
BEING, ALL
RIGHT?

MY
CURIOSITY
IS AS
INTENSE
AS YOURS--!

MAYBE
MORE SO,
'TASHA.

AT LEAST YOU
CAN SEE THAT
MYSTERIOUS GLOW.



FOR ME, IT'S ONLY A
FLICKERING PULSE--
LIKE SOMETHING IN
THE AIR, WAVES OF
HEAT WASHING
OVER ME!

RADAR SENSES
MAY BE BETTER
THAN TOTAL
BLINDNESS--

-- BUT
STILL--

-- YOU'D
RATHER HAVE
EYES?

WE'VE EACH GOT
OUR SUBTLE PROBLEMS,
MATT. AT LEAST YOURS
DIDN'T DRIVE YOU OUT
OF NEW YORK!



EASY, 'TASHA.
LET'S NOT START
BICKERING.

-- ESPECIALLY
WHEN I'M BEGINNING TO
REALIZE HOW **FAMILIAR**
THAT PECULIAR
RADIATION IS--

-- AN ELECTRICAL
WAVELENGTH
I'VE ENCOUNTERED
BEFORE-- WHEN I
TANGLED WITH A
COSTUMED
MANIAC CALLED--



-- **ELECTRO!**

LOOKS LIKE MY
PLAN'S NETTED
TWO COSTUMED
SUICIDES---

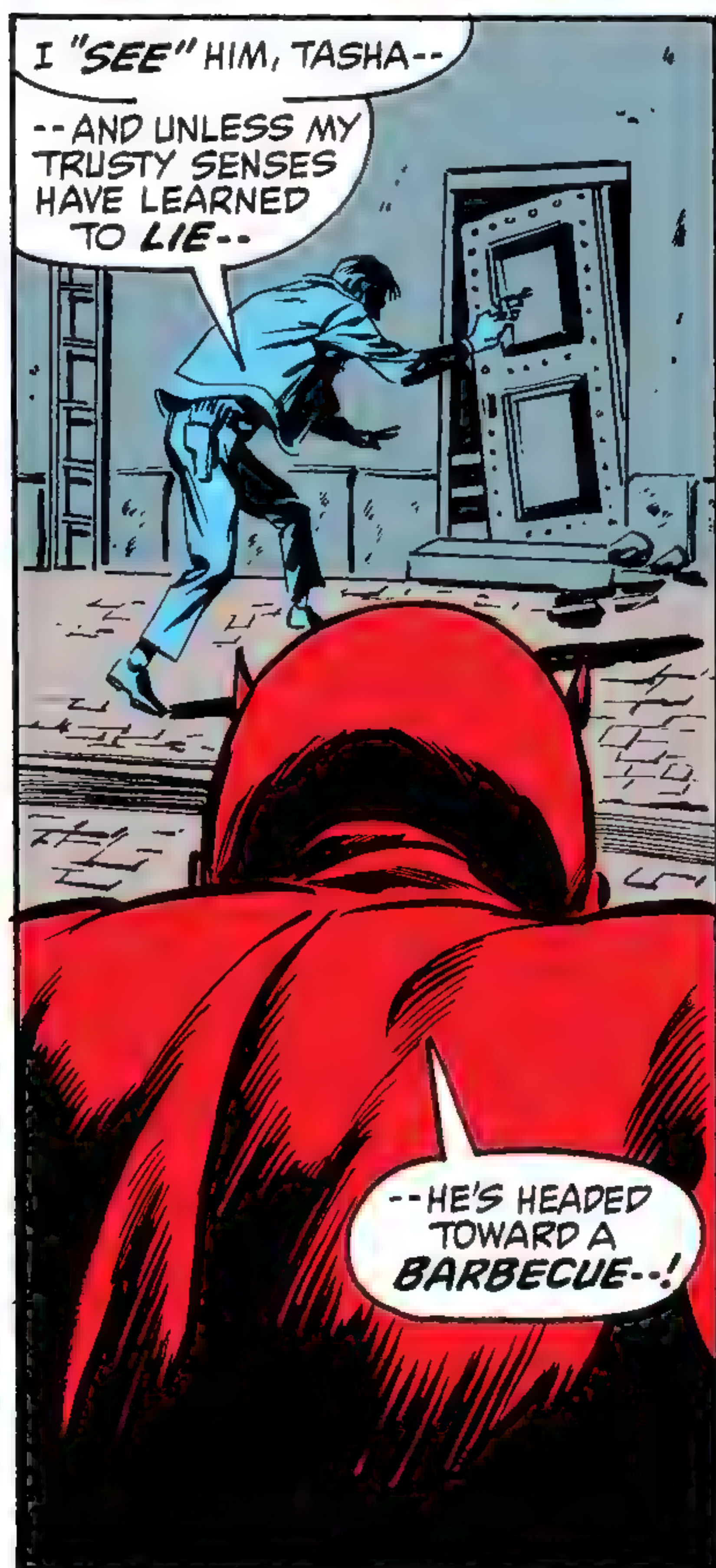
AND **HEY---** ONE
OF THEM'S A **GIRL--**
NOT A **BAD LOOKER,**
EITHER!

WATCH IT,
MOUTH-- GET YOUR-
SELF MOVIN' **SMOOTH.**
GOTTA KEEP LOOKIN'
GOOD FOR YOUR NEW
PUBLIC.



AND AS THE SCHIZOPHRENIC
ALIAS OF THE FORMER **MAX**
DILLON GLOATS OVER HIS
SEEMINGLY **BRIGHT FUTURE--**

DAREDEVIL--
THAT
GUARD--!



I "**SEE**" HIM, TASHA--

-- AND UNLESS MY
TRUSTY SENSES
HAVE LEARNED
TO **LIE--**

-- HE'S HEADED
TOWARD A
BARBECUE--!



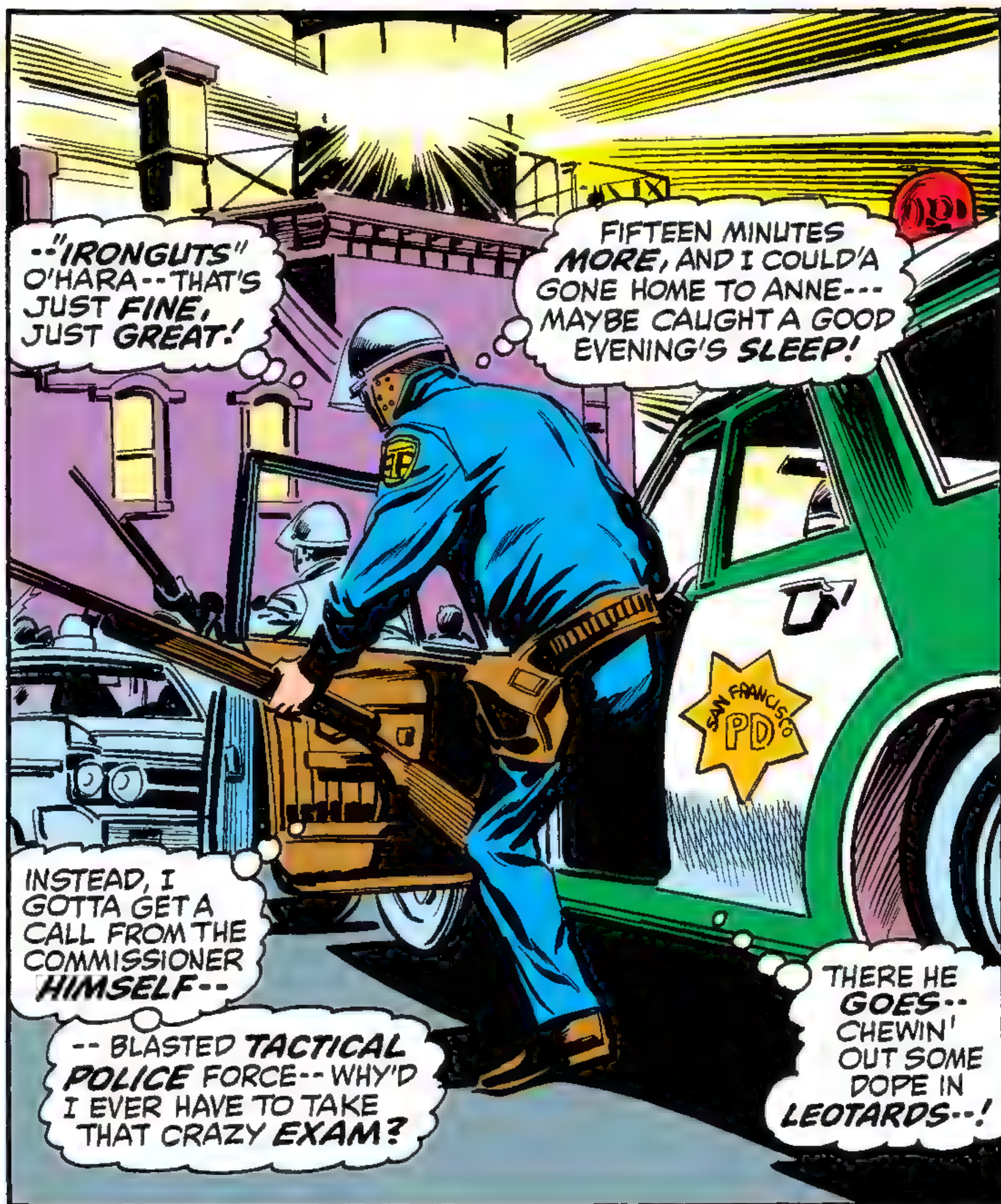
COME **GENTLY,**
FRIEND. WOULDN'T
WANT YOU TO **INJURE**
YOURSELF, NOW
WOULD WE?



WE'VE SET THE **STAGE--** NOW ALL THAT
REMAINS IS THE INTRODUCTION OF ONE
FINAL CHARACTER--

-- A MAN WHOSE
PRESENCE IN MATT
AND TASHA'S COL-
LECTIVE LIFE MAY
PROVE DECIDEDLY
DISRUPTIVE--!

-- A SOMEWHAT **BUCOLIC** GENTLEMAN
AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN AS ---



--"IRONGUTS"
O'HARA--THAT'S
JUST FINE,
JUST GREAT!

FIFTEEN MINUTES
MORE, AND I COULD'A
GONE HOME TO ANNE---
MAYBE CAUGHT A GOOD
EVENING'S SLEEP!

INSTEAD, I
GOTTA GET A
CALL FROM THE
COMMISSIONER
HIMSELF--

-- BLASTED **TACTICAL
POLICE FORCE**-- WHY'D
I EVER HAVE TO TAKE
THAT CRAZY **EXAM**?

THERE HE
GOES--
CHEWIN'
OUT SOME
DOPE IN
LEOTARDS--!

"THE POOR GUY MUST'A BEEN ON HIS WAY
TO SOME SORT'A **COSTUME PARTY**--
GONNA WISH HE NEVER GOT **STARTED**
AFTER 'IRONGUTS' GETS THROUGH WITH
HIM--"

OKAY, KIDS---
LET'S SEE
THOSE **I.D.'S**.

GET 'EM OUT--
I DON'T HAVE
ALL **NIGHT**!

I.D.'S?

HE MEANS
IDENTIFICATION,
TASHA.

LOOKS
LIKE WE'VE GOT
PROBLEMS!



PROBLEMS? LONG-
JOHNS, YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
PROBLEMS **ARE**!

ATTACKIN' THAT **GUARD**
WITH SOME SORT OF
CABLE-- TYING HIM UP
LIKE SOMEBODY'S
LAUNDRY--!

AHH-- SAY,
COMMISSIONER?

LOOK, MAYBE I
CAN **VOUCH** FOR
THESE TWO. SEEMS
I'VE SEEN 'EM IN
THE **NEWS**--

THEY'RE
TWO'A
THOSE
**NEW YORK
SUPER-
HERO**
TYPES!

WHAT?

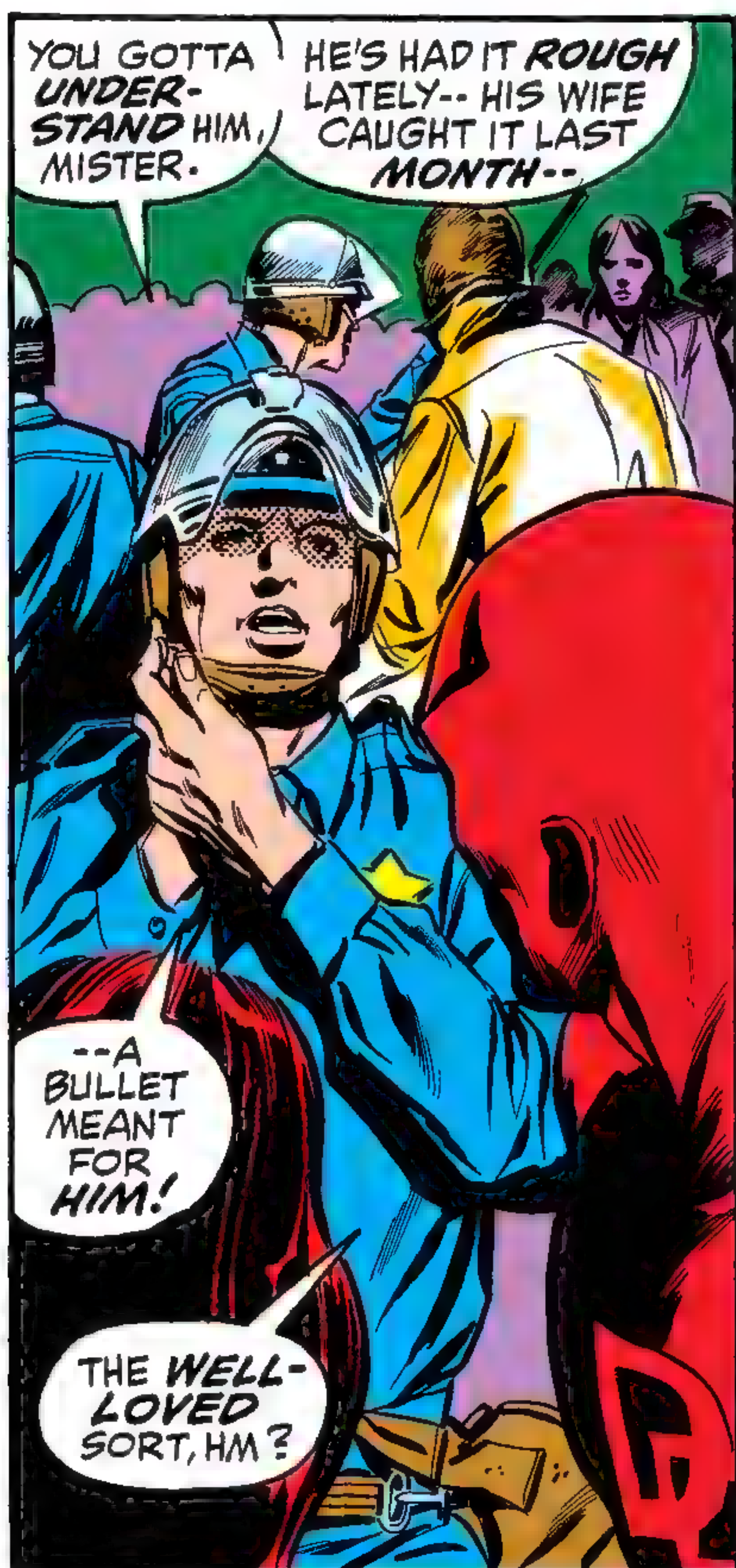
ALL RIGHT, YOU
TWO-- CARSON'S
ONE'A MY **BEST
MEN**-- AND I'M
KINDA DISPOSED
TO **LISTEN** TO
HIM. BUT JUST
IN CASE HE'S
WRONG--

-- JUST IN CASE YOU TWO
THINK YOU CAN GO AROUND
IMPERSONATING **POLICE
OFFICERS** IN THIS BURG--

--YOU'RE
GONNA
**STAY
PUT**,
"DIG"?

WE'LL HAVE A
LITTLE **TALK**
ONCE I GET
THAT KOOK
OUTTA THE
TOWER!

WILSON-- YOU'N
ANDREWS GET
YOUR TAILS **OVER**
HERE! GOT MYSELF
A **PLAN**--!



YOU GOTTA UNDER-
STAND HIM, MISTER.

HE'S HAD IT **ROUGH**
LATELY-- HIS WIFE
CAUGHT IT LAST
MONTH--

--A
BULLET
MEANT
FOR
HIM!

THE **WELL-**
LOVED
SORT, HM?



IN A **WAY**, MISTER.

THERE ISN'T A MAN ON
THE FORCE WHO WOULDN'T
GIVE HIS **LIFE** FOR OLD
"IRONGUTS"--!

LIKE THOSE BOYS IN THE **TACTICAL**
FORCE. HE'S GONNA SEND 'EM UP
THERE IN **INSULATED SUITS!**

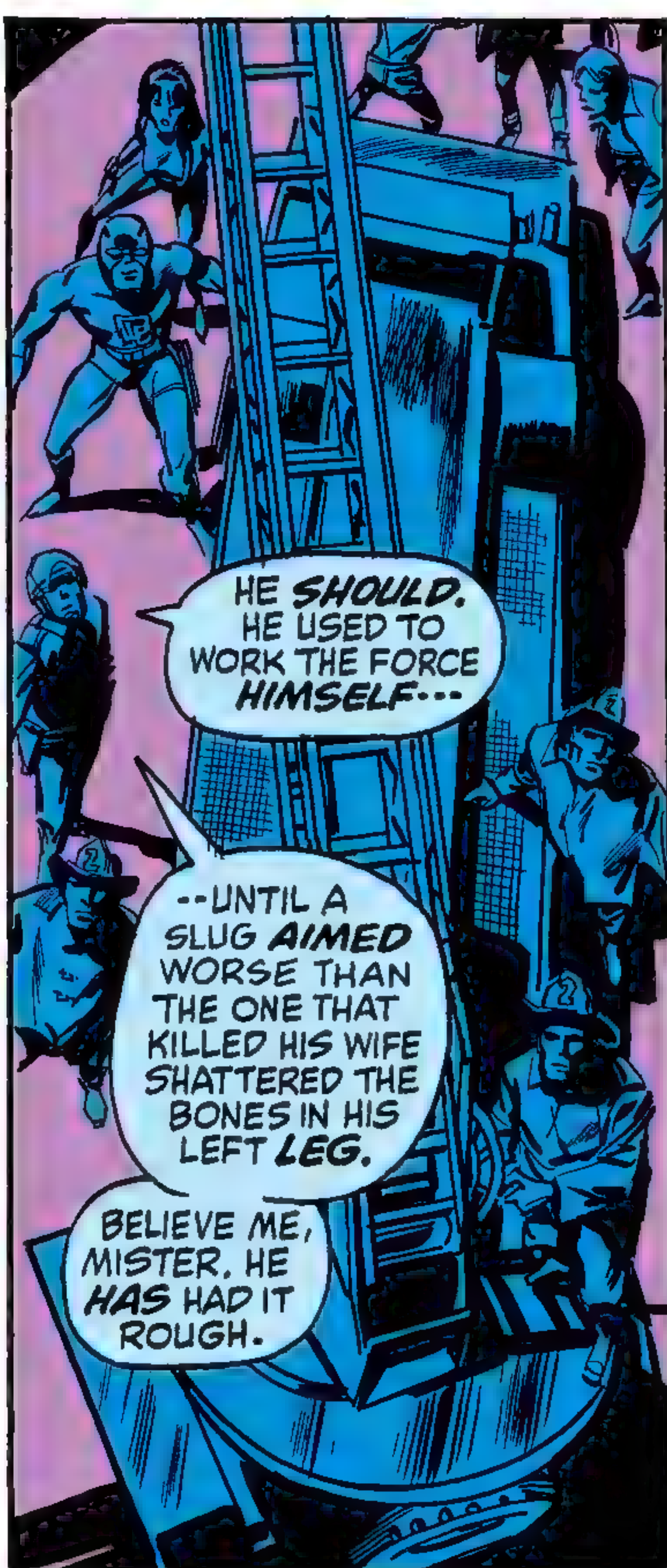
ONE STROKE OF **BAD LUCK**
--AND THOSE GUYS'LL GET
THEMSELVES **KILLED**.



HEAR ANY
OF THEM
COM-
PLAININ'?

THAT'S REAL
HEART
WARMING,
OFFICER.

I HOPE
O'HARA
KNOWS
WHAT HE'S
DOING.



HE **SHOULD**.
HE USED TO
WORK THE **FORCE**
HIMSELF...

--UNTIL A
SLUG **AIMED**
WORSE THAN
THE ONE THAT
KILLED HIS WIFE
SHATTERED THE
BONES IN HIS
LEFT **LEG**.

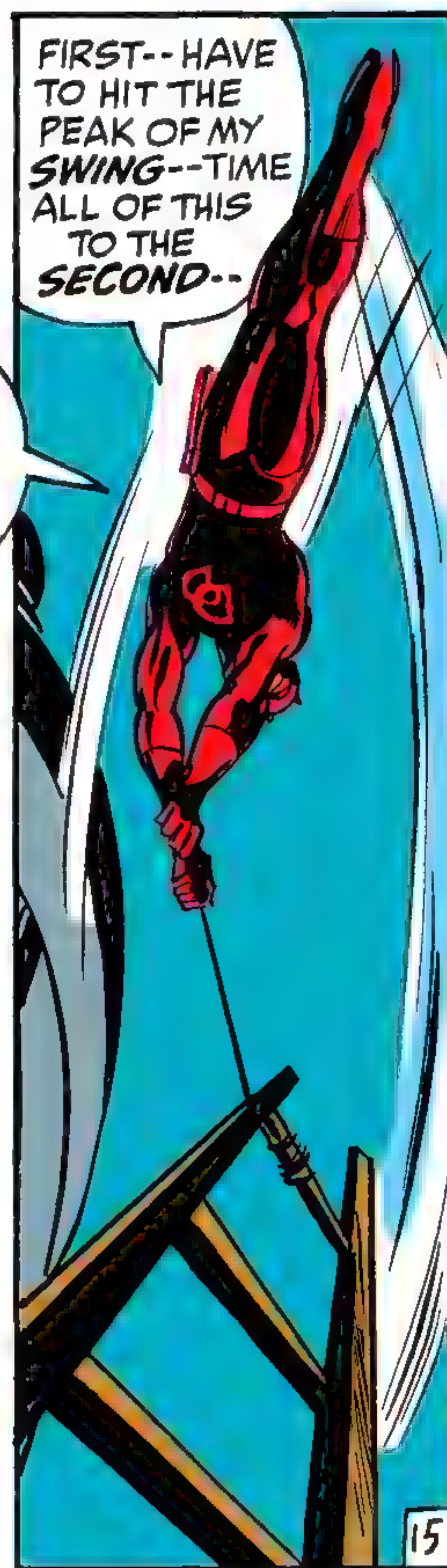
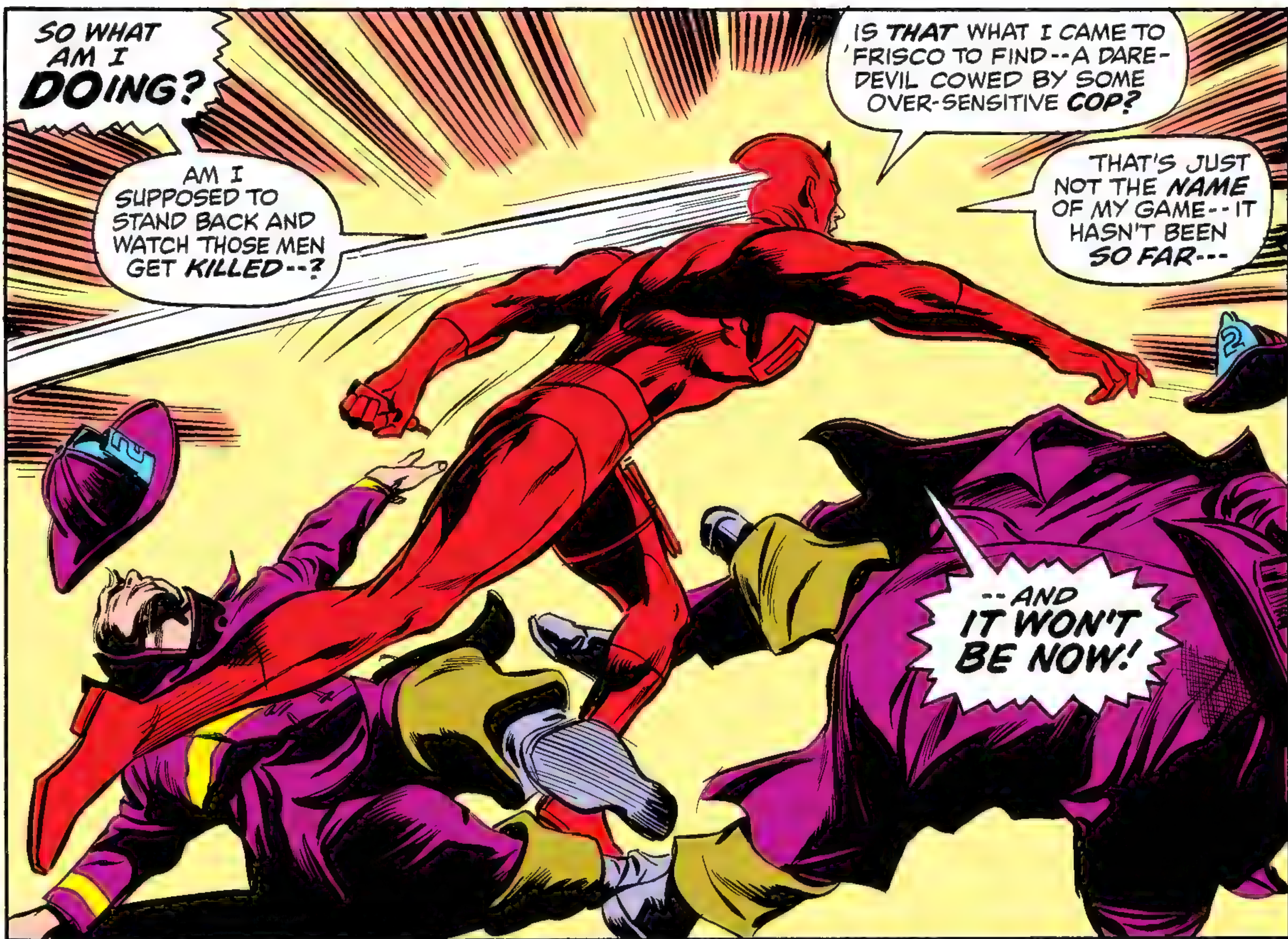
BELIEVE ME,
MISTER. HE
HAS HAD IT
ROUGH.



NOT **HALF** SO
ROUGH AS THOSE
MEN ARE GOING
TO HAVE IT WHEN
THEY TOUCH THAT
TOWER!

IF **ELECTRO'S**
UP THERE--
HE'S NOT LET-
TING THOSE
COPS **SCARE**
HIM--

--THE **TOWER'S**
STILL SHOOTING
OFF SPARKS LIKE
A SHORTED
CHRISTMAS TREE!





--THEN, BEFORE I LOSE MY **MOMENTUM**, I'VE GOT TO PRESS A CERTAIN **RELEASE** IN MY **BILLY CLUB**---

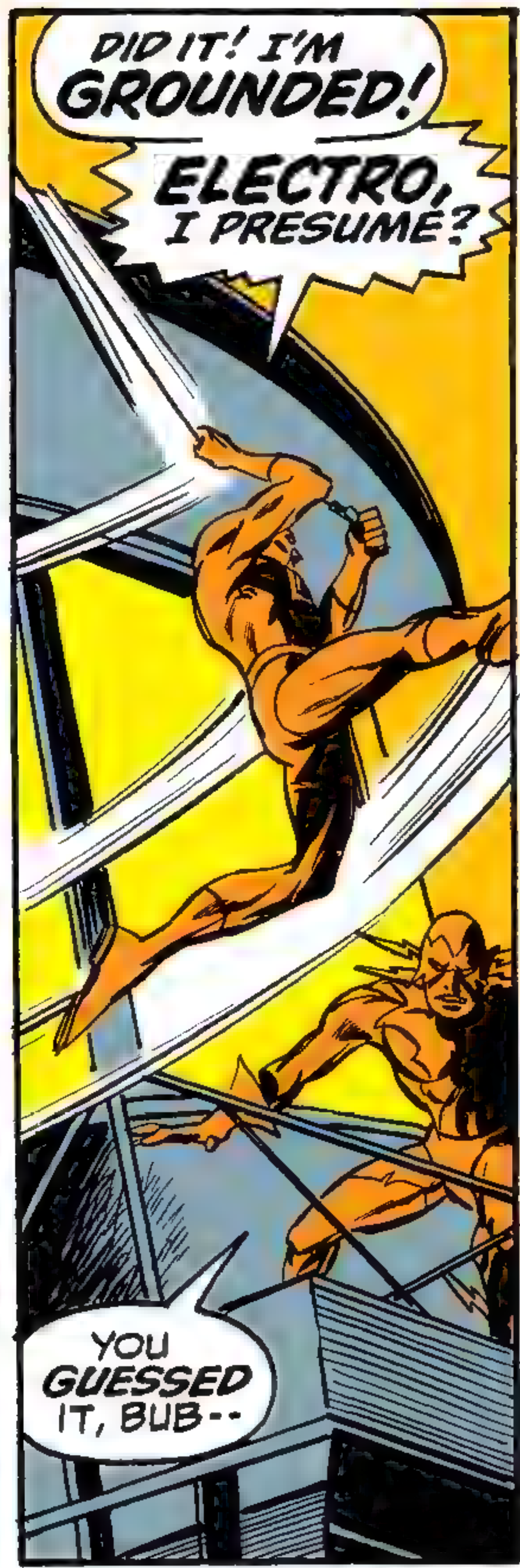
--AND NOW I START TO **PRAY!**



ALL THOSE YEARS OF **TRAINING**--LEARNING HOW TO **PACE** MYSELF, HOW TO LET MY MUSCLES **RELAX**--! I'D BETTER HAVE DONE IT **RIGHT**--

--JUST AS I'VE GOT TO WHIP THE CABLE-END AROUND THAT WOODEN **ROOF-CAP**-- AT JUST THE **PROPER SPEED**--

--/CAUSE IF I **DON'T**--THE SPIN WILL BE TOO **GREAT**--AND OLE DD'S A **DEAD MAN!**



DID IT! I'M GROUNDED!
ELECTRO, I PRESUME?

YOU **GUESSED** IT, BUB--



-- BUT THAT'S THE **LAST LUCKY CALL** YOU'LL EVER **MAKE!**

NOW, FRIEND--- AREN'T YOU MASKED VILLAINS SUPPOSED TO **WANT** RECOGNITION?

OR HAVE I GOT MY **PSYCHO-LOGY** WRONG?



PSYCHOLOGY? **ARROGANT FOOL!**

YOU DARE INTIMATE THAT **ELECTRO** IS **INSANE?**

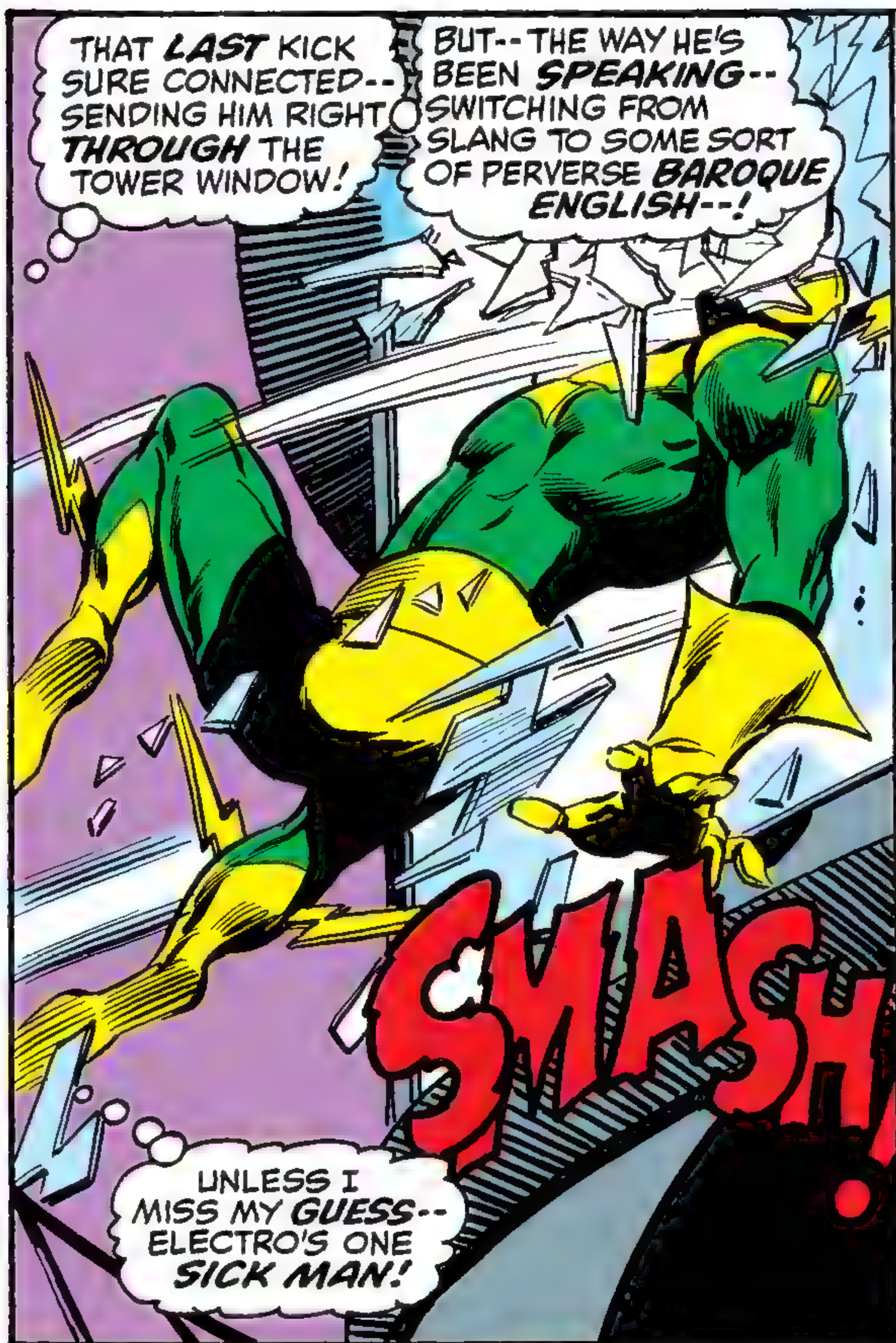


HADN'T QUITE **THOUGHT** OF IT THAT WAY, **SPARKLES**---

-- BUT NOW THAT YOU **MENTION** IT--!

CHOK!

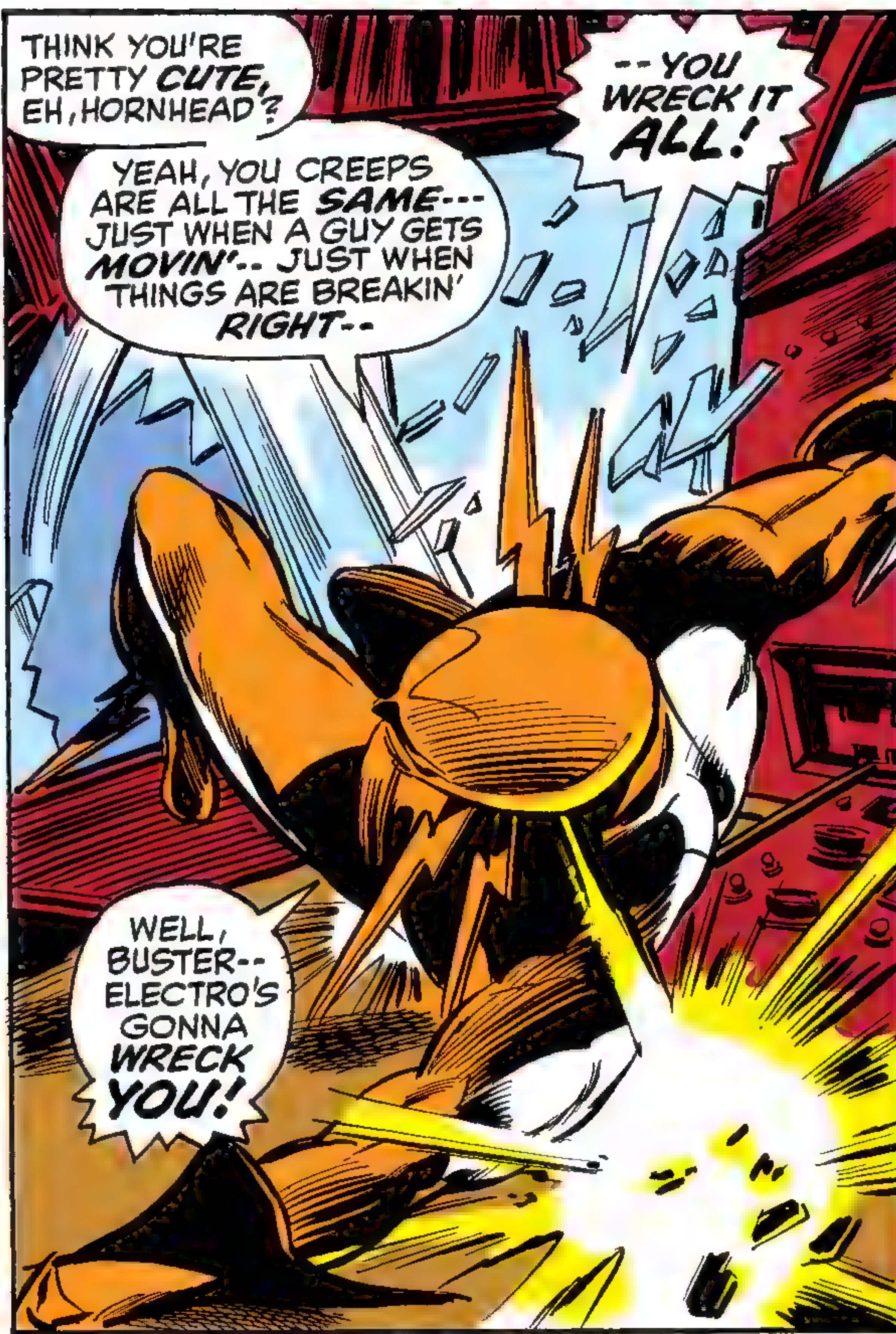
CRETIN! DO YOU THINK I'M UNAWARE OF YOUR DESPERATE **PANICCCCCC**



THAT **LAST** KICK SURE CONNECTED-- SENDING HIM RIGHT **THROUGH** THE TOWER WINDOW!

BUT-- THE WAY HE'S BEEN **SPEAKING**-- SWITCHING FROM SLANG TO SOME SORT OF PERVERSE **BAROQUE ENGLISH**--!

UNLESS I MISS MY **GUESS**-- ELECTRO'S ONE **SICK MAN**!



THINK YOU'RE PRETTY **CUTE**, EH, HORNHEAD?

YEAH, YOU CREEPS ARE ALL THE **SAME**-- JUST WHEN A GUY GETS **MOVIN'**-- JUST WHEN THINGS ARE BREAKIN' **RIGHT**--

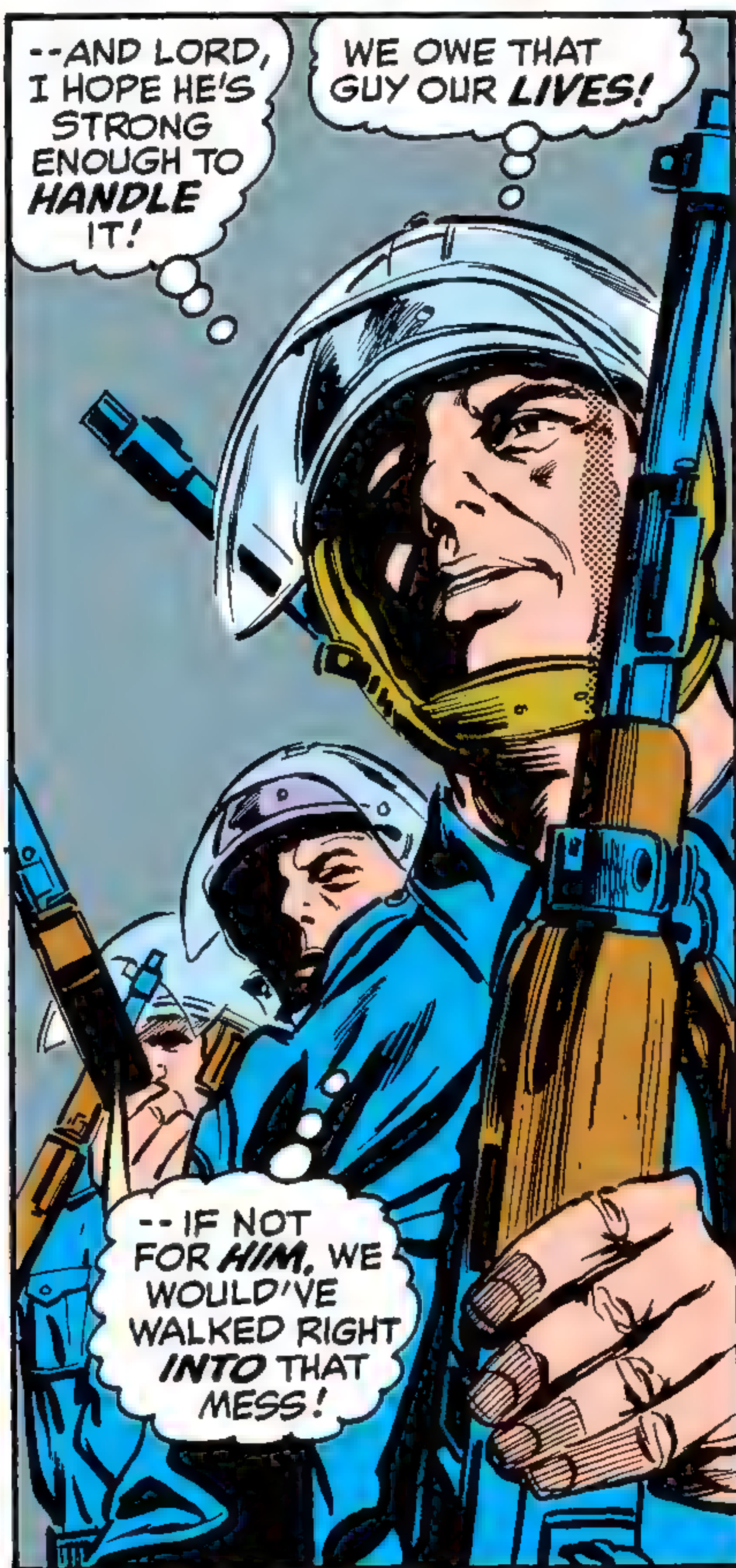
-- YOU **WRECK IT ALL**!

WELL, BUSTER-- ELECTRO'S GONNA **WRECK YOU**!



YOU **HEAR** THAT, LITTLE WOMAN?

LOOKS LIKE YOUR RED-SUITED FRIEND'S GOT HIMSELF SOME **TROUBLE**--!



--AND LORD, I HOPE HE'S STRONG ENOUGH TO **HANDLE** IT!

WE OWE THAT GUY OUR **LIVES**!

-- IF NOT FOR **HIM**, WE WOULD'VE WALKED RIGHT **INTO** THAT MESS!

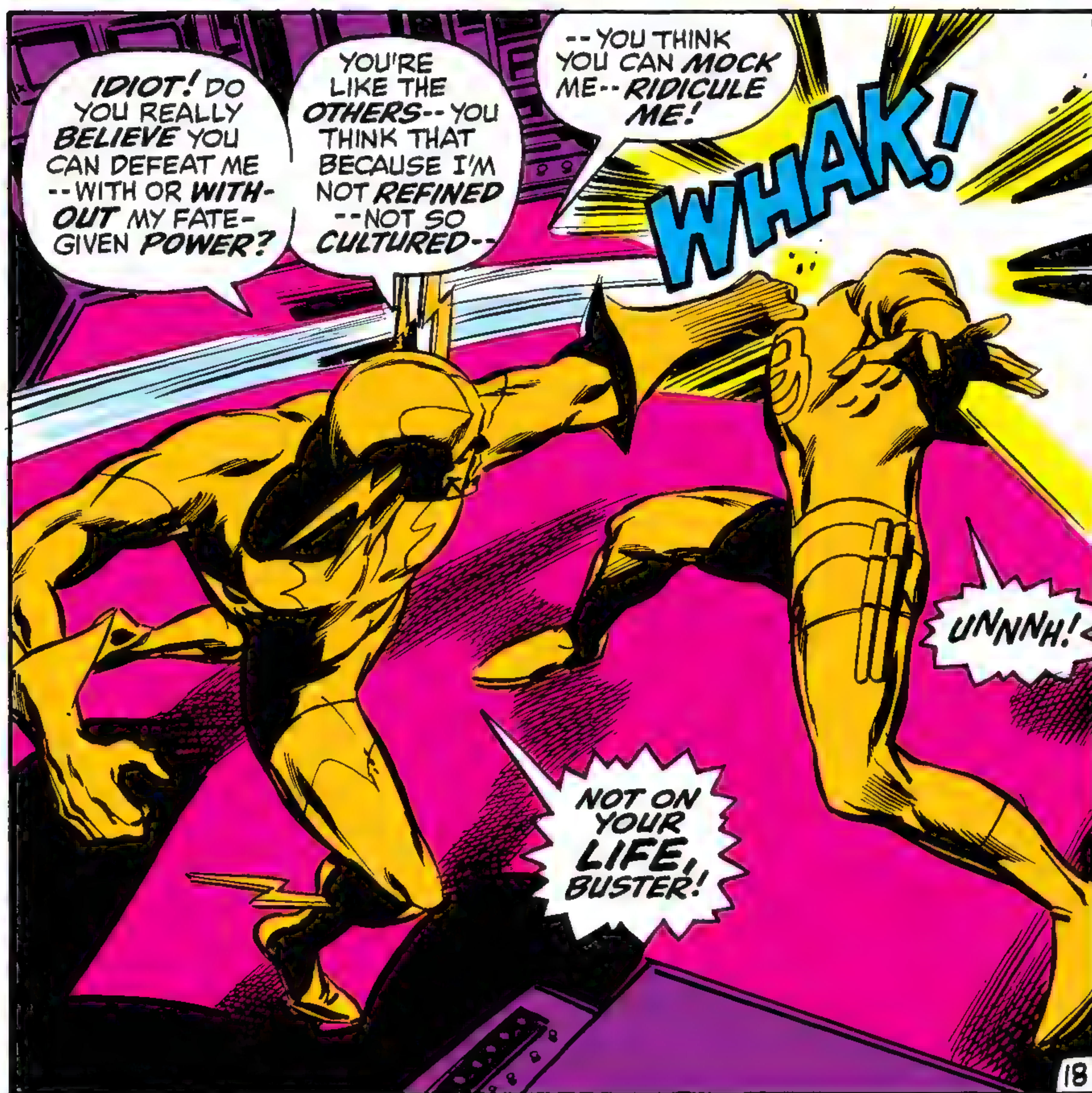
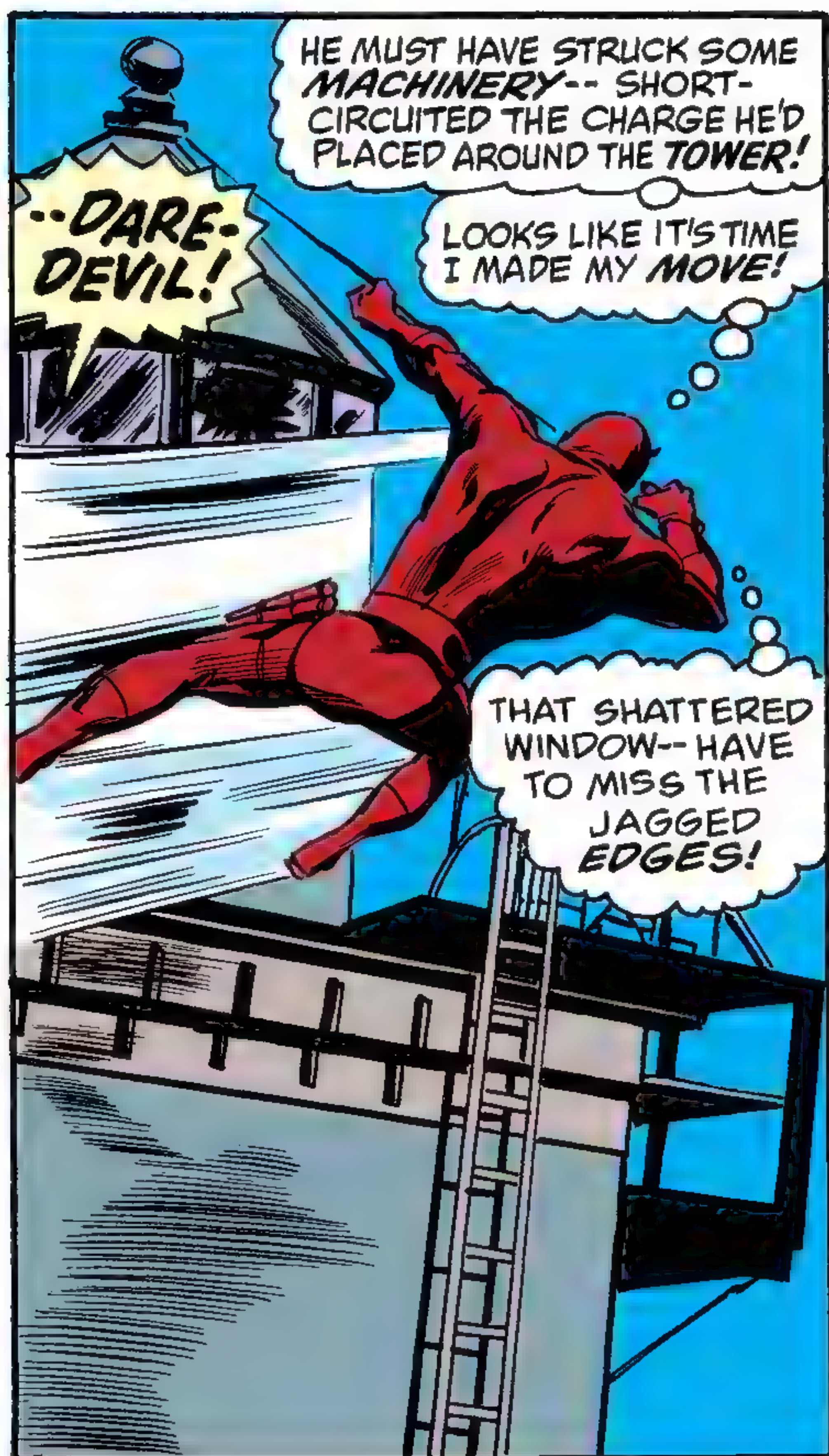


--A MESS GROWING RAPIDLY MORE **CHAOTIC**, AS, IN THE ROARING ELECTRICAL **INFERNO** WHICH WAS ONCE THE TOWER CONTROL ROOM--

PAIN-- SPLITTING MY SKULL --**ECHOING** IN MY BRAIN--!

WHO DARES STRIKE OUT **AGAINST** ME?

WAIT-- WAIT, I **KNOW** MY TREACHEROUS **FOE**--



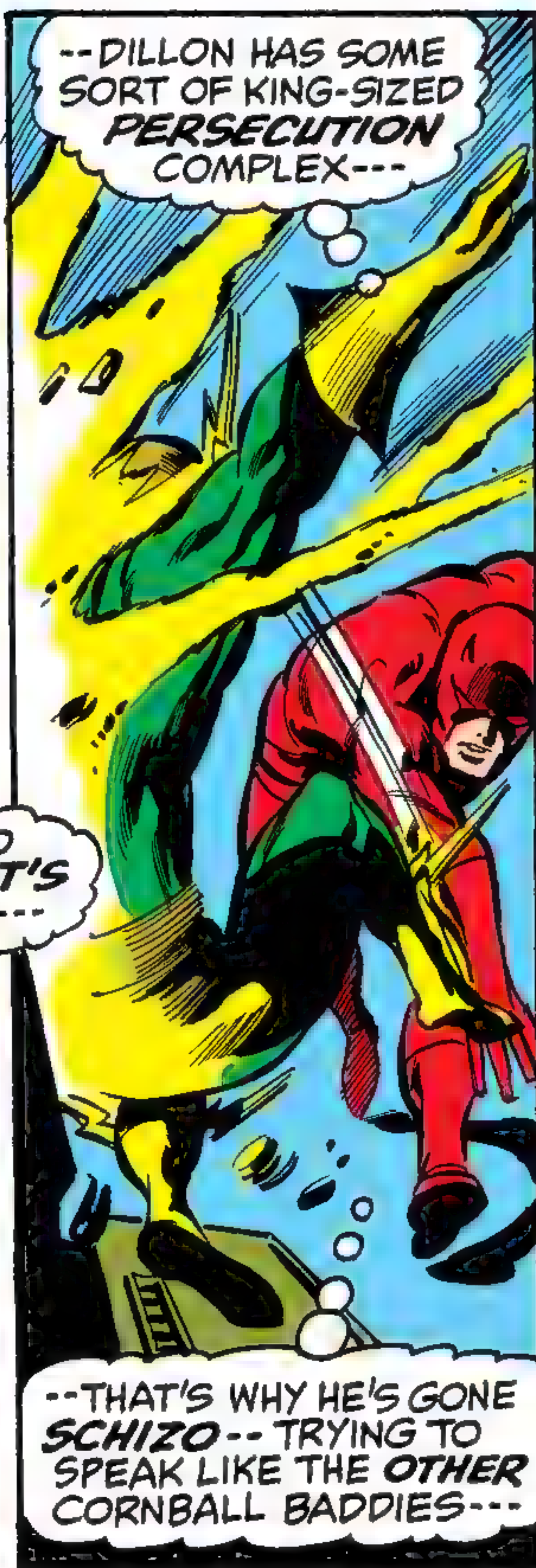


I'VE PUT UP
WITH THAT
JUNK ALL'A
MY **LIFE**--

PEOPLE
LAUGHIN'
AT ME 'CAUSE'A
THE WAY I
TALKED--

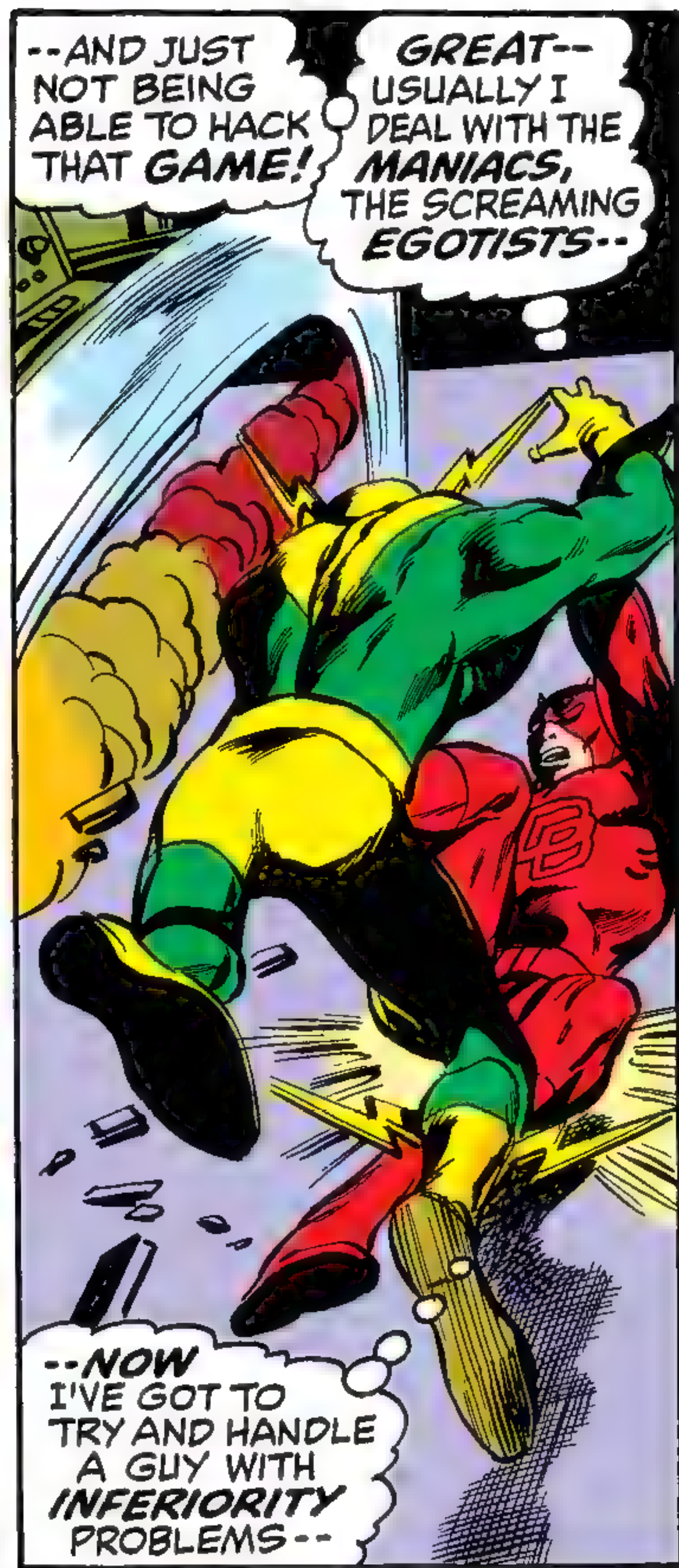
WELL,
FRIEND--
NOBODY
LAUGHS
AT MAX
DILLON--
NOT **NOW**--
--**NOT**
EVER!

SO
THAT'S
IT---



--DILLON HAS SOME
SORT OF KING-SIZED
PERSECUTION
COMPLEX---

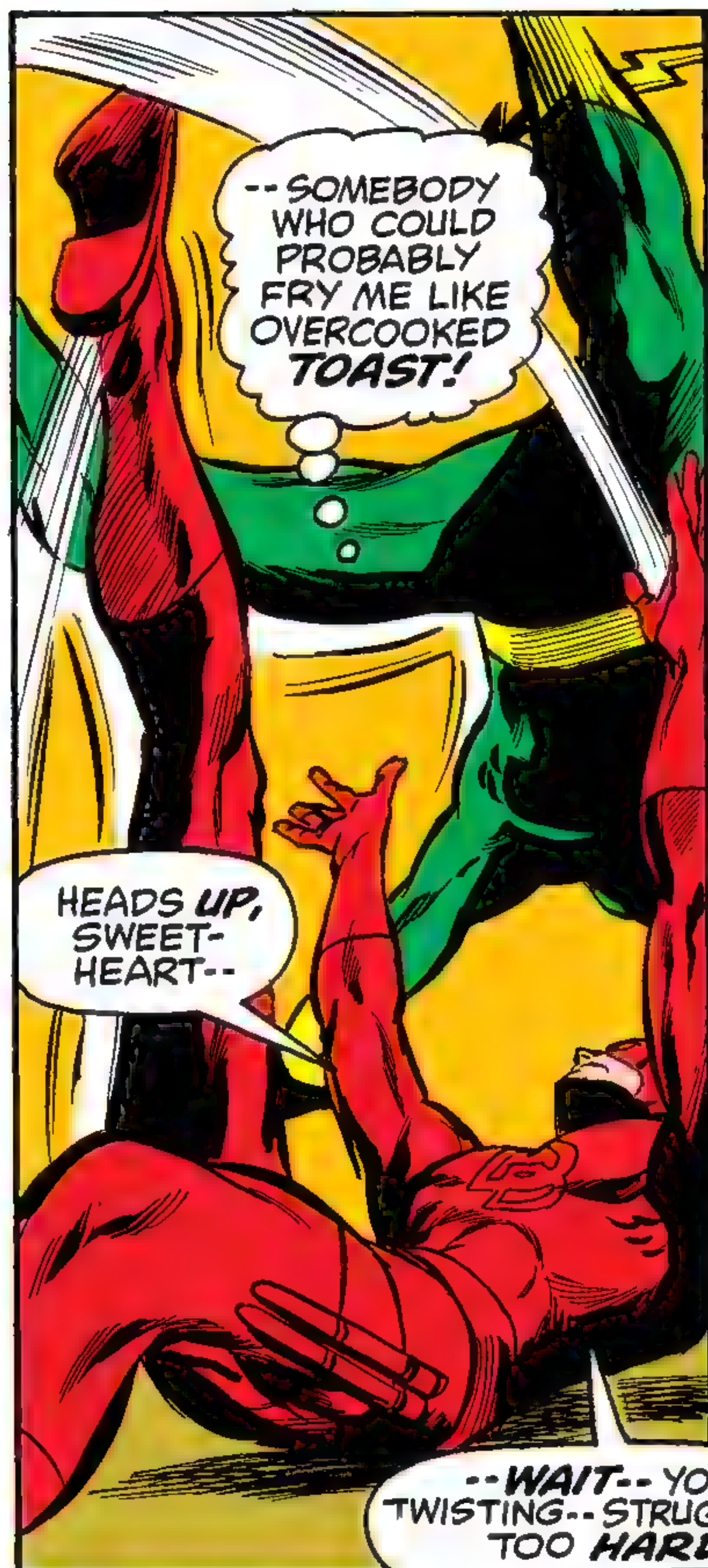
--THAT'S WHY HE'S GONE
SCHIZO-- TRYING TO
SPEAK LIKE THE **OTHER**
CORNBALL BADDIES---



--AND JUST
NOT BEING
ABLE TO HACK
THAT **GAME!**

GREAT--
USUALLY I
DEAL WITH THE
MANIACS,
THE SCREAMING
EGOTISTS--

--**NOW**
I'VE GOT TO
TRY AND HANDLE
A GUY WITH
INFERIORITY
PROBLEMS--



--SOMEBODY
WHO COULD
PROBABLY
FRY ME LIKE
OVERCOOKED
TOAST!

HEADS UP,
SWEET-
HEART--

--**WAIT**-- YOU'RE
TWISTING-- STRUGGLING
TOO **HARD**--



KRAASSH!

--FALLING
NEAR-- **THE**
WINDOW!



ONCE AGAIN,
YOU **UNDER-**
ESTIMATE ME,
MY FRIEND.

A SMALL **SET-**
BACK AT WORST!
I'LL TURN THIS
REVERSAL TO
MY ADVANTAGE--

--AND ELECTRO'S
NAME SHALL
YET BE
CLEARED--!



UTILIZING THE
INNATE ELECTRICAL
AFFINITY IN THE
MOLECULES OF
THE TOWER WALL--

-- I PROVIDE MYSELF
WITH A SUB-ATOMIC
RAMP---

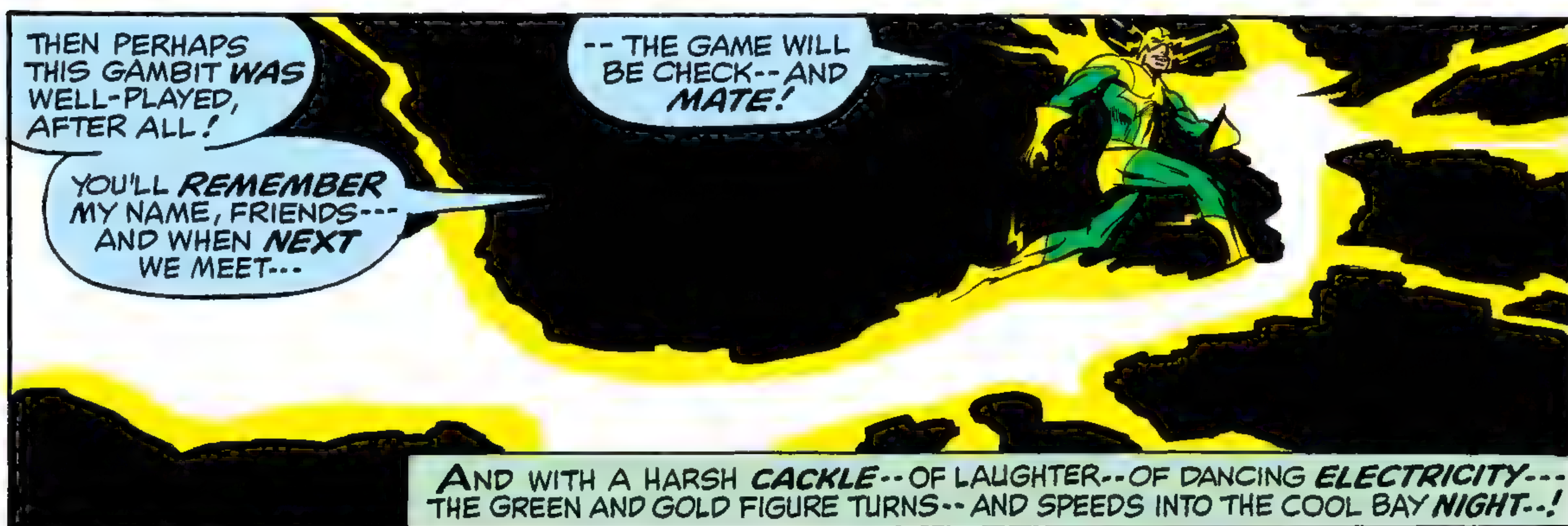
--AND EVEN
AS YOU
BEMOAN
MY FATE---



IT'S NO GOOD!
SOMETHING'S
REPELLING
OUR BULLETS--

WE
JUST
CAN'T
HIT
HIM!

BAM
--ELECTRO
MAKES
GOOD HIS
ESCAPE!

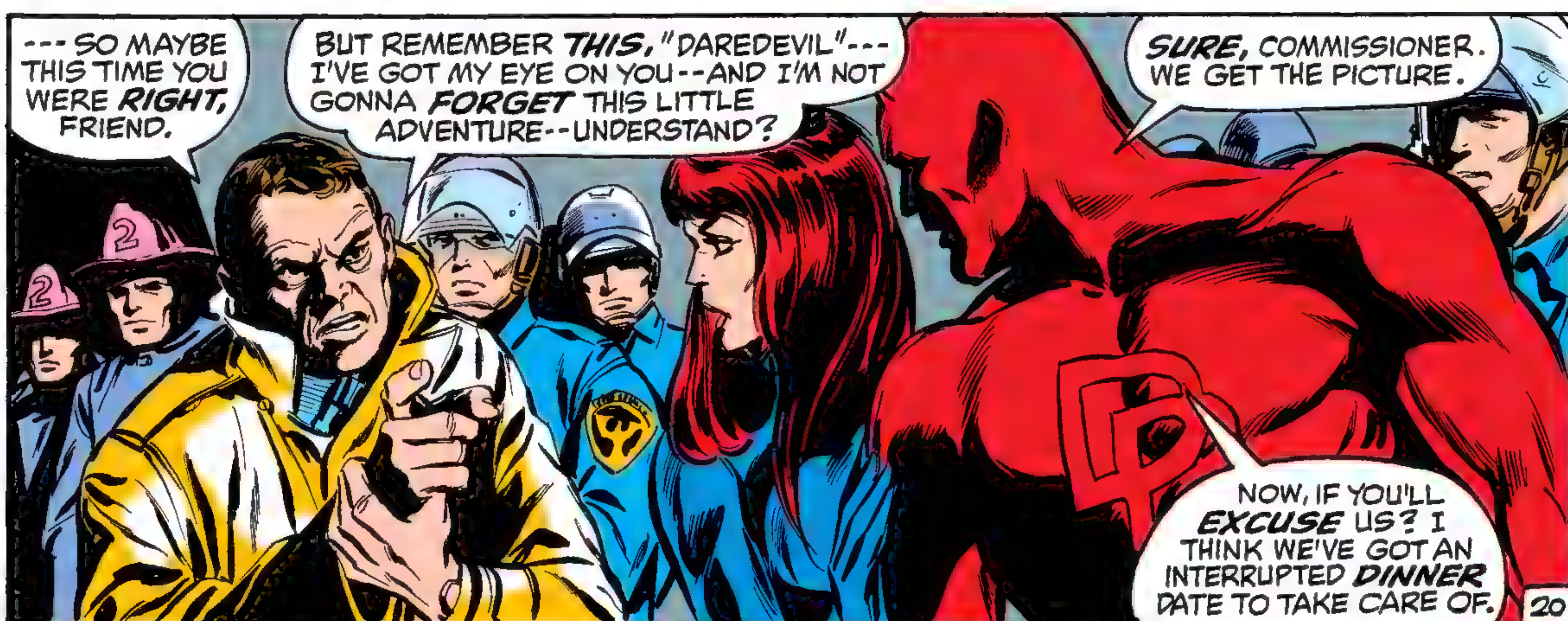


THEN PERHAPS
THIS GAMBIT WAS
WELL-PLAYED,
AFTER ALL!

-- THE GAME WILL
BE CHECK-- AND
MATE!

YOU'LL **REMEMBER**
MY NAME, FRIENDS---
AND WHEN **NEXT**
WE MEET---

AND WITH A HARSH **CACKLE**--OF LAUGHTER--OF DANCING **ELECTRICITY**--
THE GREEN AND GOLD FIGURE TURNS-- AND SPEEDS INTO THE COOL BAY NIGHT--!

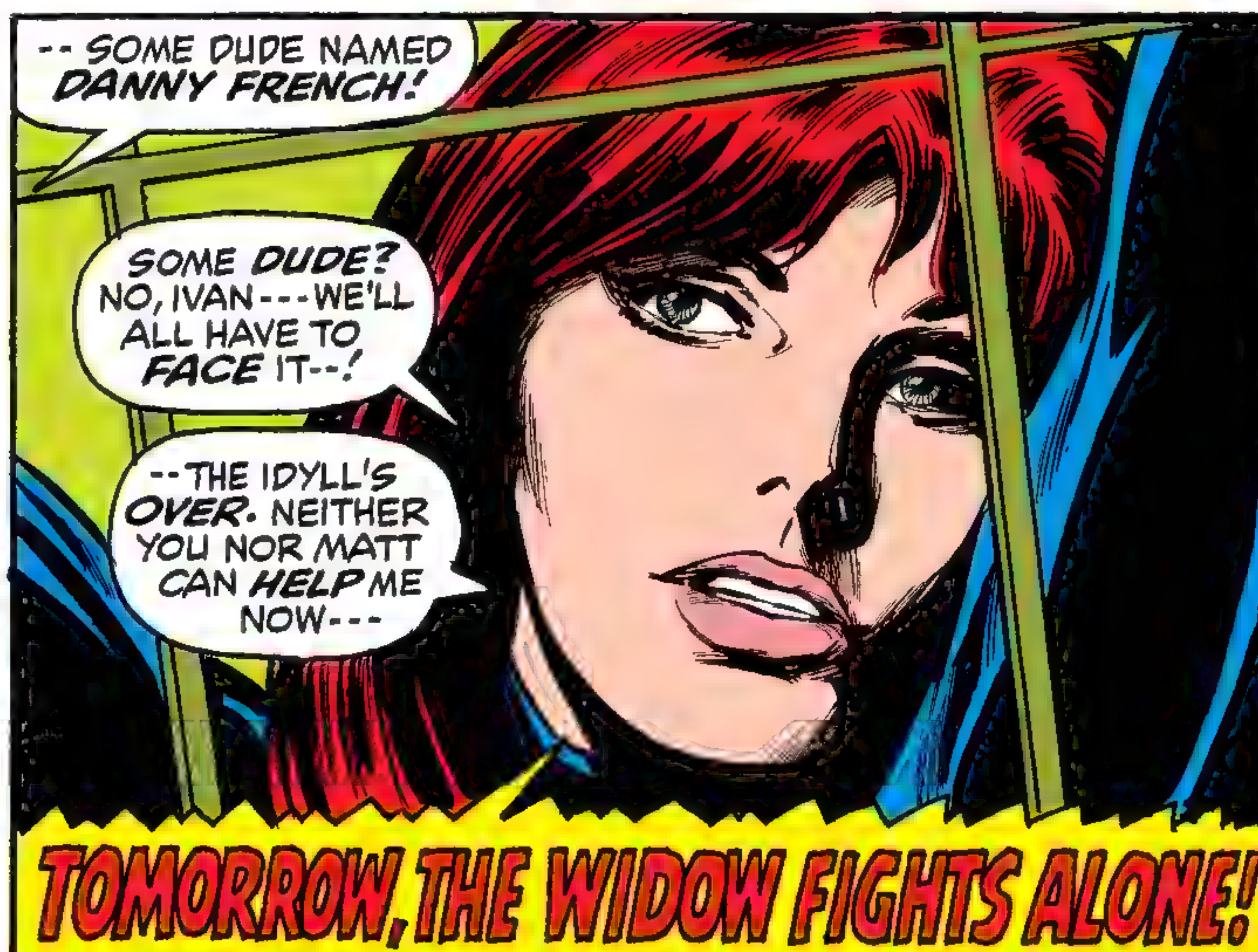
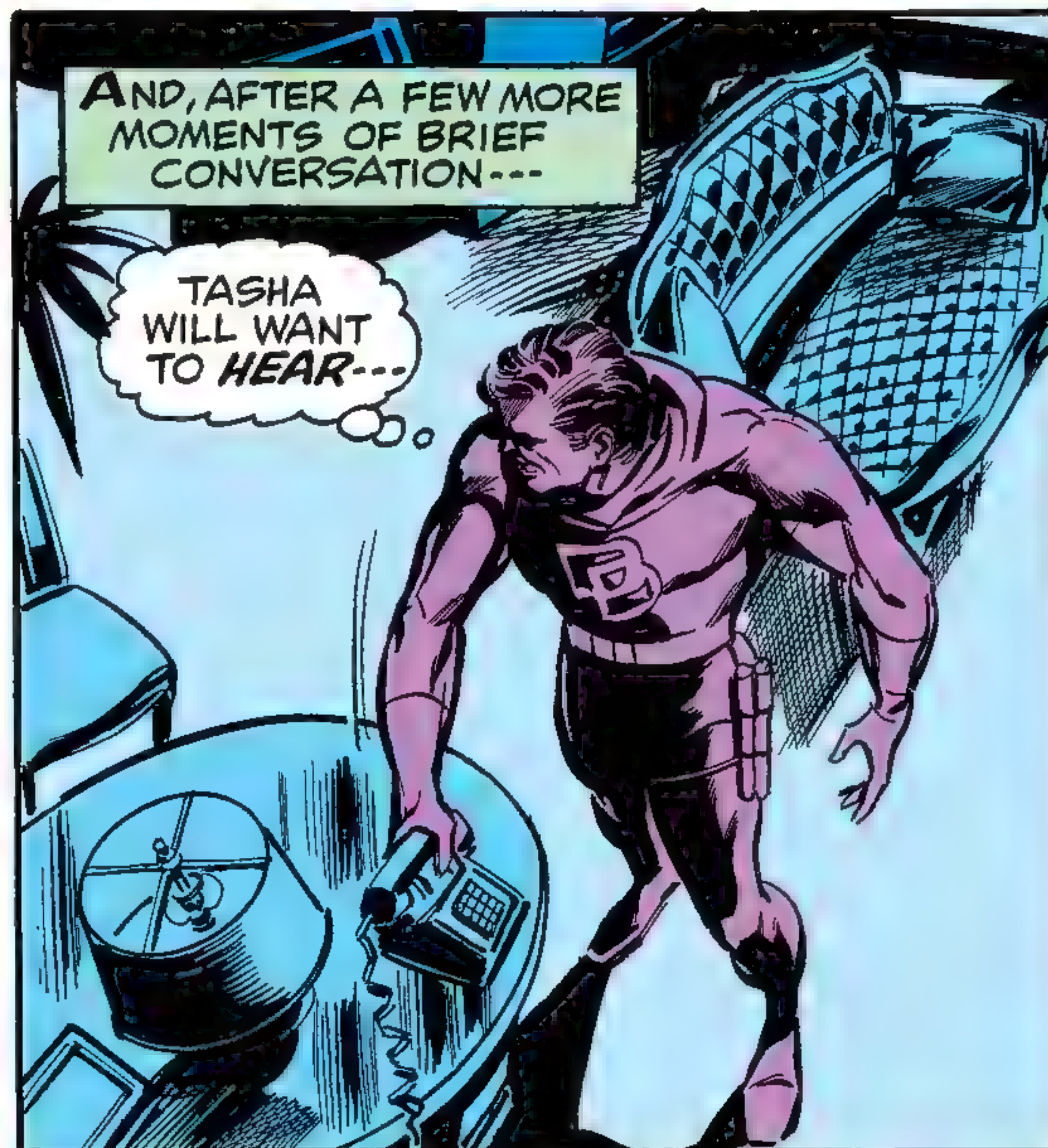
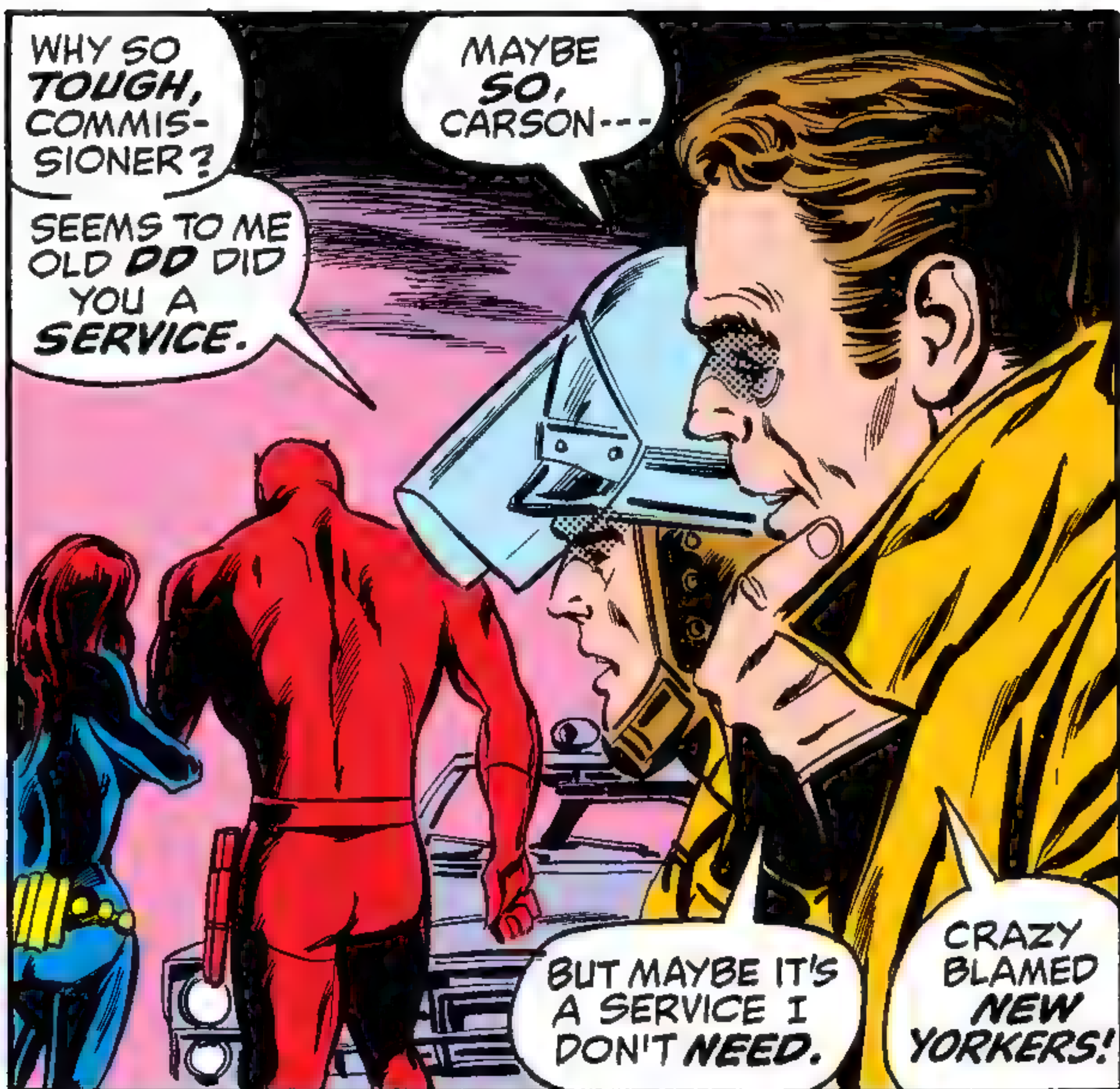


--- SO MAYBE
THIS TIME YOU
WERE **RIGHT**,
FRIEND.

BUT REMEMBER **THIS**, "DAREDEVIL"---
I'VE GOT MY EYE ON YOU--AND I'M NOT
GONNA **FORGET** THIS LITTLE
ADVENTURE--UNDERSTAND?

SURE, COMMISSIONER.
WE GET THE PICTURE.

NOW, IF YOU'LL
EXCUSE US? I
THINK WE'VE GOT AN
INTERRUPTED **DINNER**
DATE TO TAKE CARE OF.



DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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DAREDEVIL™



THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

YOU REFUSED
TO *SERVE* ME,
MASKED MAN!
SO NOW--YOU
DIE!



HE'S BACK-- AND HE'S OUT FOR BLOOD!!

KILLGRAVE--
THE PURPLE MAN!

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR! TM

CALL HIM KILL GRAVE!

BATTLEFIELD: WIND WHIPS THROUGH GRAY AND BROWN CANYONS OF COLD MORTAR AND STONE--A BRISK **BAY** WIND, BITTER WITH THE BITE OF THE **EARLY DAWN**--DISTANT AND HOLLOW LIKE THE ECHO OF A DESERT BREEZE--

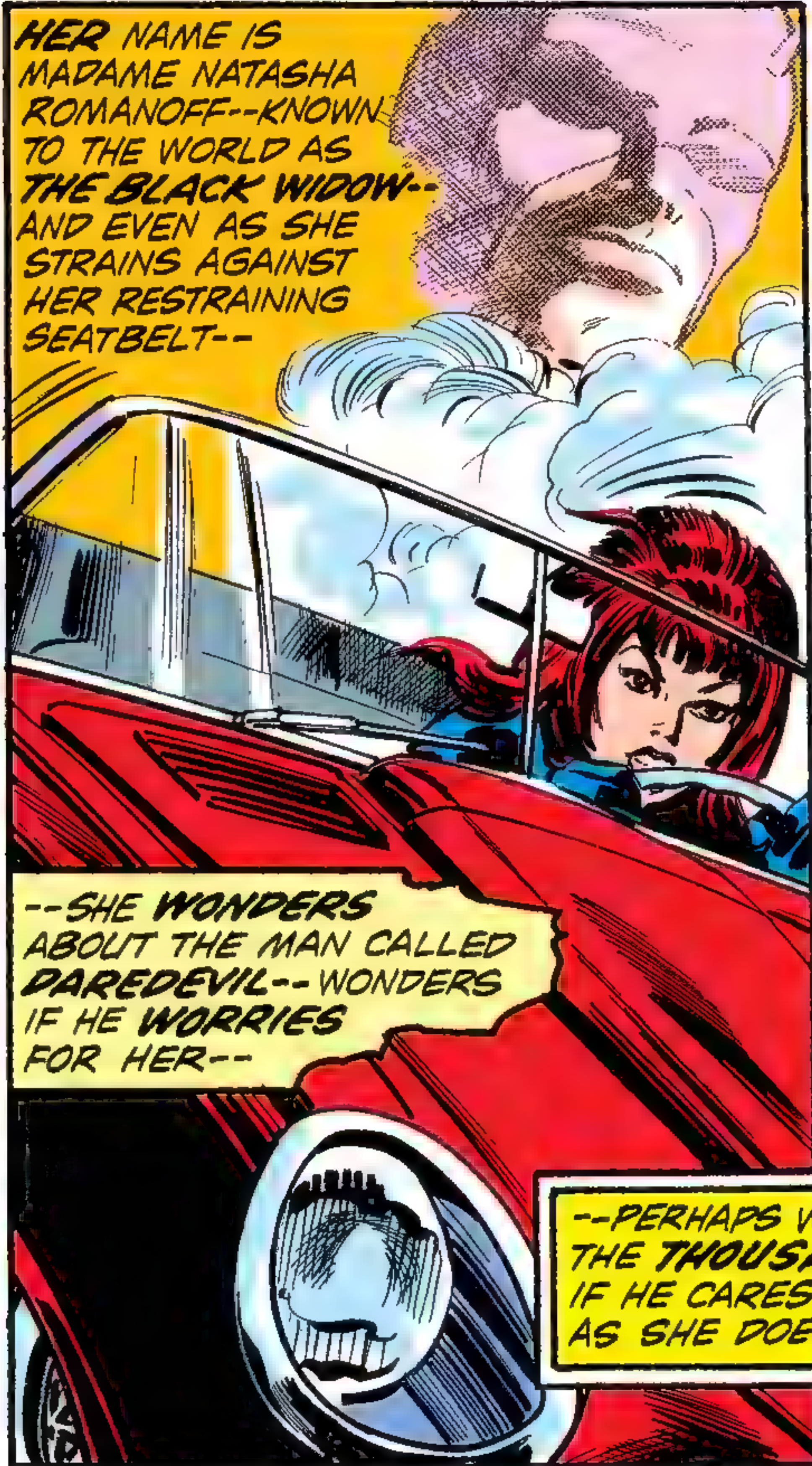
TWO STEEL-SHELLED FORMS **LEAP** IN THE NEW MORNING LIGHT--THEIR HOODS CATCHING THE PALE, CLOUDED **SUNLIGHT**, GLINTING AS THEY TURN DOWN EMPTY MONDAY-MORNING STREETS IN UPTOWN **SAN FRANCISCO**--

AGAIN AND AGAIN, METAL MEETS PAVEMENT--SCREECHING, WAILING--CRYING LIKE WOUNDED **SOLDIERS** CAUGHT OUT OF TIME AND PLACE--TRAPPED ON THIS URBAN BATTLEGROUND--LOST IN SOME TWISTED DETROITIAN NIGHTMARE--!

**SK
REEEE
EK**

STAN LEE, EDITOR / **GERRY CONWAY**, WRITER / **GENE COLAN**, ARTIST / **TOM PALMER**, INKER / **JON COSTA**, LETTERER

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HER NAME IS MADAME NATASHA ROMANOFF--KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS **THE BLACK WIDOW**--AND EVEN AS SHE STRAINS AGAINST HER RESTRAINING SEATBELT--

--SHE WONDERS ABOUT THE MAN CALLED **PARADEVIL**--WONDERS IF HE WORRIES FOR HER--

--PERHAPS WONDERS FOR THE **THOUSANDTH** TIME, IF HE CARES FOR HER--AS SHE DOES FOR HIM.



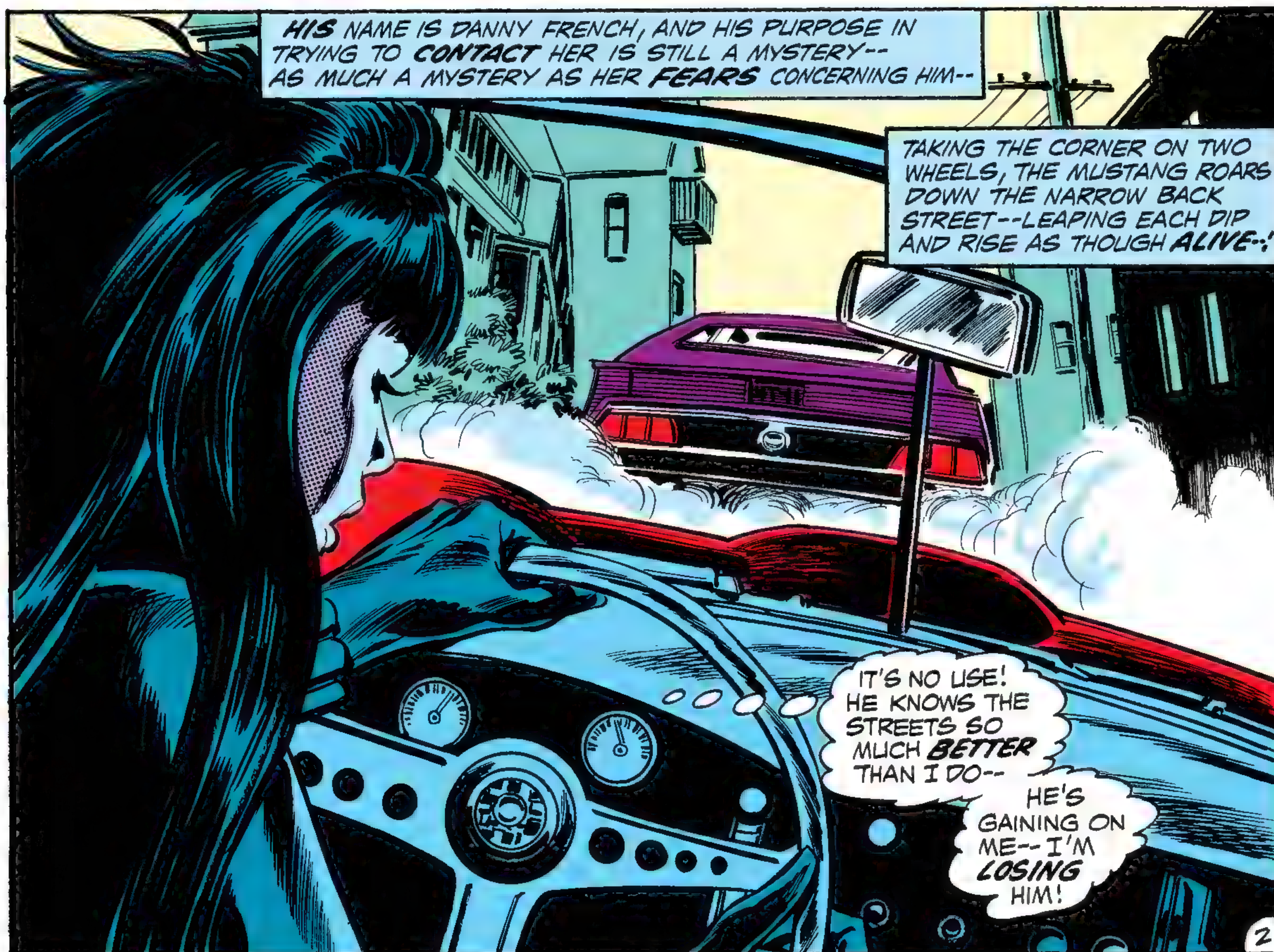
AND THEN THOSE THOUGHTS ARE **SHATTERED**, BROKEN--THE THOUGHTS OF AN INSTANT SPLIT IN TIME AND SPACE--THOUGHTS THROWN RUDELY BACK TO THE MOMENT AT **HAND**--!

HE'S GETTING AWAY--

TAKING THAT **SIDESTREET**--

--I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM--
I'VE GOT TO!

SCREEEEEE

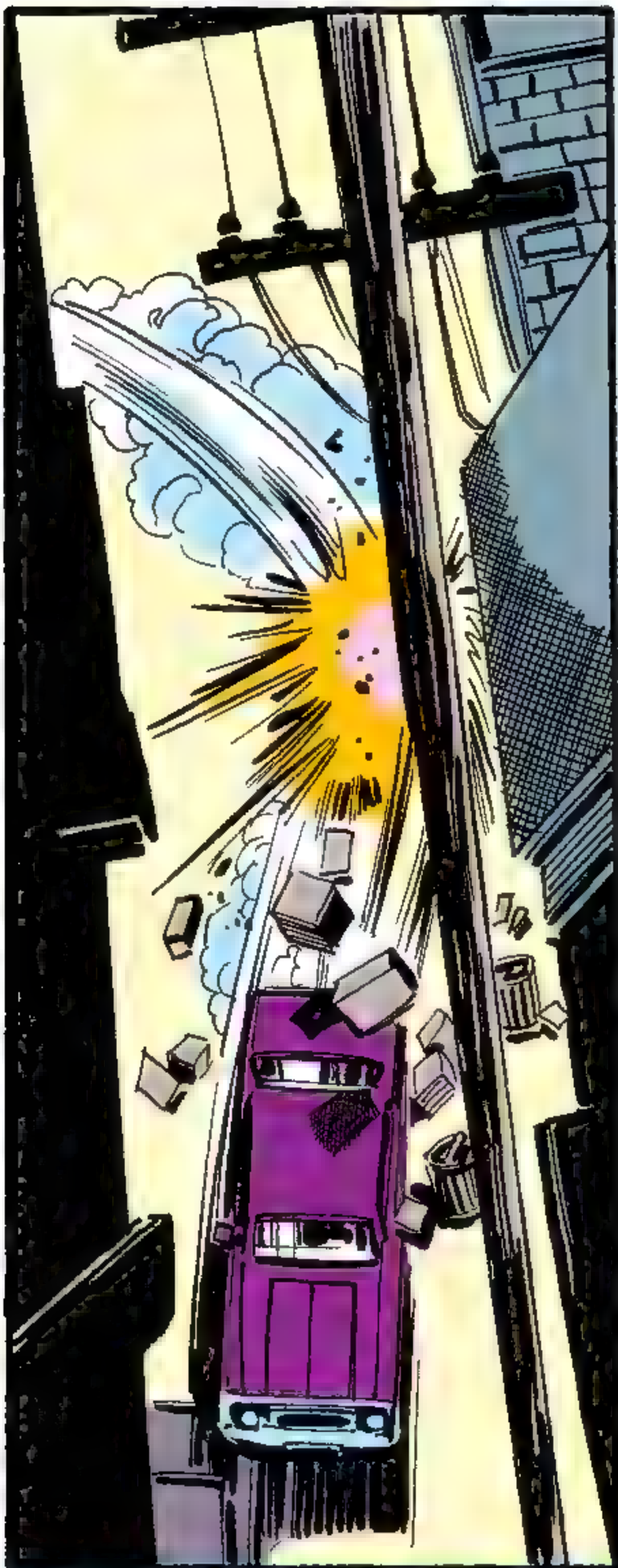


HIS NAME IS DANNY FRENCH, AND HIS PURPOSE IN TRYING TO **CONTACT** HER IS STILL A MYSTERY--AS MUCH A MYSTERY AS HER **FEARS** CONCERNING HIM--

TAKING THE CORNER ON TWO WHEELS, THE MUSTANG ROARS DOWN THE NARROW BACK STREET--LEAPING EACH DIP AND RISE AS THOUGH **ALIVE**--!

IT'S NO USE! HE KNOWS THE STREETS SO MUCH **BETTER** THAN I DO--

HE'S GAINING ON ME--I'M **LOSING** HIM!



THEN, THE MUSTANG VEERS **RIGHT**--
CAREENS OFF AN ARRAY OF
CARTONS AND ASH CANS WITH
A RENDING METALLIC **CRASH**--

--AND BY THE TIME
THE WIDOW'S **XKE**
REACHES THE TOP
OF THE FOLLOWING
RISE--

THAT'S
IT...

I'VE
LOST
HIM.

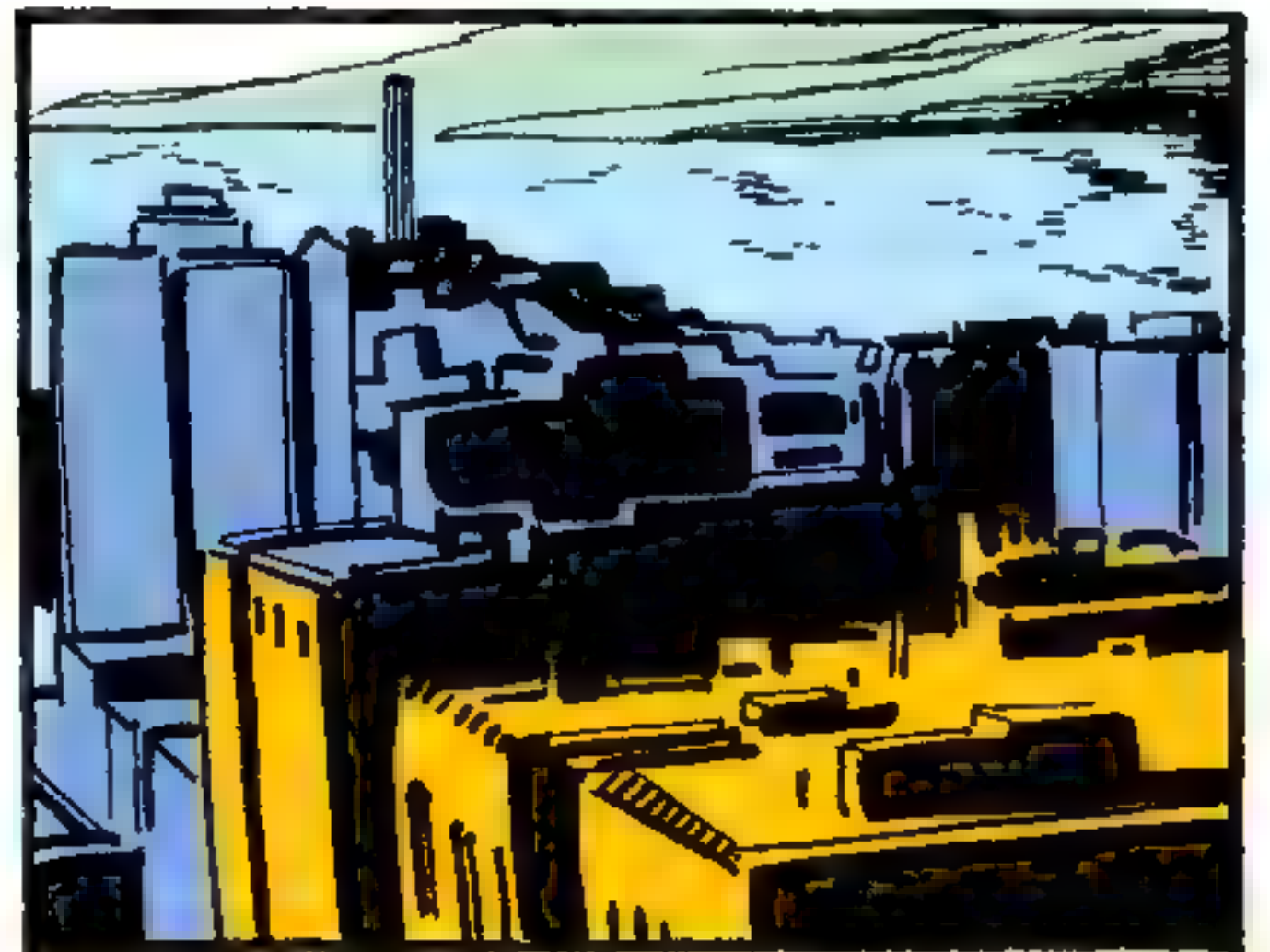


SCREEEE

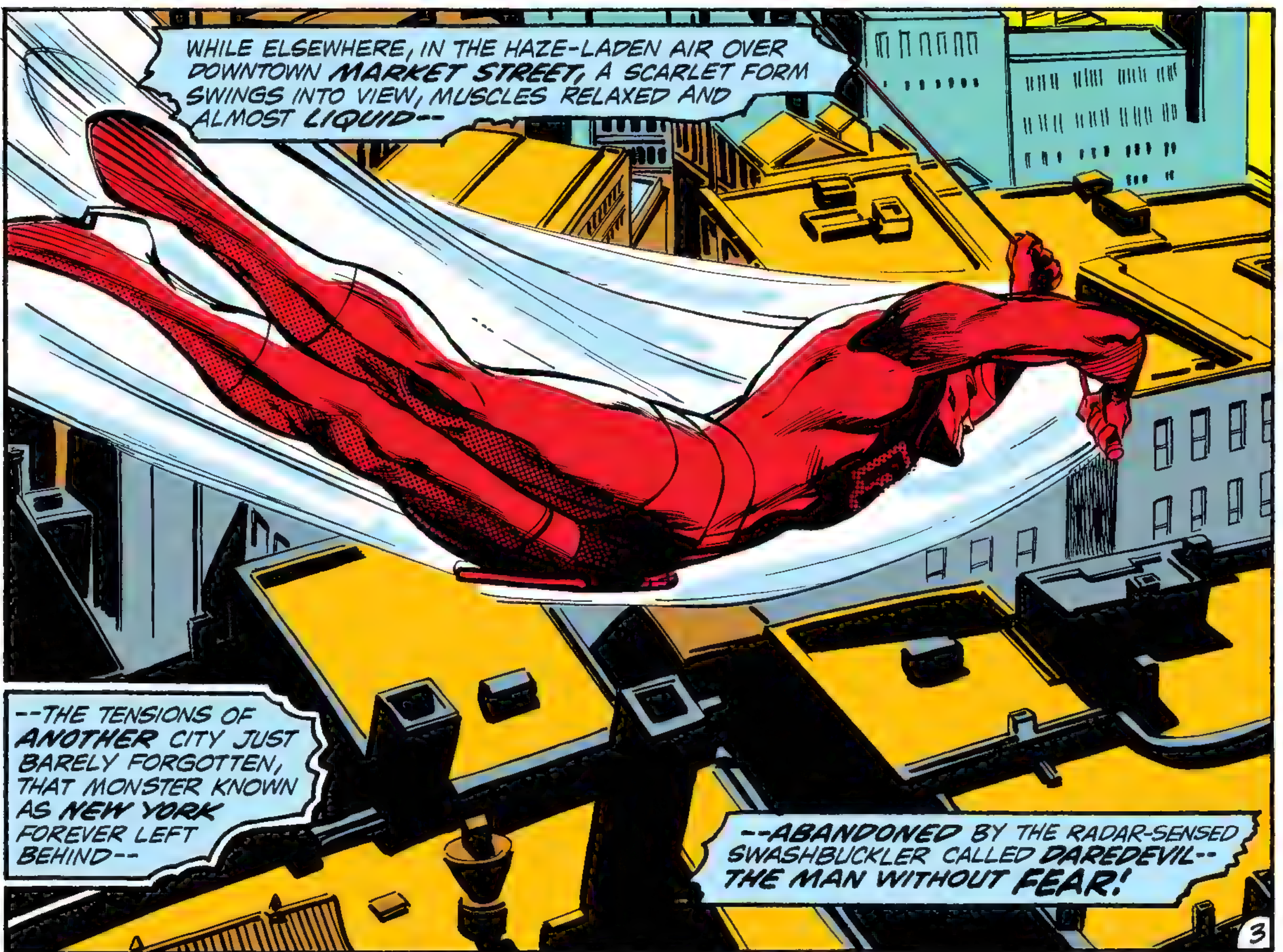
SHADING HER EYES
AGAINST THE SUN'S
GLARE, SHE PEERS
NORTH AND **SOUTH**--



BUT IN BOTH DIRECTIONS,
THERE ARE ONLY DE-
SERTED **STREETS**, NARROW
HILLS, EMPTY ALLEYS--!



THERE'S ONLY **SAN FRANCISCO**...
AND THE WIDOW,,, ALONE.



WHILE ELSEWHERE, IN THE HAZE-LADEN AIR OVER
DOWNTOWN **MARKET STREET**, A SCARLET FORM
SWINGS INTO VIEW, MUSCLES RELAXED AND
ALMOST **LIQUID**--

--THE TENSIONS OF
ANOTHER CITY JUST
BARELY FORGOTTEN,
THAT MONSTER KNOWN
AS **NEW YORK**
FOREVER LEFT
BEHIND--

--ABANDONED BY THE RADAR-SENSED
SWASHBUCKLER CALLED **DAREDEVIL**--
THE MAN WITHOUT **FEAR**!



HELLO, LIEUTENANT-- YOU'RE LOOKING FAIRLY GRIM FOR A MAN WITH A GROWING REPUTATION.

I GATHER THE LOCAL PRESS MADE QUITE A BIG **THING** OUT OF OUR MEETING WITH **ELECTRO** LAST WEEK--

WITH YOU AND COMMISSIONER O'HARA AS THE TWO DARLING **STARS!**

DAREDEVIL! YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES, OLD BUDDY!

THE COMMISSIONER'S BEEN DYING TO GET A **ROPE** AROUND THAT NECK OF YOURS FOR THE PAST **TEN DAYS!**

THINK I DON'T **KNOW** IT, CARSON?



FACT IS, THAT'S THE PRIMARY REASON I'M **HERE.**

SOCIAL CALLS **ASIDE--**IT MIGHT JUST BE THE TIME TO PATCH THINGS UP WITH OLE "**IRONGUTS**--"

--BEFORE HE DECIDES TO PATCH THINGS UP WITH **ME--** KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

YOU'RE TALKING TO A GUY WHO'S **WORKED** WITH HIM, DD.



--AND IF THERE'S **ONE** THING I KNOW ABOUT O'HARA--

COMMISSIONER O'HARA

--HE **DESPISES** PUBLICITY.

HE THINKS YOU'RE A **GLORY-SEEKER**, DD-- AND SO DO MOST OF THE MEN IN THE **DEPARTMENT.**

ALL EXCEPT **ME**, OF COURSE...



...WHICH IS ONE OF THE REASONS WHY I'M ON THE OUTS WITH "**IRONGUTS**" AS IT IS.

HMM...LOOKS LIKE HE'S IN ONE OF HIS **BETTER MOODS...**

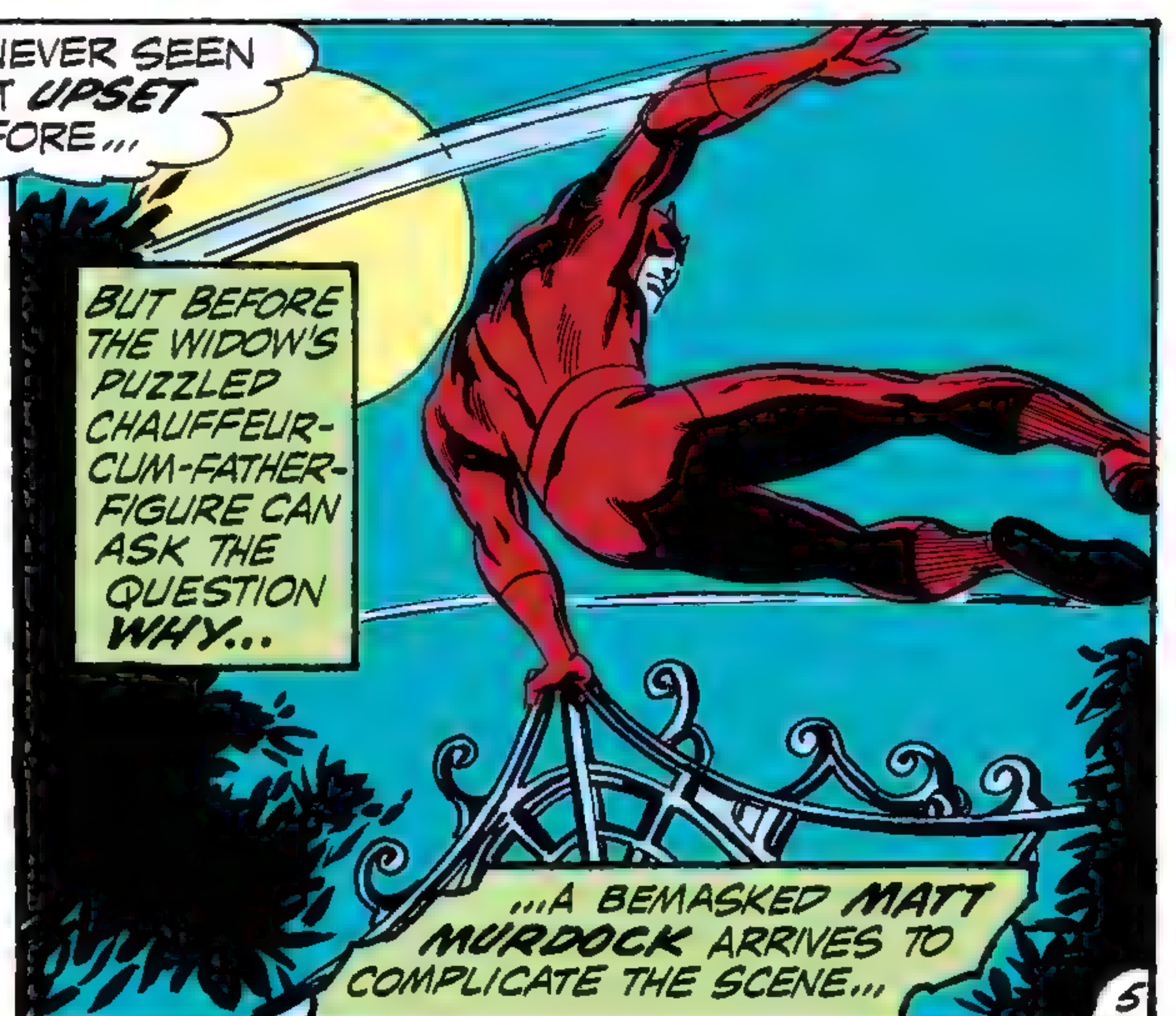
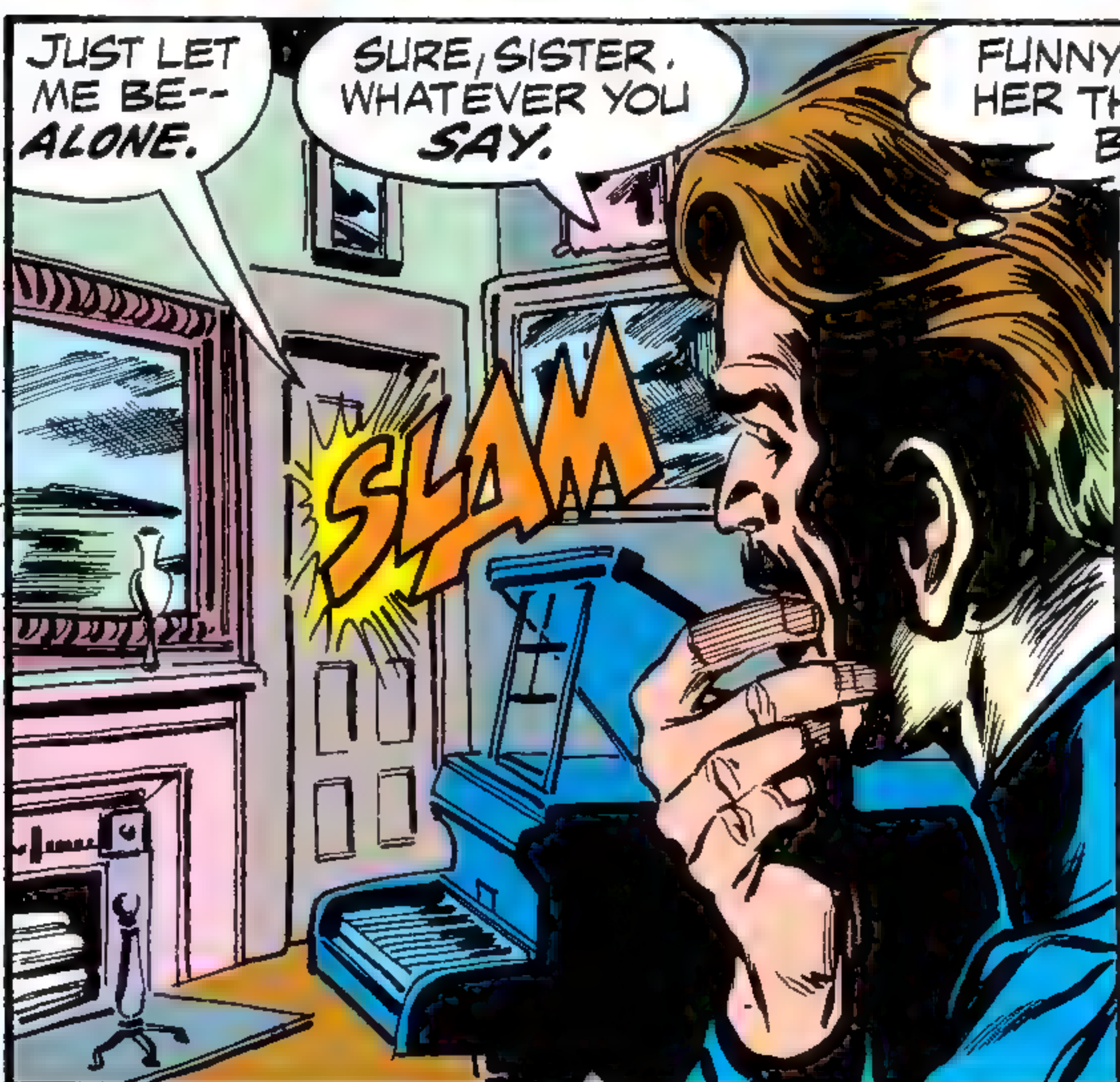
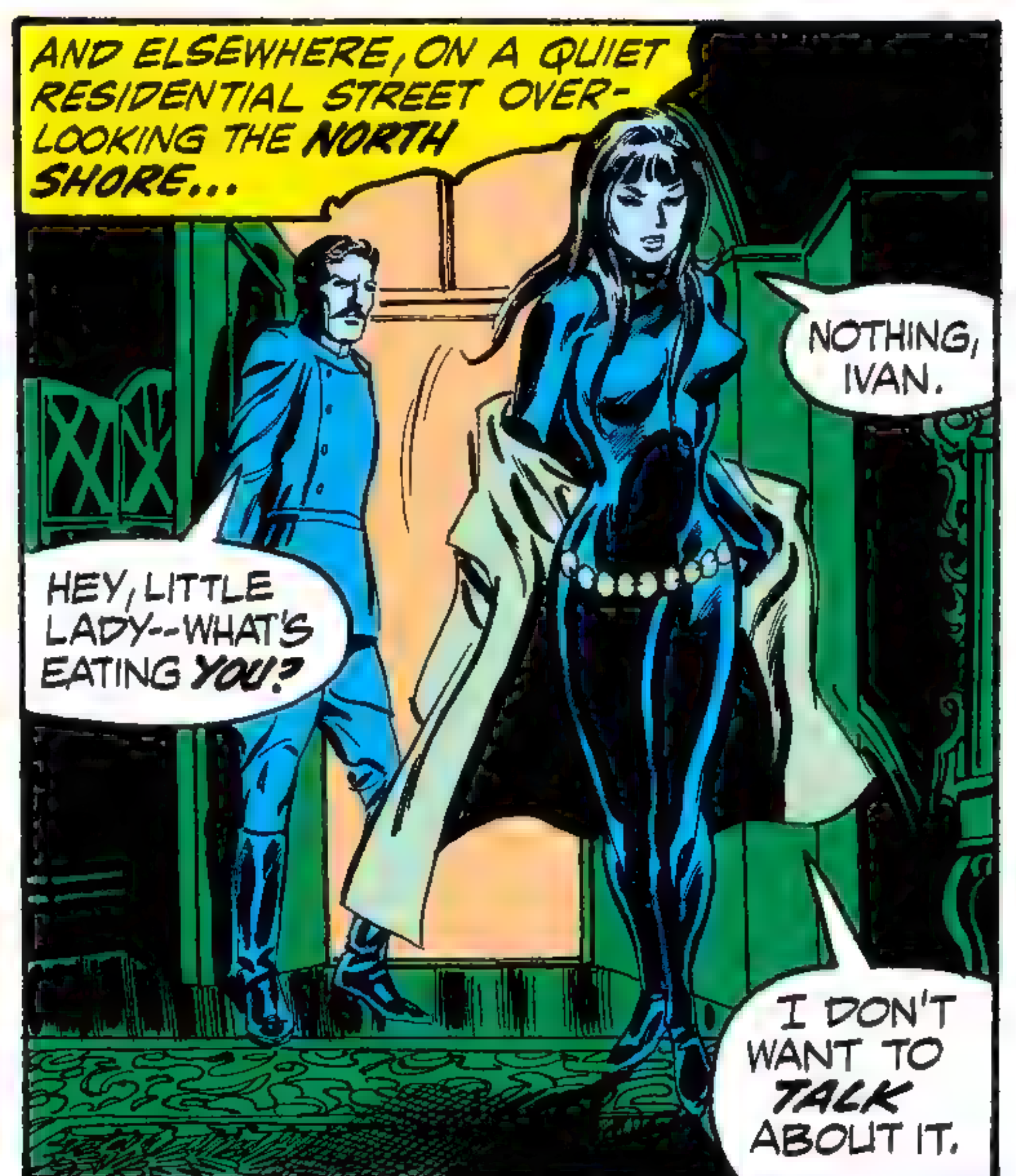
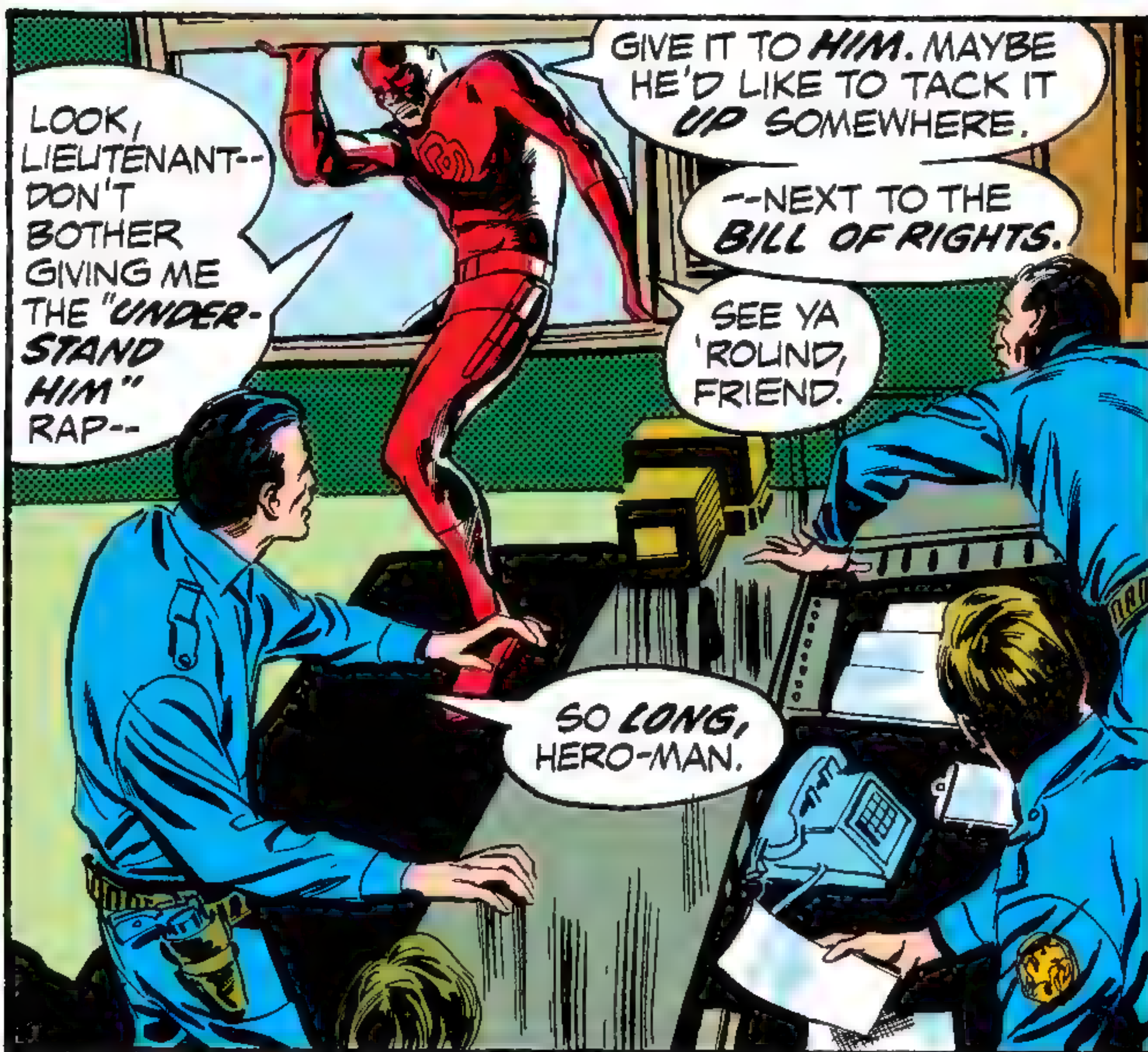
BLAST IT, I'M THROUGH ARGUING! YOU GOT THAT, MISTER MAYOR?

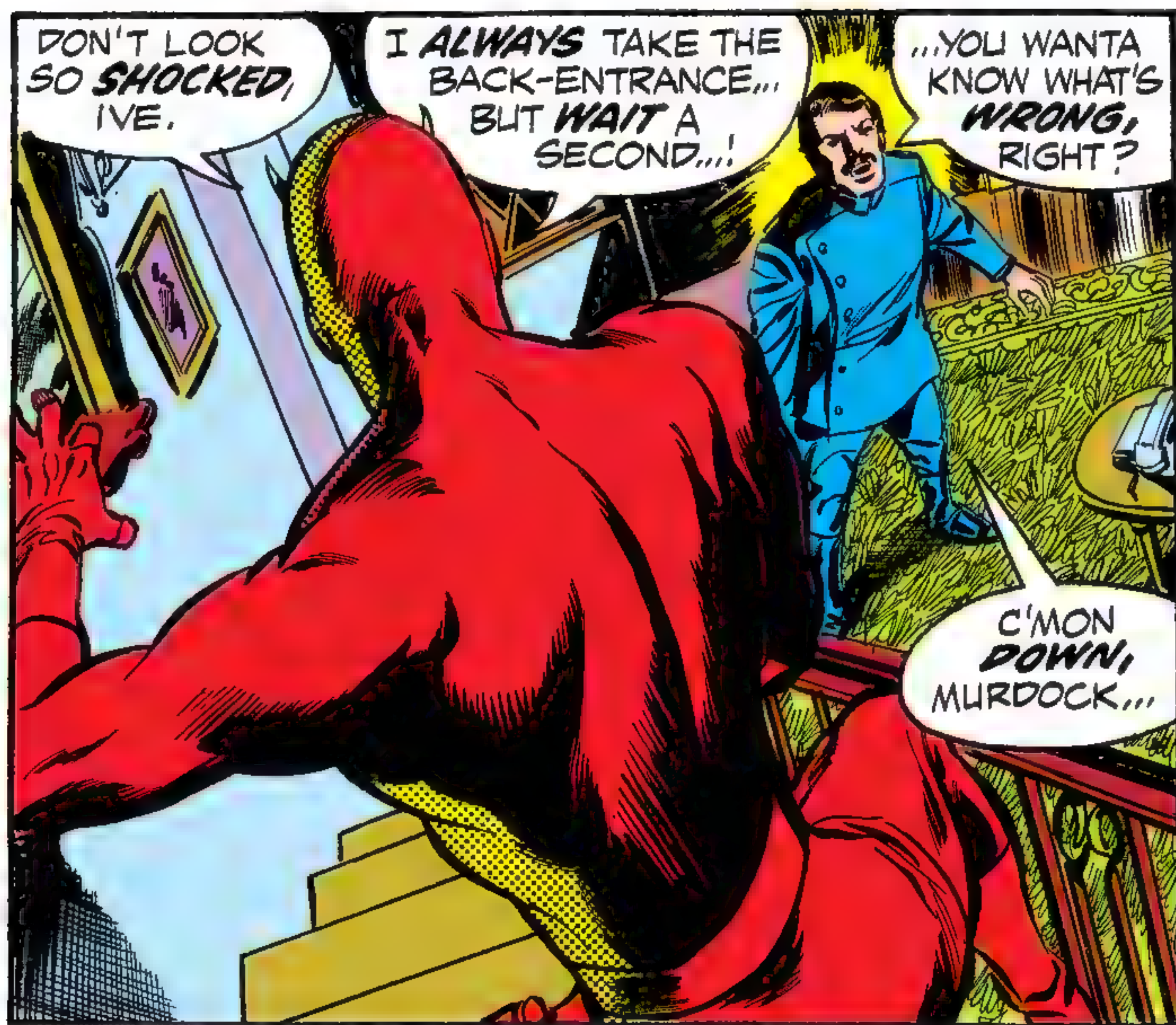
YEAH? THE SAME TO YOU, **BLISTER!**



WELL, WELL, WELL... IF IT ISN'T THE FANCY-PANTS **NEW YORKER** HIMSELF.

I'VE BEEN **LOOKING** FOR YOU, PAL...





DON'T LOOK SO **SHOCKED**, IVE.

I **ALWAYS** TAKE THE BACK-ENTRANCE... BUT **WAIT** A SECOND...!

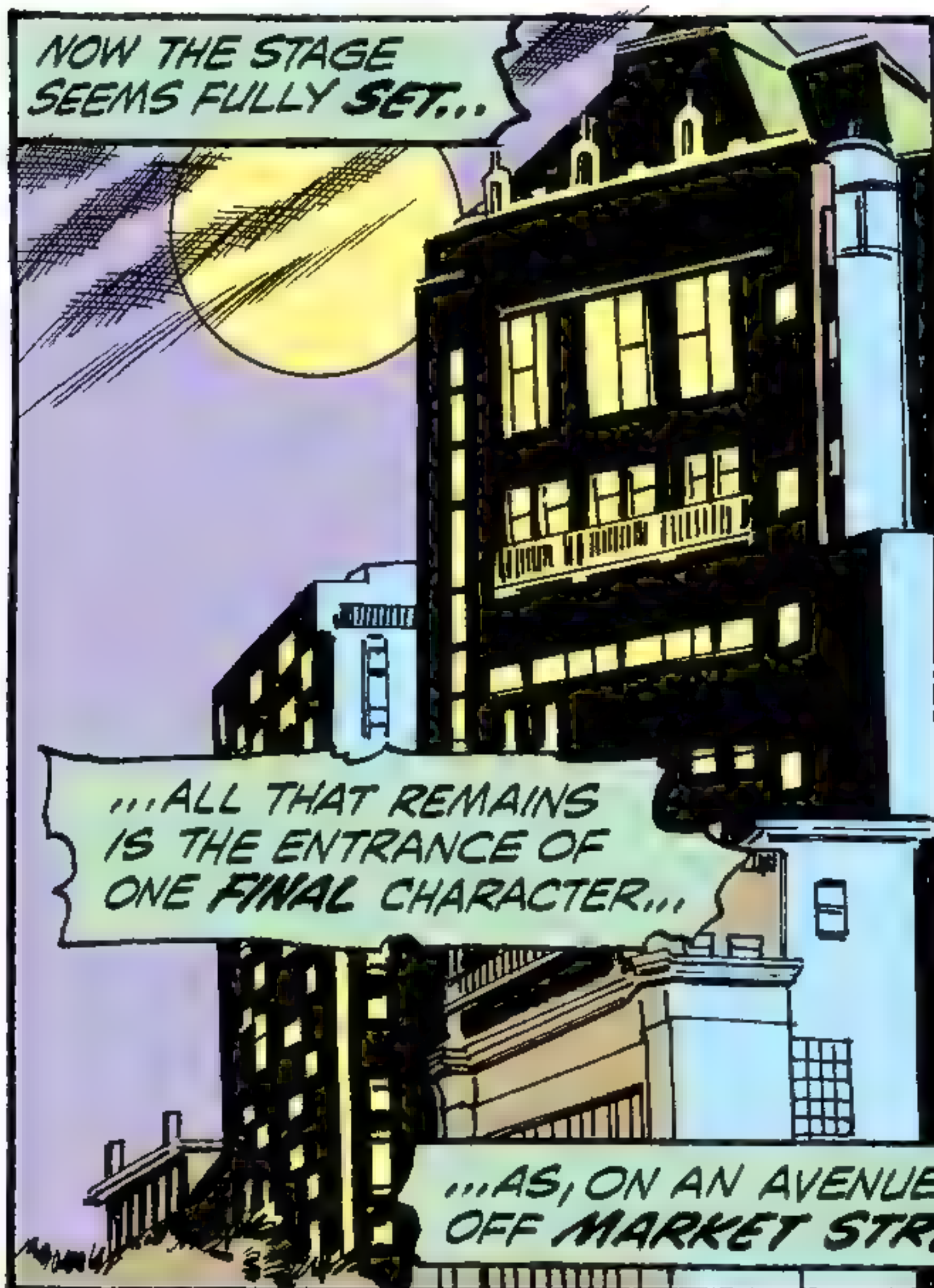
...YOU WANTA KNOW WHAT'S **WRONG**, RIGHT?

C'MON **DOWN**, MURDOCK...



...IT'S ABOUT TIME I **TOLD** YOU A FEW THINGS...

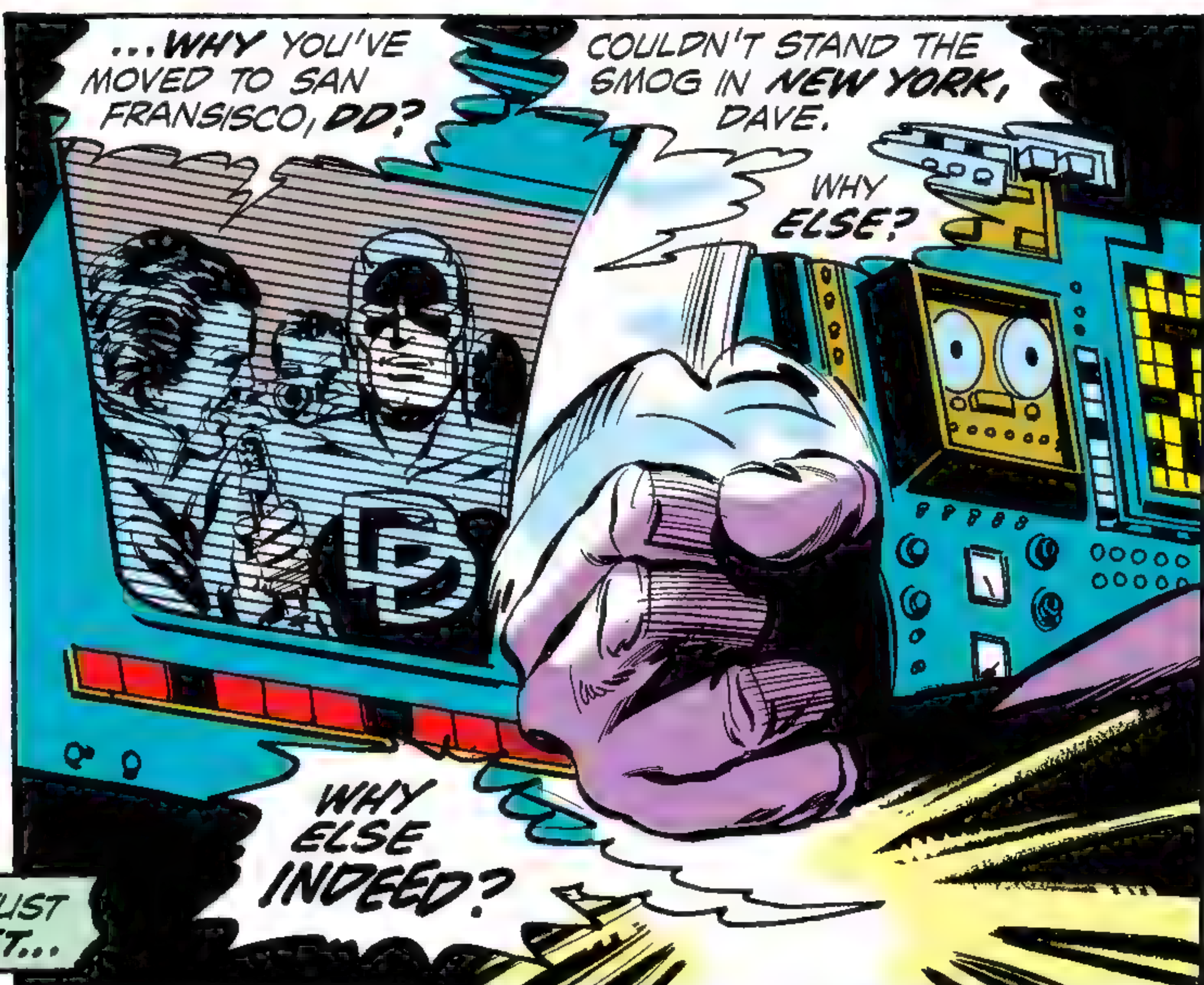
...ABOUT ME...AN' ABOUT **NATASHA**.



NOW THE STAGE SEEMS FULLY **SET**...

...ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE ENTRANCE OF ONE **FINAL** CHARACTER...

...AS, ON AN AVENUE JUST OFF **MARKET STREET**...



...**WHY** YOU'VE MOVED TO SAN FRANCISCO, **DD**?

COULDN'T STAND THE **SMOG** IN **NEW YORK**, DAVE.

WHY ELSE?

WHY ELSE INDEED?



AFTER ALL THESE YEARS-- THESE MONTHS OF CAREFUL **PLANNING**--

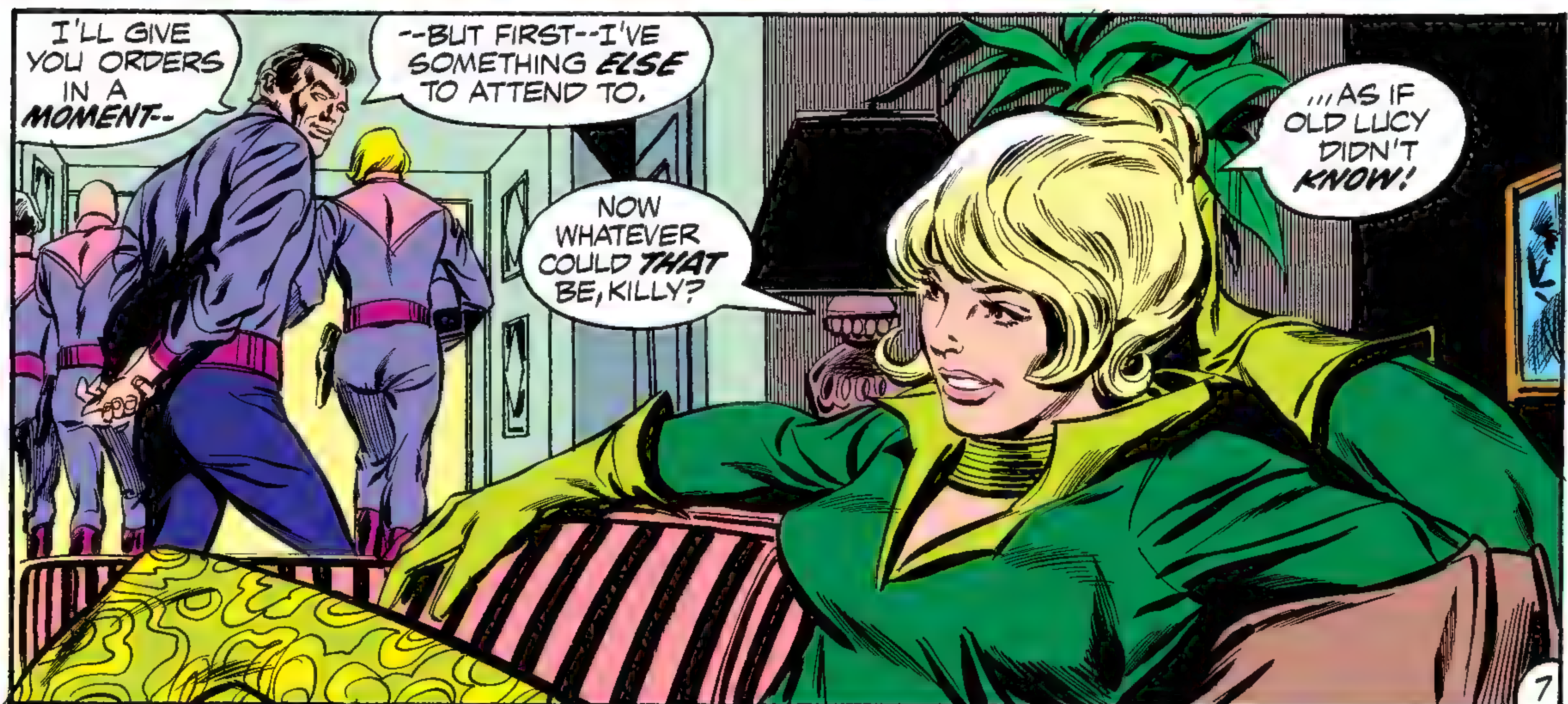
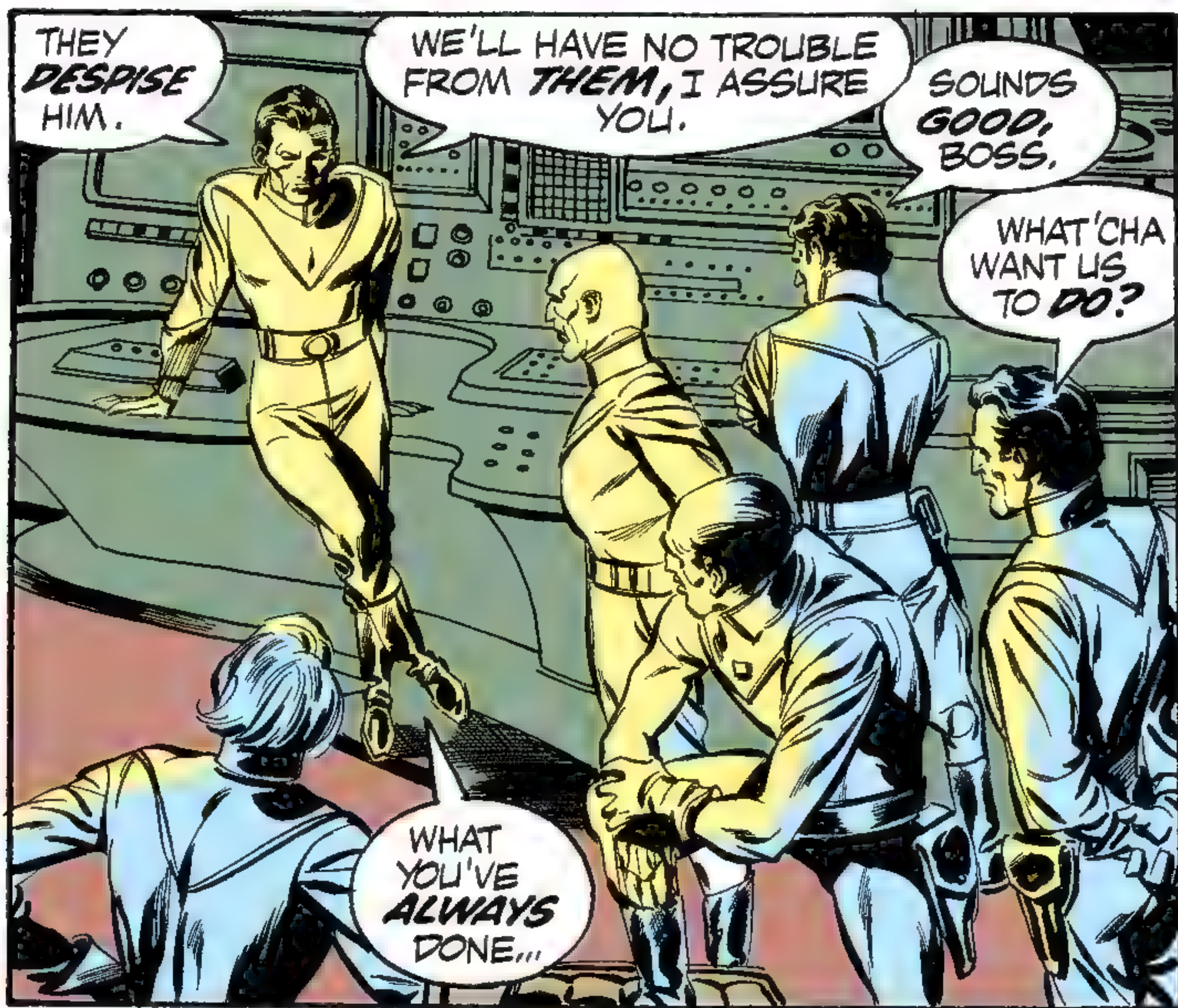
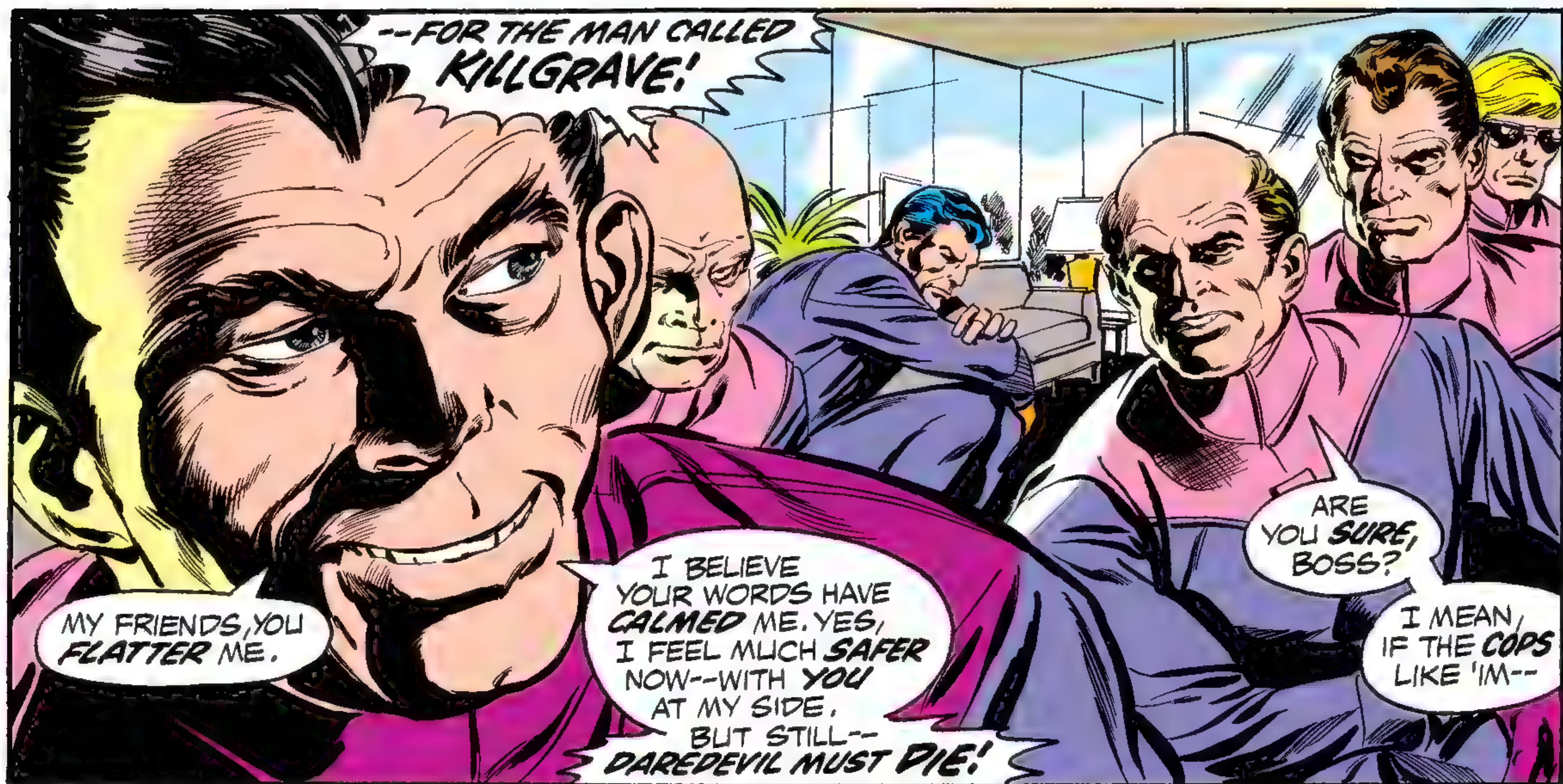
--**SOMEHOW**, HE'S **FOUND OUT**!

I **KNEW** I SHOULD HAVE HAD HIM **KILLED** MONTHS AGO!

AH, C'MON, **BOSS**...WHAT'S ONE COSTUMED **FREAK**?

YEH. SO **WHAT** IF HE'S HIT THE **BAY AREA**-- **WE** CAN TAKE HIM, RIGHT, **CHICO**?

OF **COURSE**, HOW CAN HE BE A **MATCH**--





I DON'T **GET** IT, CHICO--HOWCUM WHEN KILLGRAVE TALKS TO US, IT ALL SEEMS **COOL--**

--BUT ONCE WE GET OUTTA THAT **ROOM--!**

SHADDUP, BERNIE.

ALL **YOU** GOTTA KNOW IS WE GOT A **JOB** TO DO--

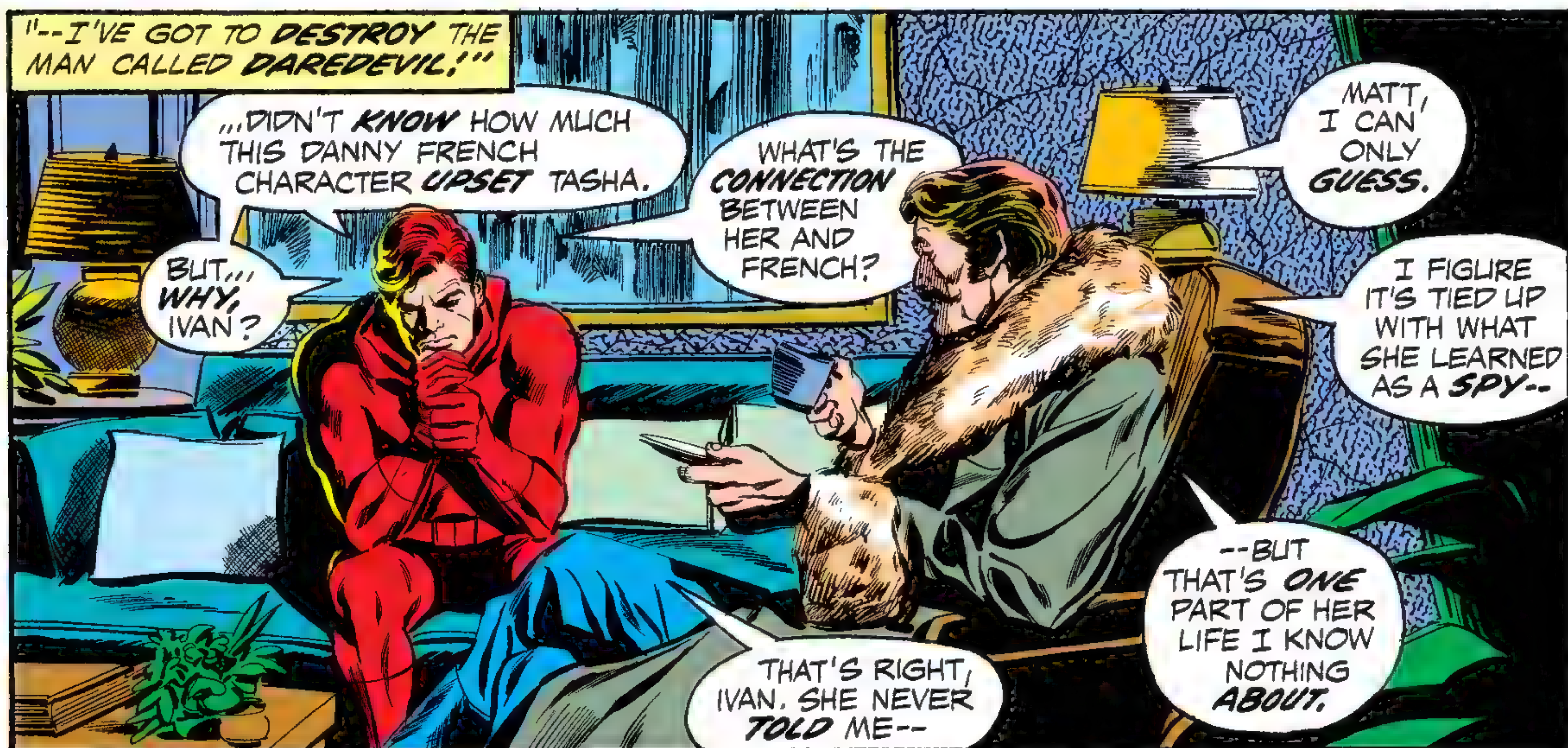
--AND MISTER, WE'RE GONNA **DO** IT!

...EASY, LUCY. I'M NOT IN THE **MOOD** FOR FUN...

THINGS WERE GOING PRETTY **WELL--** TILL HE SHOWED UP.

WHATCHA GONNA DO, KILLY?

DO? BABY, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I **CAN** DO--



"--I'VE GOT TO **DESTROY** THE MAN CALLED **DAREDEVIL!**"

...DIDN'T **KNOW** HOW MUCH THIS DANNY FRENCH CHARACTER **UPSET** TASHA.

BUT... **WHY, IVAN?**

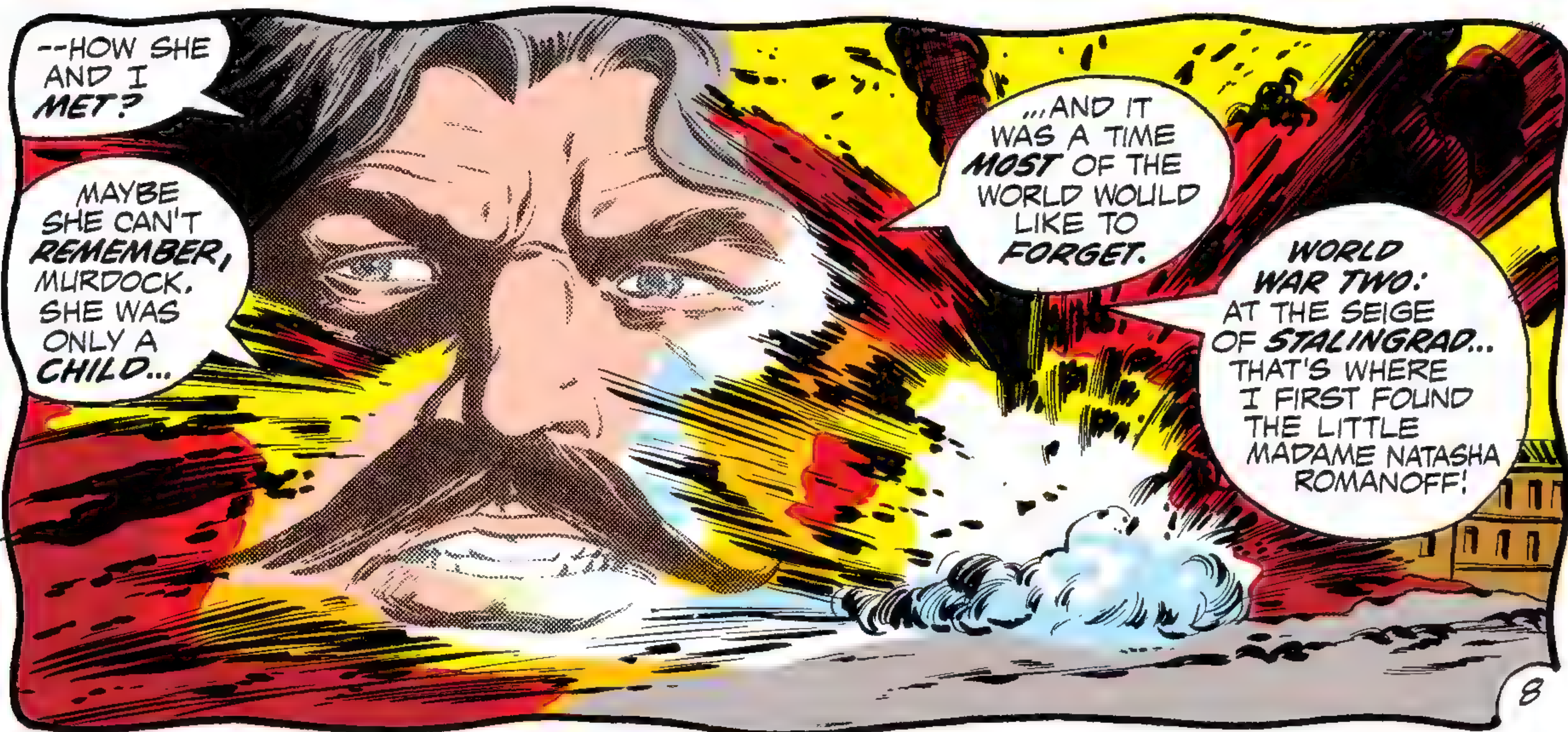
WHAT'S THE **CONNECTION** BETWEEN HER AND FRENCH?

MATT, I CAN ONLY **GUESS.**

I FIGURE IT'S TIED UP WITH WHAT SHE LEARNED AS A **SPY--**

--BUT THAT'S **ONE** PART OF HER LIFE I KNOW NOTHING **ABOUT.**

THAT'S RIGHT, IVAN. SHE NEVER **TOLD** ME--



--HOW SHE AND I **MET?**

MAYBE SHE CAN'T **REMEMBER,** MURDOCK. SHE WAS ONLY A **CHILD...**

...AND IT WAS A TIME **MOST** OF THE WORLD WOULD LIKE TO **FORGET.**

WORLD WAR TWO: AT THE SEIGE OF **STALINGRAD..** THAT'S WHERE I FIRST FOUND THE LITTLE **MADAME NATASHA ROMANOFF!**

"IT WAS LATE **AUTUMN** OF 1942--THE GERMANS HAD BEEN FIGHTING ON THE PERIPHERY OF THE CITY SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE **YEAR**--AND WERE NOW ON THE VERGE--OF **DESTROYING IT**--



"MANY OF US HAD ALREADY **LEFT**, JOINING THE SOVIET EMBANKMENT ON THE VOLGA RIVER--BUT I STAYED TO THE **LAST**--SEARCHING AIMLESSLY FOR A DEAD **SISTER** I KNEW I'D NEVER SEE **AGAIN**--

"MY FRIEND, THE VERY **SKY** SEEMED TO SEETHE WITH CRIMSON LIGHTNING--THE AIR **POUNDING** WITH THE THROB OF MAN-MADE **THUNDER**--FOR HOW MANY HOURS I HAD BEEN RUNNING THAT DAY, I **SWEAR** I MAY NEVER **KNOW**--



"BUT I RAN--UNTIL I HEARD THE **CALL**--A DISTANT CRY FOR HELP, BORNE ON THE SOOT-LADEN **WIND**--

"THEN, I SAW HER IN A SUDDEN CLEARING OF THE SMOKE--A WOMAN NO OLDER THAN I, CLUTCHING A YOUNG **CHILD** AS SHE CALLED FROM HER BURNING **BALCONY**--



"I RUSHED FORWARD--



"--SHE DROPPED THE **CHILD** INTO MY ARMS--

"--AND IN THE NEXT **MOMENT**--



"ONE WOMAN'S WORLD **ENDED**--AND A YOUNG GIRL'S **BEGAN**."



THOSE REMAINING WEEKS WERE A NIGHTMARE.

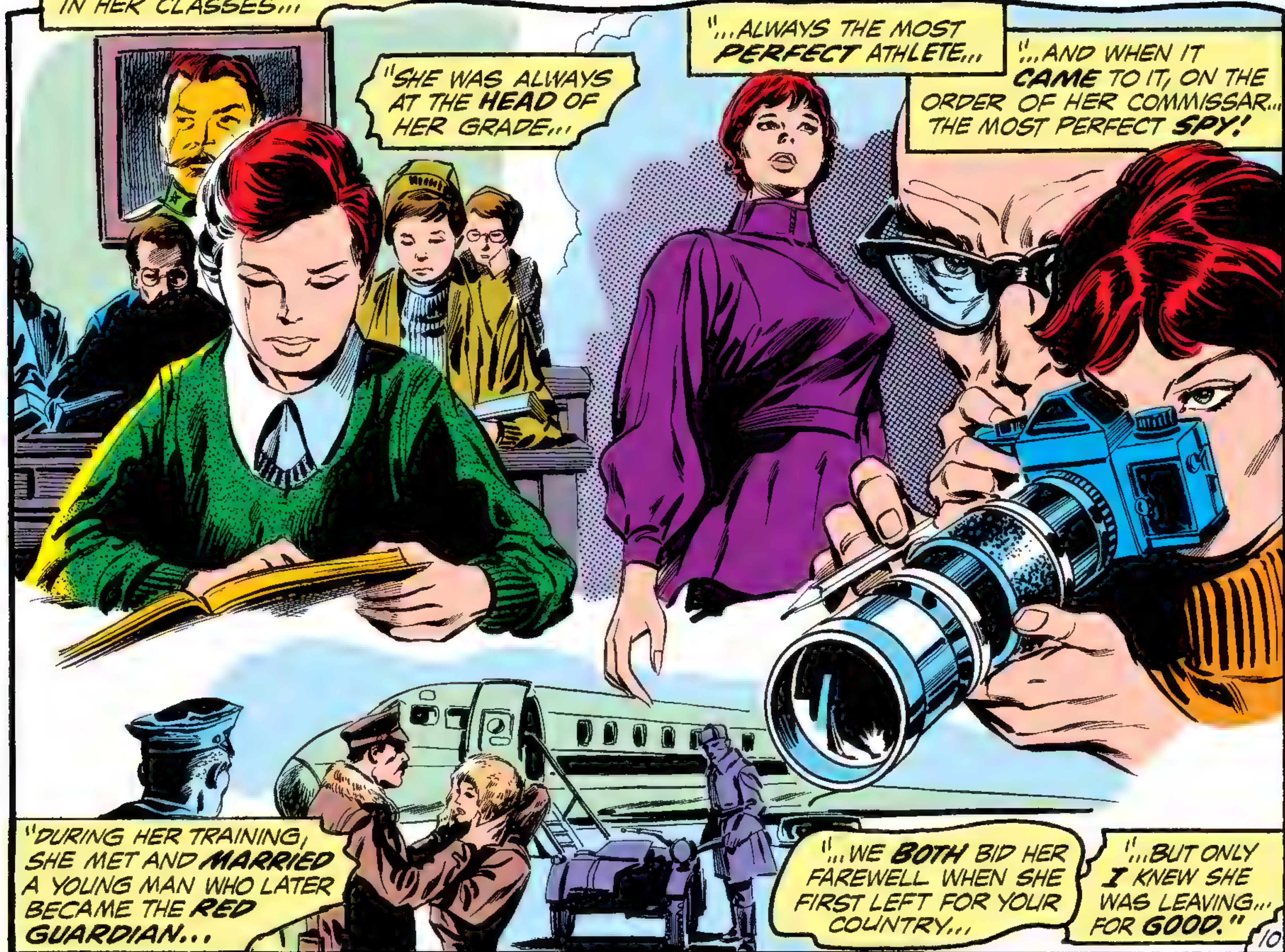
--WE WATCHED THE CONTINUING DESTRUCTION WE'D KNOWN SINCE THE REVOLUTION SO MANY YEARS BEFORE.

FROM THE SHORE OF THE VOLGA, WE WATCHED OUR CITY DIE--

WE WATCHED HELPLESSLY...THE CHILD, BECAUSE SHE WAS A CHILD...AND I...BECAUSE I CLAIMED I WAS HER FATHER. BOTH OF US...HELPLESS WHEN OUR LAND NEEDED US MOST...

PERHAPS THAT EXPLAINS WHAT WE DID... AFTERWARD.

"IN THE YEARS AFTER THE WAR, YOUNG NATASHA DID WELL IN HER CLASSES..."



"SHE WAS ALWAYS AT THE HEAD OF HER GRADE..."

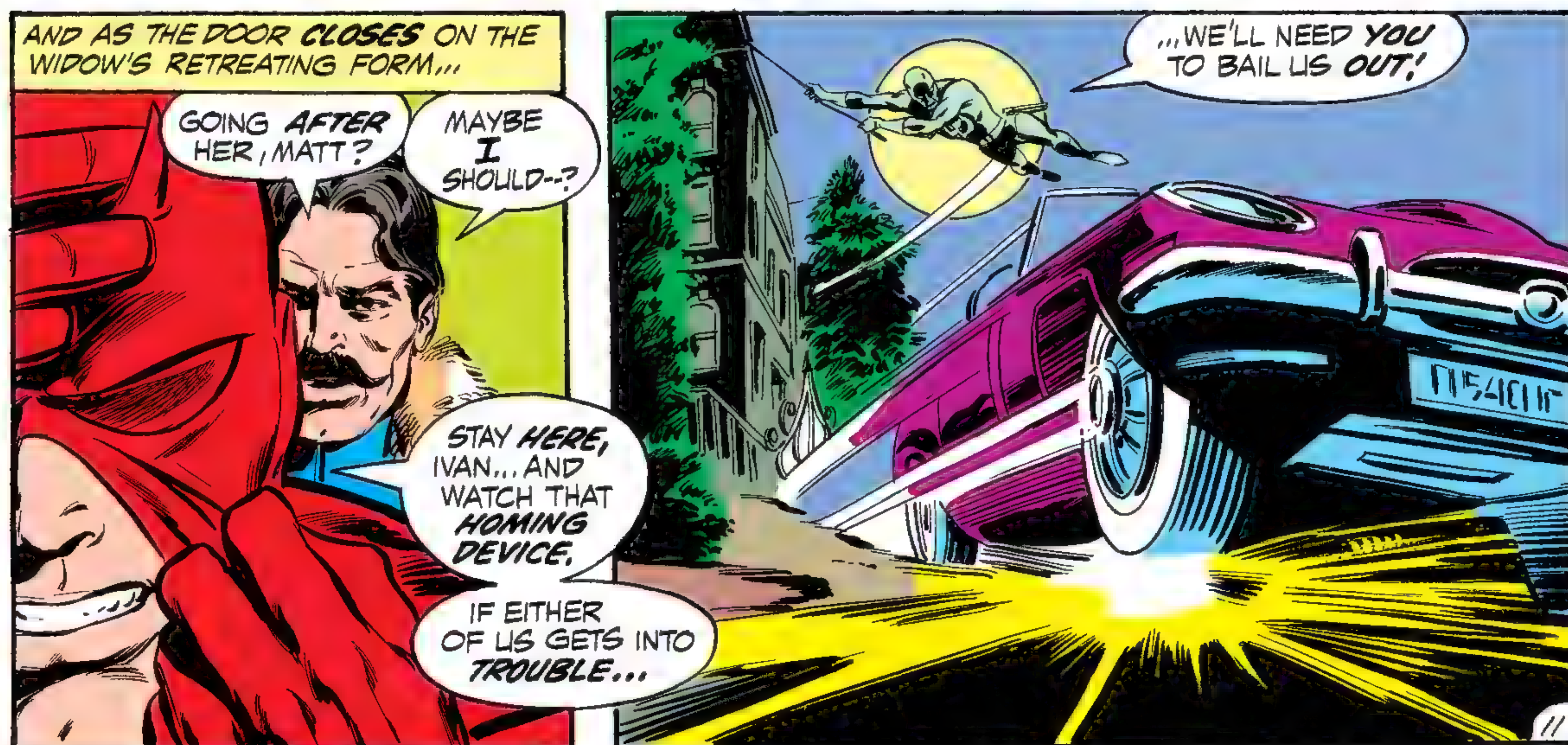
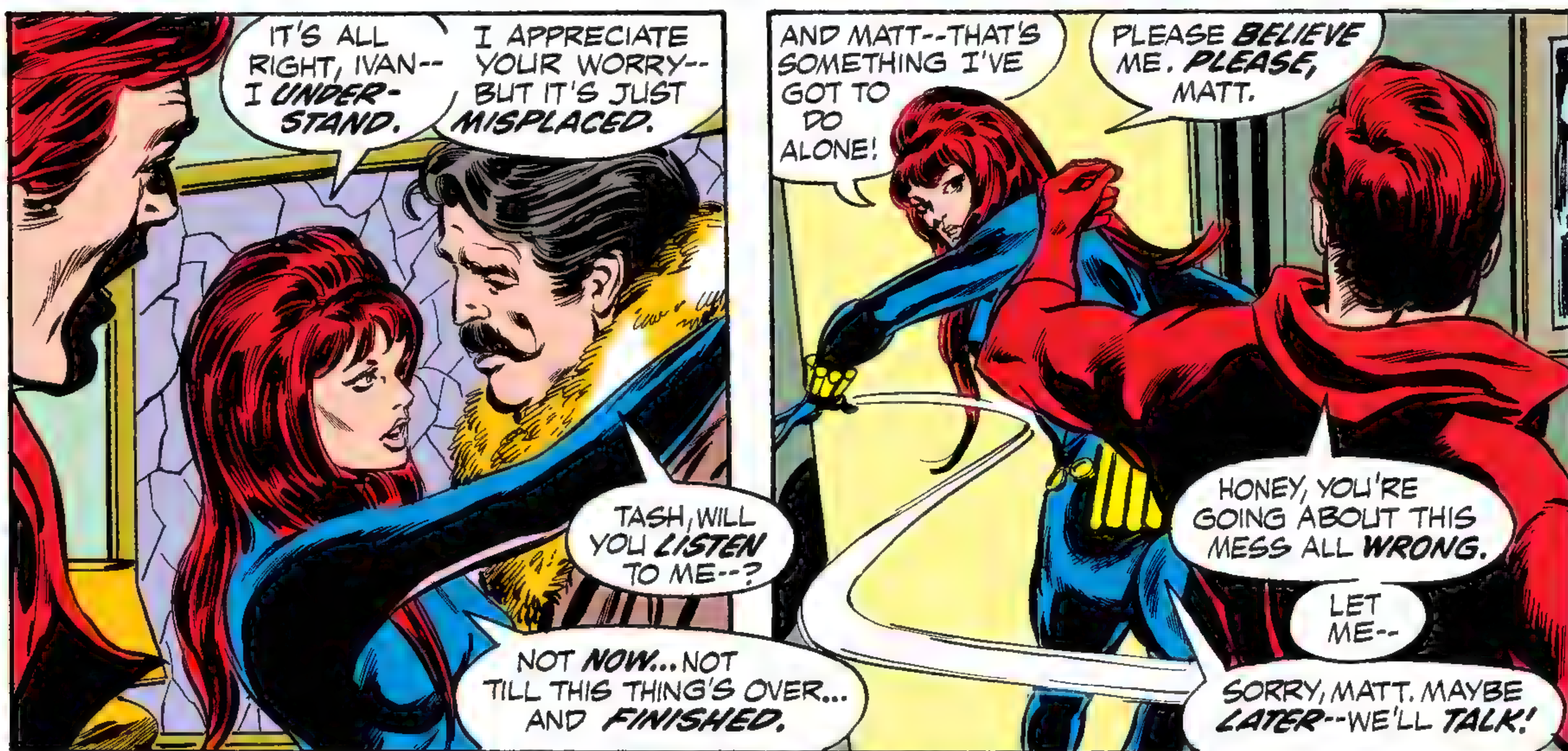
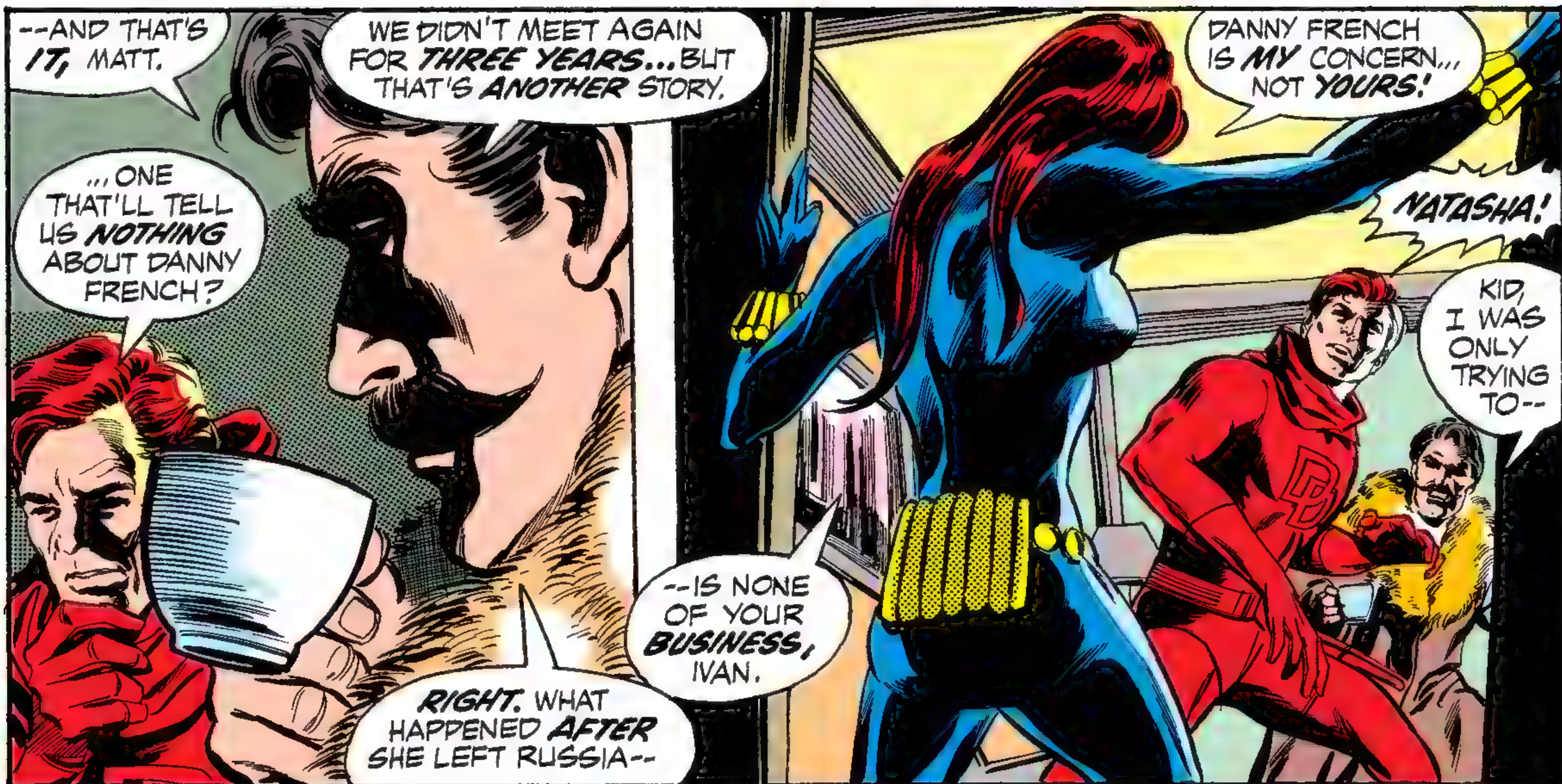
"...ALWAYS THE MOST PERFECT ATHLETE..."

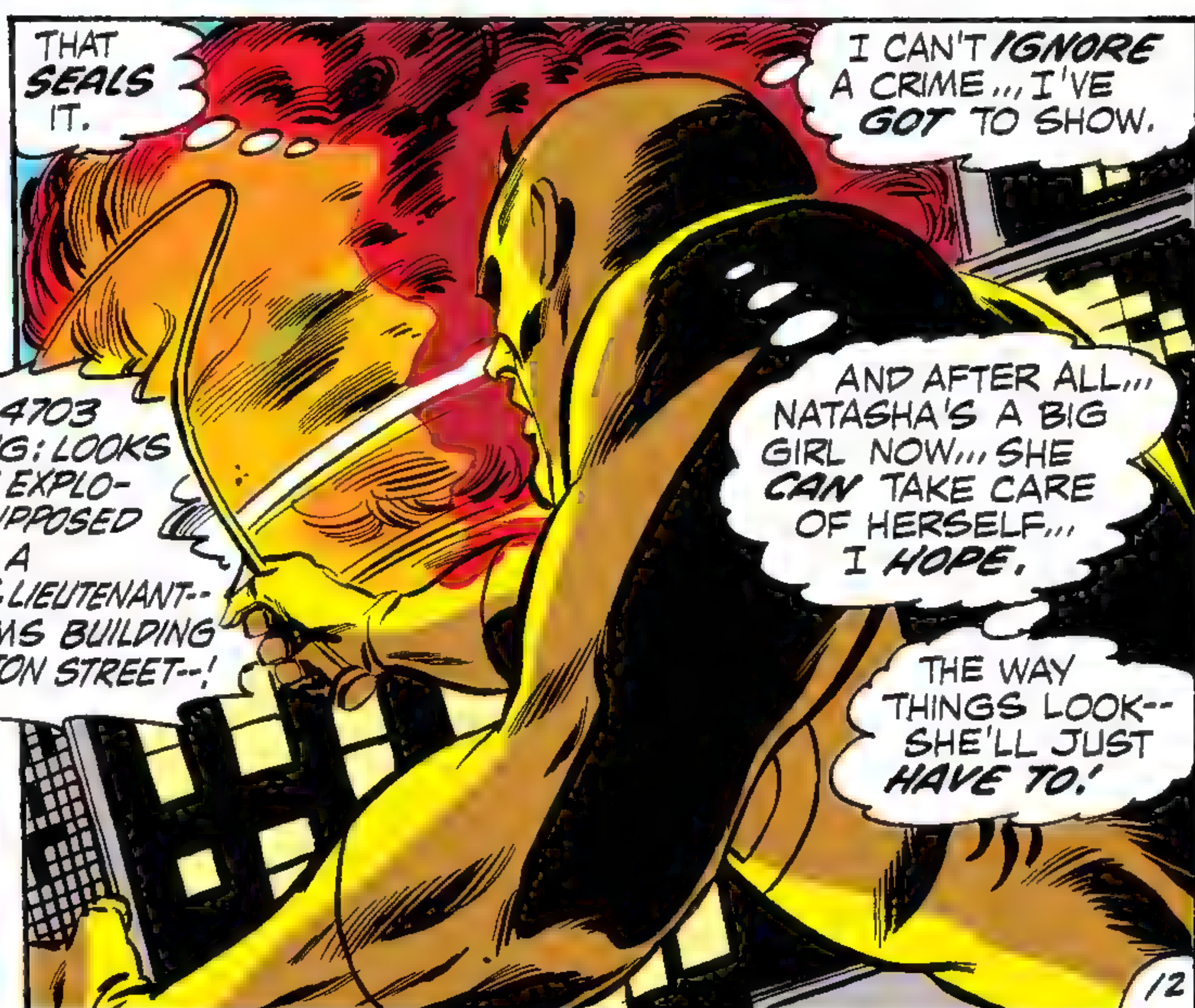
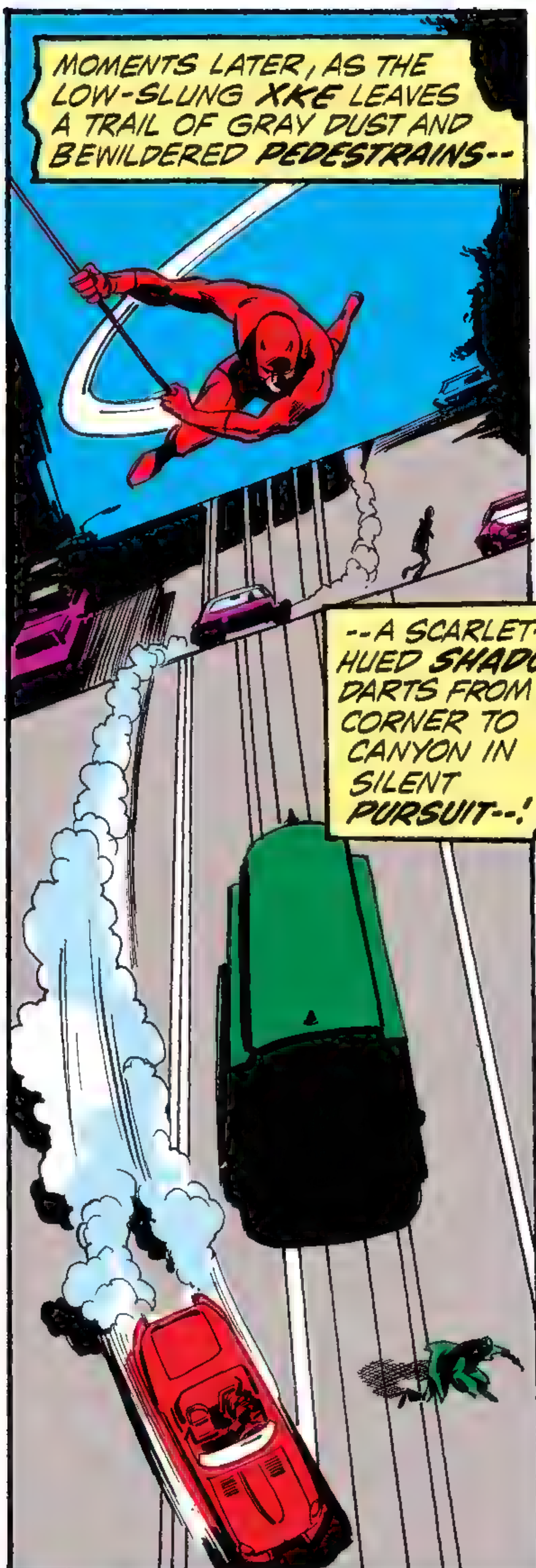
"...AND WHEN IT CAME TO IT, ON THE ORDER OF HER COMMISSAR... THE MOST PERFECT SPY!"

"DURING HER TRAINING, SHE MET AND MARRIED A YOUNG MAN WHO LATER BECAME THE RED GUARDIAN..."

"...WE BOTH BID HER FAREWELL WHEN SHE FIRST LEFT FOR YOUR COUNTRY..."

"...BUT ONLY I KNEW SHE WAS LEAVING... FOR GOOD..."





AND, IN THE SMOKING CONFINES OF THE BOMB-SHAKEN WILLIAMS BUILDING, A QUARTET OF GRIM FIGURES MOVE THROUGH A GROWING PURPLE MIST--THEIR MOTIONS PECULIARLY SELF-ASSURED, THE GRIM LAUGHTER ECHOING FROM THEIR FACE-PLATES STARK IN ITS COLD AND TOTAL MOCKERY--!

LOOK AT THEM, RENALD--
THEY'VE BECOME **SHEEP**,
AS COMPLETELY WITHOUT
WILL AS THE MOST
INSENTIENT
AMOEBAS!

AND IF ALL GOES ACCORDING
TO **PLAN**-- THE ONE CALLED
DAREDEVIL WILL SOON
JOIN THEIR HELPLESS
RANKS!

YEH, CHICO... THAT GAS 'A
KILLGRAVE'S SURE WORKS
UP A **STORM.**

IT'S ALMOST...
ALMOST LIKE HE
WAS HERE
HIMSELF.

SHADDUP,
BERNIE.

HE **IS** HERE--
LISTENIN' ON
OUR SUIT
RADIOS!

DON'T
TALK--
MOVE!

I WOULDN'T QUITE
SUGGEST THAT,
OLD FRIEND--

YOU **MIGHT**
JUST FIND IT A
BIT HARD TO MAKE
ANY KIND OF MOTION--
AFTER WE GET THROUGH
SPARRING!

NOW
WHICH OF
YOU WANTS TO BE
FIR--UNNNH!

CRIPES! WILL
YA LOOKIT
THAT?

THE GAS HIT 'IM
HARDER 'N THE
FLAT SIDE OF
A **GRIDDLE--!**

WHAT WAS
THAT YOU WUZ
SAYIN' ABOUT
SPARRING,
MISTER--?

SOMETHING'S
ATTACKING MY
SENSES--CAN'T
SEEM TO CATCH
MY **BALANCE--**

WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO ME?

I SAID
SHADDUP,
BERNIE!

I'LL HANDLE
THINGS FROM
HERE--! (13)

SLOWLY, FEELING THE ENERGY DRAIN FROM HIS KNEES AND CALVES, HE STUMBLES, RISES TO HIS FEET--!



THAT GAS-- SOMEHOW, IT'S **DISRUPTING** MY NERVOUS SYSTEM--

-- SHORT-CIRCUITING MY COORDINATION!

AS THOUGH THROUGH A HEAVY VEIL, HE "SEES" AN ABRUPT MOVEMENT IN THE SHADOW-CLOUDED RADAR-DARKNESS BEFORE HIM--



--PAINFULLY HE TRIES TO TWIST SIDWAYS--

--AND MEETS THE SUDDEN ONSLAUGHT OF A DOZEN FISTS!

NOW, BERNIE-- NOW!

MOVE THOSE ARMS, YOU BLUNDERING MORON--

MOVE THEM!

AND ELSEWHERE, SHORT BLOCKS AWAY...



STRANGE...I WOULD HAVE **SWORN** MATT WAS TRAILING ME...BUT NOW HE'S GONE.

I...WANTED IT THIS WAY, DIDN'T I? TO FIGHT ALONE--?

THEN WHY... DO I FEEL DESERTEED?

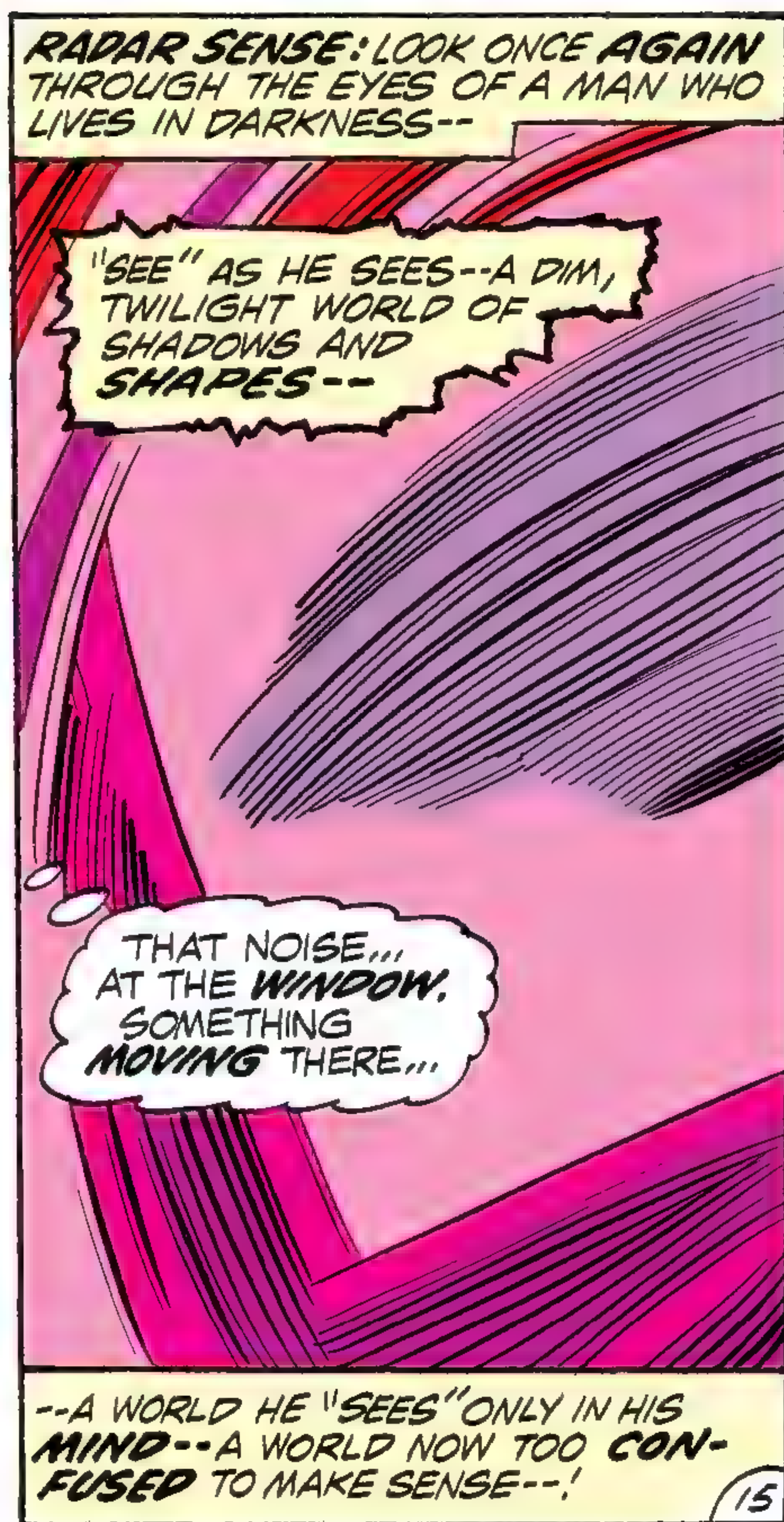
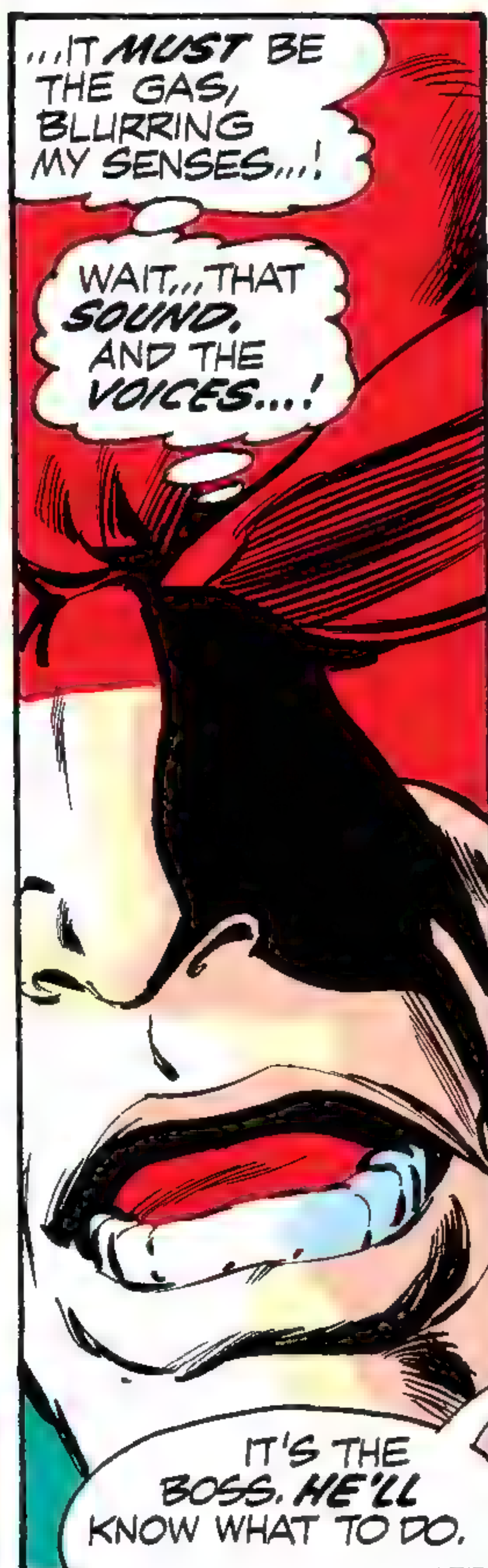
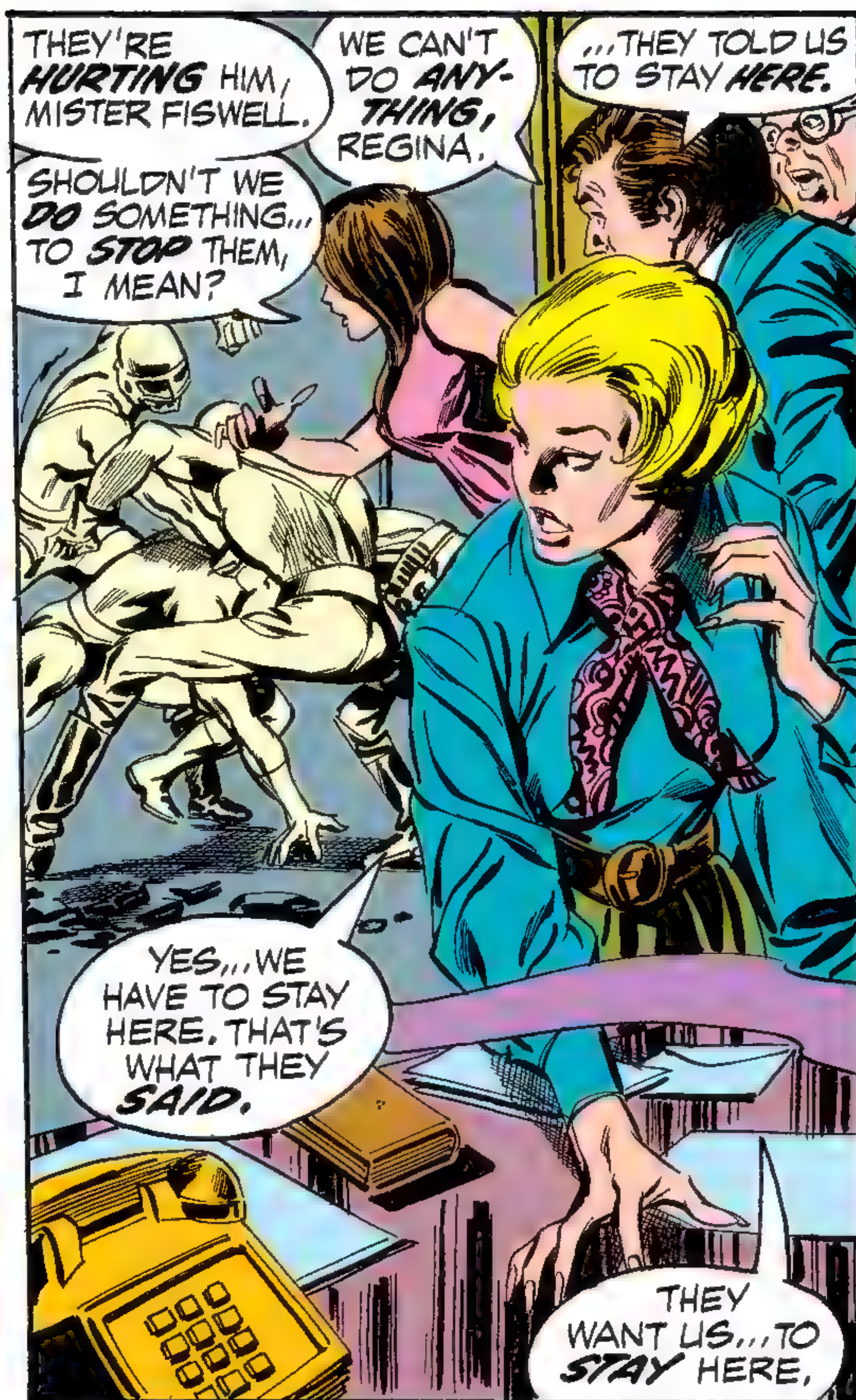
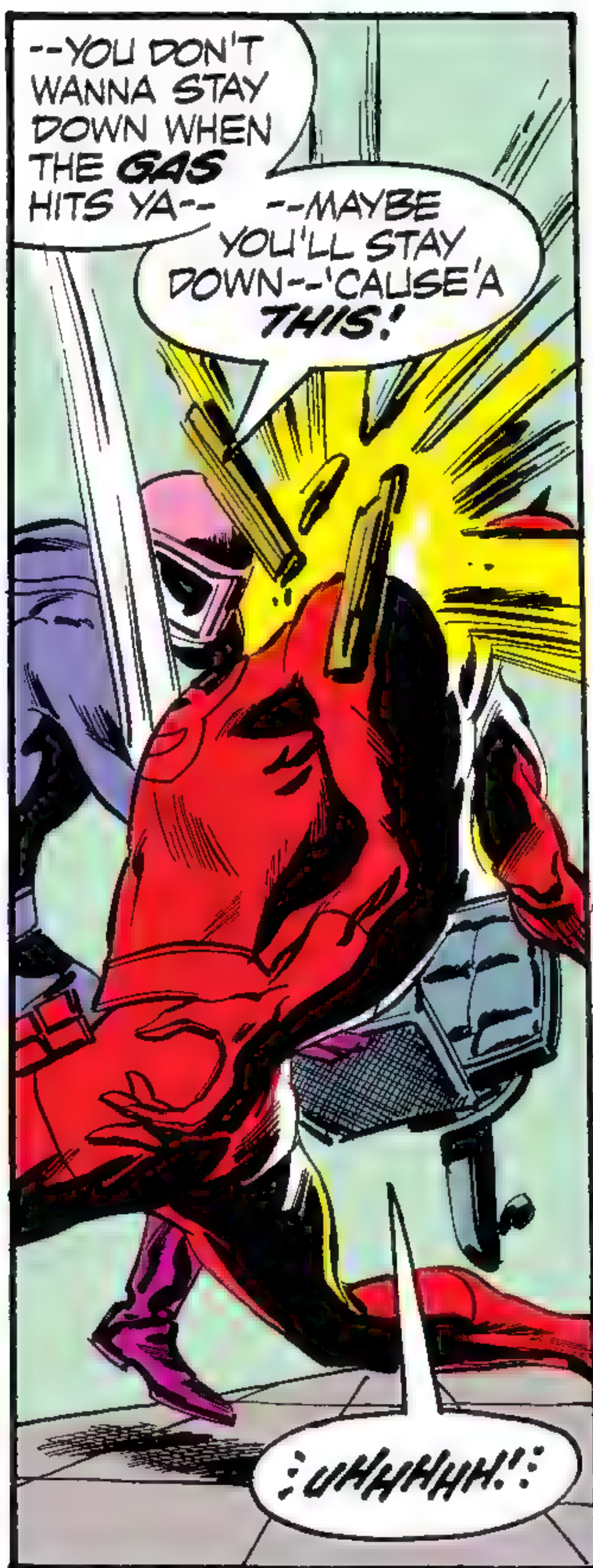
"WHY DO I FEEL...AS THOUGH I'VE BEEN BETRAYED?"

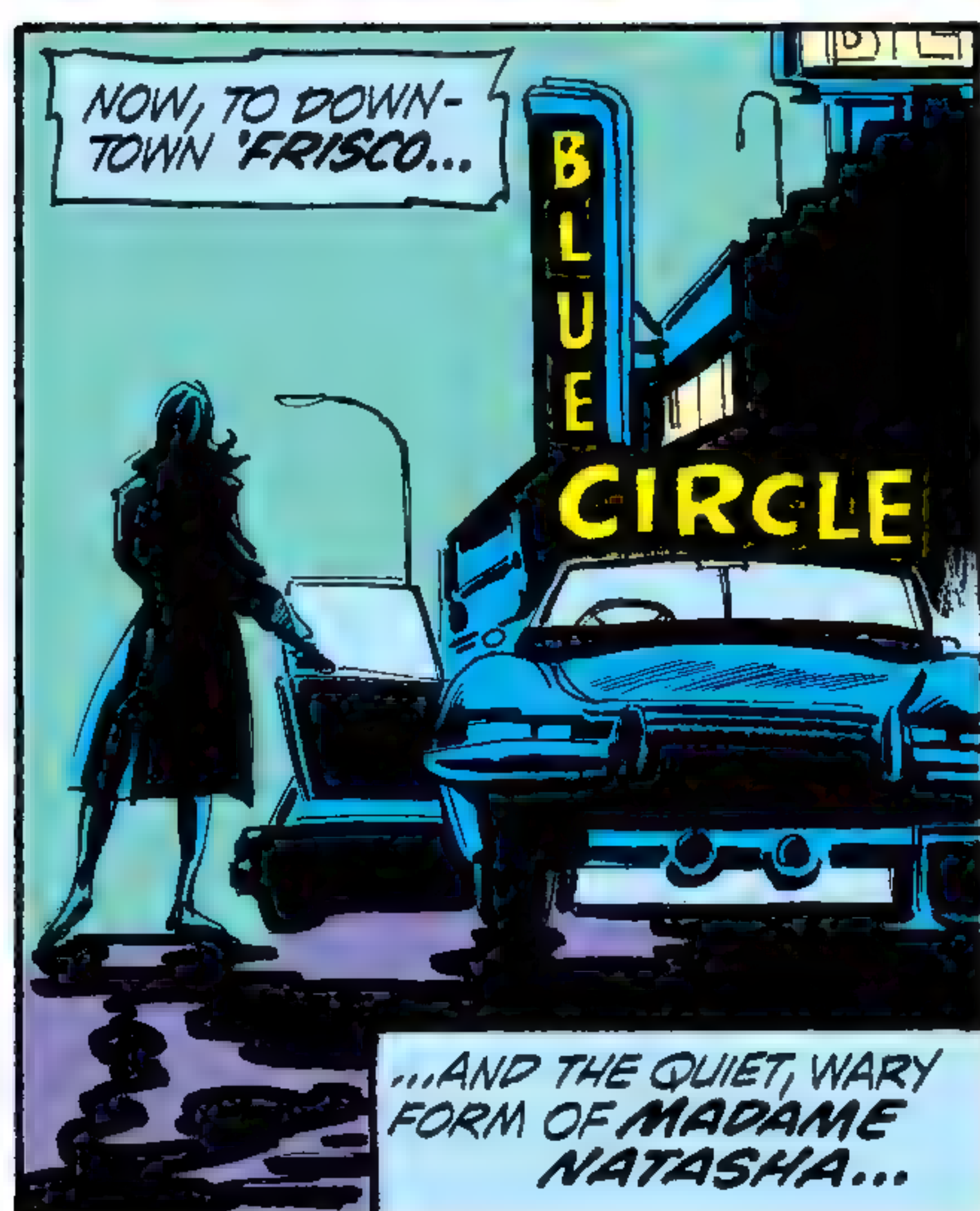
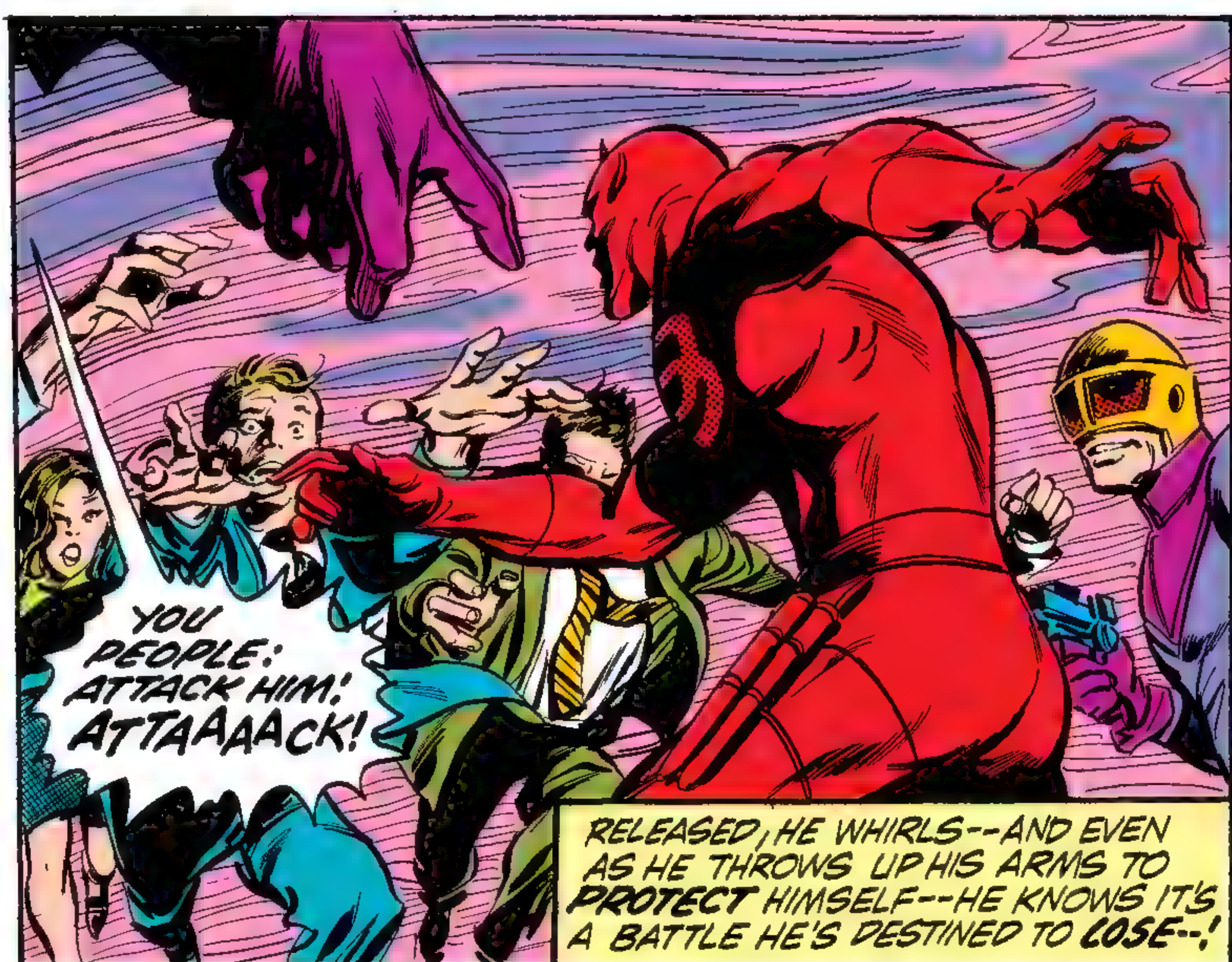
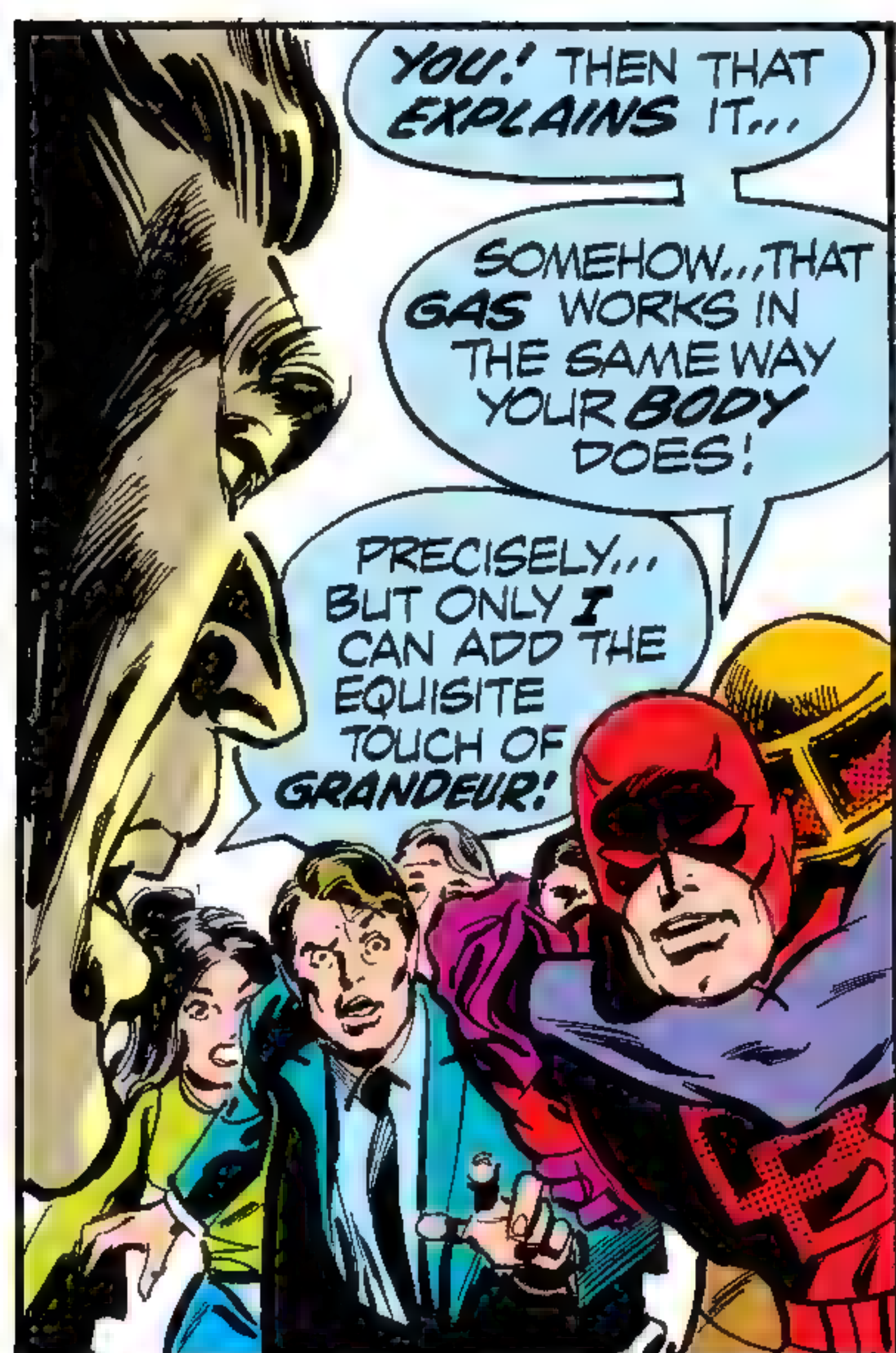
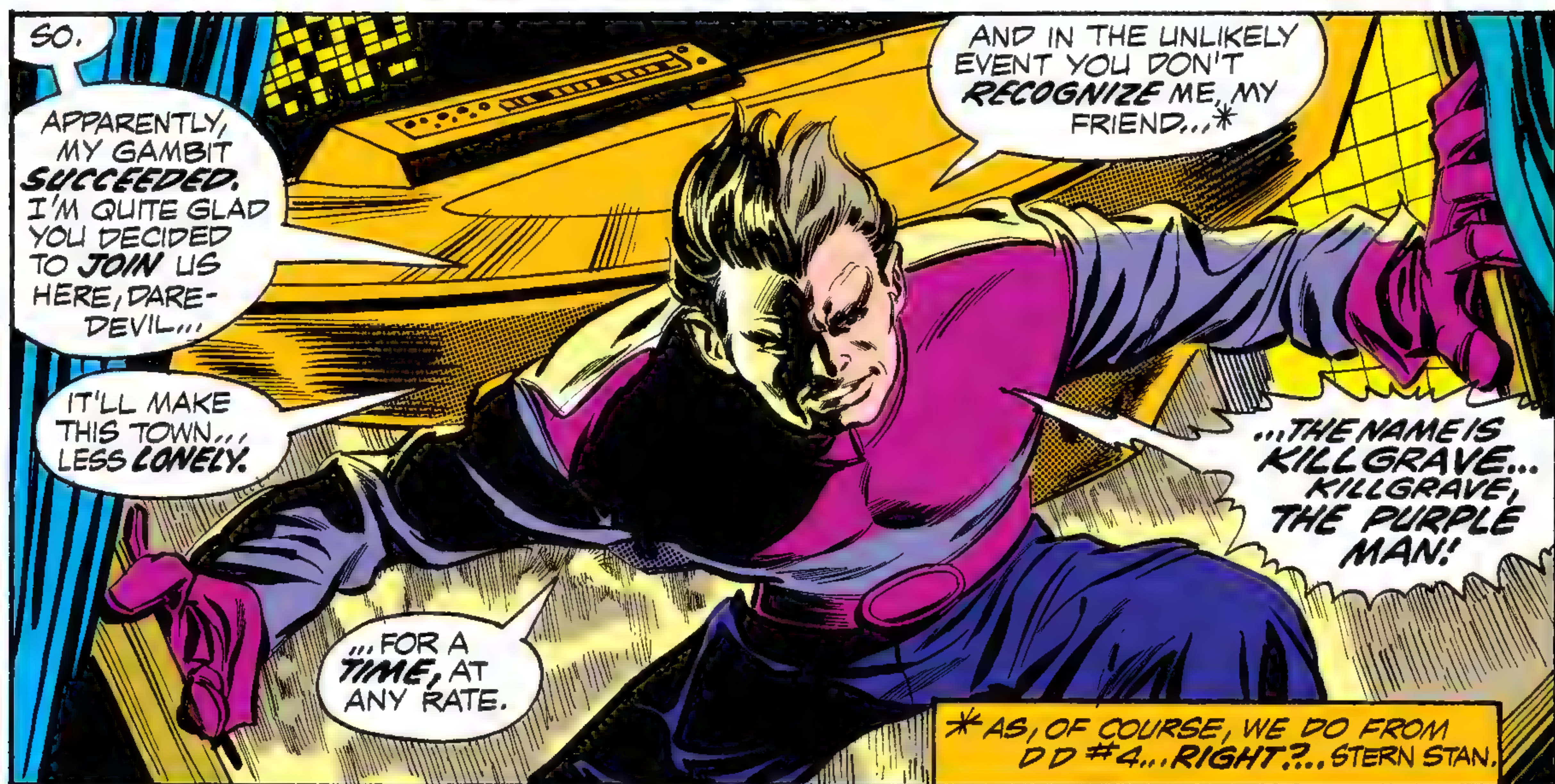
MAYBE MY SENSES ARE A BIT FOGGY--

--BUT I'VE NEVER LET THAT HOLD ME BACK BEFORE.

AFTER ALL-- WHAT OTHER BLIND MAN CAN DO WHAT I DO? MAYBE I DON'T REALLY **NEED** THOSE HYPER--

OKAY, MISTER--





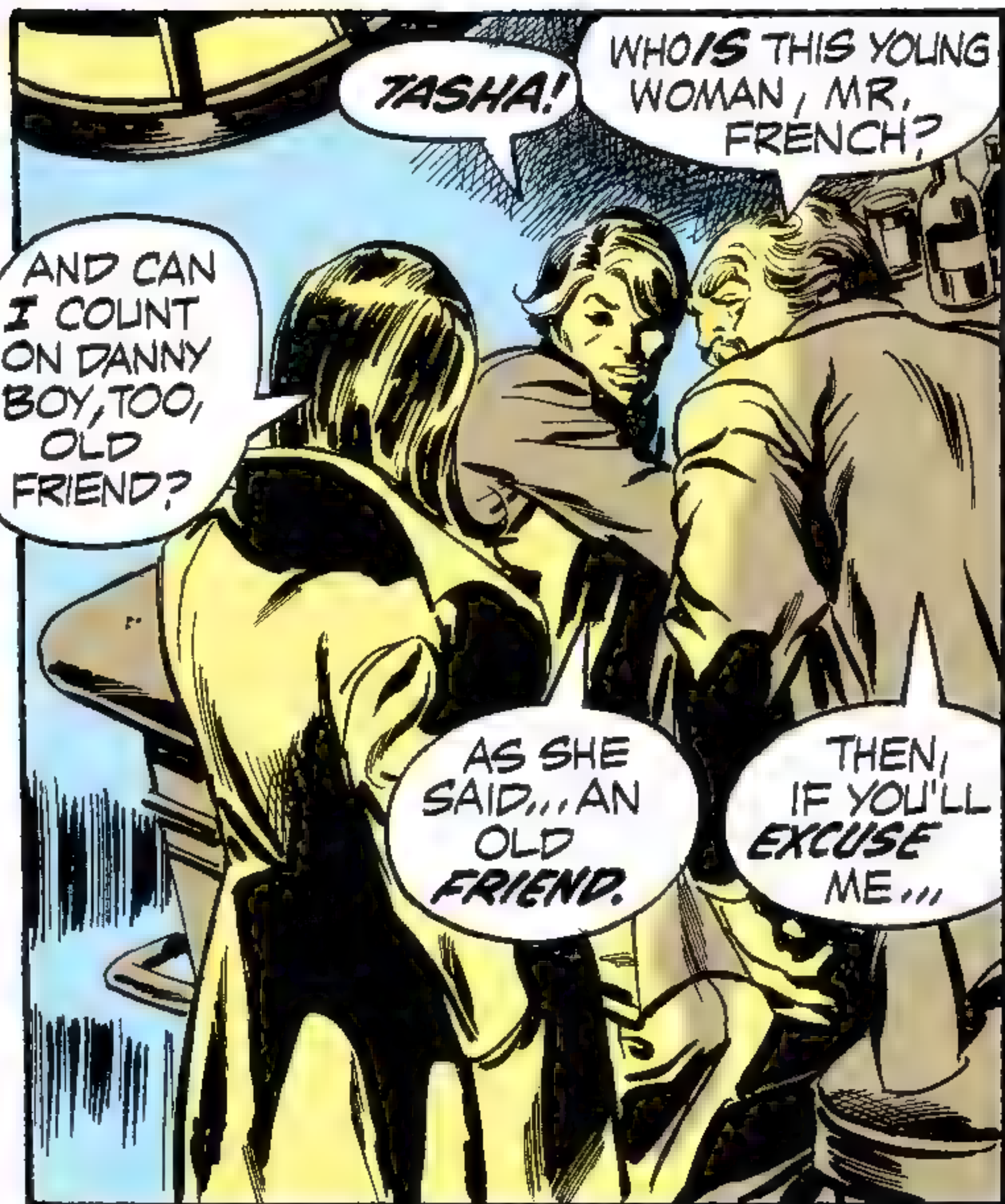


--THEN WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, MISTER FRENCH?

THERE WILL BE NO MISTAKES?

NONE, MISTER FREDRICKS.

BELIEVE ME... YOU CAN COUNT ON DANNY BOY.



TASHA!

WHO IS THIS YOUNG WOMAN, MR. FRENCH?

AND CAN I COUNT ON DANNY BOY, TOO, OLD FRIEND?

AS SHE SAID... AN OLD FRIEND.

THEN, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...



I'LL LEAVE YOU YOUNG PEOPLE ALONE.

WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME ARE YOU DOING HERE, NATASHA?

WERE YOU THE ONE WHO...?

...THIS MORNING? YES, IVAN TOLD ME YOU'D CALLED... I TRIED TO FIND YOU...!

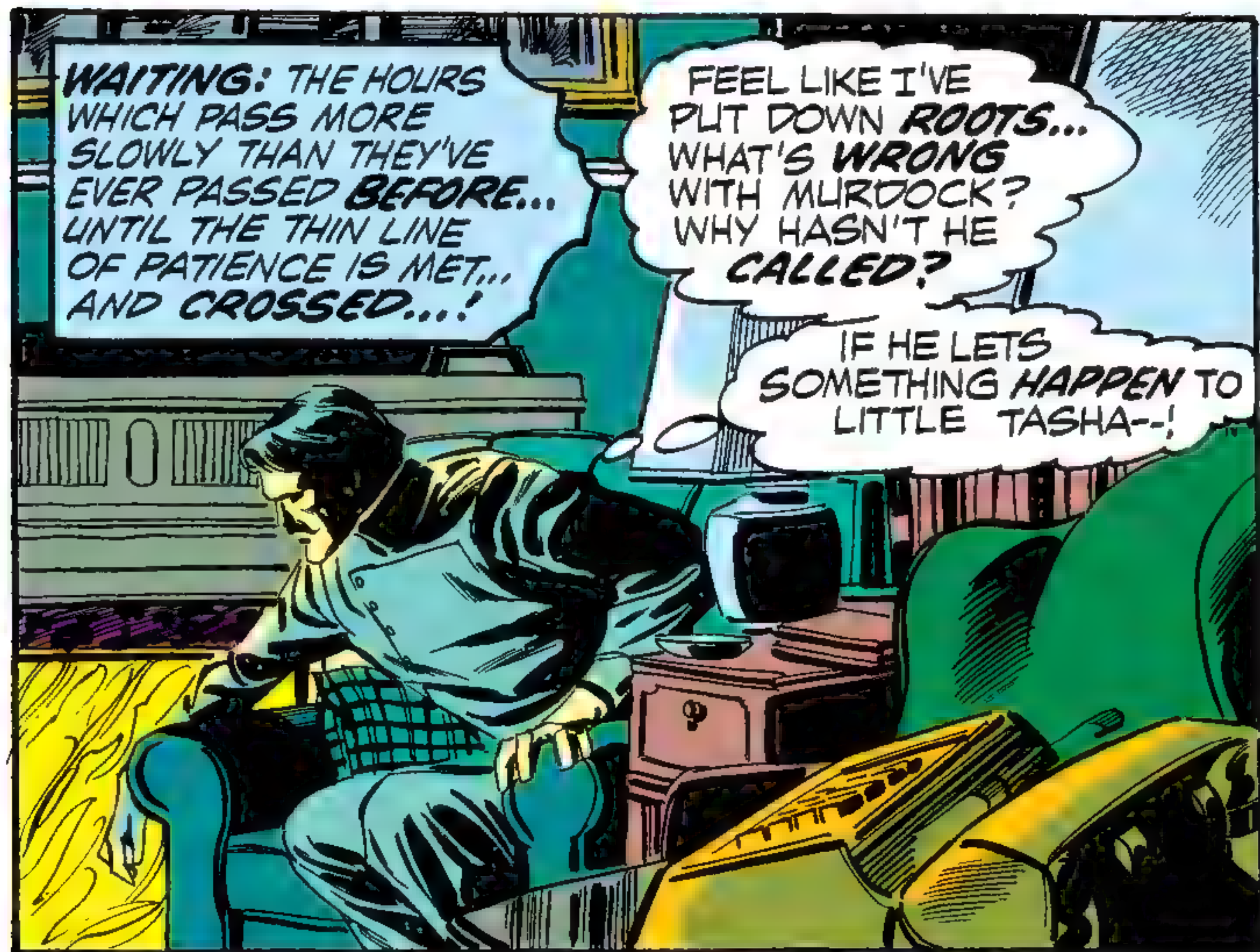


STILL WORRIED ABOUT PROJECT FOUR, HMM?

BUT I--! ALL RIGHT, DANNY.

COME ON, LET'S FIND A PLACE WHERE WE CAN TALK.

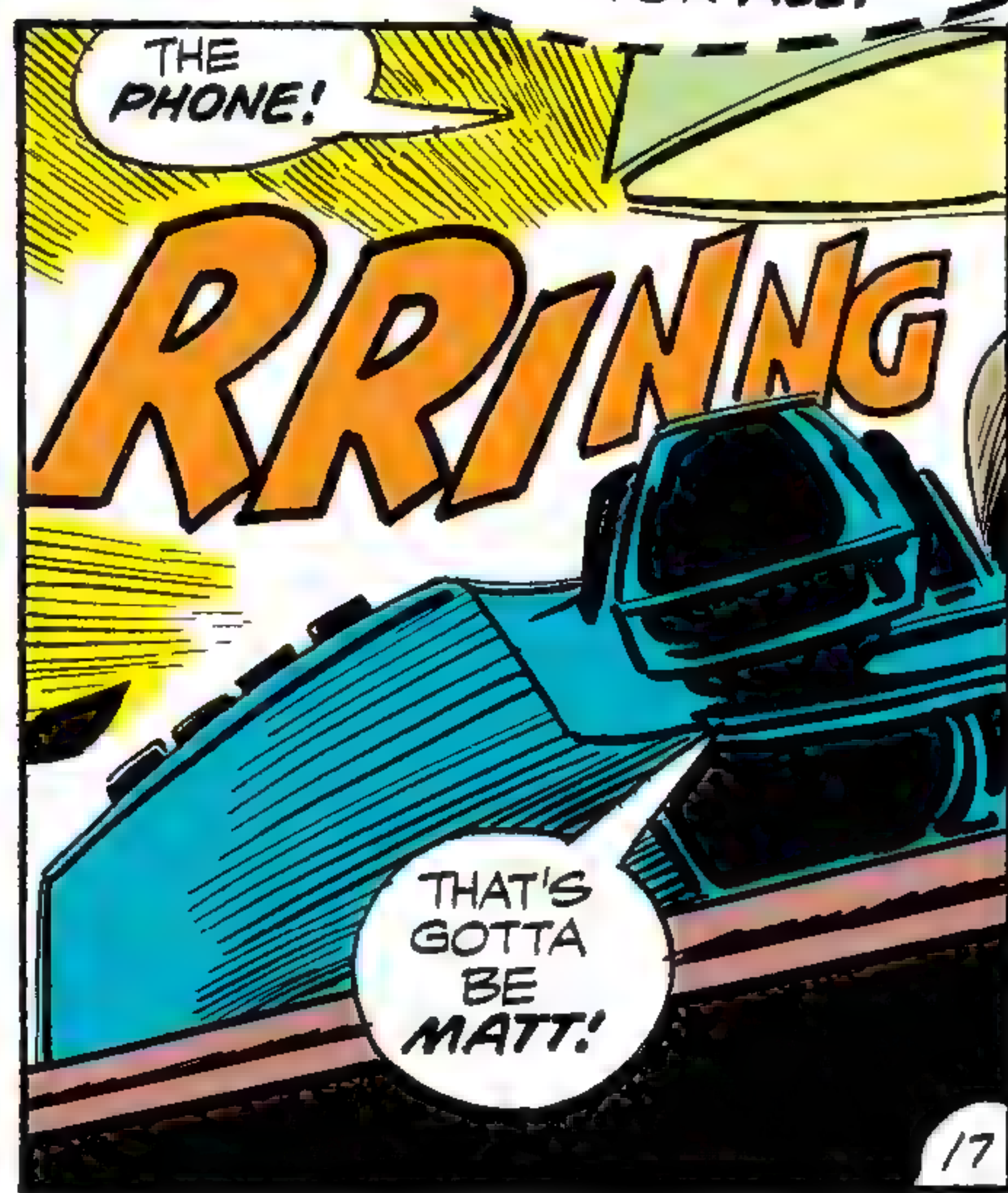
I GUESS THERE ARE THINGS WE'D BETTER SETTLE NOW... ONCE AND FOR ALL!



WAITING: THE HOURS WHICH PASS MORE SLOWLY THAN THEY'VE EVER PASSED BEFORE... UNTIL THE THIN LINE OF PATIENCE IS MET... AND CROSSED...!

FEEL LIKE I'VE PUT DOWN ROOTS... WHAT'S WRONG WITH MURDOCK? WHY HASN'T HE CALLED?

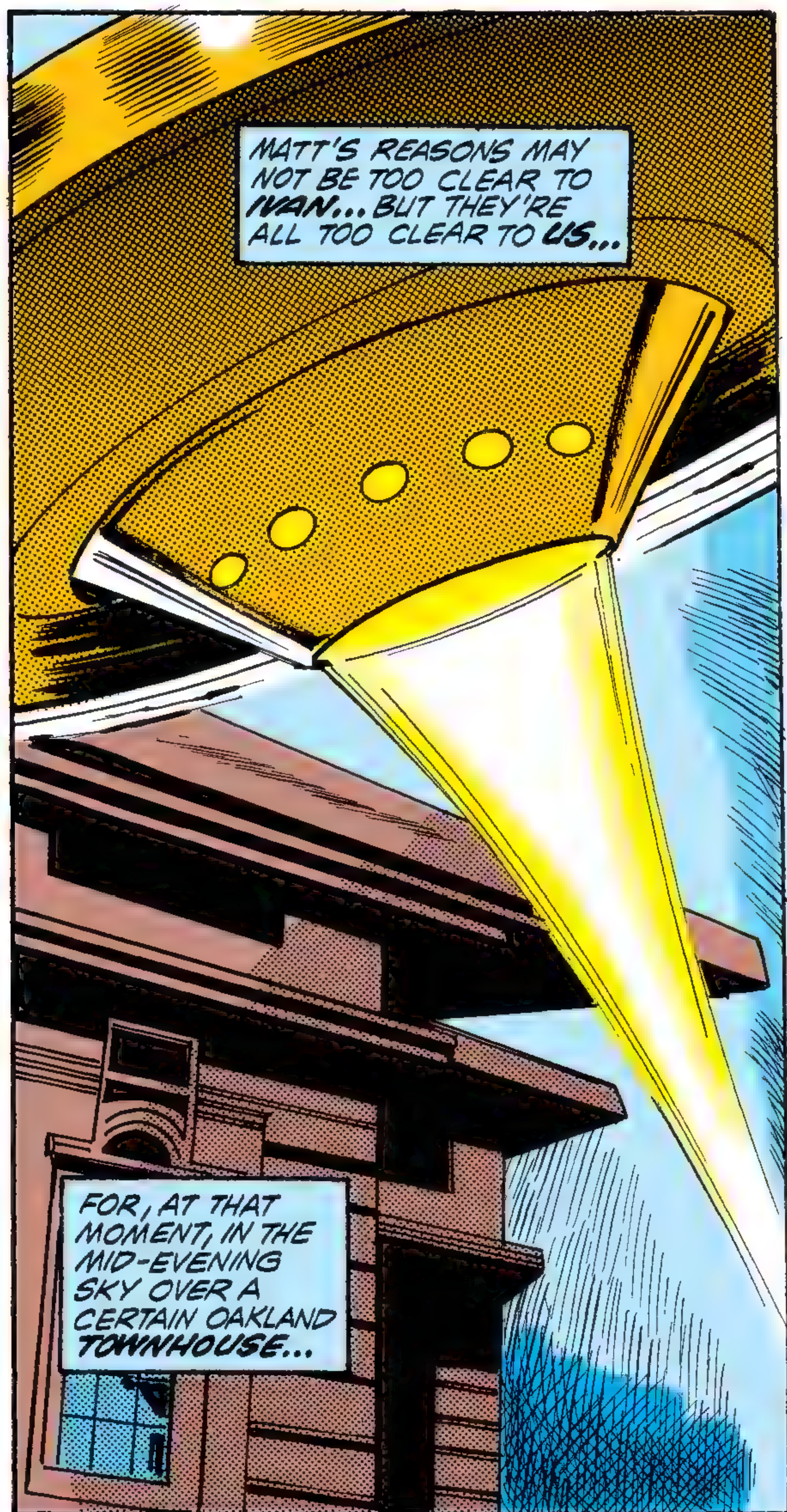
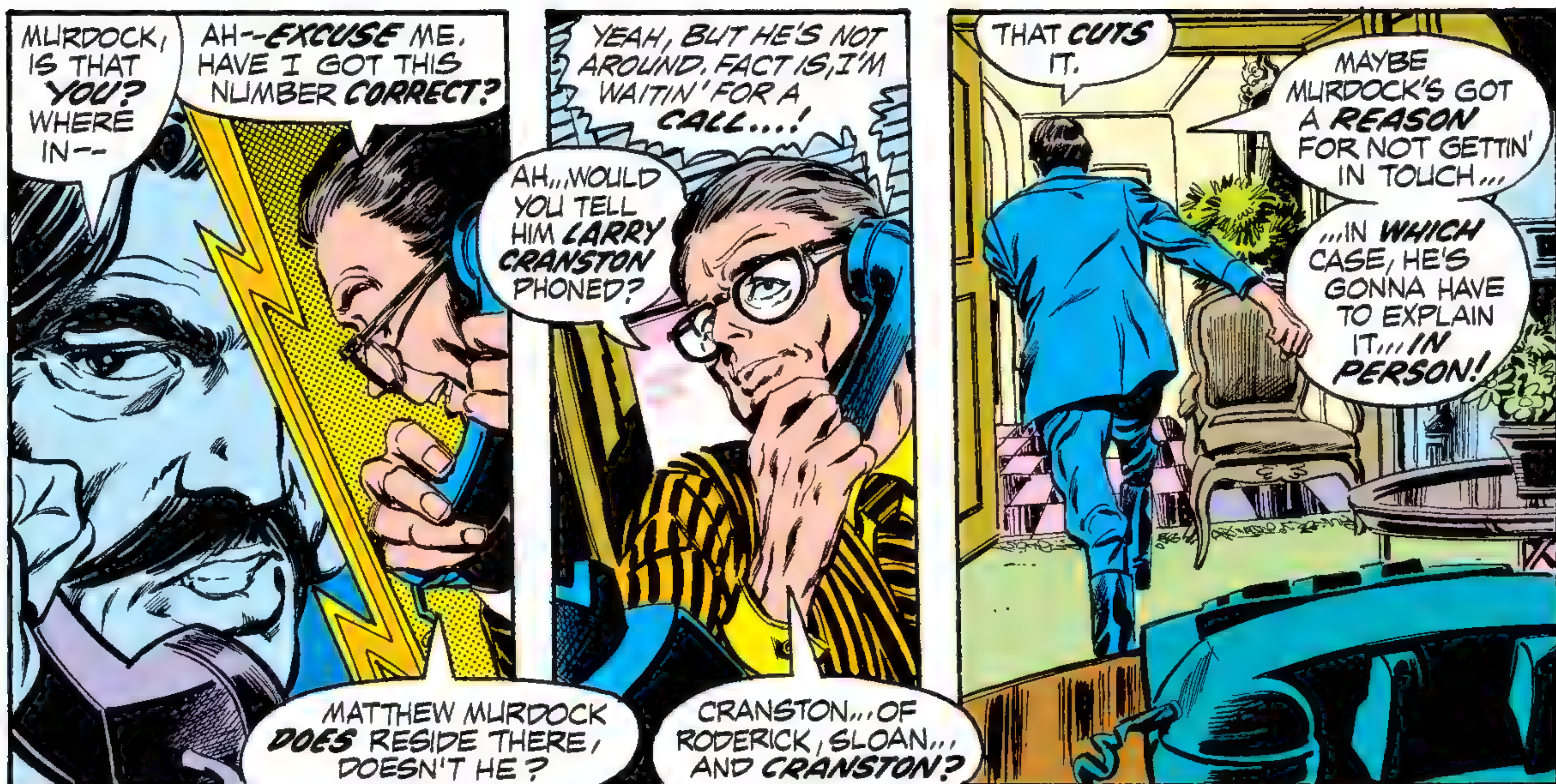
IF HE LETS SOMETHING HAPPEN TO LITTLE TASHA--!

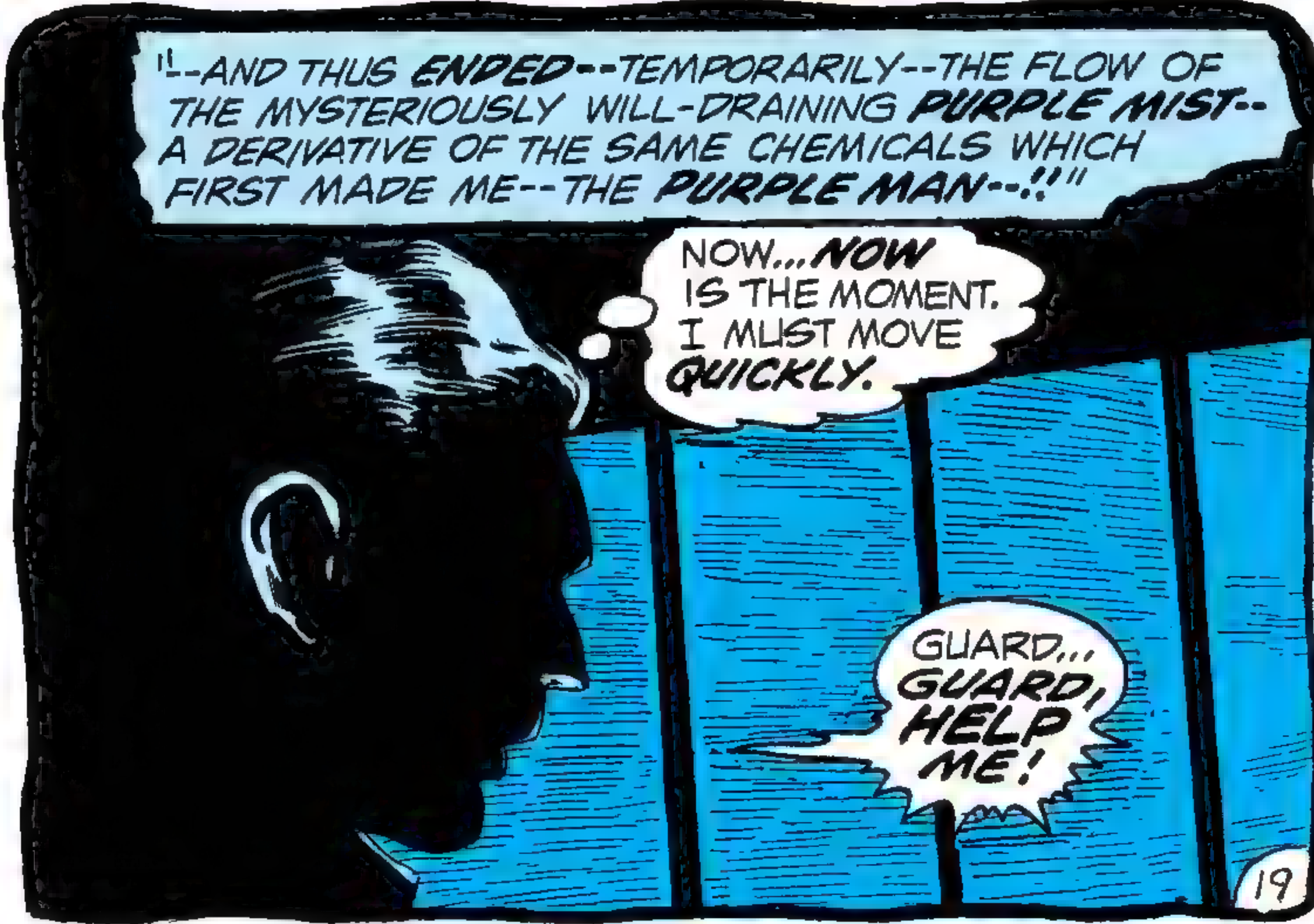
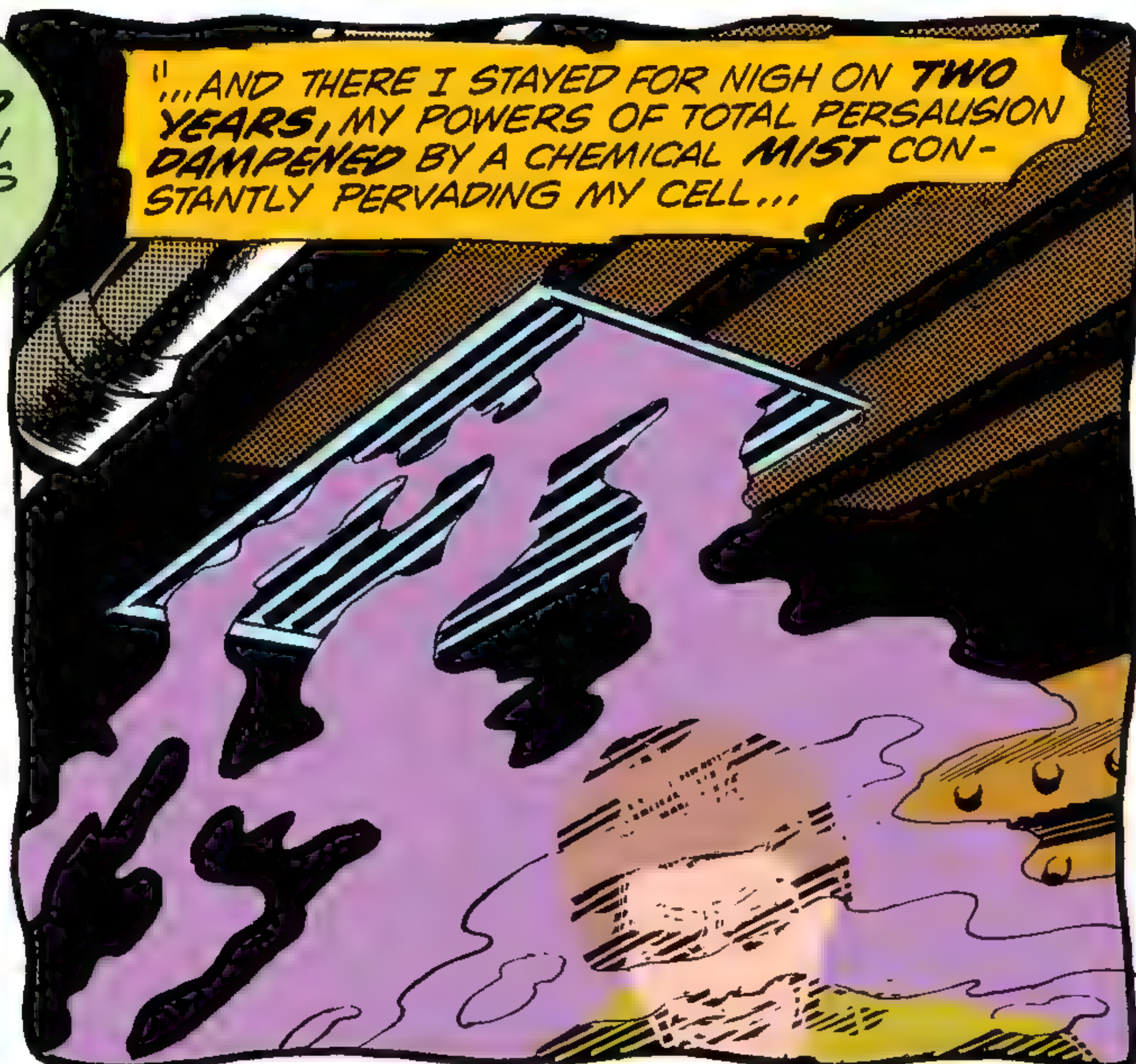


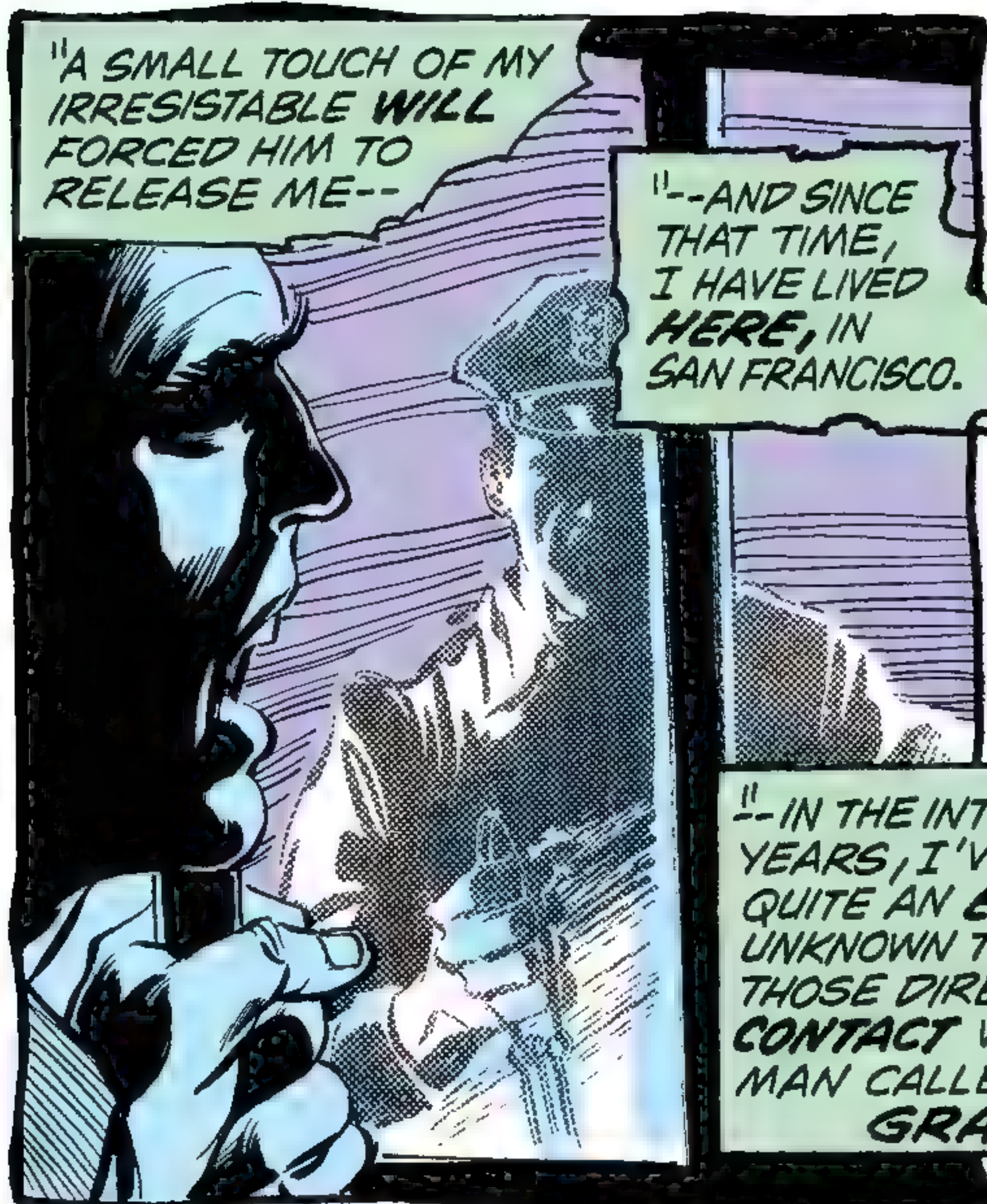
THE PHONE!

RRRING

THAT'S GOTTA BE MATT!



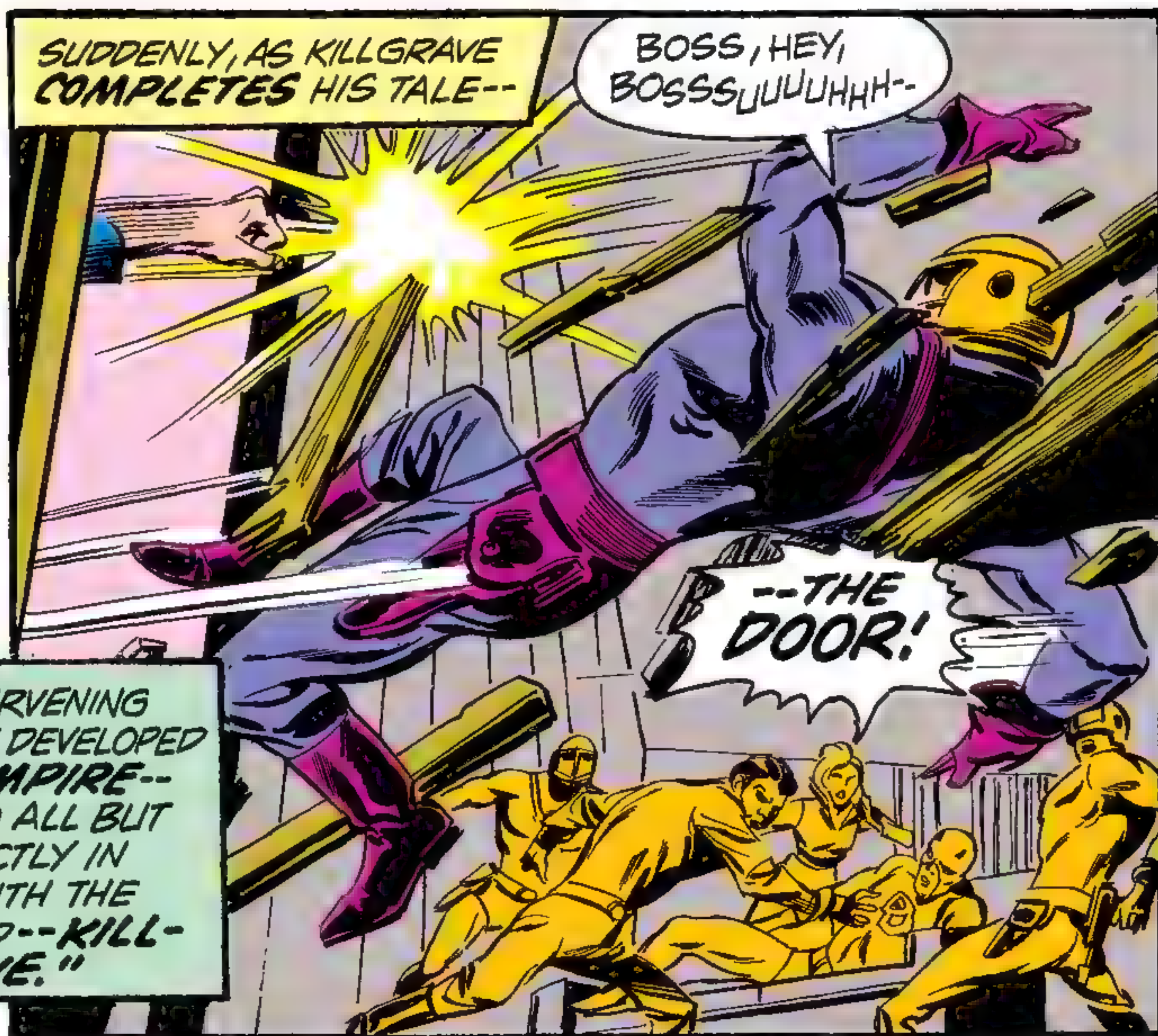




"A SMALL TOUCH OF MY IRRESISTABLE WILL FORCED HIM TO RELEASE ME--

"--AND SINCE THAT TIME, I HAVE LIVED **HERE**, IN SAN FRANCISCO.

"--IN THE INTERVENING YEARS, I'VE DEVELOPED QUITE AN **EMPIRE**-- UNKNOWN TO ALL BUT THOSE DIRECTLY IN CONTACT WITH THE MAN CALLED--**KILL-GRAVE.**"



SUDDENLY, AS KILLGRAVE COMPLETES HIS TALE--

BOSS, HEY, BOSSUUUUHHH--

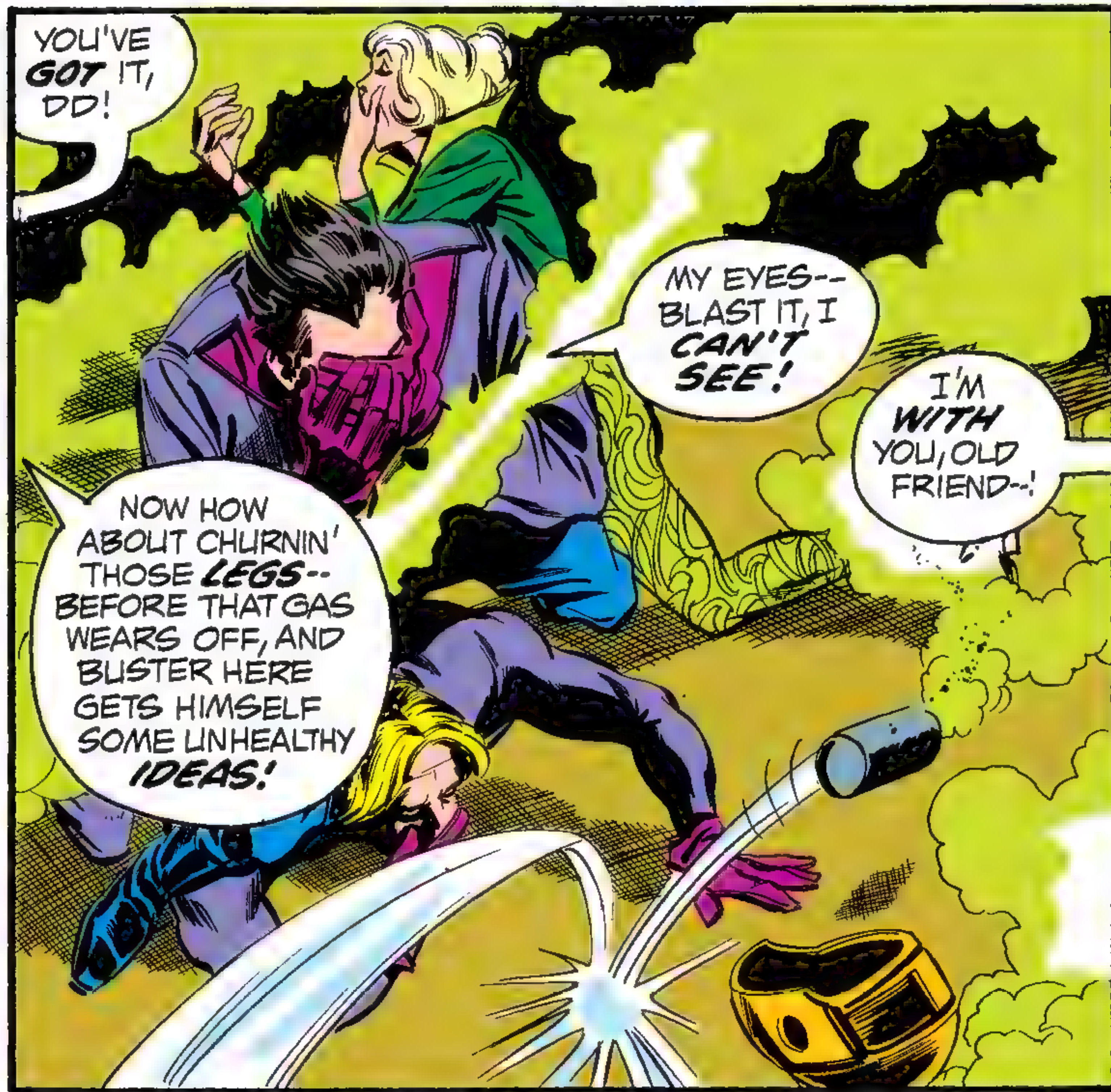
--THE DOOR!



LUNGING THROUGH THE SHATTERED DOORFRAME, HURLING A GLISTENING BLACK **TEAR-GAS** GRENADE--

--A MOST **UNEXPECTED** SAVIOR--

IVAN!

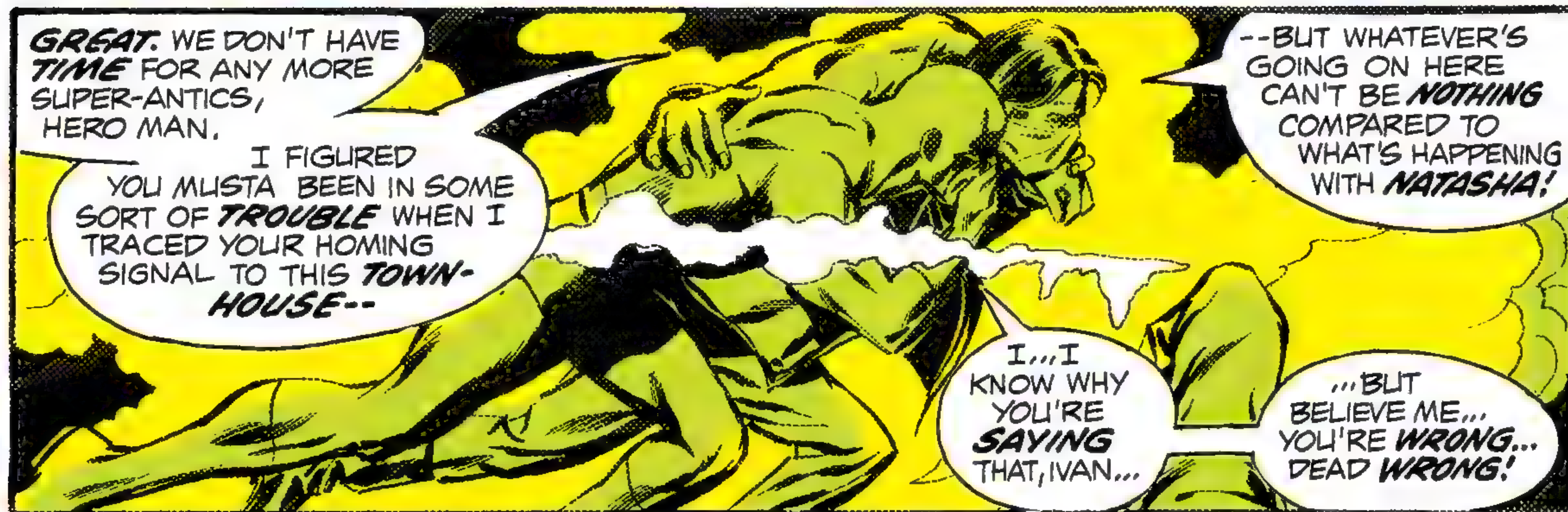


YOU'VE GOT IT, DD!

MY EYES-- BLAST IT, I CAN'T SEE!

I'M WITH YOU, OLD FRIEND--!

NOW HOW ABOUT CHURNIN' THOSE **LEGS**-- BEFORE THAT GAS WEARS OFF, AND BUSTER HERE GETS HIMSELF SOME UNHEALTHY **IDEAS!**



GREAT. WE DON'T HAVE **TIME** FOR ANY MORE SUPER-ANTICS, HERO MAN.

I FIGURED YOU MUSTA BEEN IN SOME SORT OF **TROUBLE** WHEN I TRACED YOUR HOMING SIGNAL TO THIS **TOWN-HOUSE**--

--BUT WHATEVER'S GOING ON HERE CAN'T BE **NOTHING** COMPARED TO WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH **NATASHA!**

I...I KNOW WHY YOU'RE **SAYING** THAT, IVAN...

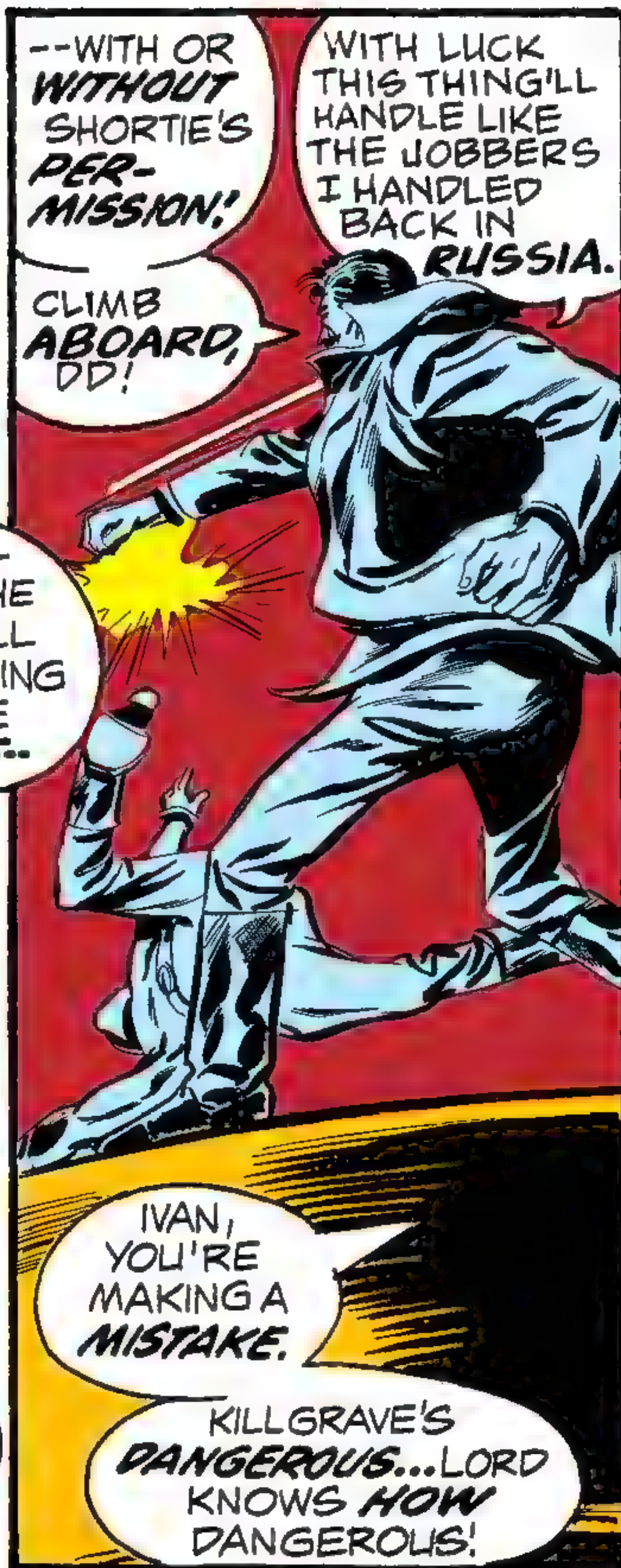
...BUT BELIEVE ME... YOU'RE **WRONG**... DEAD **WRONG!**



YEH? TELL ME ABOUT IT SOMETIME, D.D.

MEANTIME-- I'LL MAKE THE DECISIONS TILL YOU'RE FEELING MORE LIKE YOURSELF--

--AND DECISION ONE MEANS COPPING THIS HOVER-CRAFT--



--WITH OR WITHOUT SHORTIE'S PERMISSION!

CLIMB ABOARD, DD!

WITH LUCK THIS THING'LL HANDLE LIKE THE JOBBERS I HANDLED BACK IN RUSSIA.

IVAN, YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE.

KILL GRAVE'S DANGEROUS... LORD KNOWS HOW DANGEROUS!



I'M CRYING ABOUT IT, MURDOCK.

JUST SHUT UP AND LET ME DRIVE THIS THING, WILL YA?

SURE. WHY NOT? I'M JUST A LOAD OF DEAD WEIGHT, ANYWAY...

WHAT KINDA BUNK TALK IS THAT, MASKED MAN?



IT'S THE TRUTH, IVAN. I MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT...

FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE VERY FIRST TIME... I FAILED BACK THERE.

YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, IVE? THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR... BLEW IT!



EYEBROW RAISED, IVAN STARES BACK AT THE MOROSE MATT MURDOCK, ONLY NOW REALIZING THAT PERHAPS HE HAS MADE AN ERROR...

...BUT THEN HIS THOUGHTS TURN ELSEWHERE, TO THE WOMAN KNOWN AS MADAME NATASHA ...AND HE WONDERS, "WHERE IS SHE...WHAT IS SHE DOING?"



FOR IVAN, THE ANSWER IS YET HOURS AWAY... BUT FOR US, THE WIDOW'S ACTIONS ARE MORE THAN VISIBLE...

SHOULDERS BENDING UNDER SOME INCONCEIVABLE EMOTIONAL WEIGHT, SHE WALKS BESIDE THE MYSTERIOUS DANNY FRENCH... AND FROM TIME TO TIME, HER EYES GLANCE TOWARD HIM...

...AND SHOULD SHE BE SEEN, THE FEAR IN HER GLANCE WOULD BE PAINFULLY PLAIN... AND WOULD BEG THE QUESTION...

WHAT IS PROJECT FOUR?

DAREDEVIL MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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DAREDEVIL™

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR™

WHY DON'T
YOU JUST LIE
DOWN AND **DIE**,
DAREDEVIL?

MAYBE YOU
COULD HANDLE
ELECTRO--
OR EVEN
KILLGRAVE--

--BUT
YOU'LL
NEVER
BEAT US
BOTH!!



CRISIS IN THE SKY!

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

CRISIS!

FOR EACH MAN THERE'S A MOMENT IN HIS LIFE-- ONE CENTRAL INSTANT WHEN EVERYTHING HE'S LEARNED ABOUT HIMSELF, ABOUT THE WORLD HE LIVES IN-- AND ABOUT THOSE HE LOVES-- SEEMS TO COME CRUMBLING APART!

SOME **BREAK** UNDER THAT STRAIN-- UNDER THE REALIZATION OF THEIR OWN TERRIBLE **HUMANITY**--

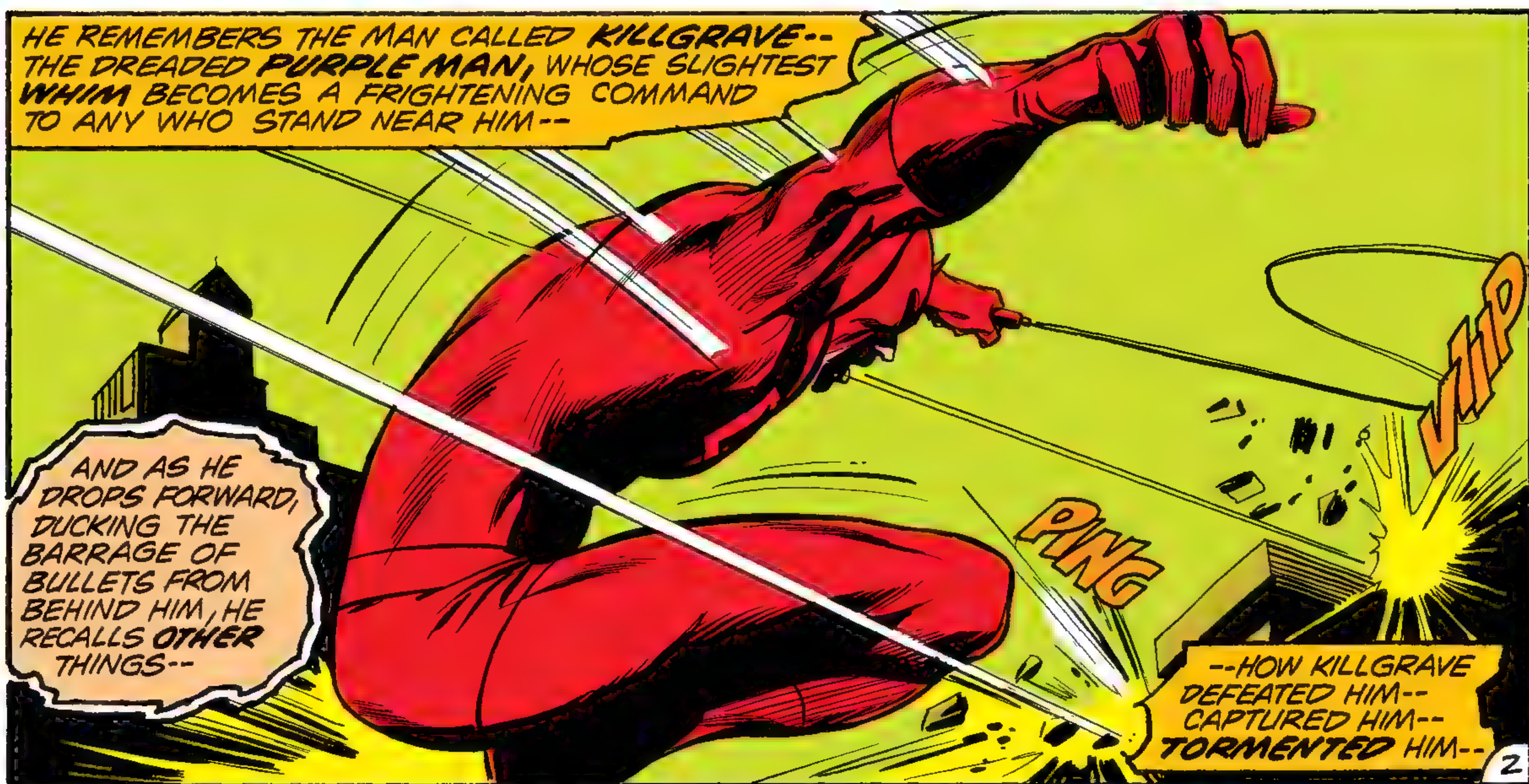
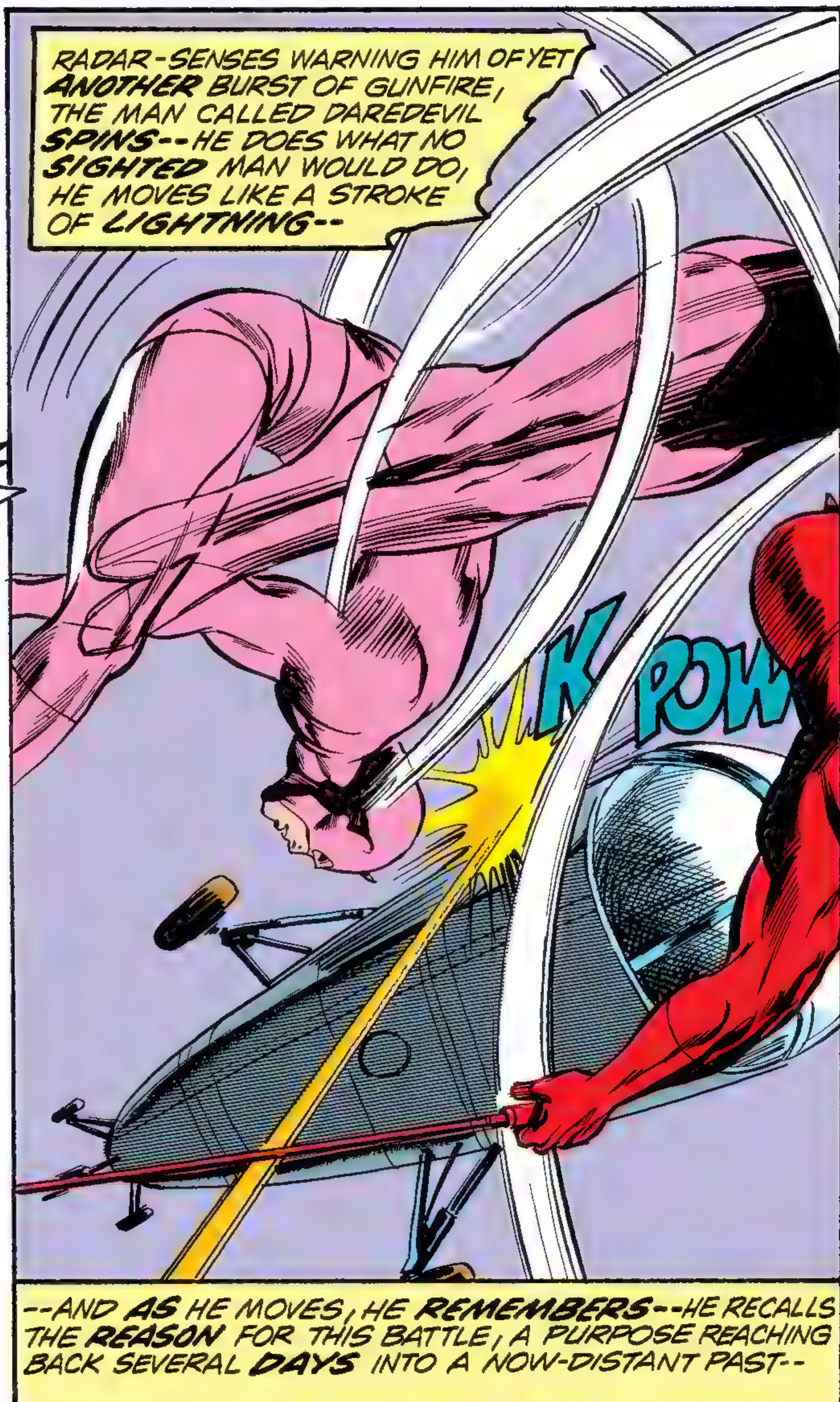
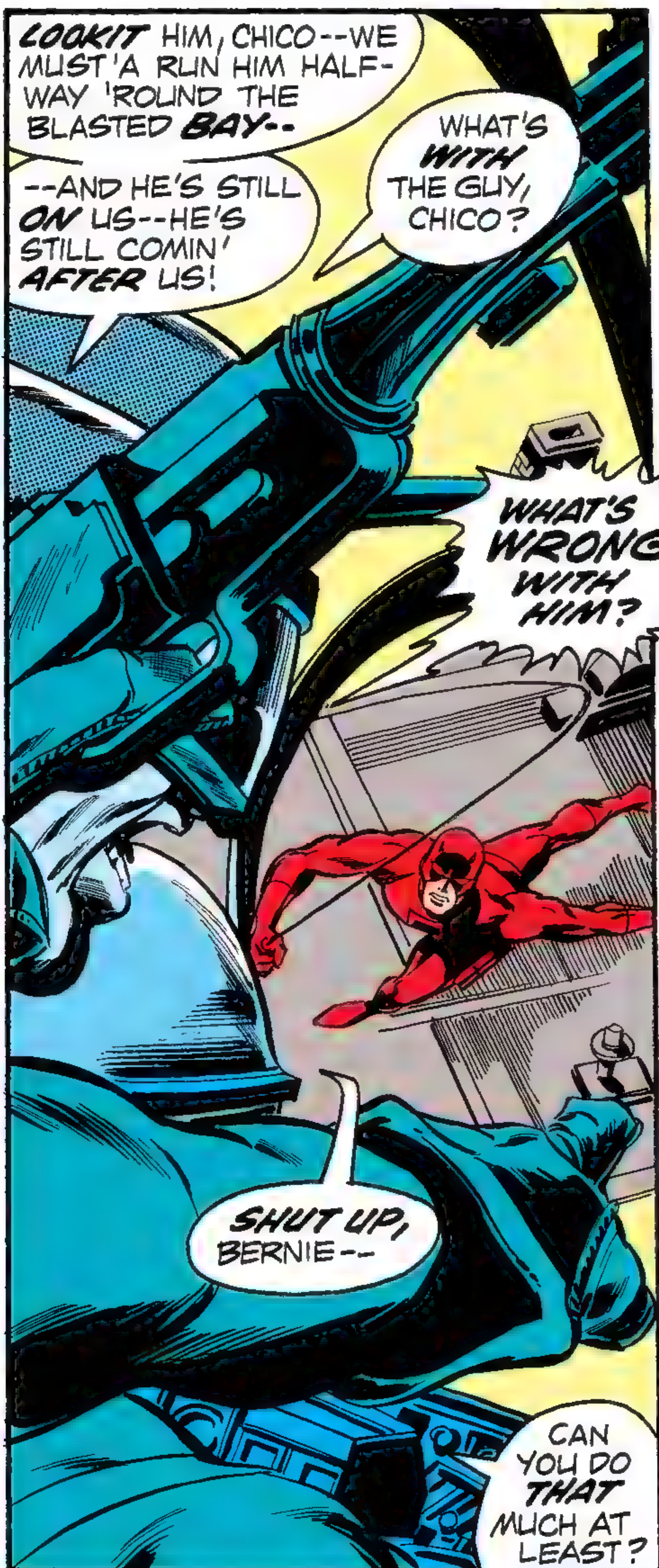
--AND OTHERS **RALLY**--! HAVING PEERED INTO THE BITTER **DEPTHS** OF THEIR SOUL--THEY FIND A GRIM **RESOLVE**--

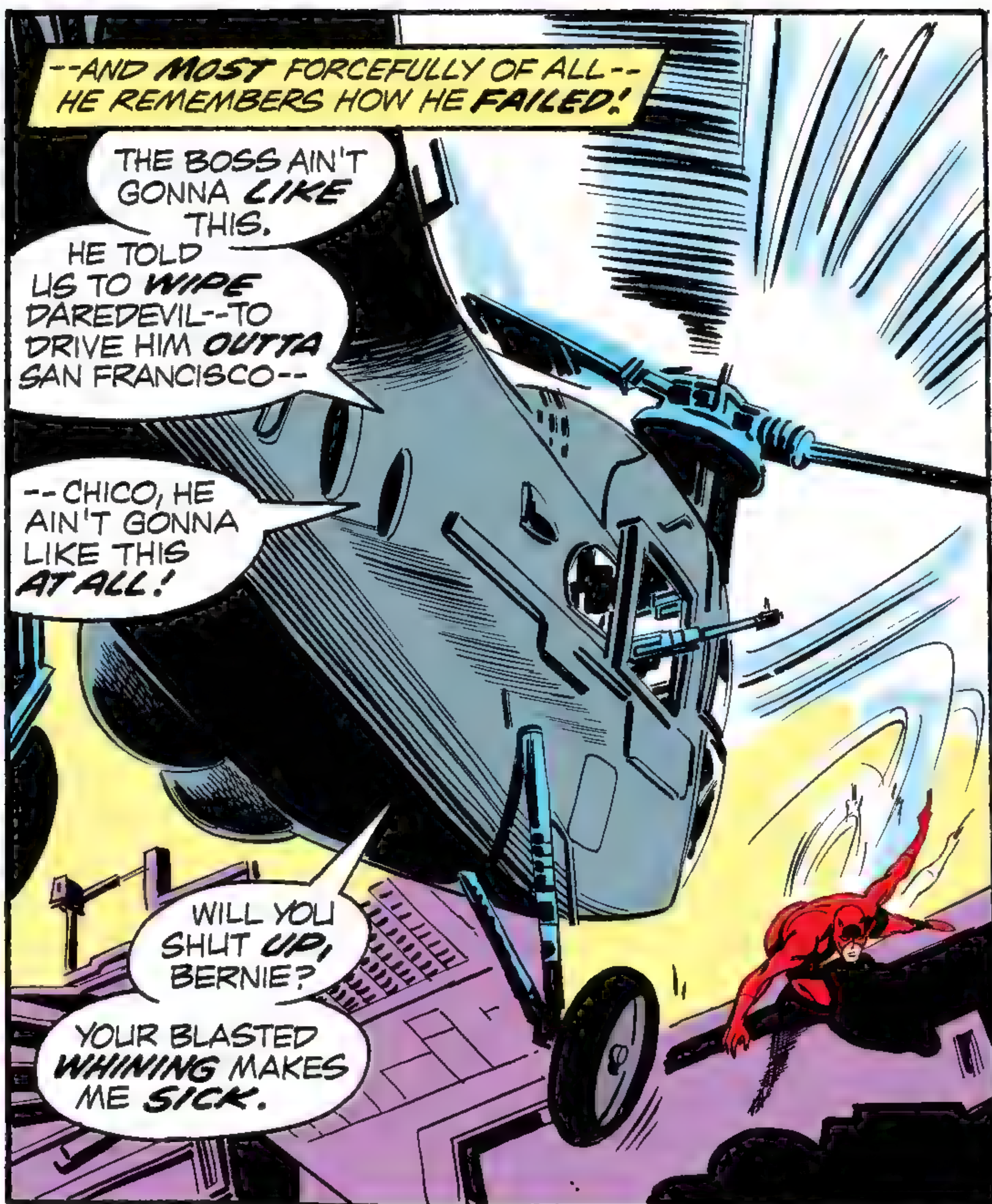
YEEEOOWW--
HE'S COMIN'
BACK, CHICO--

--HE'S
COMIN'
BACK!

NOW, LOOK--LOOK
ON SUCH A MAN--
DAREDEVIL!
THE MAN
WITHOUT
FEAR!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:
A MARVEL MASTERWORK PRODUCTION BY:
GERRY CONWAY and GENE COLAN!
WITH FRIENDLY ASSISTANCE FROM:
TOM PALMER, INKER
and
JON COSTA,
LETTERER





--AND **MOST** FORCEFULLY OF ALL--
HE REMEMBERS HOW HE **FAILED!**

THE BOSS AIN'T
GONNA **LIKE**
THIS.

HE TOLD
US TO **WIPE**
DAREDEVIL--TO
DRIVE HIM **OUTTA**
SAN FRANCISCO--

--CHICO, HE
AIN'T GONNA
LIKE THIS
AT ALL!

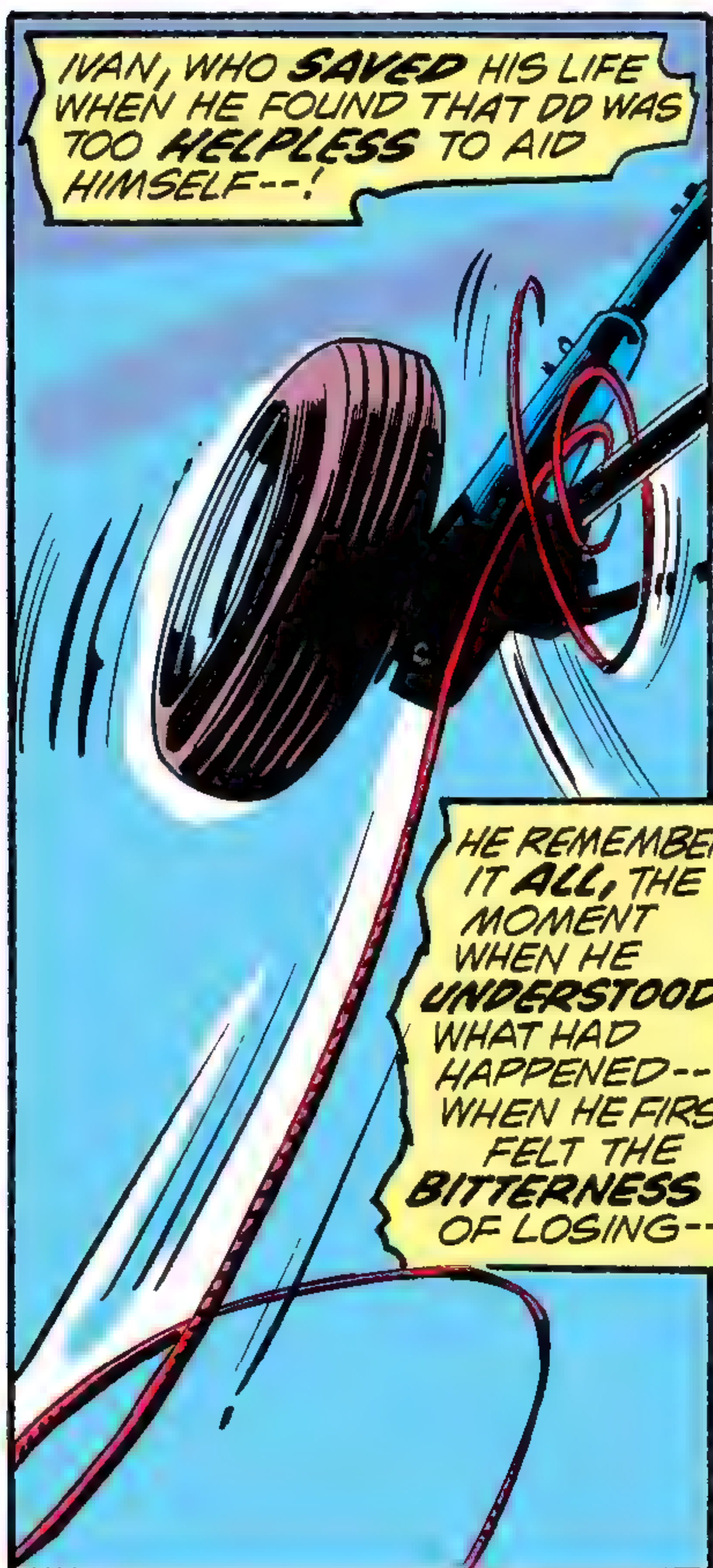
WILL YOU
SHUT **UP**,
BERNIE?

YOUR BLASTED
WHINING MAKES
ME **SICK.**



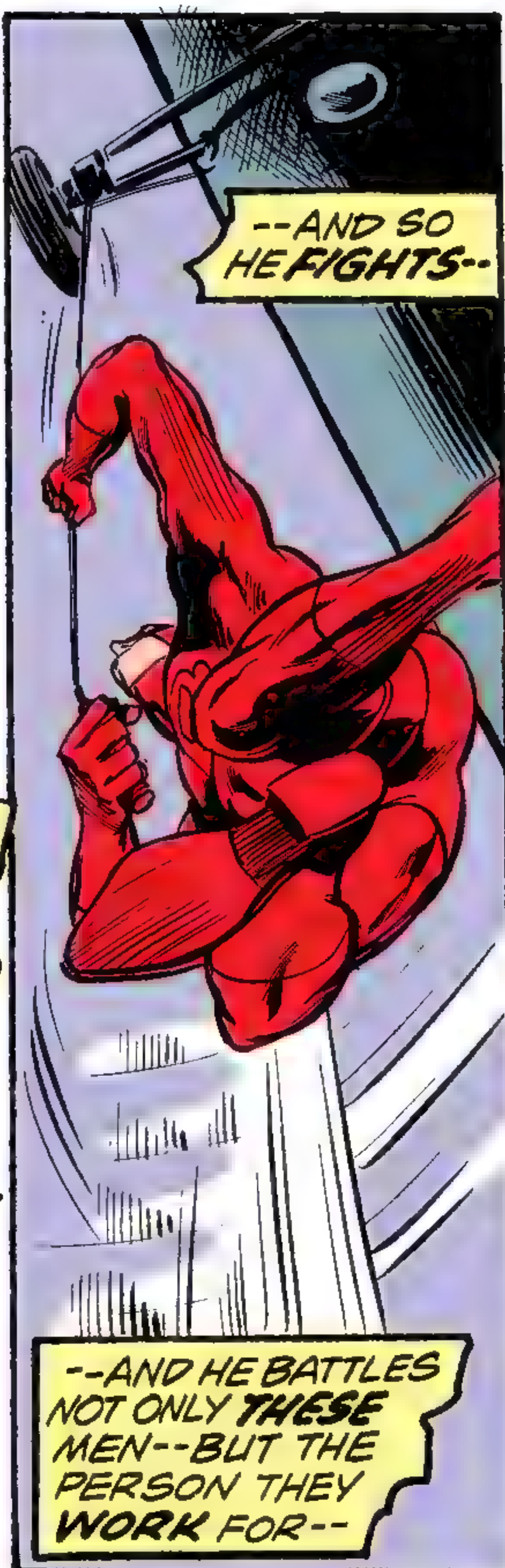
YES, HE REMEMBERS--HE REMEM-
BERS THAT FAILURE, AND HE
REMEMBERS **OTHER** THINGS--

HE RECALLS A
MAN NAMED **IVAN**,
CHAUFFEUR AND
FRIEND TO **MADAME**
NATASHA--



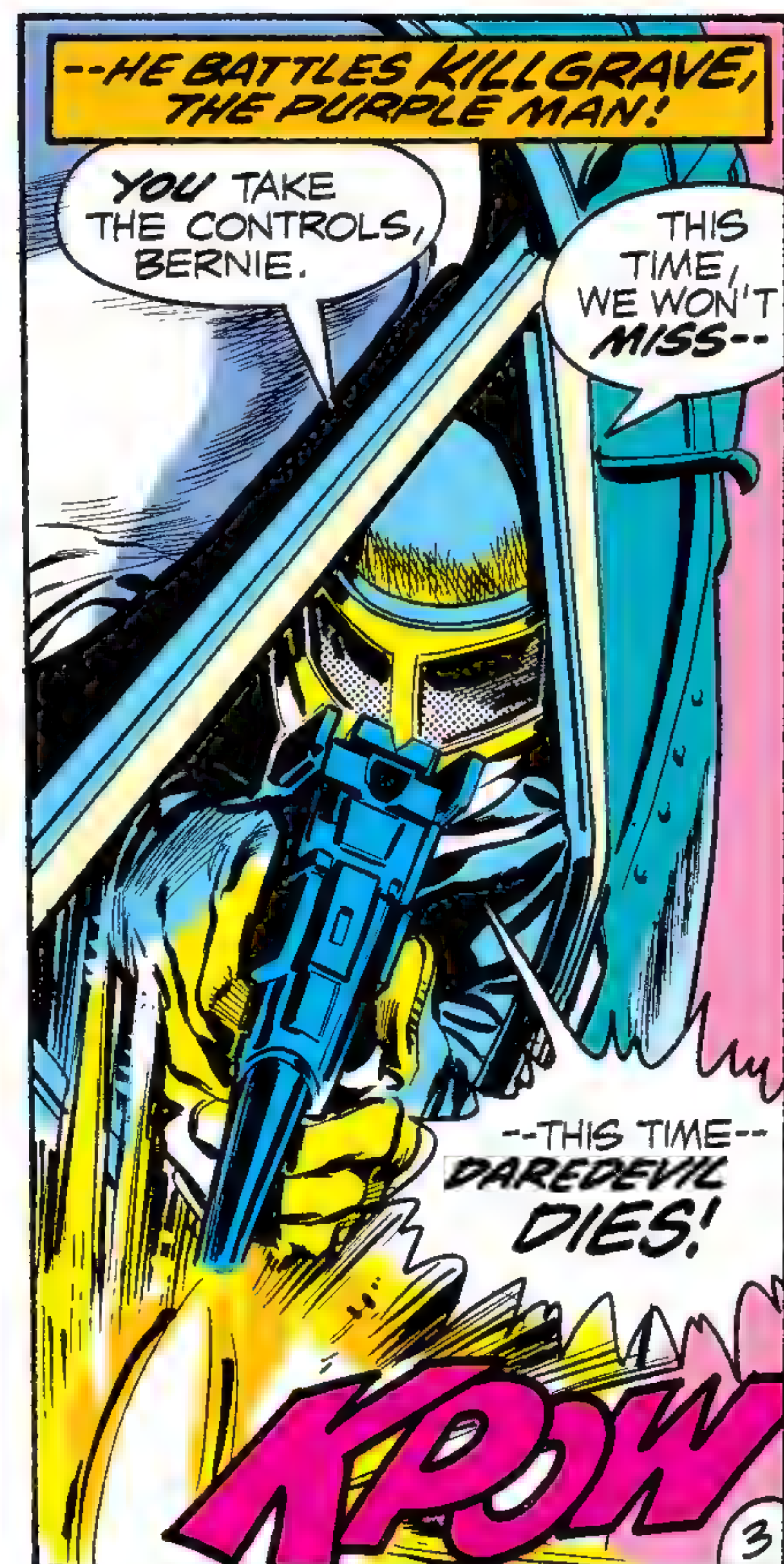
IVAN, WHO **SAVED** HIS LIFE
WHEN HE FOUND THAT DD WAS
TOO **HELPLESS** TO AID
HIMSELF--!

HE REMEMBERS
IT **ALL**, THE
MOMENT
WHEN HE
UNDERSTOOD
WHAT HAD
HAPPENED--
WHEN HE FIRST
FELT THE
BITTERNESS
OF LOSING--



--AND SO
HE **FIGHTS--**

--AND HE BATTLES
NOT ONLY **THESE**
MEN--BUT THE
PERSON THEY
WORK FOR--



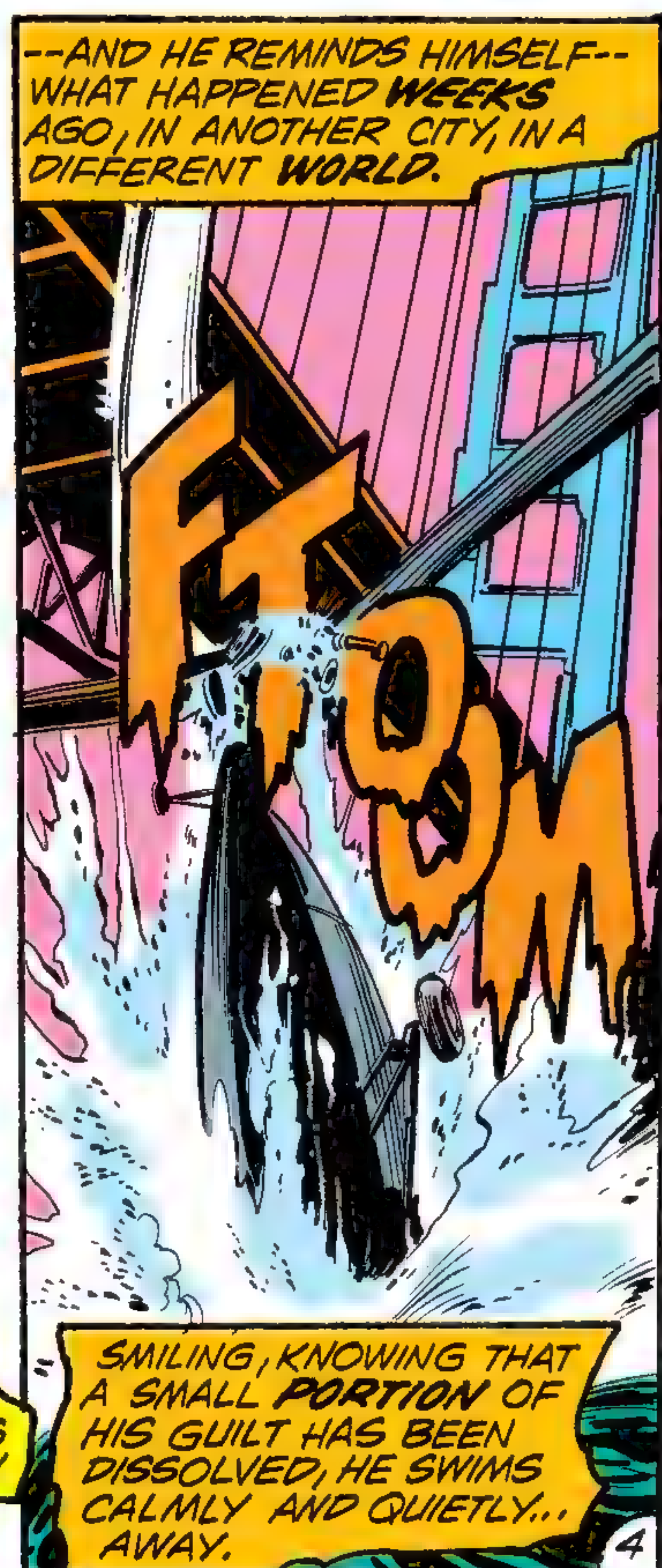
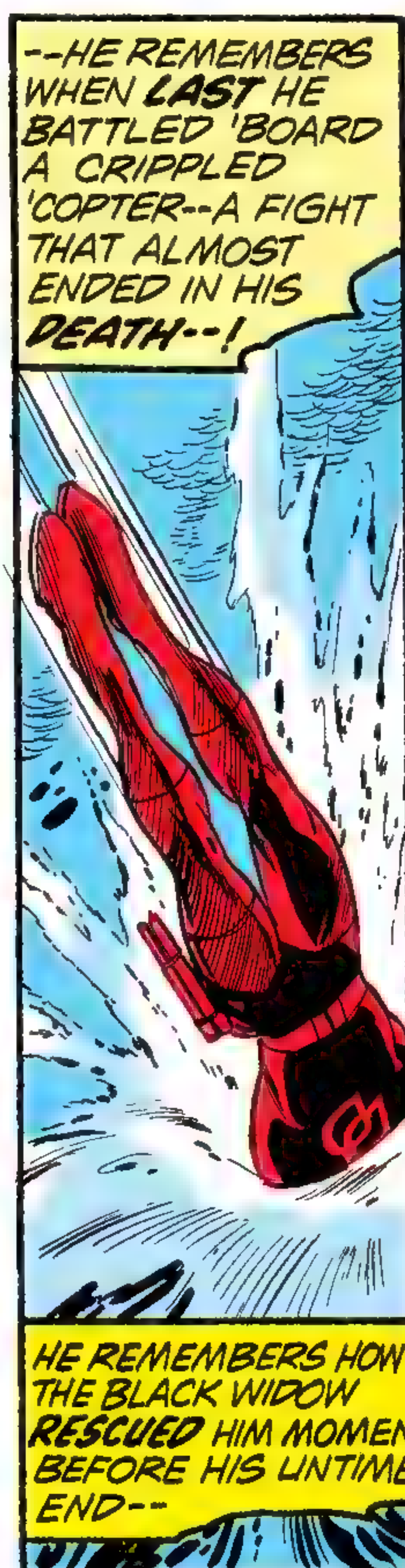
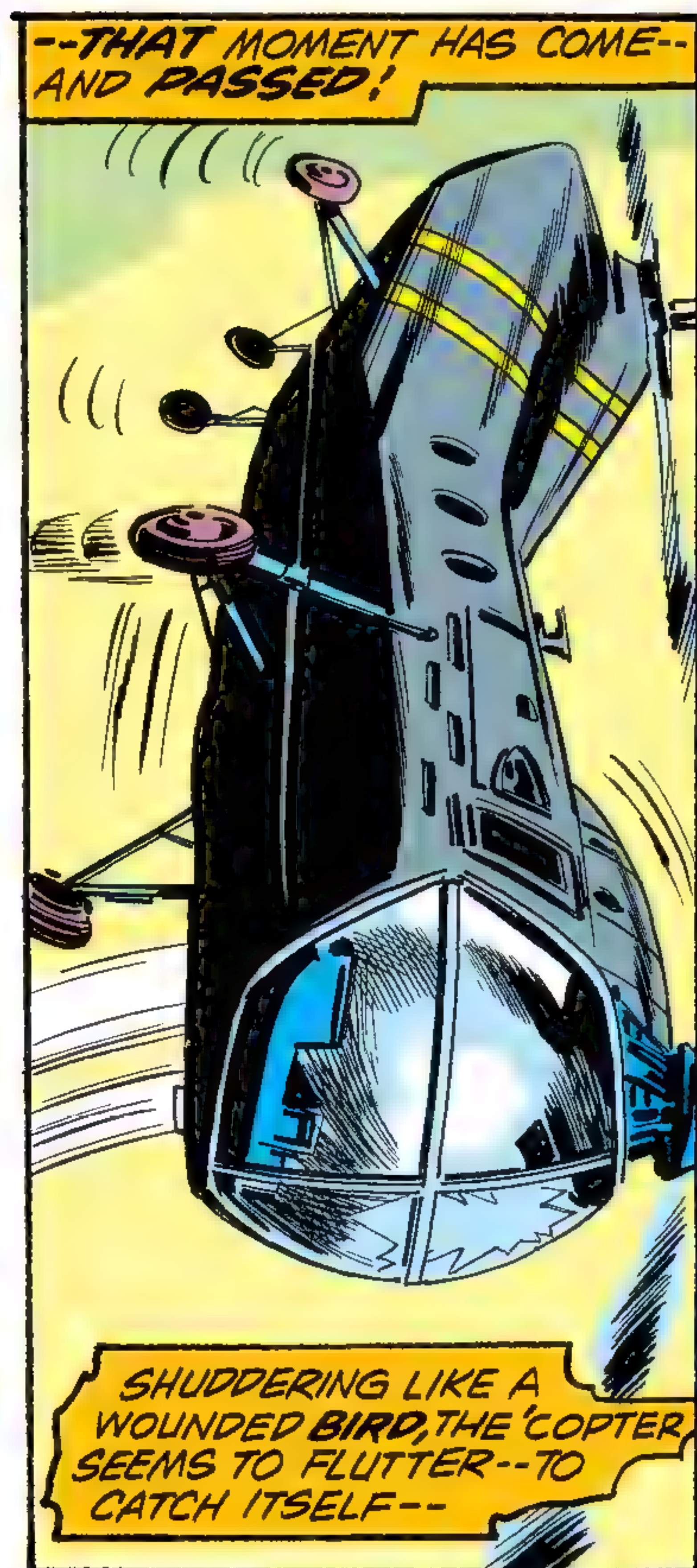
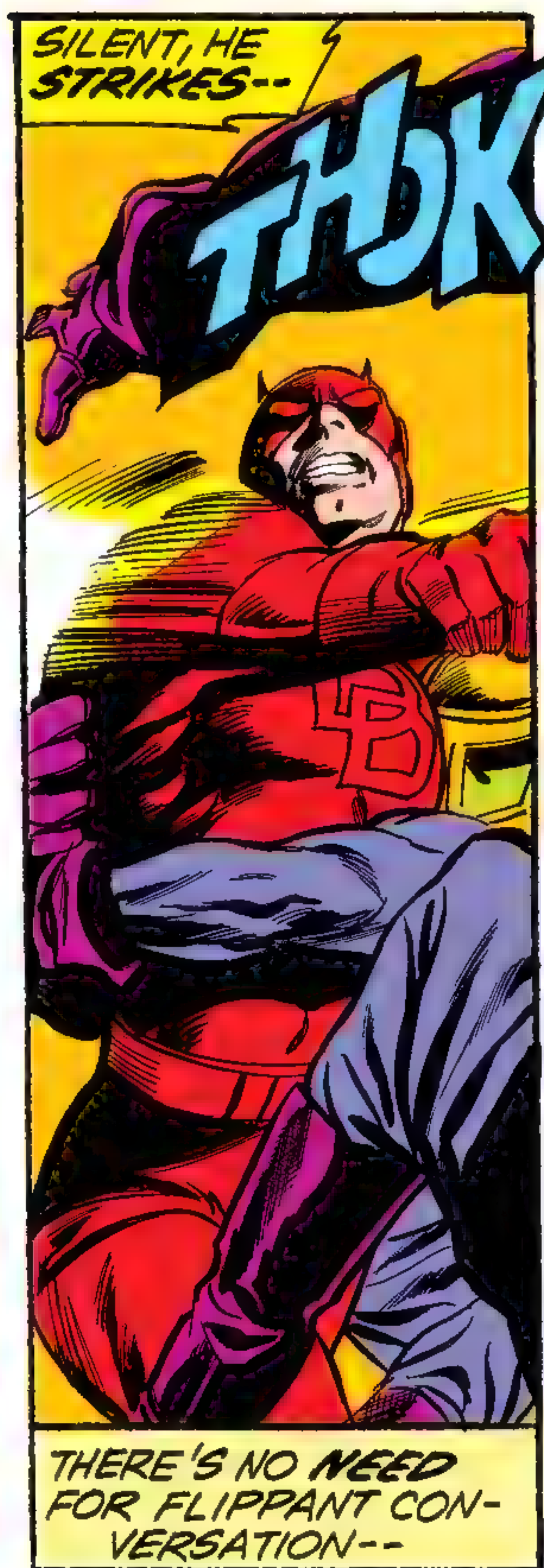
--HE BATTLES **KILLGRAVE**,
THE **PURPLE** MAN!

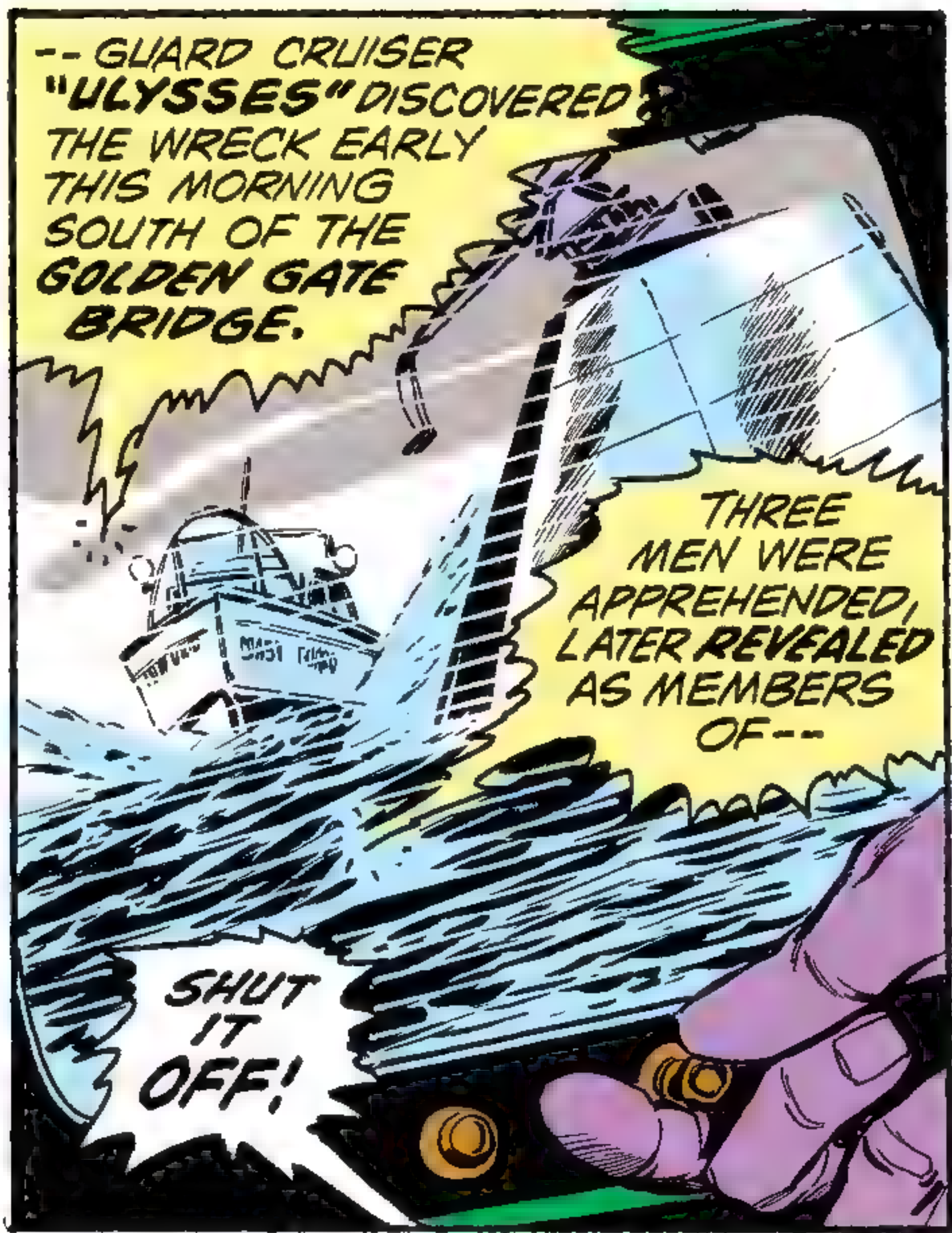
YOU TAKE
THE CONTROLS,
BERNIE.

THIS
TIME,
WE WON'T
MISS--

--THIS TIME--
DAREDEVIL
DIES!

KPOW 3

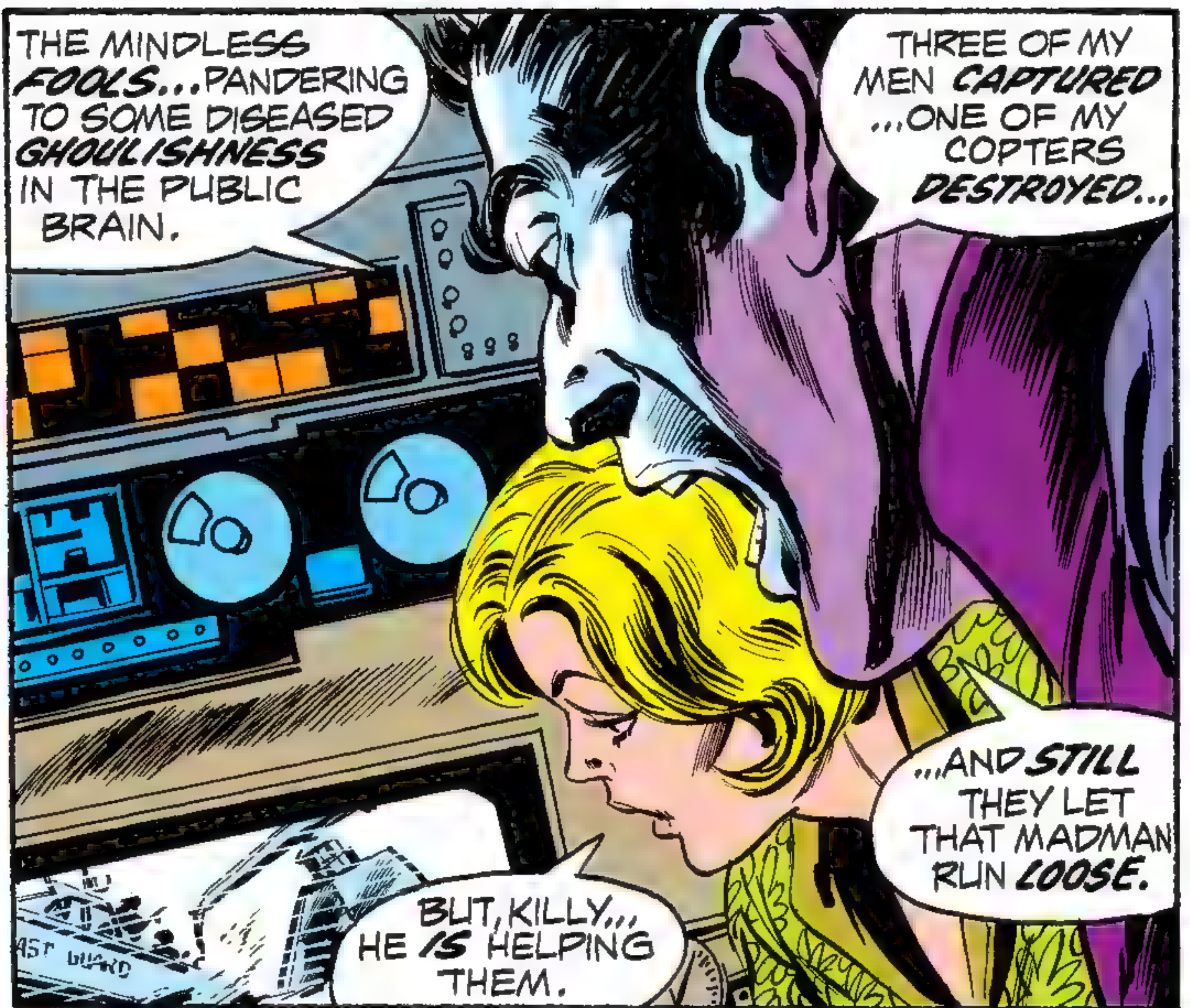




-- GUARD CRUISER "ULYSSES" DISCOVERED THE WRECK EARLY THIS MORNING SOUTH OF THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE.

THREE MEN WERE APPREHENDED, LATER REVEALED AS MEMBERS OF--

SHUT IT OFF!

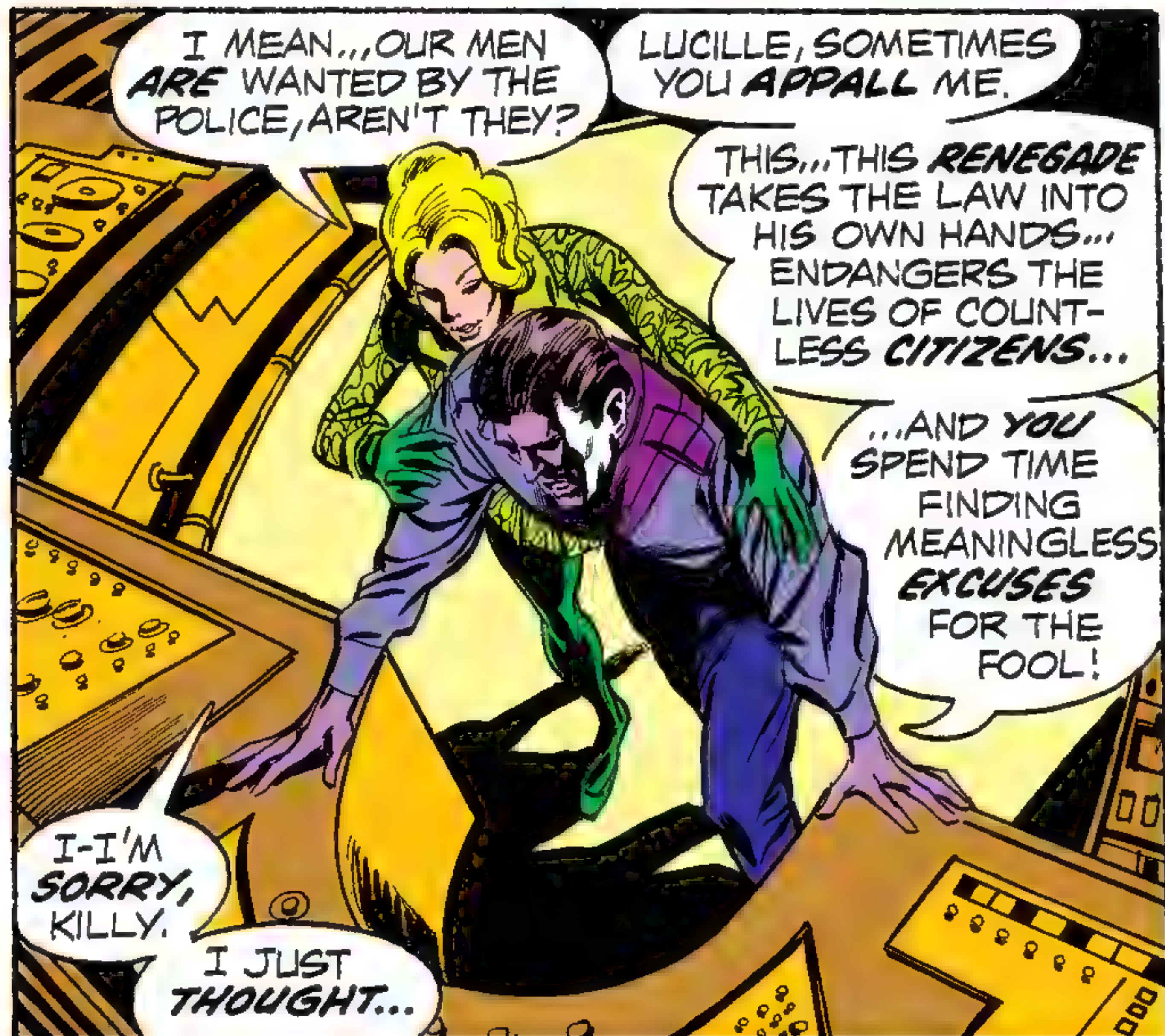


THE MINDLESS FOOLS...PANDERING TO SOME DISEASED GHOULISHNESS IN THE PUBLIC BRAIN.

THREE OF MY MEN CAPTURED ...ONE OF MY COPTERS DESTROYED...

...AND STILL THEY LET THAT MADMAN RUN LOOSE.

BUT, KILLY... HE IS HELPING THEM.



I MEAN...OUR MEN ARE WANTED BY THE POLICE, AREN'T THEY?

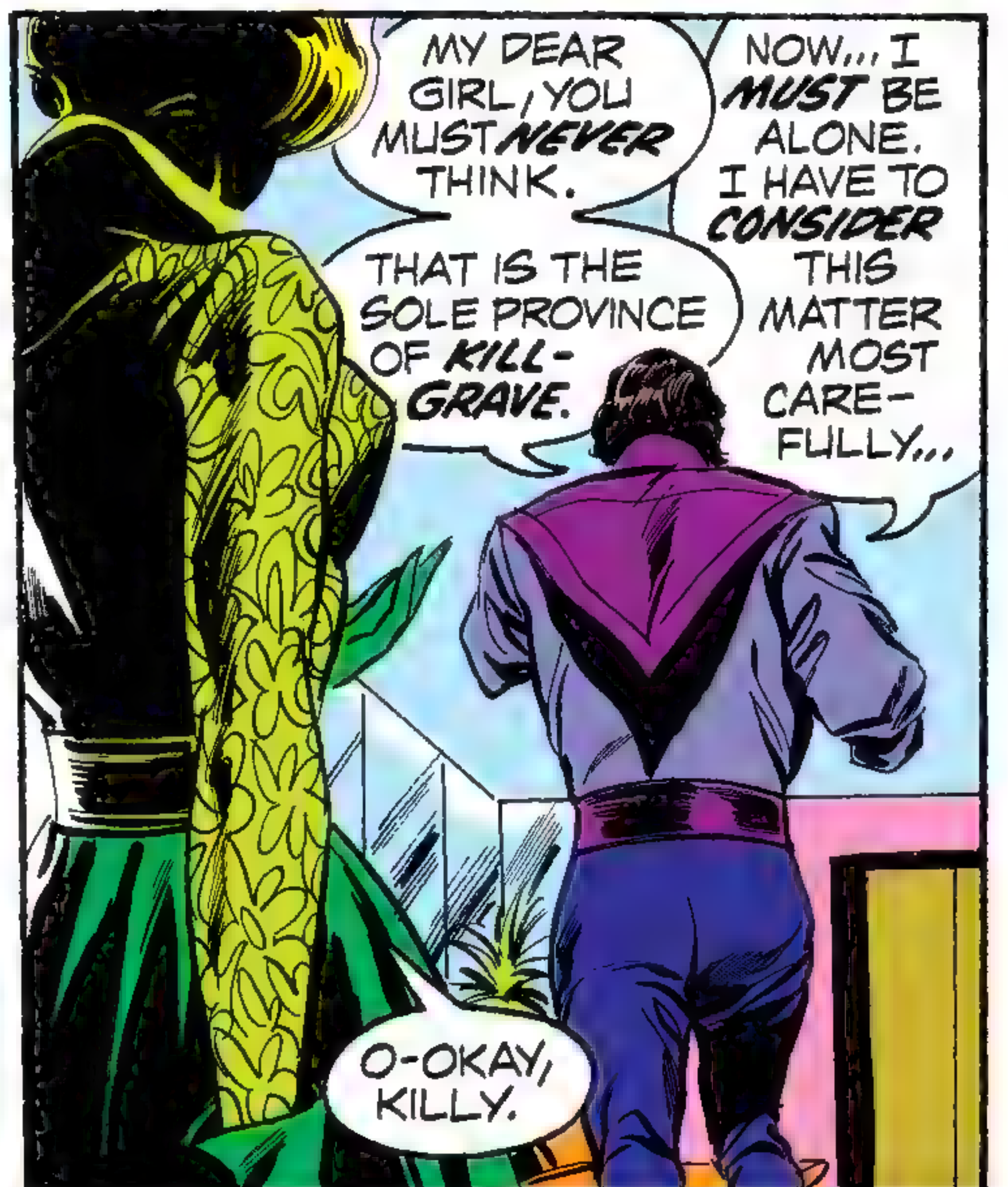
LUCILLE, SOMETIMES YOU APPALL ME.

THIS...THIS RENEGADE TAKES THE LAW INTO HIS OWN HANDS... ENDANGERS THE LIVES OF COUNTLESS CITIZENS...

...AND YOU SPEND TIME FINDING MEANINGLESS EXCUSES FOR THE FOOL!

I-I'M SORRY, KILLY.

I JUST THOUGHT...

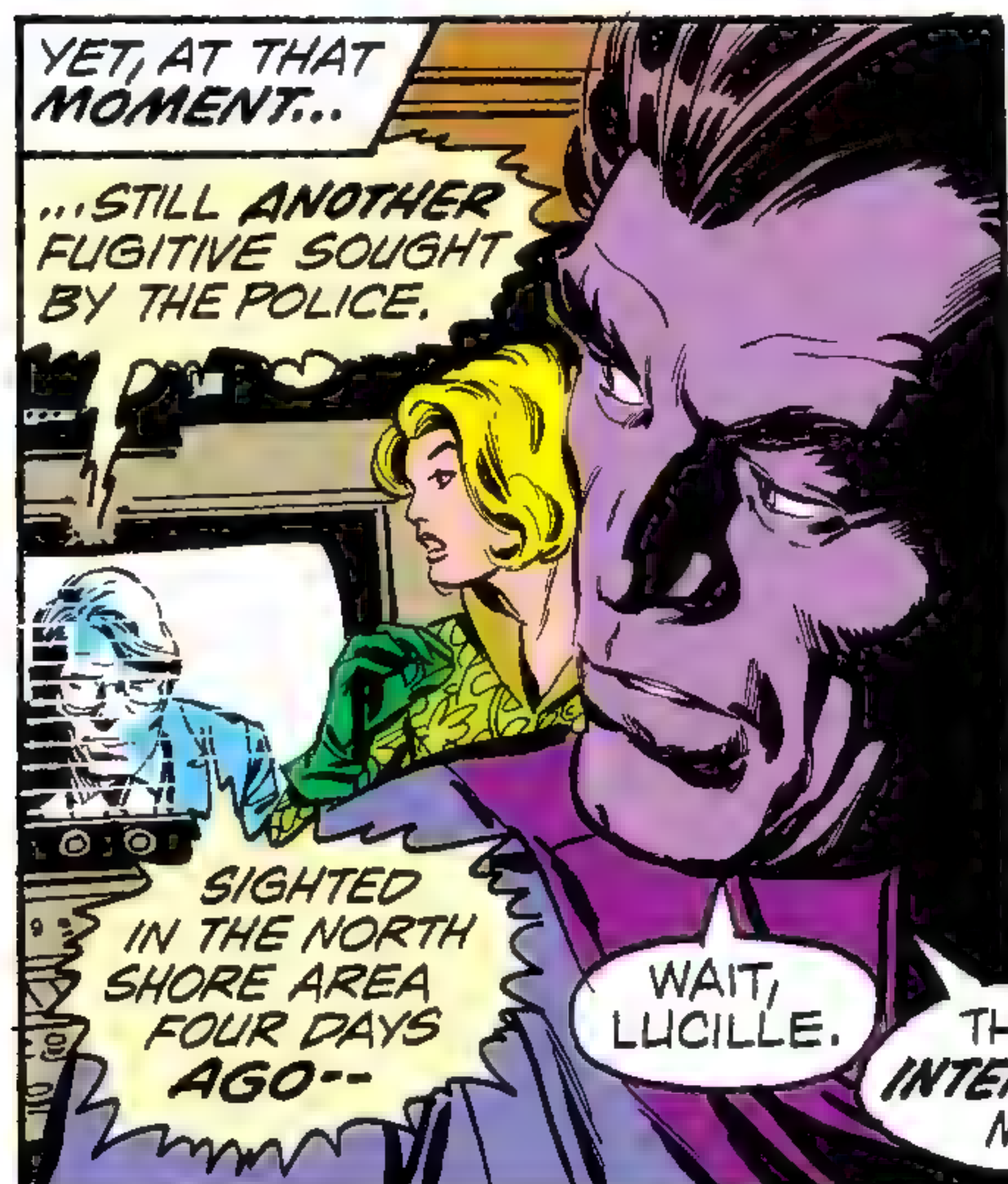


MY DEAR GIRL, YOU MUST NEVER THINK.

NOW... I MUST BE ALONE. I HAVE TO CONSIDER THIS MATTER MOST CAREFULLY...

THAT IS THE SOLE PROVINCE OF KILL-GRAVE.

O-O-KAY, KILLY.



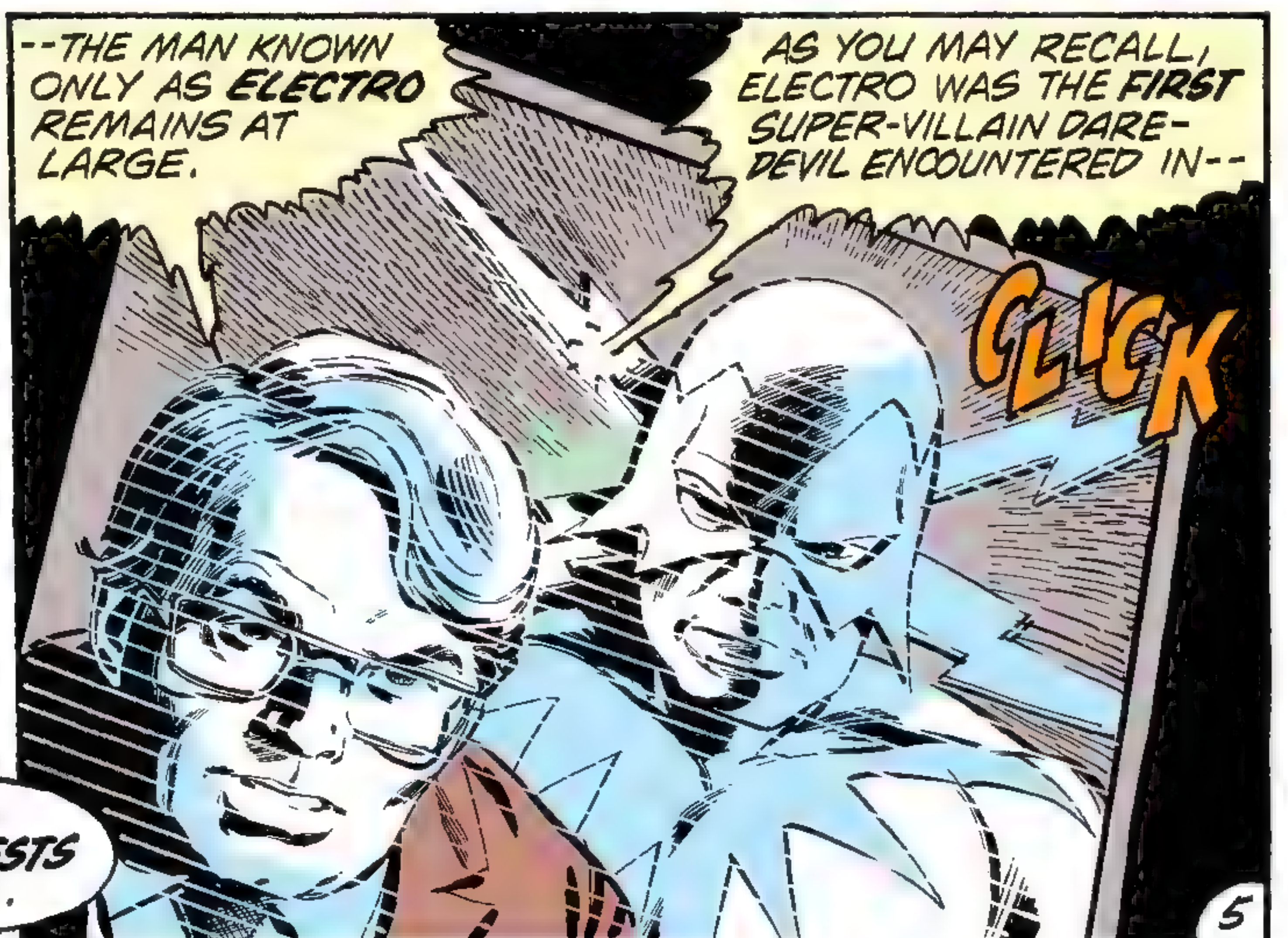
YET, AT THAT MOMENT...

...STILL ANOTHER FUGITIVE SOUGHT BY THE POLICE.

SIGHTED IN THE NORTH SHORE AREA FOUR DAYS AGO--

WAIT, LUCILLE.

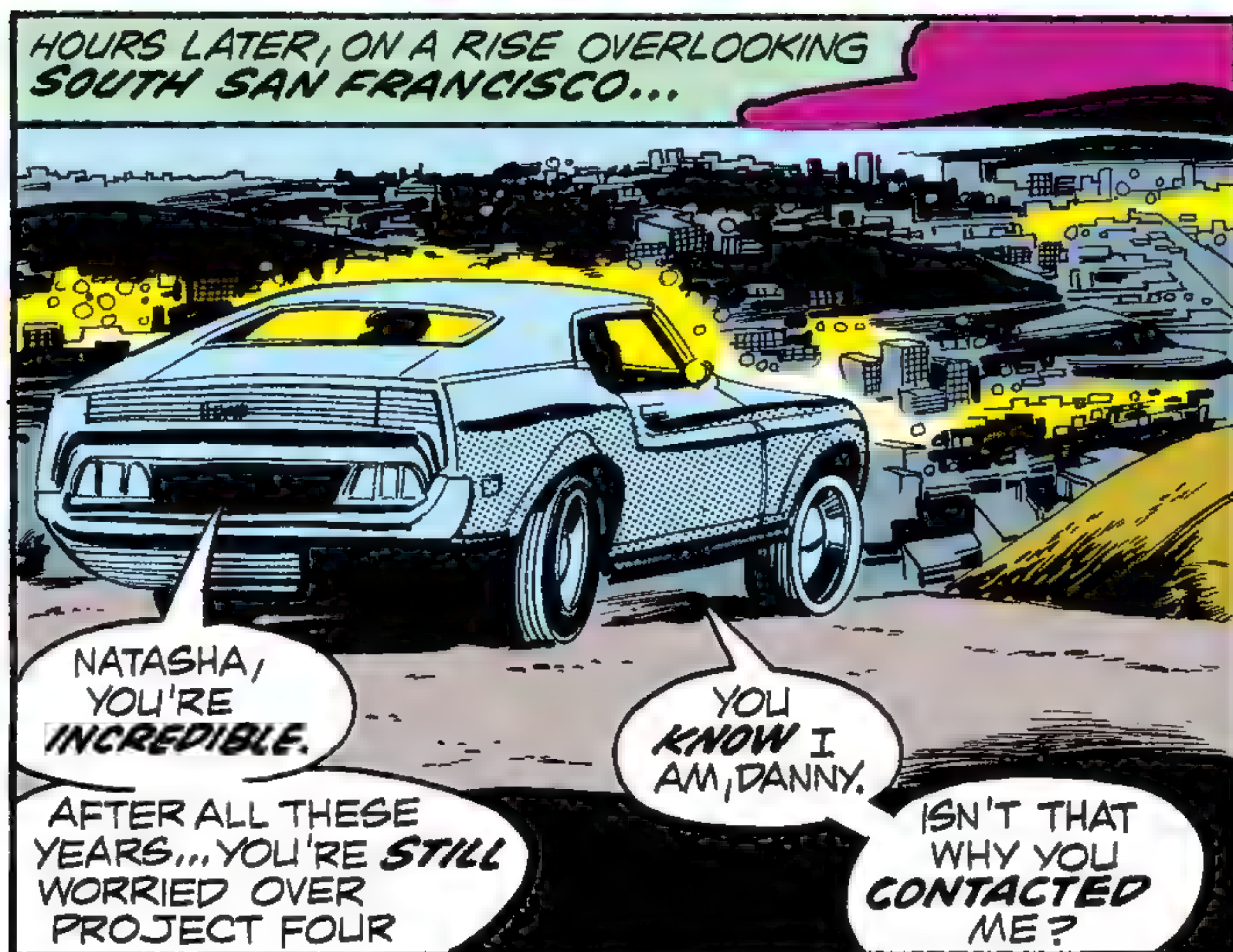
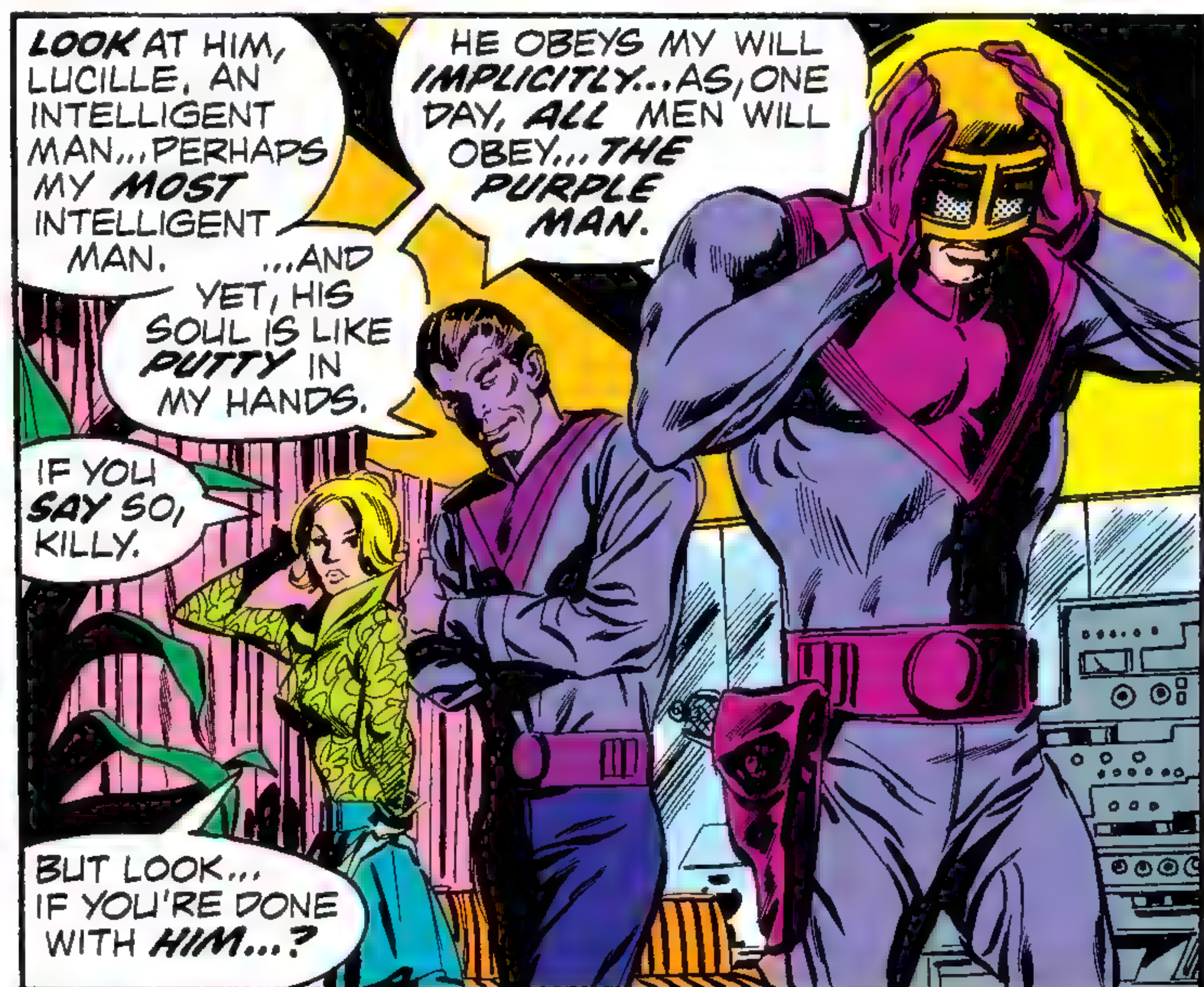
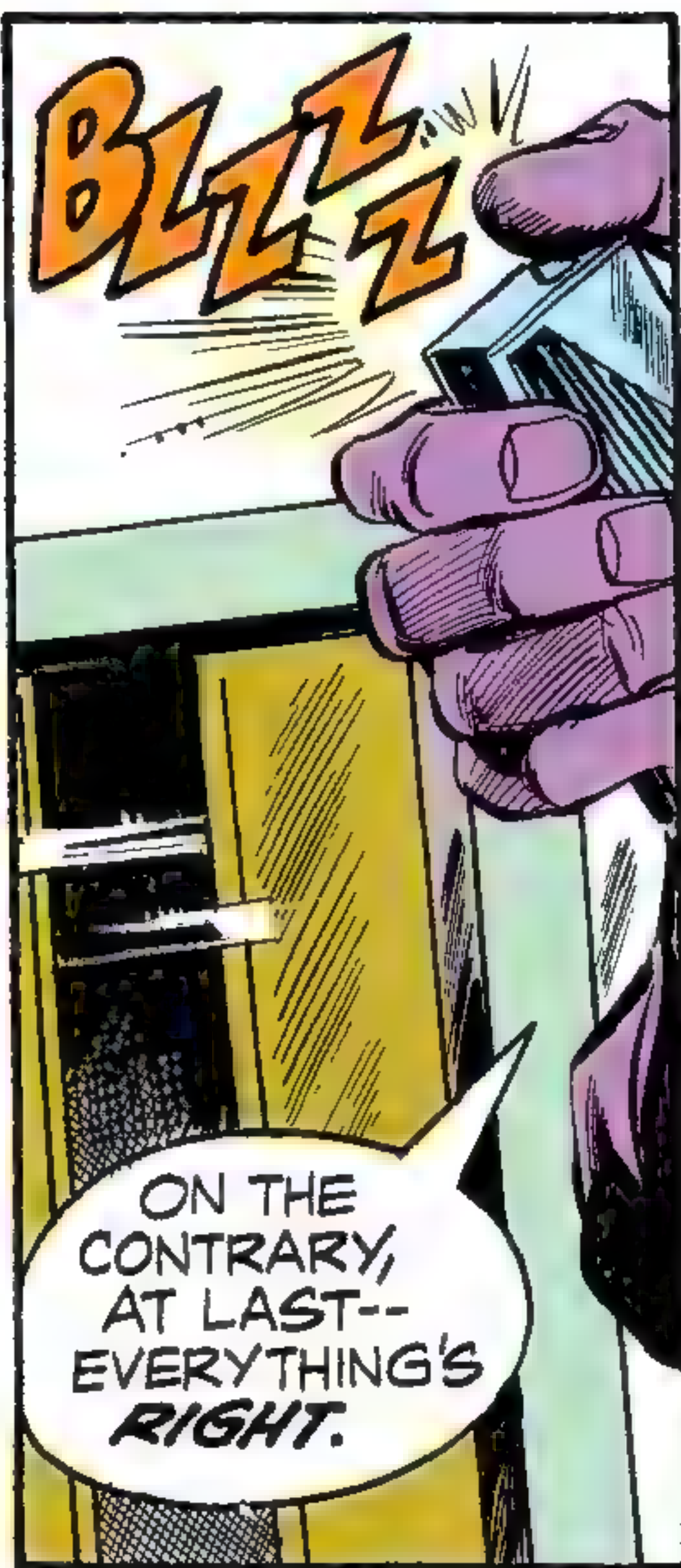
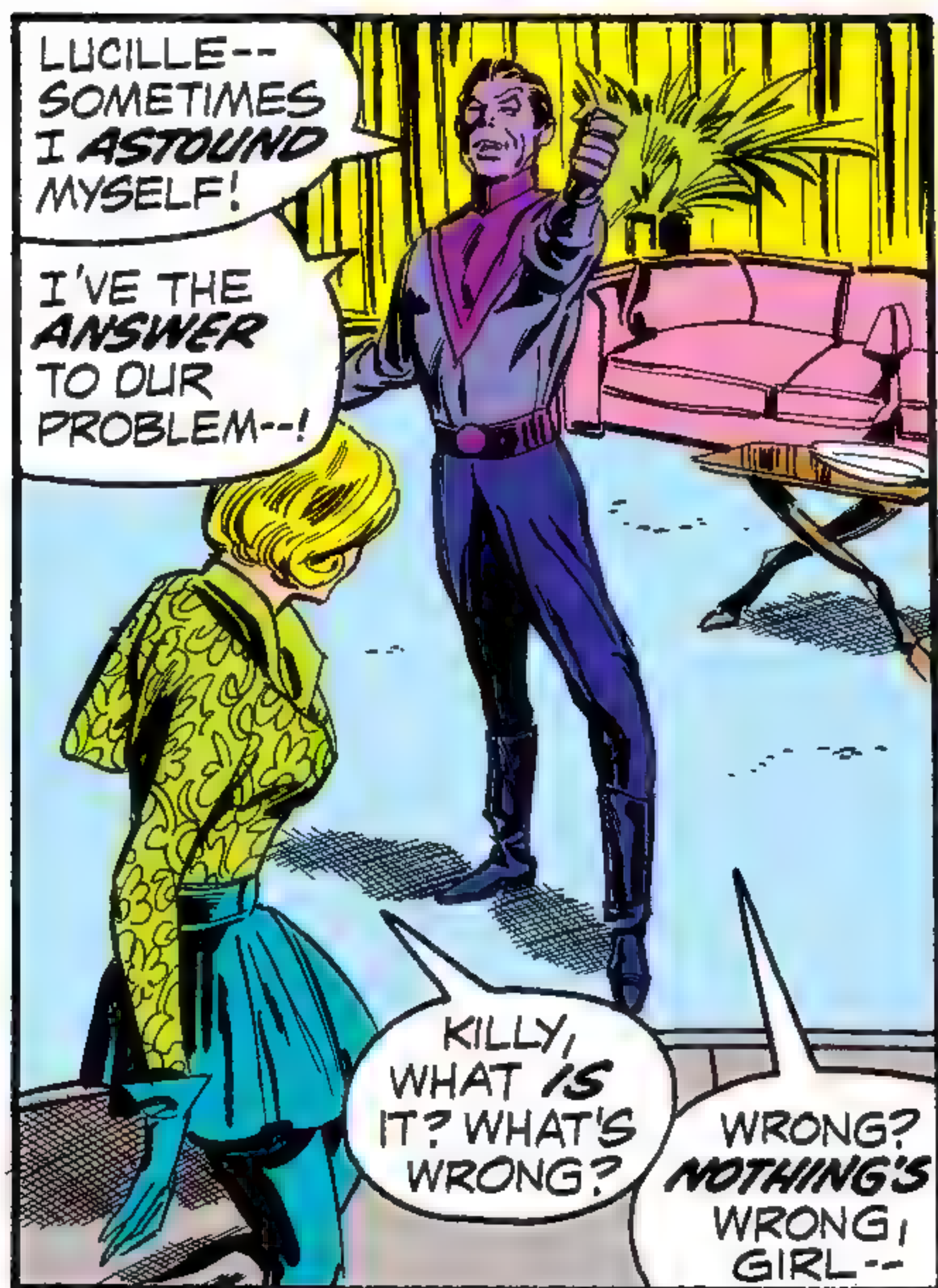
THIS INTERESTS ME.



--THE MAN KNOWN ONLY AS ELECTRO REMAINS AT LARGE.

AS YOU MAY RECALL, ELECTRO WAS THE FIRST SUPER-VILLAIN DARE-DEVIL ENCOUNTERED IN--

CLICK





DANNY,
PLEASE...
WE WERE
FRIENDS
ONCE. THAT
DOESN'T
MEAN...

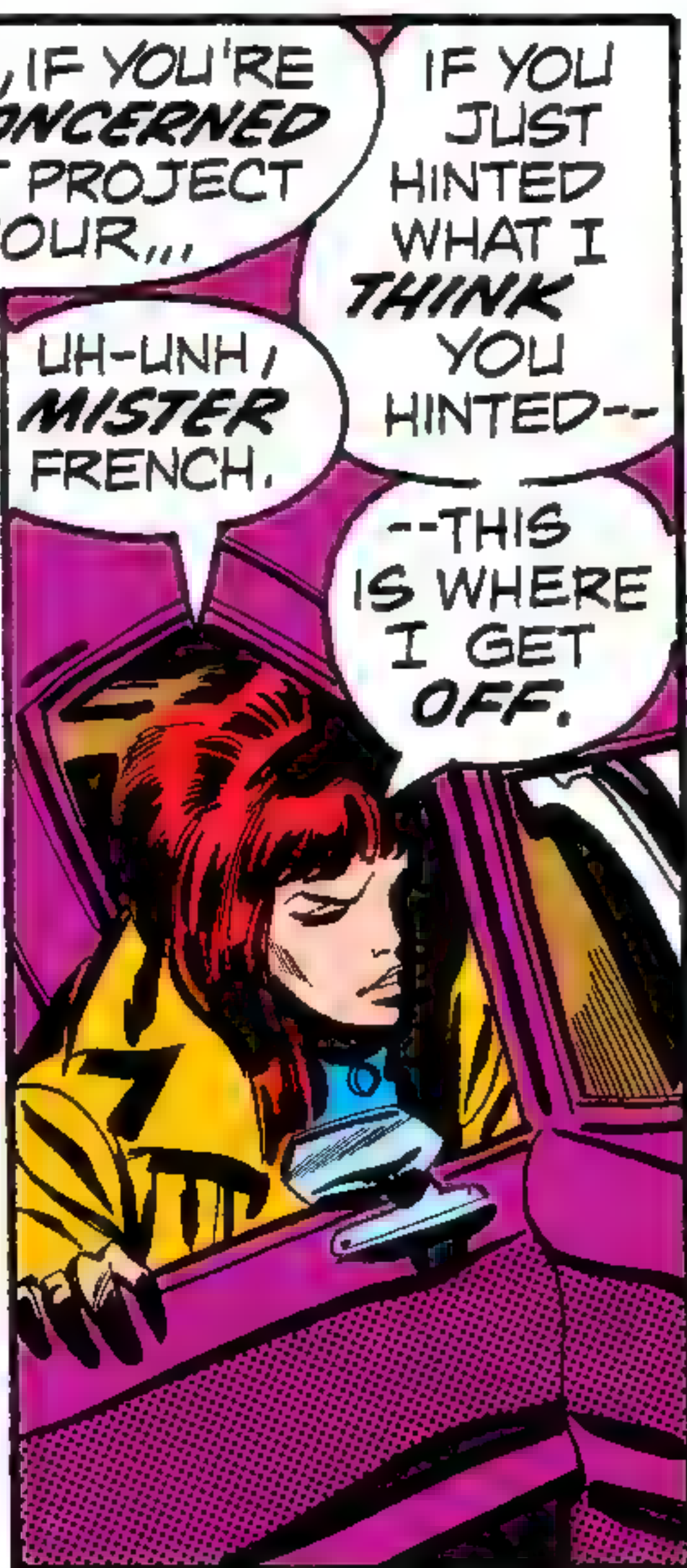
DOESN'T
IT,
NATASHA?

LOOK, IF YOU'RE
SO **CONCERNED**
ABOUT PROJECT
FOUR...

IF YOU
JUST
HINTED
WHAT I
THINK
YOU
HINTED--

UH-UH,
MISTER
FRENCH.

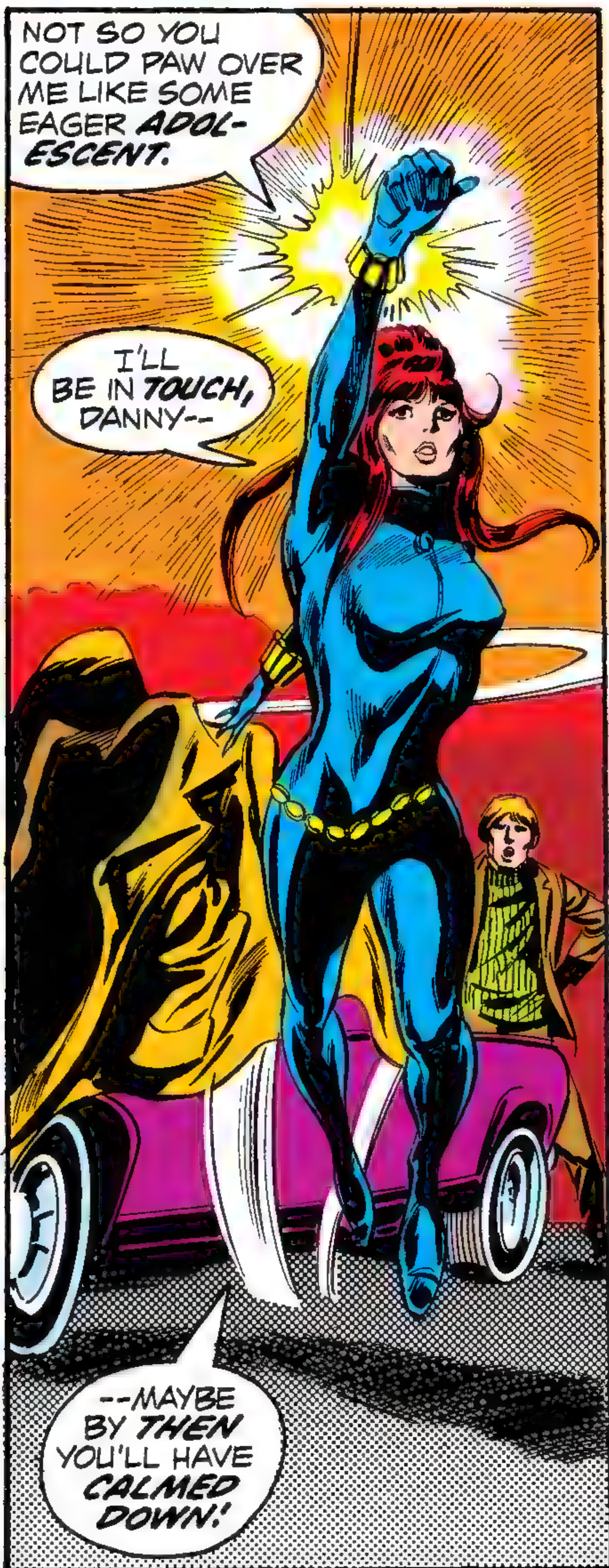
--THIS
IS WHERE
I GET
OFF.



HEY, LOOK,
HONEY--I DIDN'T
MEAN--!

SAY--
WHAT'RE YOU
DOING?

I AGREED TO
MEET YOU SO WE
COULD **TALK,**
DANNY--



NOT SO YOU
COULD PAW OVER
ME LIKE SOME
EAGER **ADOL-**
ESCENT.

I'LL
BE IN **TOUCH,**
DANNY--

--MAYBE
BY **THEN**
YOU'LL HAVE
CALMED
DOWN!

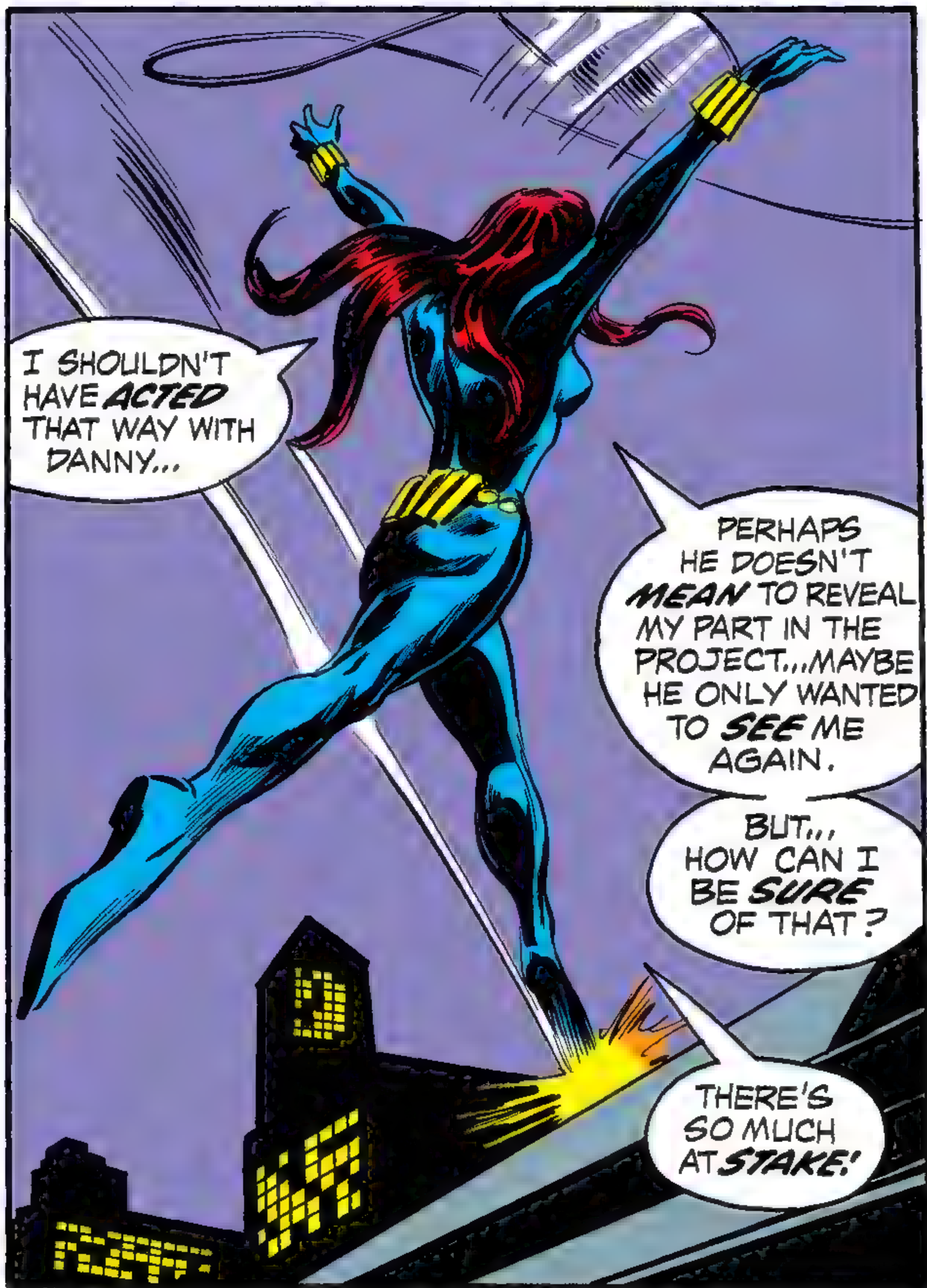
HER WIDOW'S WEB CATCHING THE SPIRE OF A DISTANT CHURCH, SHE ARCS **OUT--** AND EVEN AS SHE SWINGS, SHE FEELS HER HEART BEATING--**SLAMMING RAPIDLY** IN GROWING FEAR--

MATT AND I LEFT
NEW YORK TO GET
AWAY FROM
THIS SORT OF
THING--

--FROM THE
CONSTANT **SUSPICION--**
THE GROWING APPRE-
HENSION NEITHER OF
US COULD **EVER**
QUITE ABANDON--!

HAVE WE JUST CHANGED
LOCALES? WILL THE
PERSECUTION START
ALL **OVER** AGAIN--
HERE, IN **SAN**
FRANCISCO?





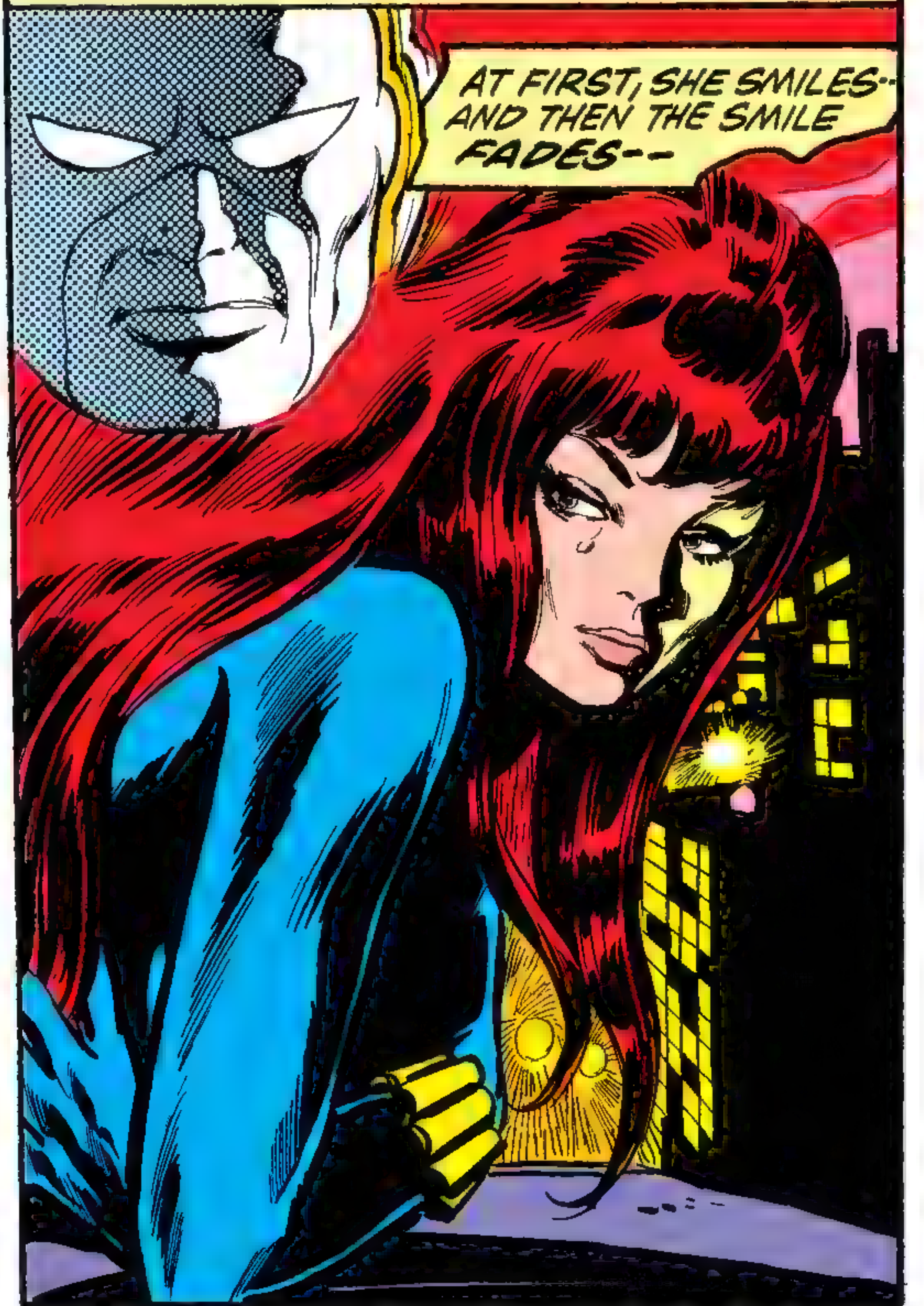
I SHOULDN'T HAVE **ACTED** THAT WAY WITH DANNY...

PERHAPS HE DOESN'T **MEAN** TO REVEAL MY PART IN THE PROJECT...MAYBE HE ONLY WANTED TO **SEE** ME AGAIN.

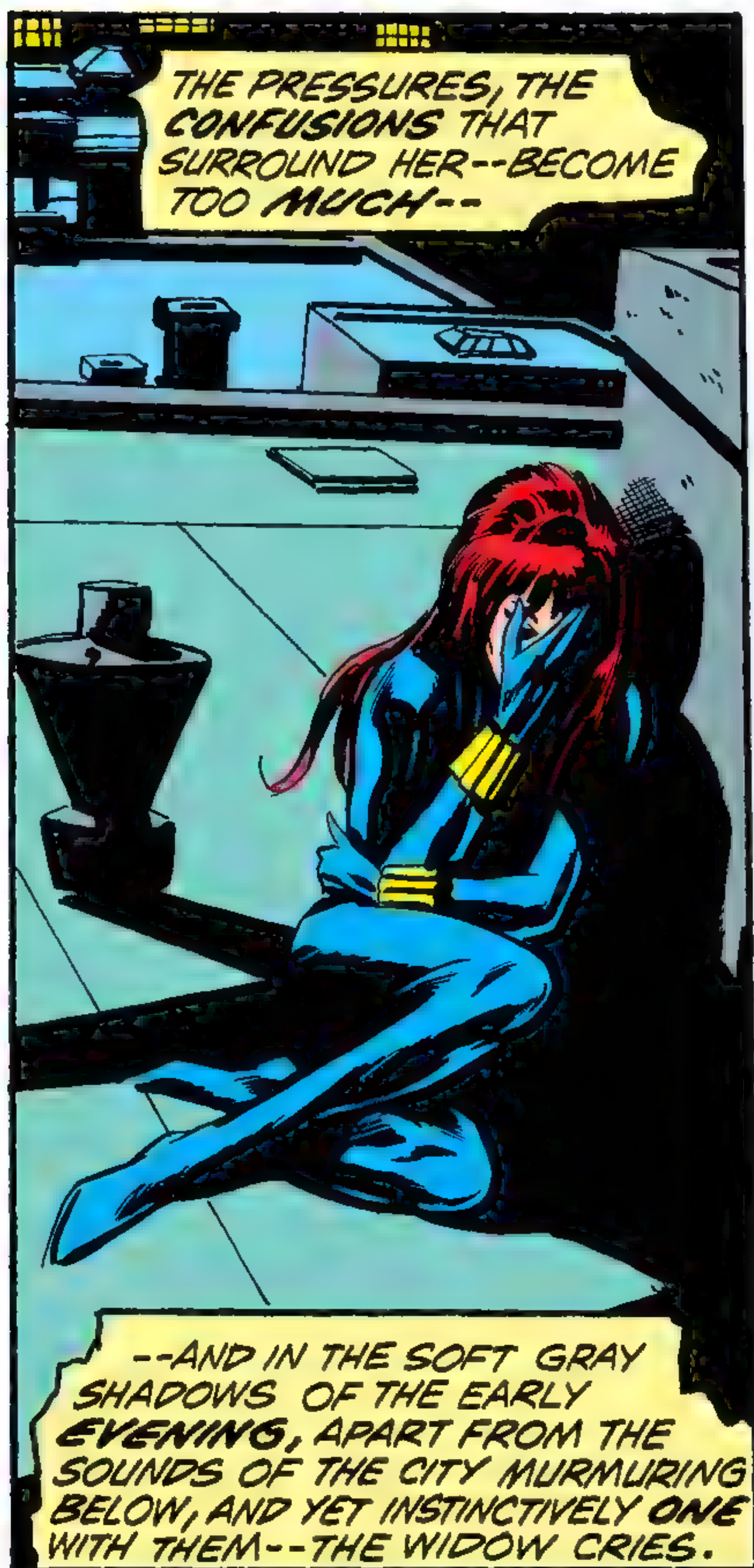
BUT... HOW CAN I BE **SURE** OF THAT?

THERE'S SO MUCH AT **STAKE!**

UNBIDDEN, THE IMAGE OF THE MAN SHE LOVES --OR THINKS SHE LOVES-- RISES FROM THE DARKNESS OF HER THOUGHTS--



AT FIRST, SHE SMILES-- AND THEN THE SMILE **FADES--**



THE PRESSURES, THE **CONFUSIONS** THAT SURROUND HER--BECOME TOO MUCH--

--AND IN THE SOFT GRAY SHADOWS OF THE EARLY **EVENING**, APART FROM THE SOUNDS OF THE CITY MURMURING BELOW, AND YET INSTINCTIVELY **ONE** WITH THEM--THE WIDOW CRIES.



WHILE, IN THE SITTING ROOM OF A CERTAIN POST-BELLUM **MANSION** OVERLOOKING THE NORTH SHORE...

DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME **IN**, MATT.

BUSY DAY...?

MORE OR **LESS**, IVAN. YOU SAID EARLIER THAT SOMEBODY **CALLED?**

YEH, SOME GUY NAMED **CRANSTON**.

SAID FOR YOU TO CALL HIM **BACK**.

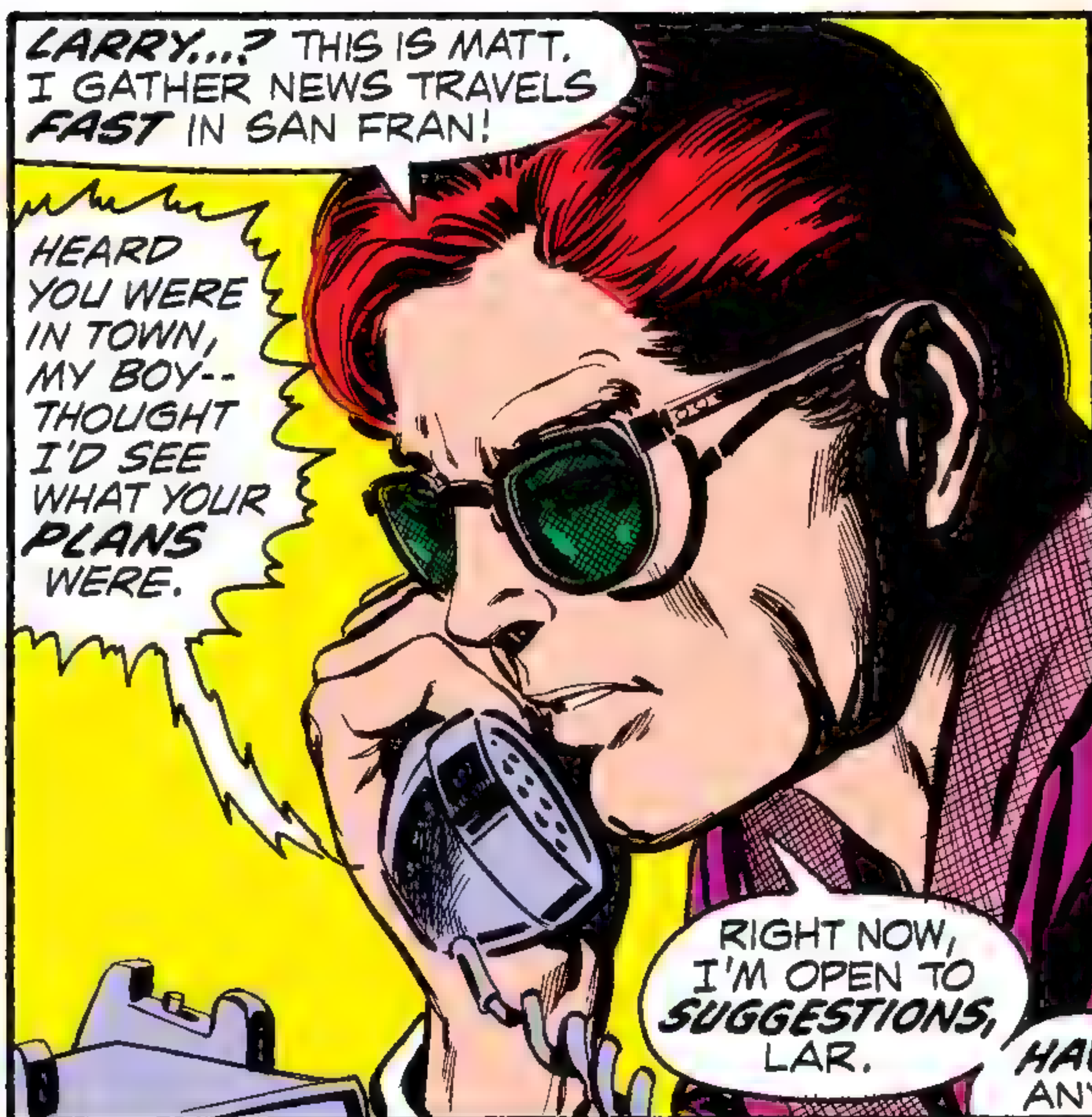


LARRY CRANSTON, **HMM?** ONE OF THE **BETTER** CRIMINAL LAWYERS IN THE STATES.

GUESS THAT'S THE **MAN**,

CAN'T GET OVER THE WAY MURDOCK MOVES...JUST LIKE HE WASN'T **BLIND**.

THE WAY HE DIALS THAT **PHONE** ... SENDS **CHILLS** UP MY SPINE!



LARRY...? THIS IS MATT.
I GATHER NEWS TRAVELS
FAST IN SAN FRAN!

HEARD
YOU WERE
IN TOWN,
MY BOY--
THOUGHT
I'D SEE
WHAT YOUR
PLANS
WERE.

RIGHT NOW,
I'M OPEN TO
SUGGESTIONS,
LAR.

HAVE
ANY?

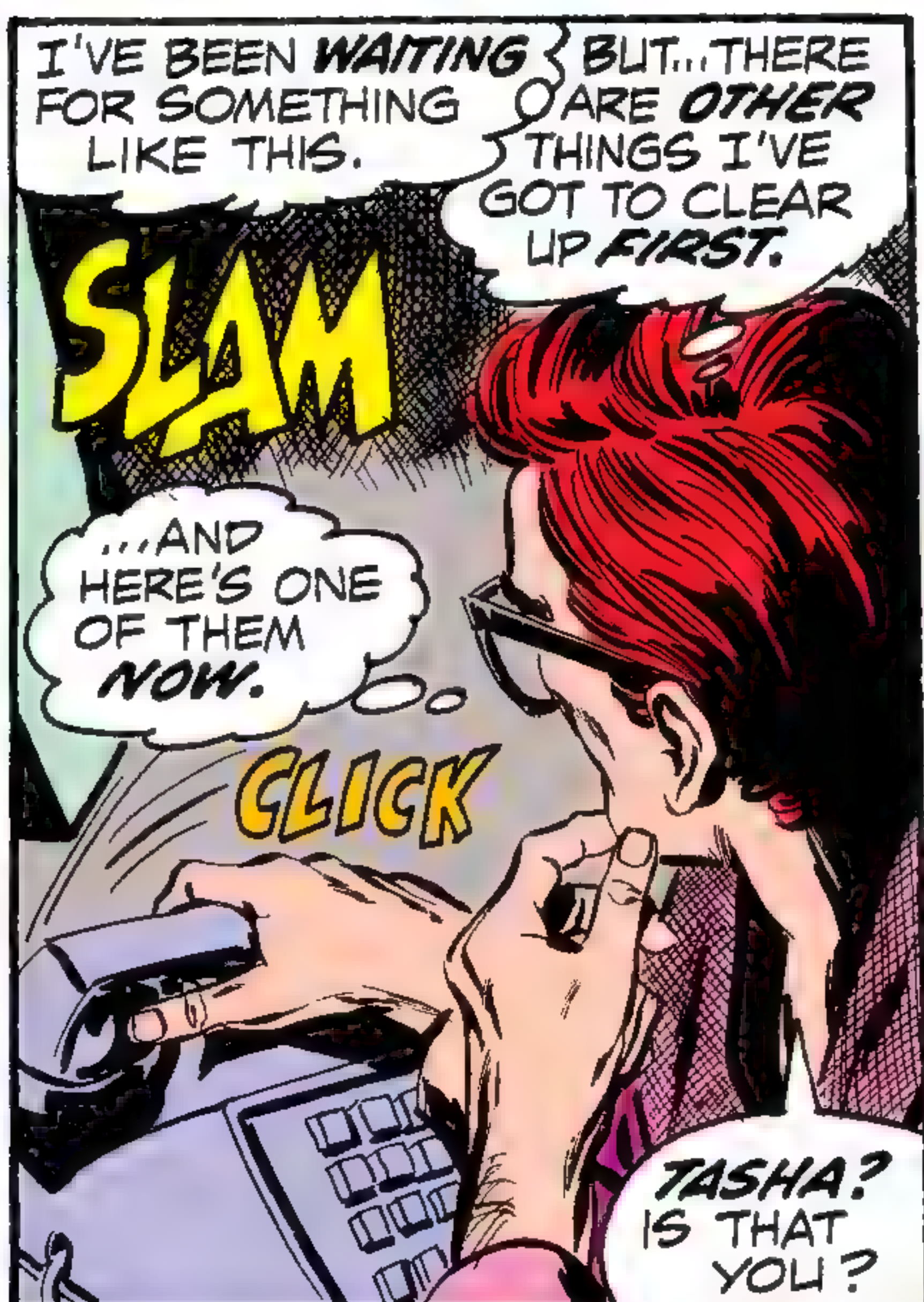


AS A MATTER
OF **FACT**,
MATT--I
DO.

--I WAS TALKING
TO MY SENIOR
PARTNER, FRANK
SLOAN-- AND WE
THOUGHT WE'D
OFFER YOU A
POSITION.

...FINE, MATT.
THINK ON
IT, THEN.

CALL ME
FRIDAY WITH
YOUR **ANSWER**.



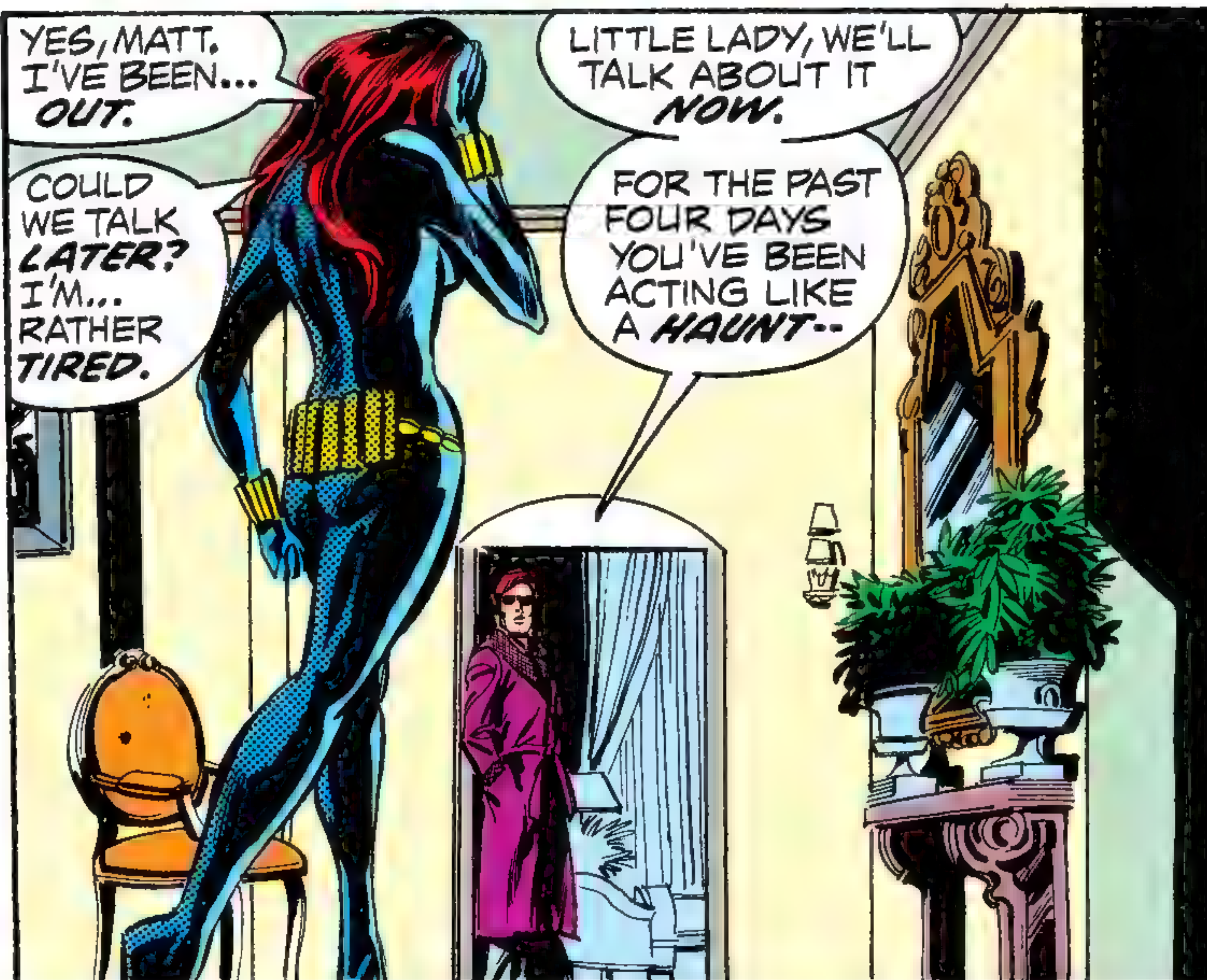
I'VE BEEN WAITING } BUT...THERE
FOR SOMETHING } ARE **OTHER**
LIKE THIS. } THINGS I'VE
GOT TO CLEAR
UP **FIRST**.

SLAM

...AND
HERE'S ONE
OF THEM
NOW.

CLICK

TASHA?
IS THAT
YOU?



YES, MATT.
I'VE BEEN...
OUT.

COULD
WE TALK
LATER?
I'M...
RATHER
TIRED.

LITTLE LADY, WE'LL
TALK ABOUT IT
NOW.

FOR THE PAST
FOUR DAYS
YOU'VE BEEN
ACTING LIKE
A **HAUNT**--



--AND HONEY,
I'M--

BLAST IT,
WIDOW--
I'M
TALKING
TO YOU!

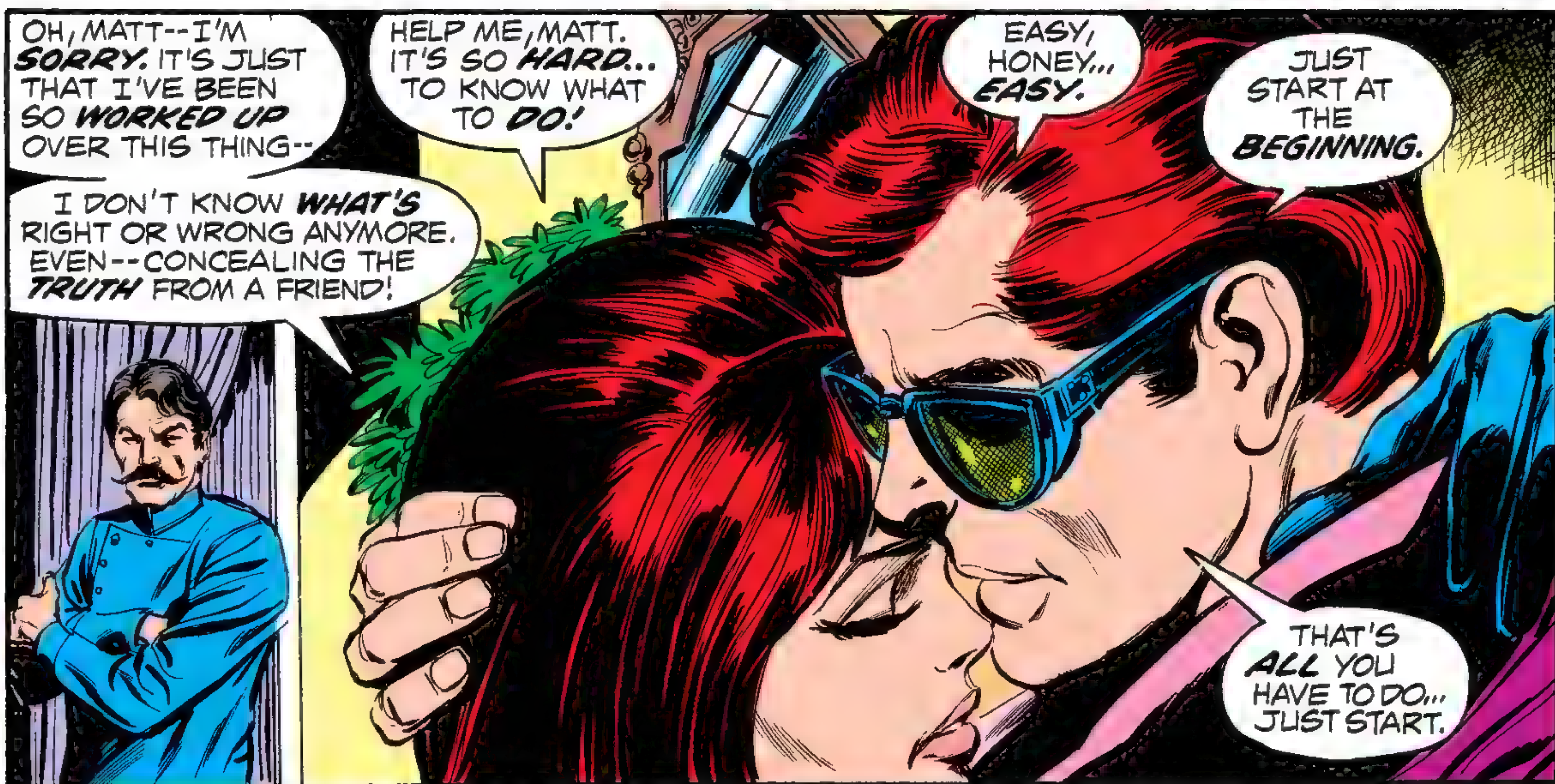
NOT
NOW,
MATT.

PLEASE...
NOT **NOW**.



MAYBE
I AM JUST
A **BLIND** MAN,
TASHA...

...BUT IT DOESN'T
TAKE A **SIGHTED** MAN
TO TELL YOU'VE BEEN **CRYING**.



OH, MATT--I'M **SORRY**. IT'S JUST THAT I'VE BEEN SO **WORKED UP** OVER THIS THING--

HELP ME, MATT. IT'S SO **HARD...** TO KNOW WHAT TO **DO!**

EASY, HONEY... **EASY.**

JUST START AT THE **BEGINNING.**

I DON'T KNOW **WHAT'S** RIGHT OR WRONG ANYMORE. EVEN--CONCEALING THE **TRUTH** FROM A FRIEND!

THAT'S **ALL** YOU HAVE TO DO... JUST START.

CUT TO: A DISMAL, DARKENED WAREHOUSE SEVERAL BLOCKS SOUTH OF OUR PRECEEDING SCENE...

SOUND OVER: THE GRIM **CREAK** OF A LIFTING TRAP-DOOR, A WHISPERED GREETING, A **SNARLED REPLY...**

YOU'RE THE GUY THEY CALL **ELECTRO**, RIGHT?

UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, MY UNTIMELY FRIEND--!

--YOU'VE GOTTA **DIE!**

NOW THAT YOU'VE **FOUND ME--**



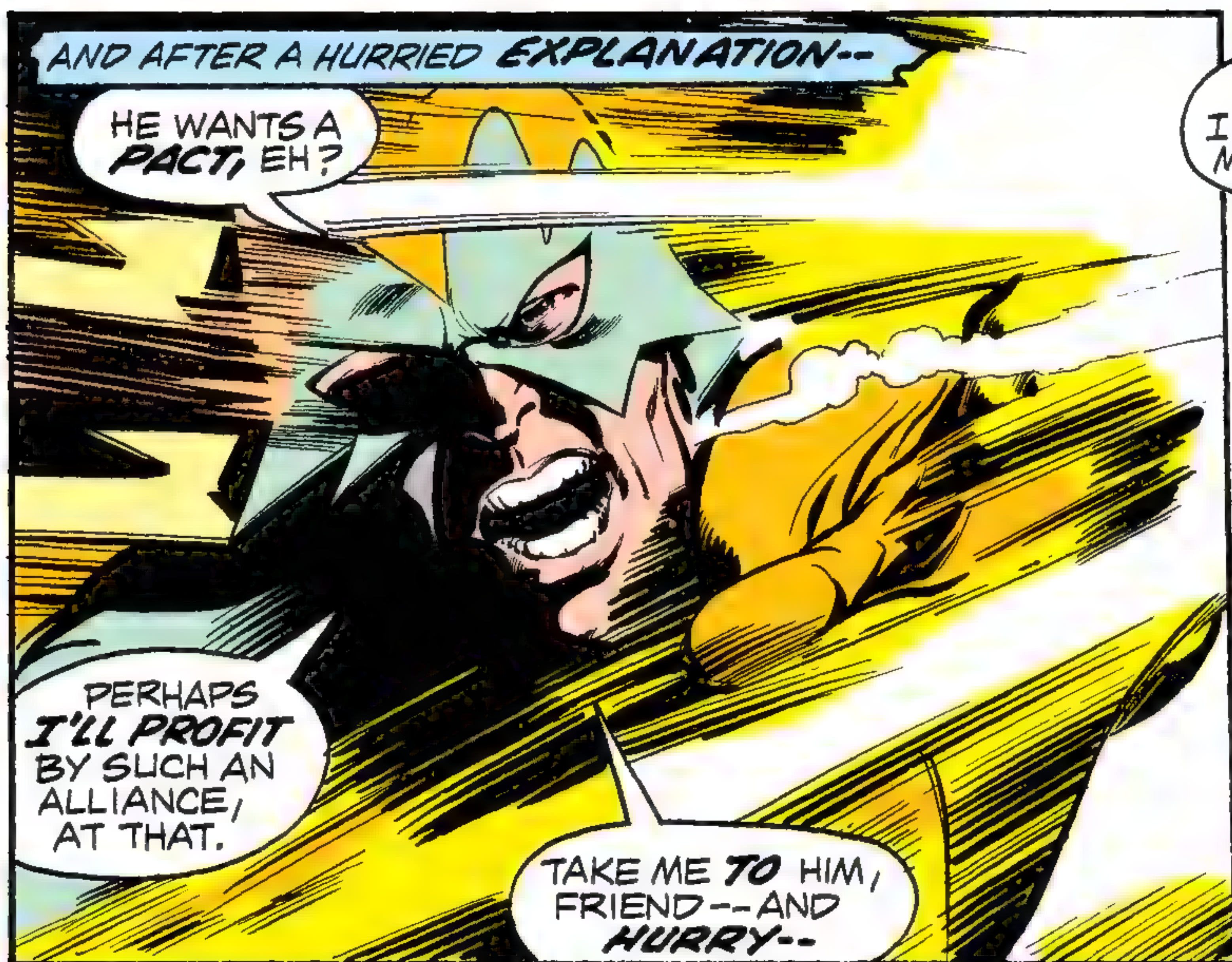
WAIT--DON'T BE A **FOOL--**

--KILLGRAVE-- WANTS TO **SEE YOU--**

--SOME KINDA **JOB--** AGAINST **DAREDEVIL!**

DAREDEVIL?

WHAT DOES THIS KILLGRAVE WANT WITH THAT ACCURSED COSTUMED **DOLT?**



AND AFTER A HURRIED EXPLANATION--

HE WANTS A
PACT, EH?

PERHAPS
I'LL PROFIT
BY SUCH AN
ALLIANCE,
AT THAT.

TAKE ME **TO** HIM,
FRIEND-- AND
HURRY--



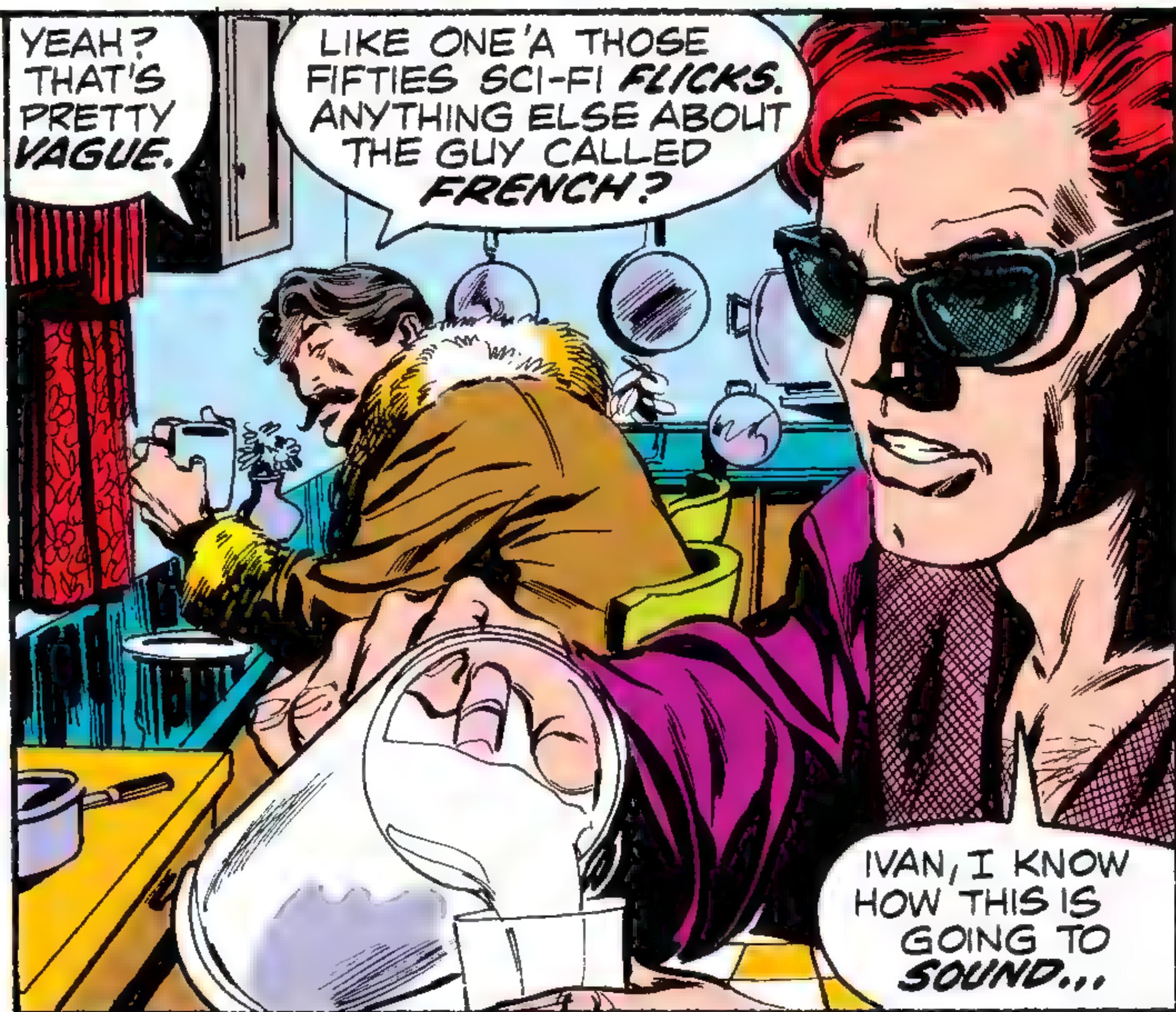
--'LEST
I CHANGE
MY **MIND**.



SOON, AT THE WIDOW'S
MANSION...

WELL, MATT?
WHAT'D SHE
HAVE TO SAY?

SOMETHING
ABOUT A PLAN
CALLED **PRO-
JECT FOUR...**



YEAH?
THAT'S
PRETTY
VAGUE.

LIKE ONE'A THOSE
FIFTIES SCI-FI **FLICKS**.
ANYTHING ELSE ABOUT
THE GUY CALLED
FRENCH?

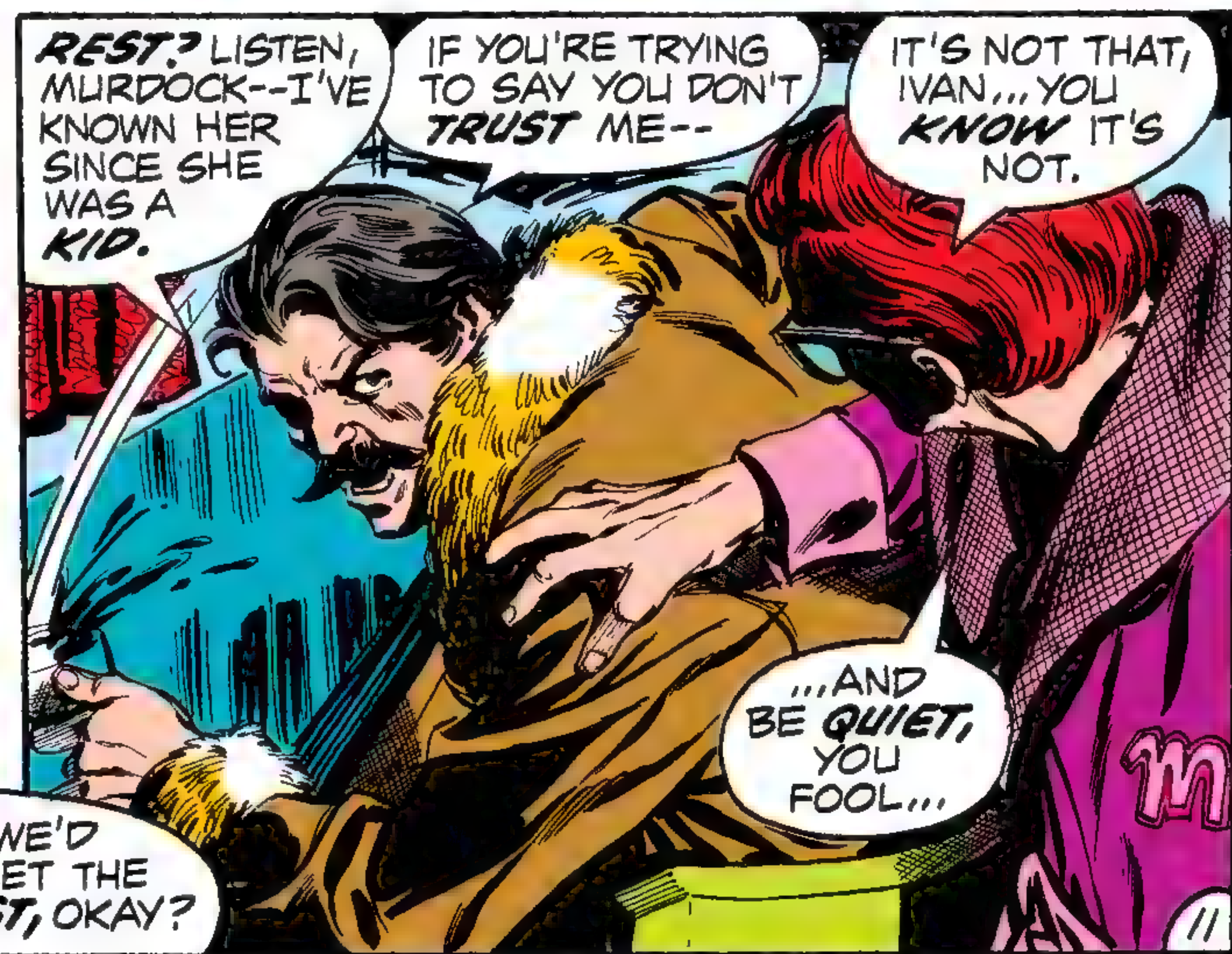
IVAN, I KNOW
HOW THIS IS
GOING TO
SOUND...



...BUT I'M
NOT REALLY
SURE I
SHOULD
TELL
YOU.

TASHA'S
UPSET...
FRIGHTENED.

MAYBE WE'D
BETTER JUST LET THE
WHOLE THING **REST**, OKAY?



REST? LISTEN,
MURDOCK--I'VE
KNOWN HER
SINCE SHE
WAS A
KID.

IF YOU'RE TRYING
TO SAY YOU DON'T
TRUST ME--

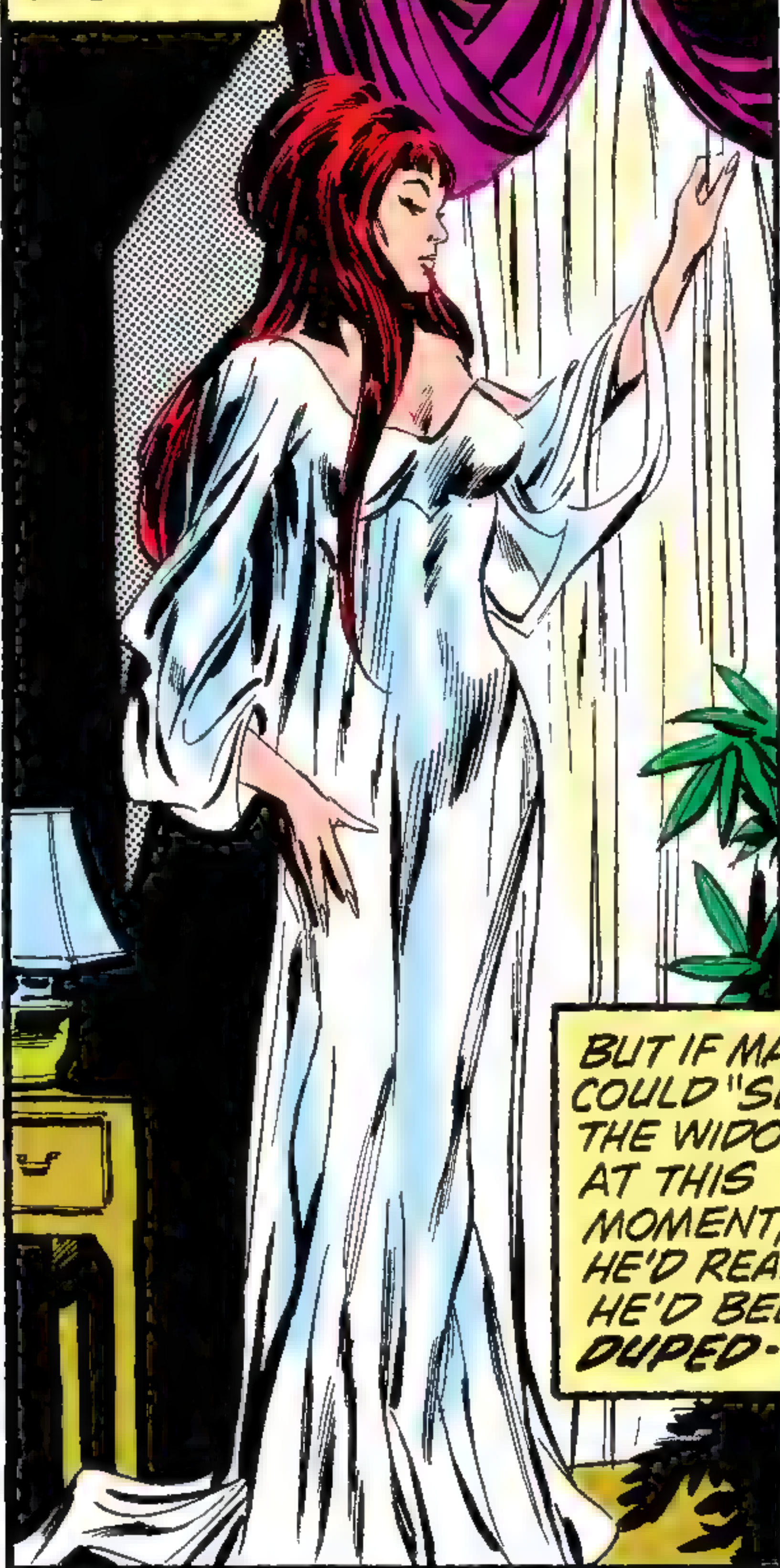
IT'S NOT THAT,
IVAN... YOU
KNOW IT'S
NOT.

...AND
BE **QUIET**,
YOU
FOOL...

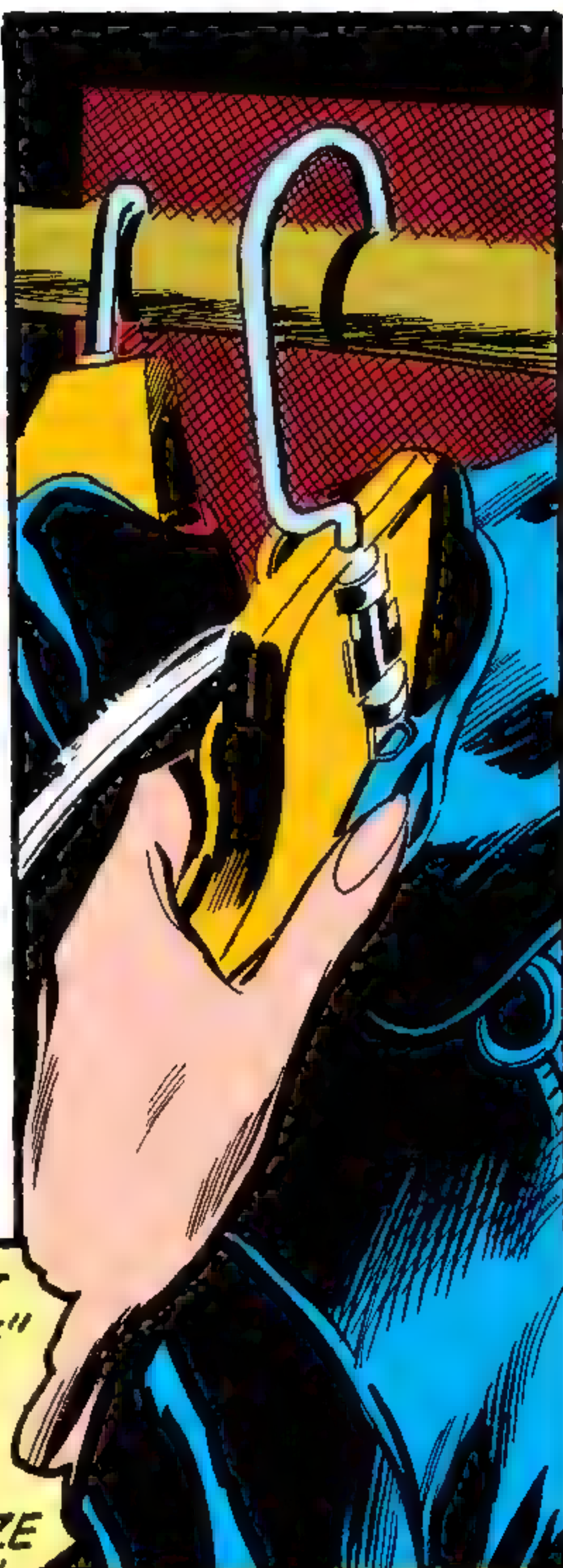
M

11

"...SHE'S TRYING TO GET SOME SLEEP."

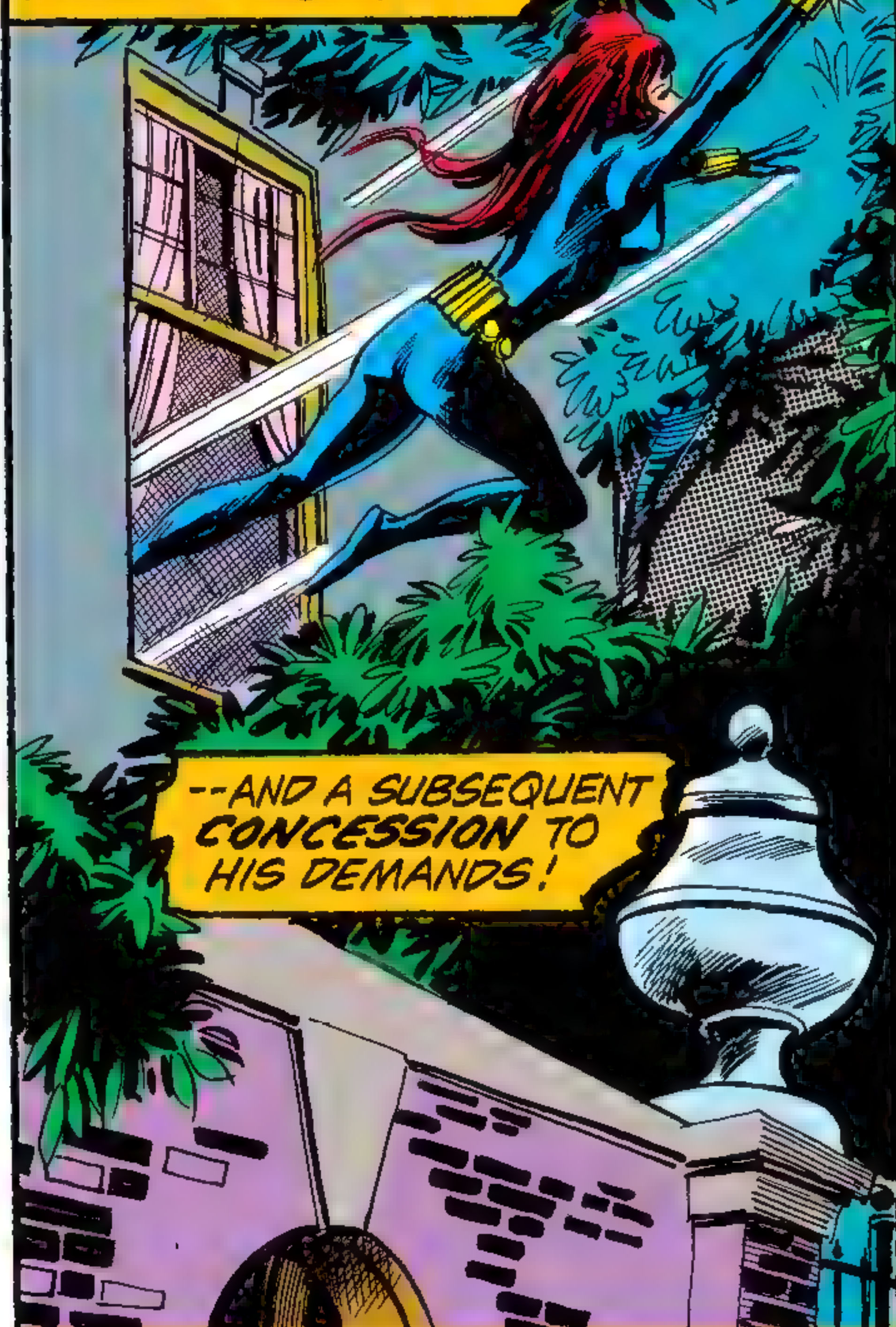


BUT IF MATT COULD "SEE" THE WIDOW AT THIS MOMENT, HE'D REALIZE HE'D BEEN DUPED--



--THAT WHEN SHE ASKED TO BE ALONE, SHE HAD THINGS OTHER THAN REST IN MIND--

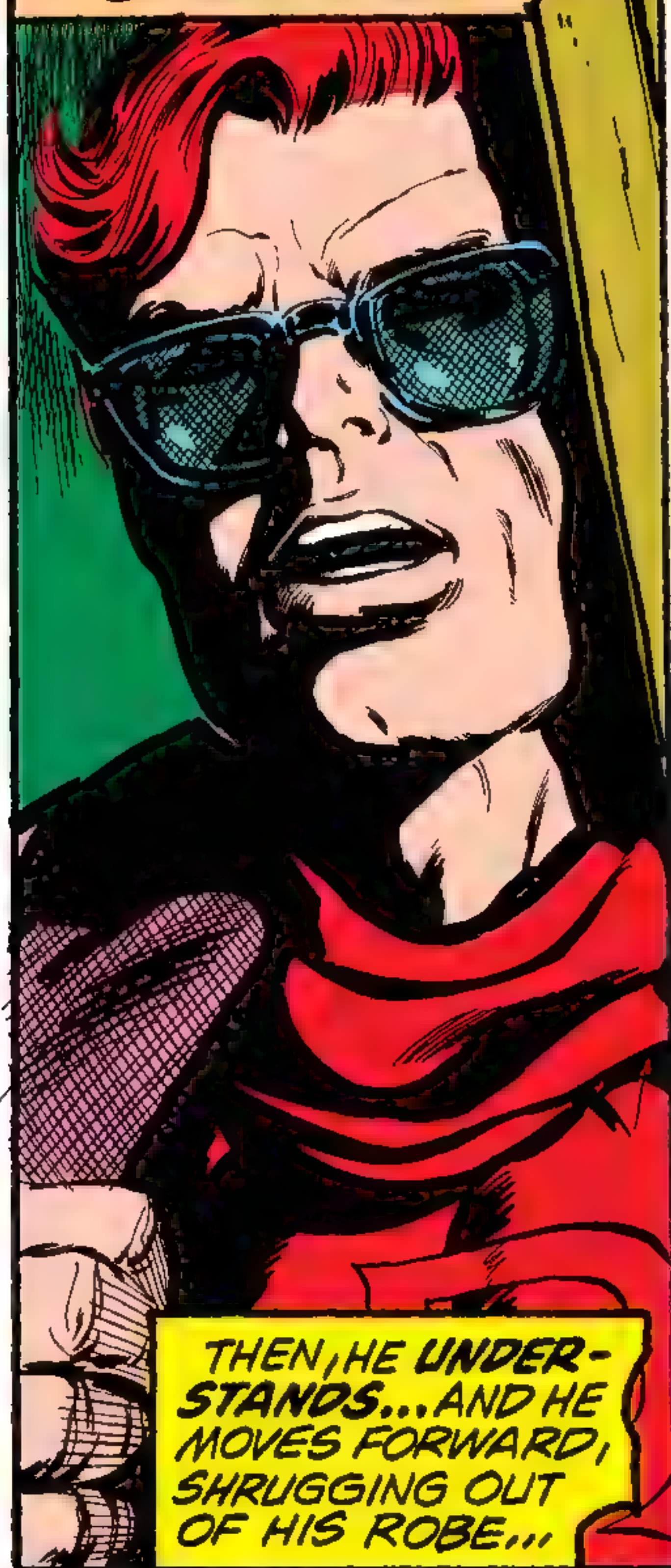
--AND ONE OF THEM CONCERNS THE FINDING OF A CERTAIN DANNY FRENCH--



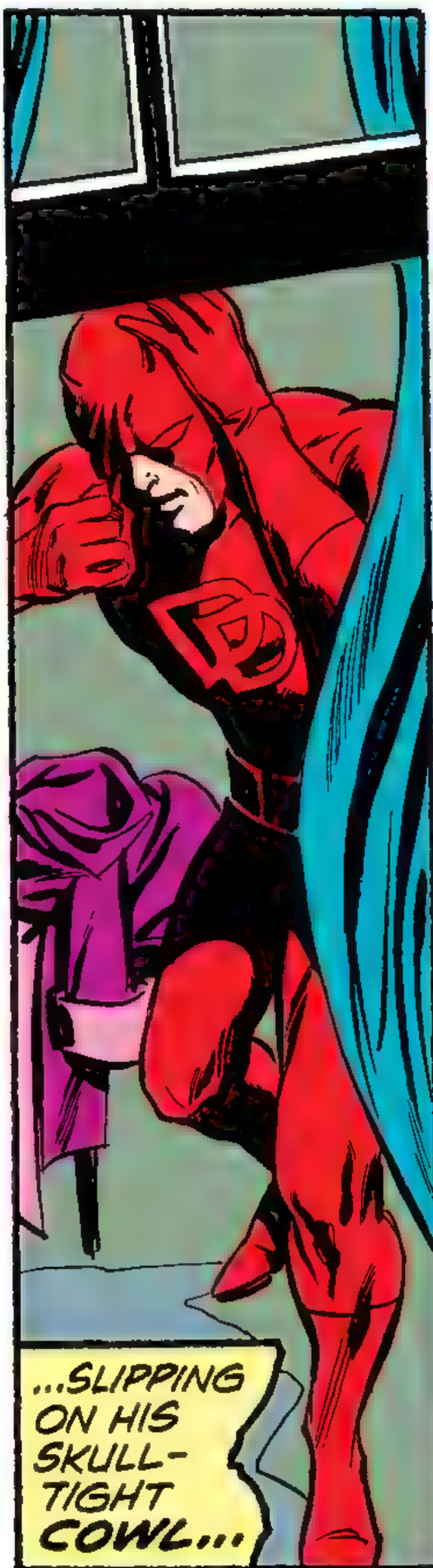
--AND A SUBSEQUENT CONCESSION TO HIS DEMANDS!

BEHIND HER IN THE STREET-LEVEL SUITE SHE'S TAKEN FOR HER ROOMS, THE DOOR EASES GENTLY OPEN--!

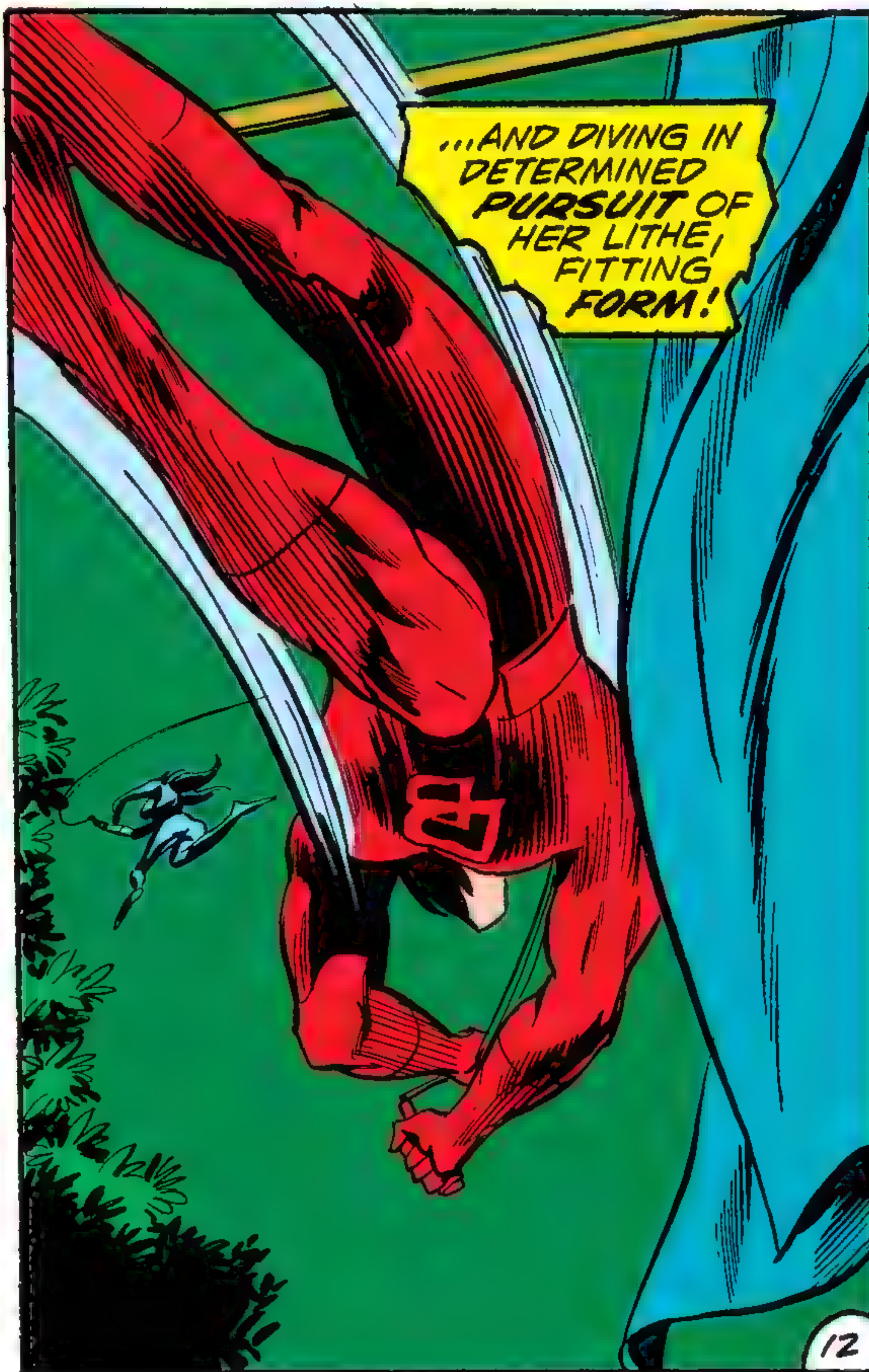
FOR A MOMENT, MATT STANDS SILENT, SEARCHING FOR THE FAMILIAR SOUND OF BREATHING...



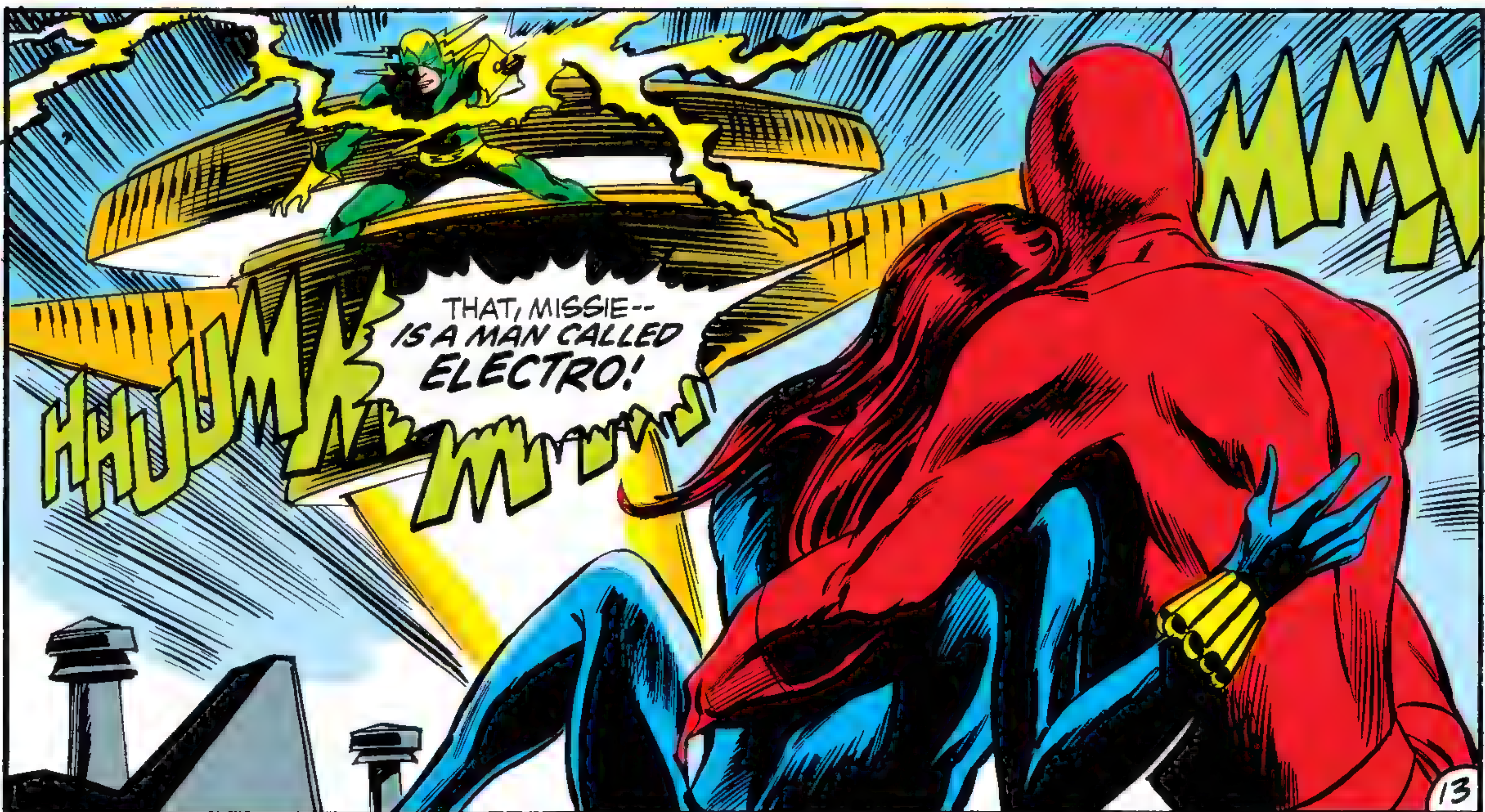
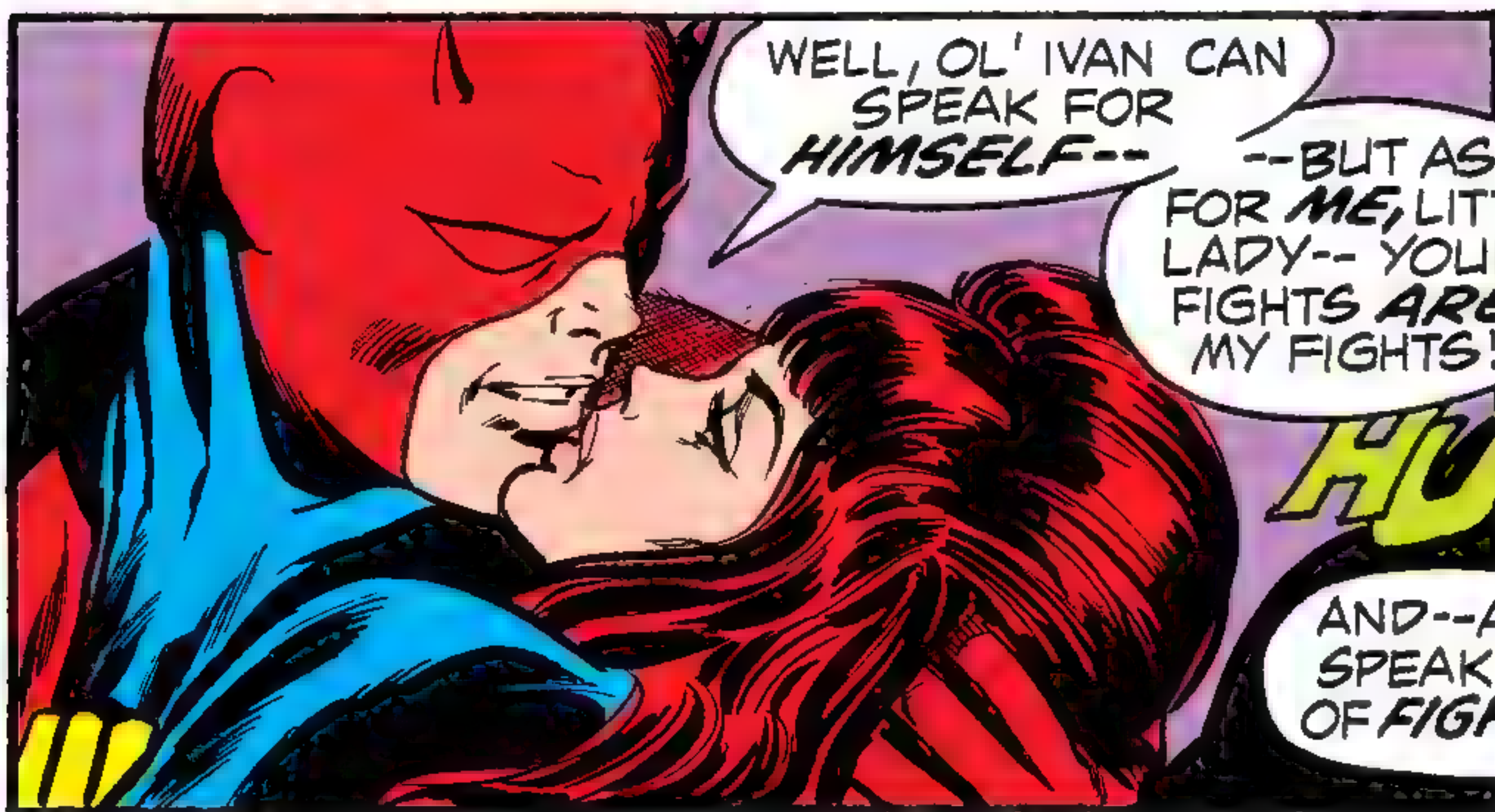
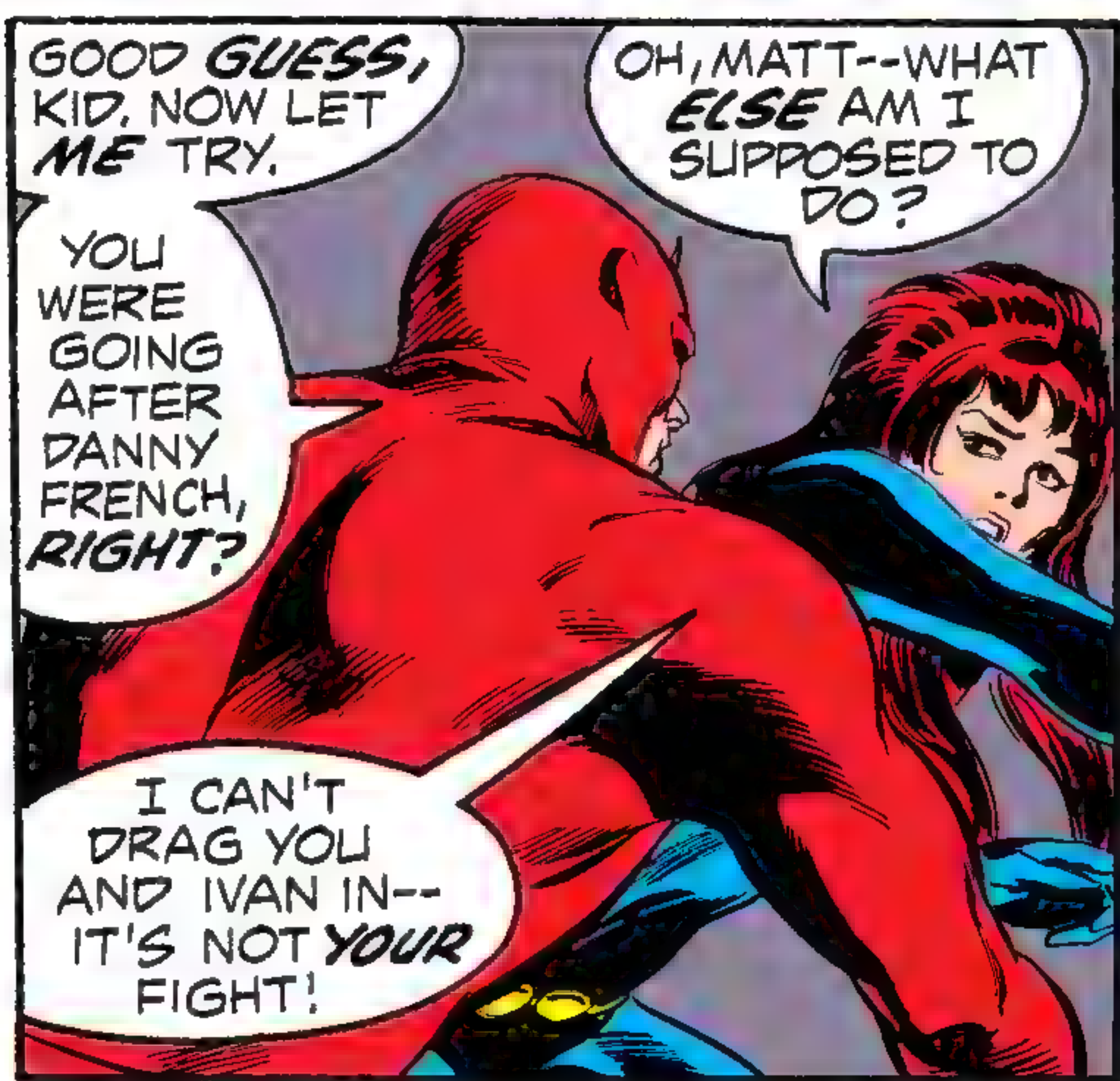
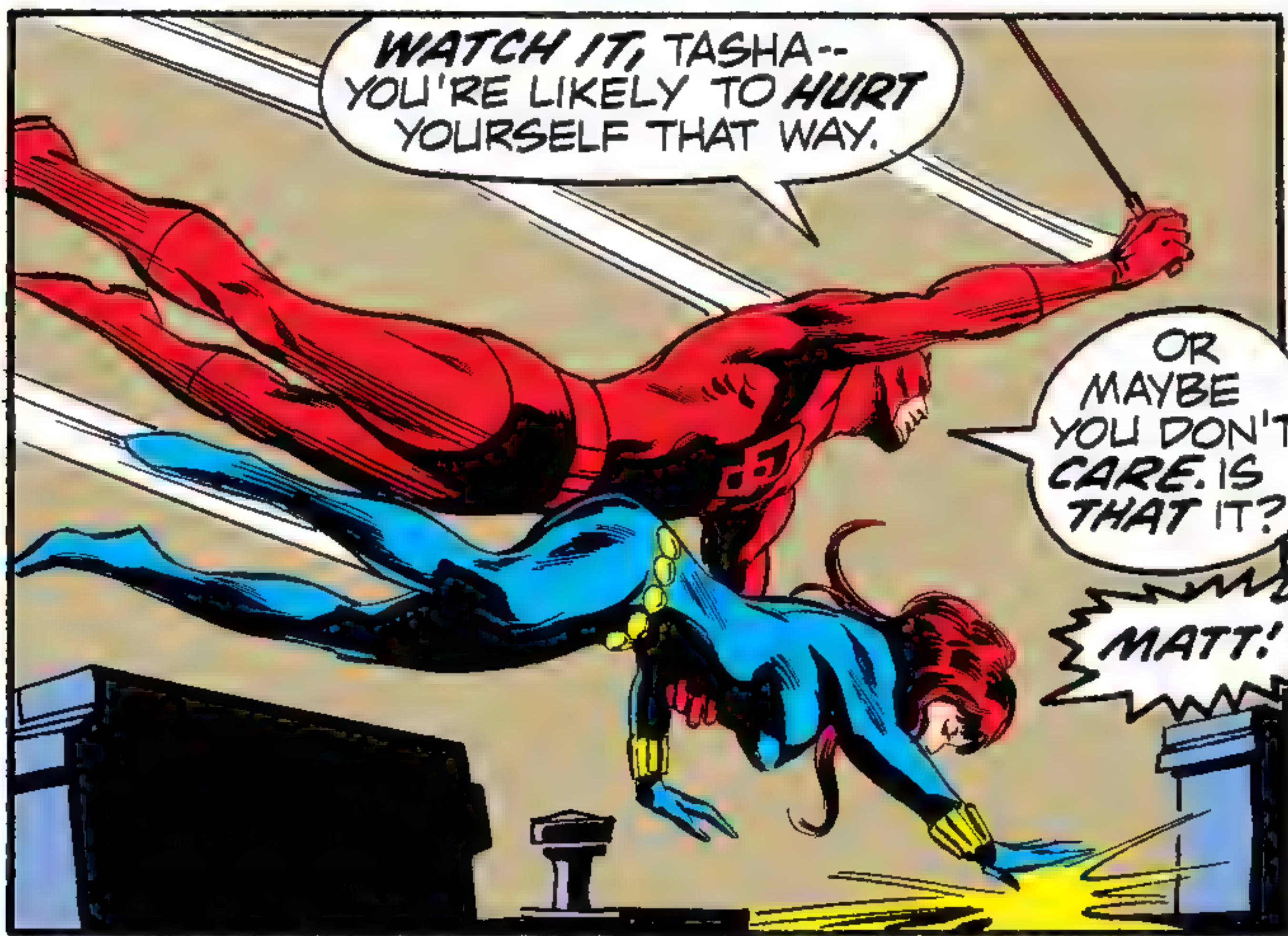
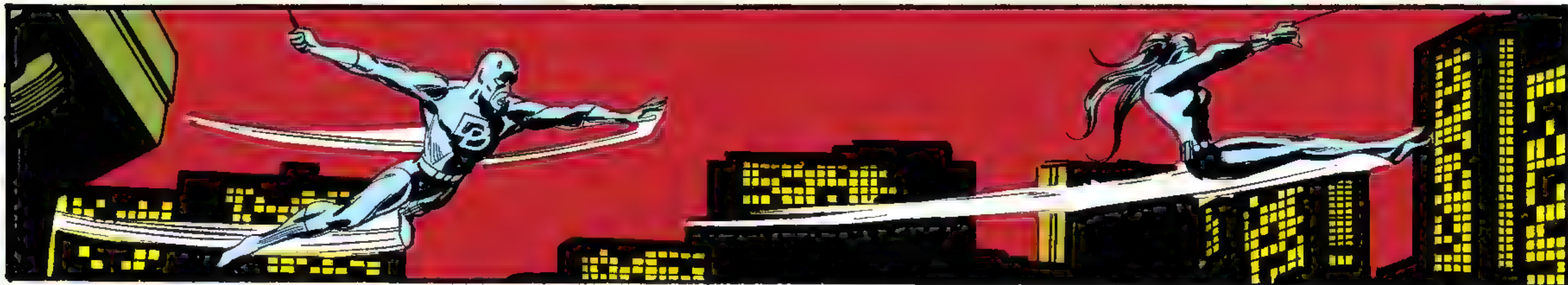
THEN, HE UNDERSTANDS...AND HE MOVES FORWARD, SHRUGGING OUT OF HIS ROBE...



...SLIPPING ON HIS SKULL-TIGHT COWL...



...AND DIVING IN DETERMINED PURSUIT OF HER LITHE, FITTING FORM!



HIS LIPS DRAW BACK IN A *SNEER*, A HOLLOW LAUGH ECHOING OVER THE EVENING ROOFTOPS--AND IN THE SOFT BLUE LIGHT RADIATING *BEHIND* HIM, HIS FEATURES ARE SHADOWED, *SATURNINE*--!

THEN, THE GRIN *FADES*-- THE EYES NARROW, GROWING *COLDER*--! HIS HANDS CLENCH AT HIS SIDES, OPEN INTO *BIRDLIKE CLAWS*--AND WITH A MAD BELLOW OF *INSANE RAGE*, HE *DIVES*--!

NOW, MISTER--

--YOU MADE ME *RUN* THE LAST TIME WE FOUGHT--

--SO I'VE GOT A LITTLE *DEBT*--

MOVE, TASHA--

ELECTRO'S DANGEROUS, BUT NOT *HALF* AS DANGEROUS AS THE MAN I'D LAY ODDS IS PILOTING THAT *SHIP*--

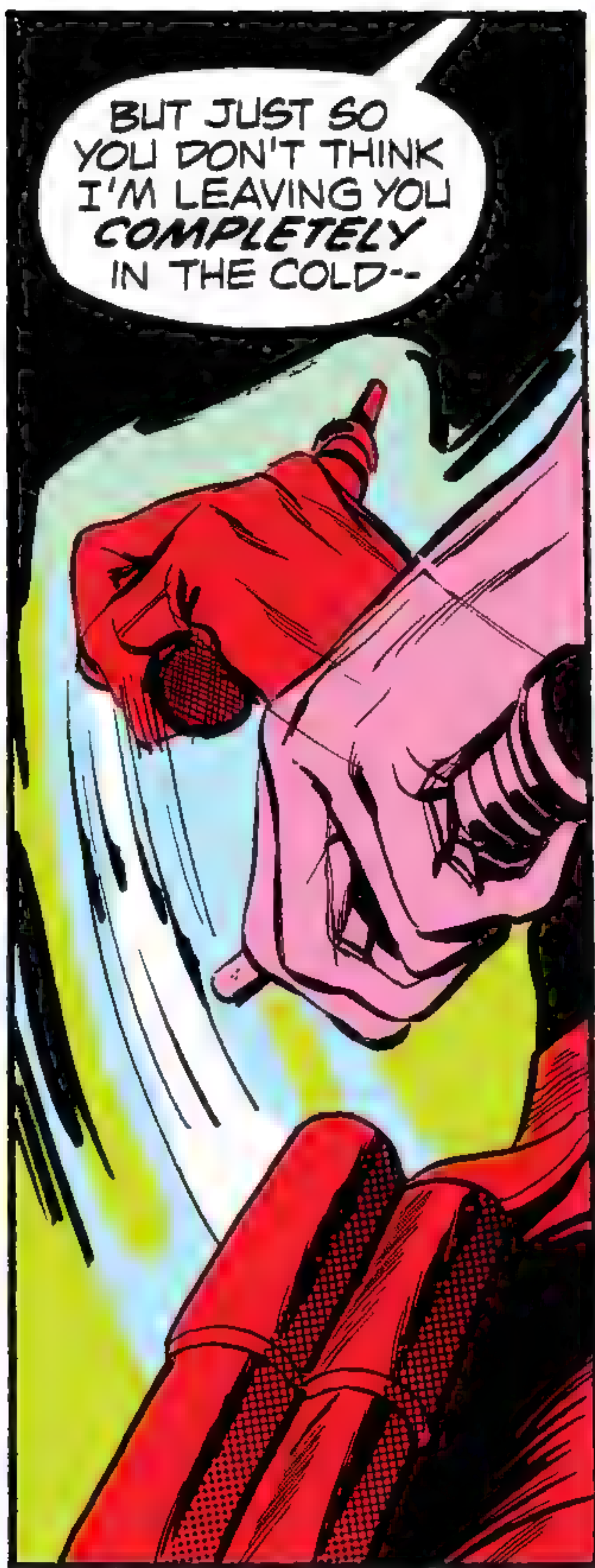
--AND *KILLGRAVE'S MINE!*

--ONE I MEAN TO *PAY!*

DO WHAT YOU *HAVE* TO DO, DAREDEVIL!

I'LL HOLD OFF ELECTRO TILL YOU RETURN-- BUT *HURRY*, DAREDEVIL-- I NEED YOU *NEAR* ME, NOW--YOU *KNOW* THAT!

BELIEVE ME, TASHA-- I *DO*.



BUT JUST SO
YOU DON'T THINK
I'M LEAVING YOU
COMPLETELY
IN THE COLD--



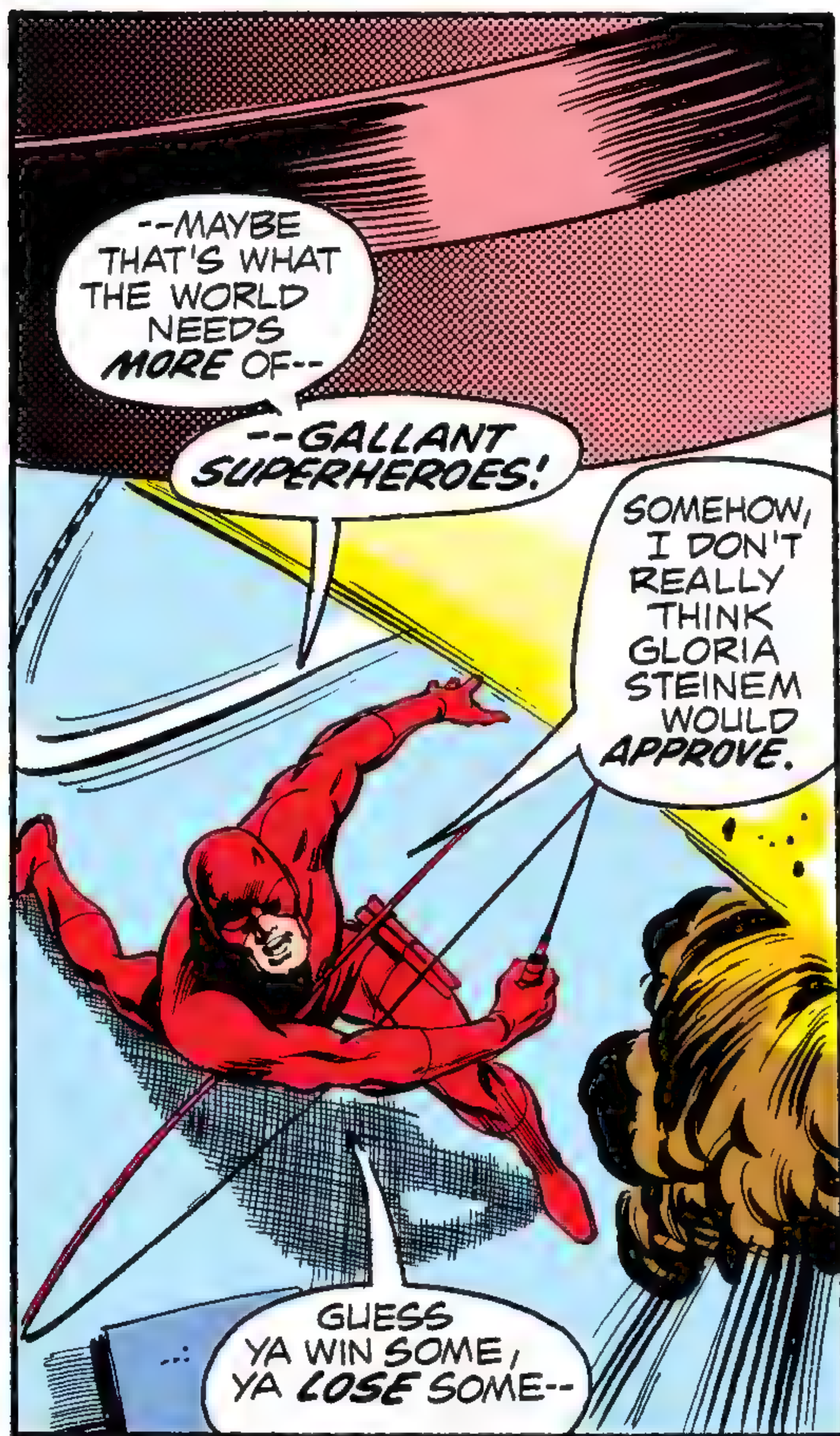
--SUPPOSE I
SOFTEN THINGS
UP A BIT WITH
MY TRUSTY
BILLY
CLUB--



--NOT
THAT I
EXPECT
YOU'LL
NEED
IT--

--JUST
A SMALL
GESTURE,
A TOUCH OF
CHIVALRY.

HMMM. I
LIKE THE
SOUND
OF THAT--

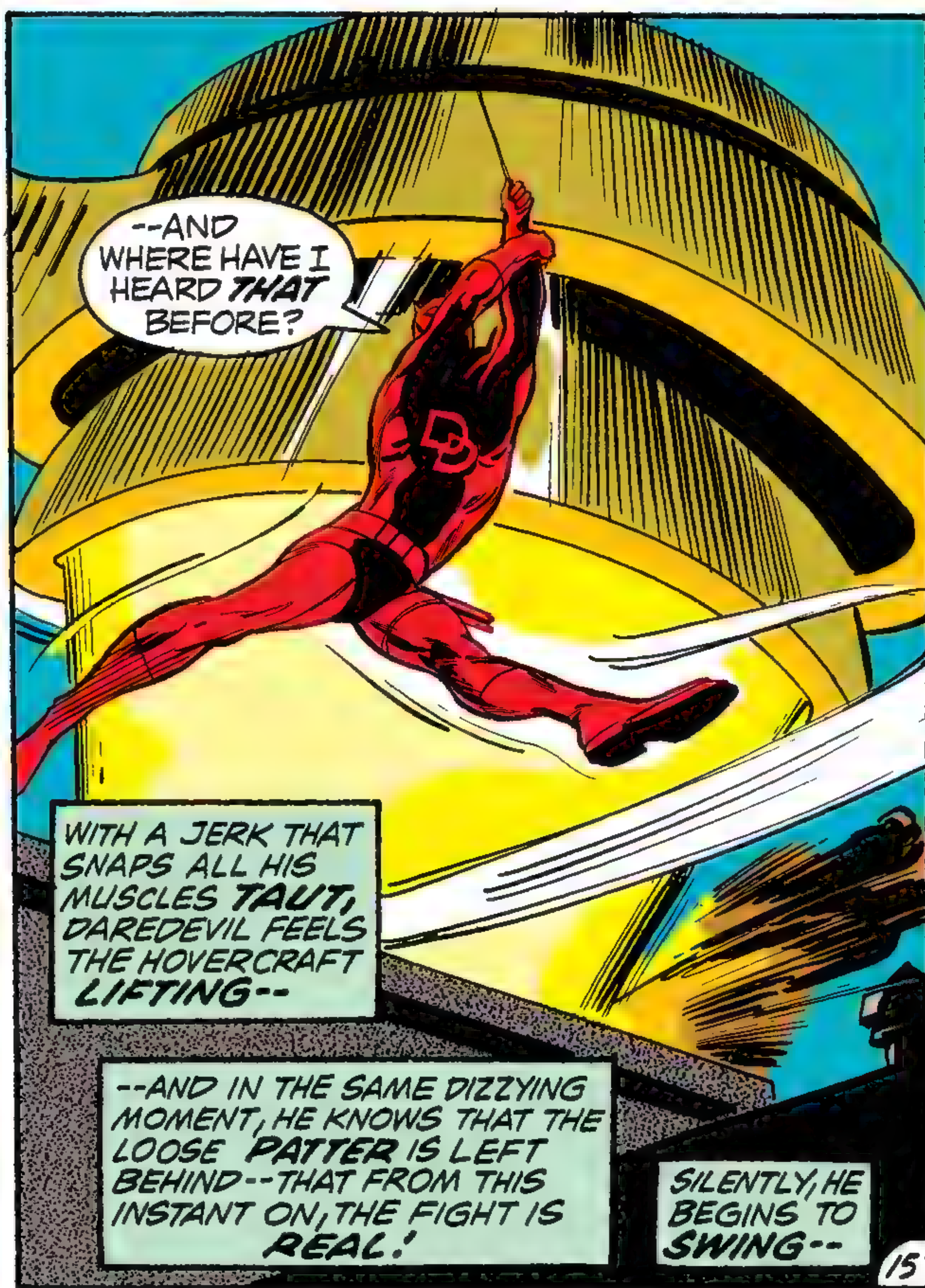


--MAYBE
THAT'S WHAT
THE WORLD
NEEDS
MORE OF--

--**GALLANT**
SUPERHEROES!

SOMEHOW,
I DON'T
REALLY
THINK
GLORIA
STEINEM
WOULD
APPROVE.

GUESS
YA WIN SOME,
YA **LOSE** SOME--

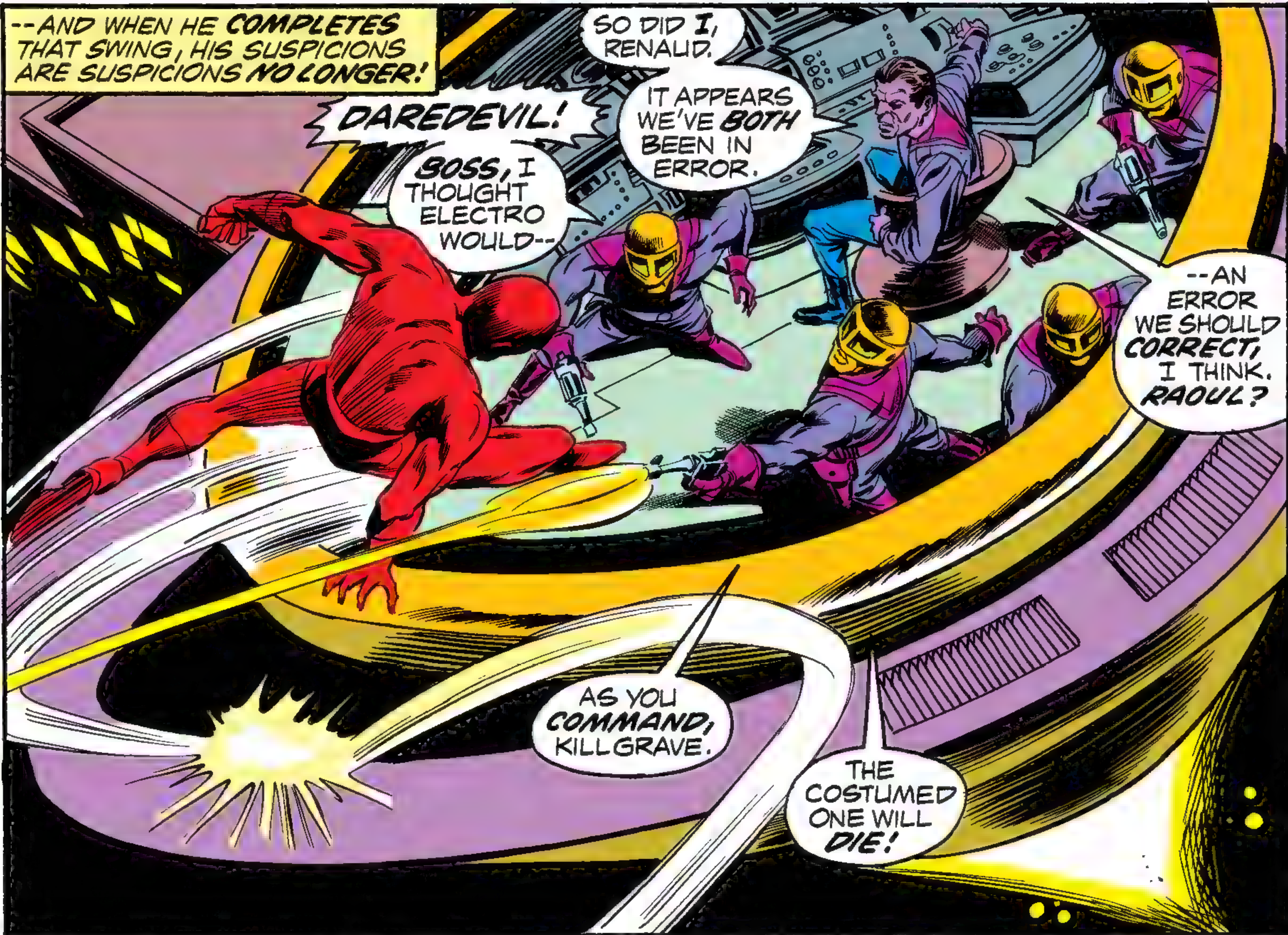


--AND
WHERE HAVE I
HEARD **THAT**
BEFORE?

WITH A JERK THAT
SNAPS ALL HIS
MUSCLES **TAUT**,
DAREDEVIL FEELS
THE HOVERCRAFT
LIFTING--

--AND IN THE SAME DIZZYING
MOMENT, HE KNOWS THAT THE
LOOSE **PATTER** IS LEFT
BEHIND--THAT FROM THIS
INSTANT ON, THE FIGHT IS
REAL!

SILENTLY, HE
BEGINS TO
SWING--



--AND WHEN HE COMPLETES THAT SWING, HIS SUSPICIONS ARE SUSPICIONS NO LONGER!

SO DID I, RENAUD.

IT APPEARS WE'VE BOTH BEEN IN ERROR.

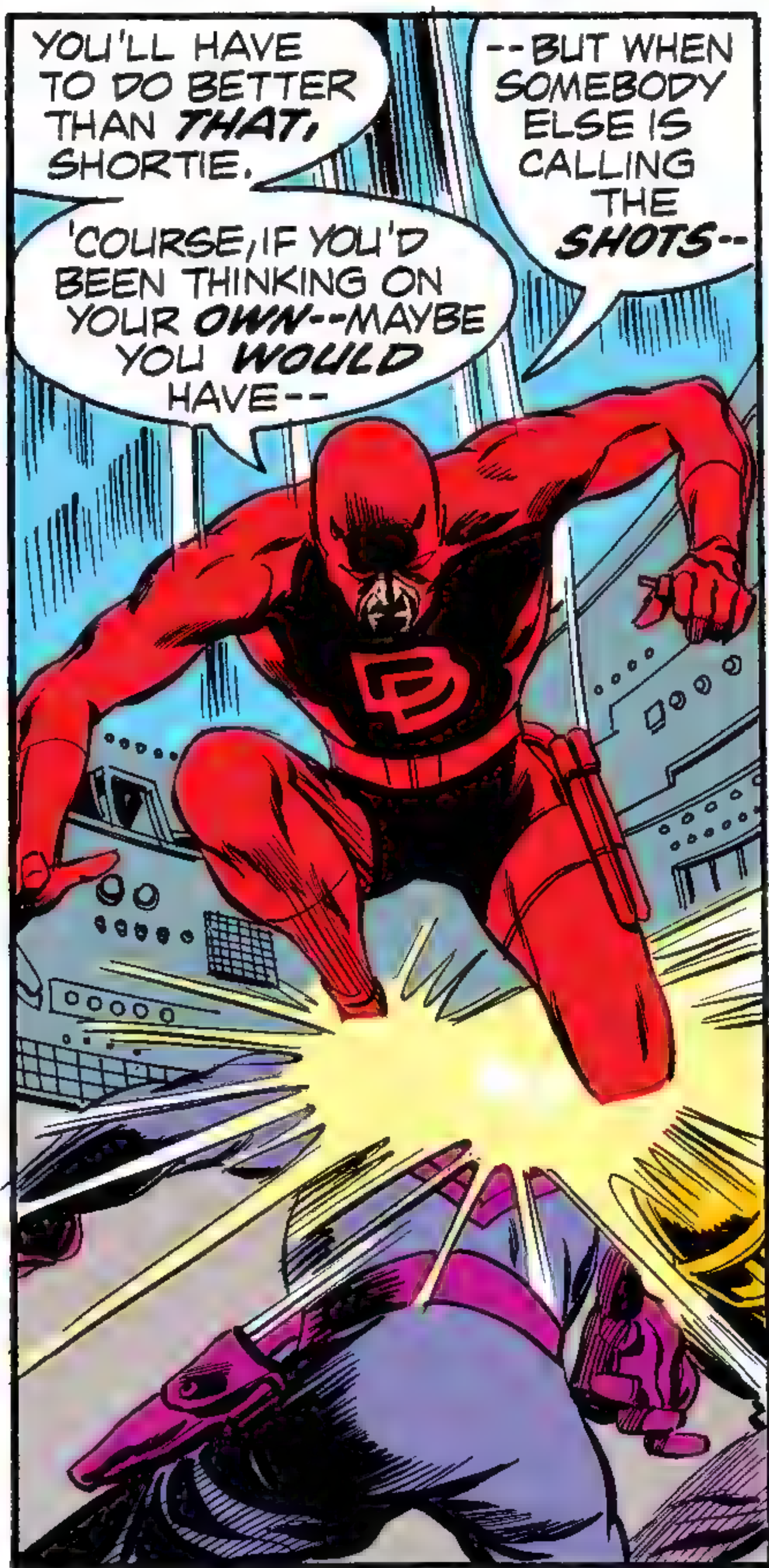
DAREDEVIL!

BOSS, I THOUGHT ELECTRO WOULD--

--AN ERROR WE SHOULD CORRECT, I THINK. RAOUL?

AS YOU COMMAND, KILL GRAVE.

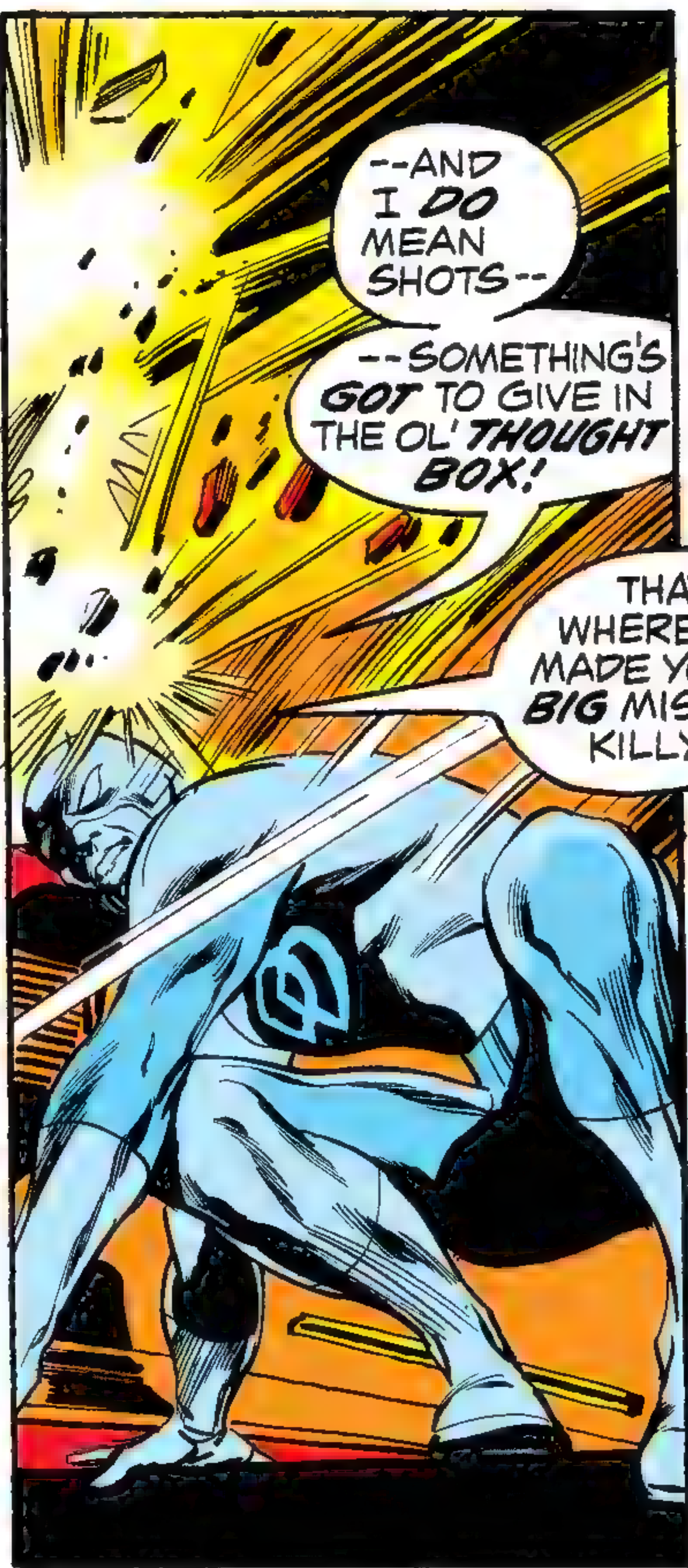
THE COSTUMED ONE WILL DIE!



YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN *THAT*, SHORTIE.

'COURSE, IF YOU'D BEEN THINKING ON YOUR *OWN*--MAYBE YOU *WOULD* HAVE--

--BUT WHEN SOMEBODY ELSE IS CALLING THE *SHOTS*--



--AND I *DO* MEAN *SHOTS*--

--SOMETHING'S GOT TO GIVE IN THE OL' *THOUGHT BOX*!

THAT'S WHERE YOU MADE YOUR *BIG MISTAKE*, KILLY--



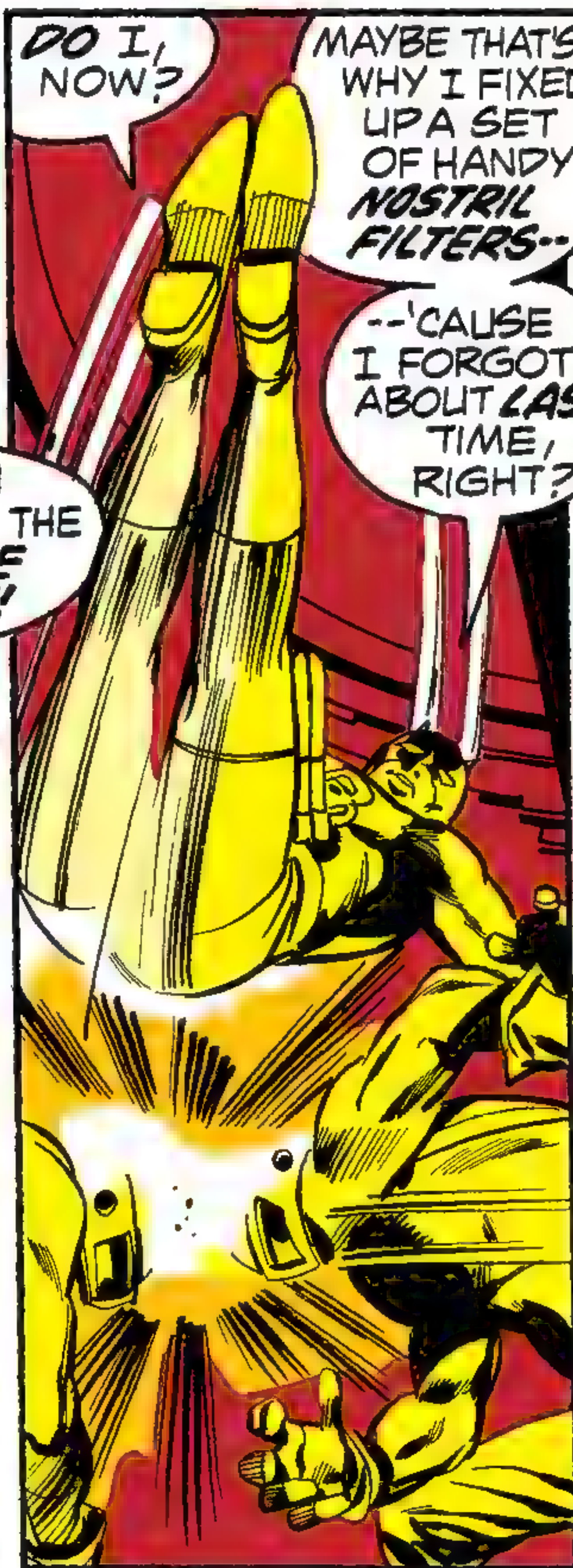
--NOT TO MENTION THE *MINOR* ONE OF TRUSTING *THESE* CLOWNS!



MISTAKE?
NOT **REALLY**,
DAREDEVIL.

I'M AFRAID THE
ERROR IS **YOURS**--
IN ASSUMING THAT
THEY **ALONE** ARE
ALL THE **THREAT**
I HAVE TO OFFER--

--YOU
FORGET THE
**PURPLE
MIST!**



DO I,
NOW?

MAYBE THAT'S
WHY I FIXED
UP A SET
OF HANDY
**NOSTRIL
FILTERS**--

--'CAUSE
I FORGOT
ABOUT **LAST
TIME**,
RIGHT?



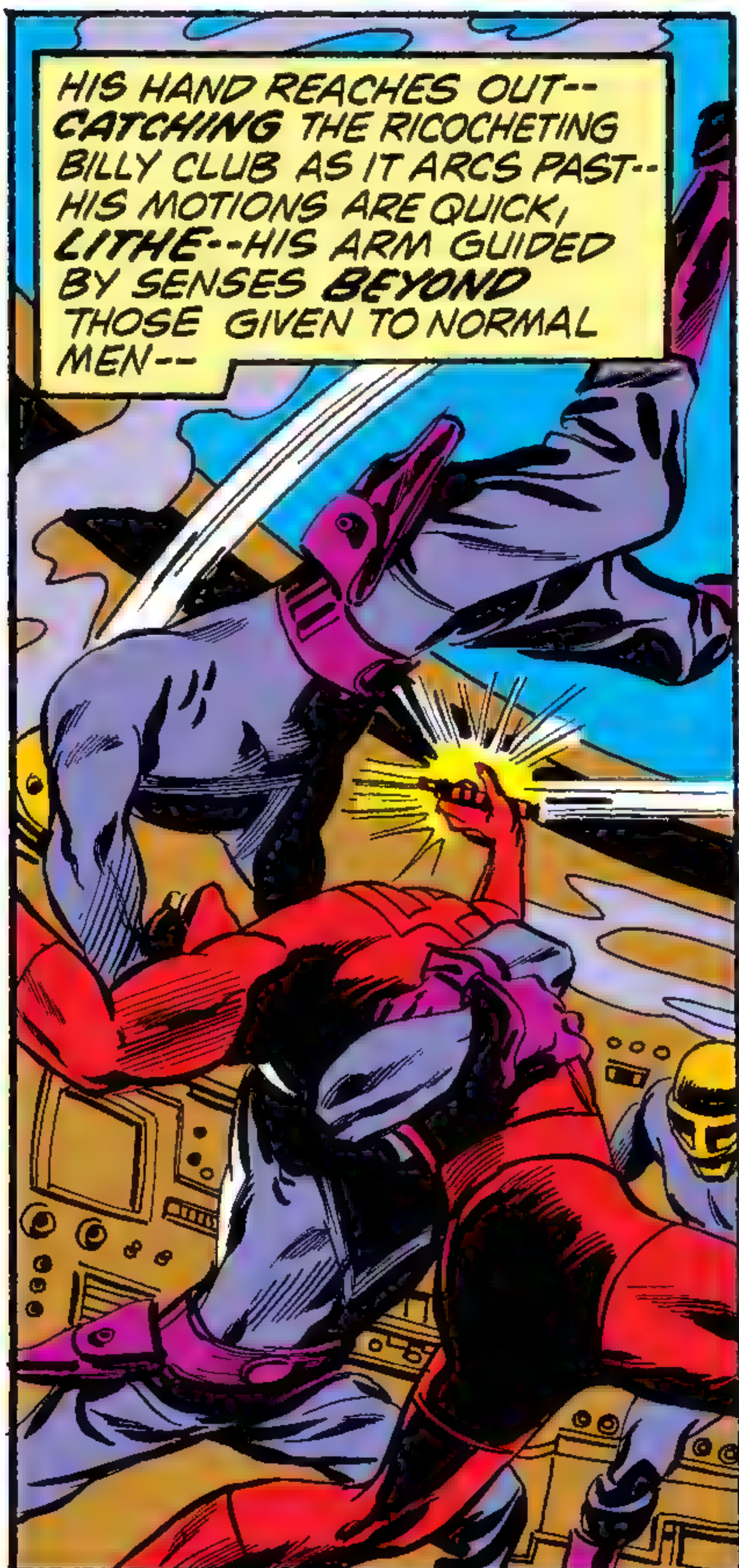
MOCK ME,
THEN--

IT ONLY
BETRAYS
YOUR FEAR, YOUR
IGNORANCE!



YEAH--LIKE
THAT GAS BOMB
SHOWS YOUR
COURAGE,
KILLGRAVE?

SORRY.
I DON'T **BUY**.

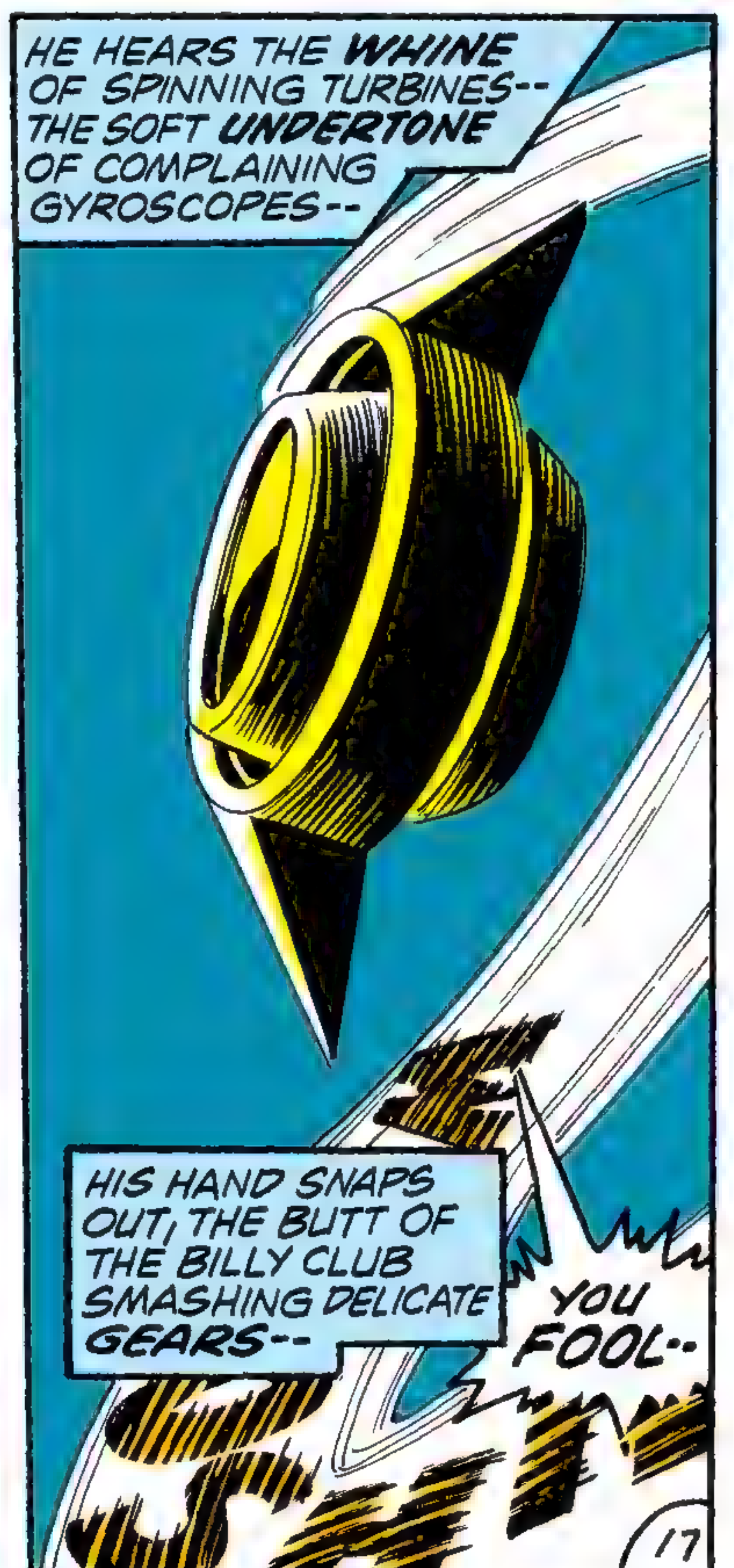


HIS HAND REACHES OUT--
CATCHING THE **RICOCHETING**
BILLY CLUB AS IT **ARCS** PAST--
HIS MOTIONS ARE **QUICK**,
LITHE--HIS ARM **GUIDED**
BY SENSES **BEYOND**
THOSE GIVEN TO **NORMAL**
MEN--



TENSING, HE **PITCHES**
FORWARD, **BALANCING**
HIMSELF AT AN **ANGLE**
TO THE **HOVERCRAFT'S**
WILDLY **SHIFTING**
PLANE--

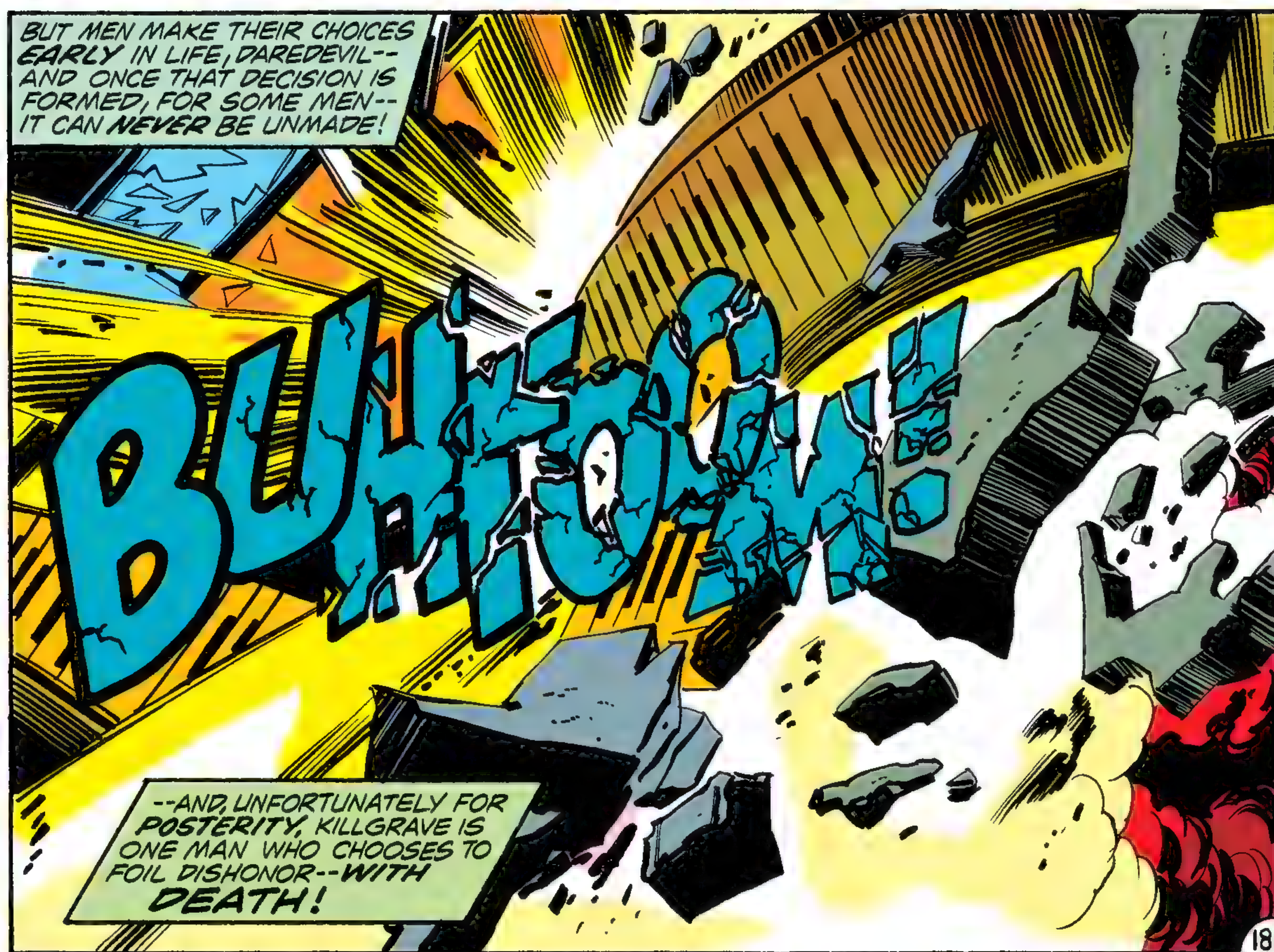
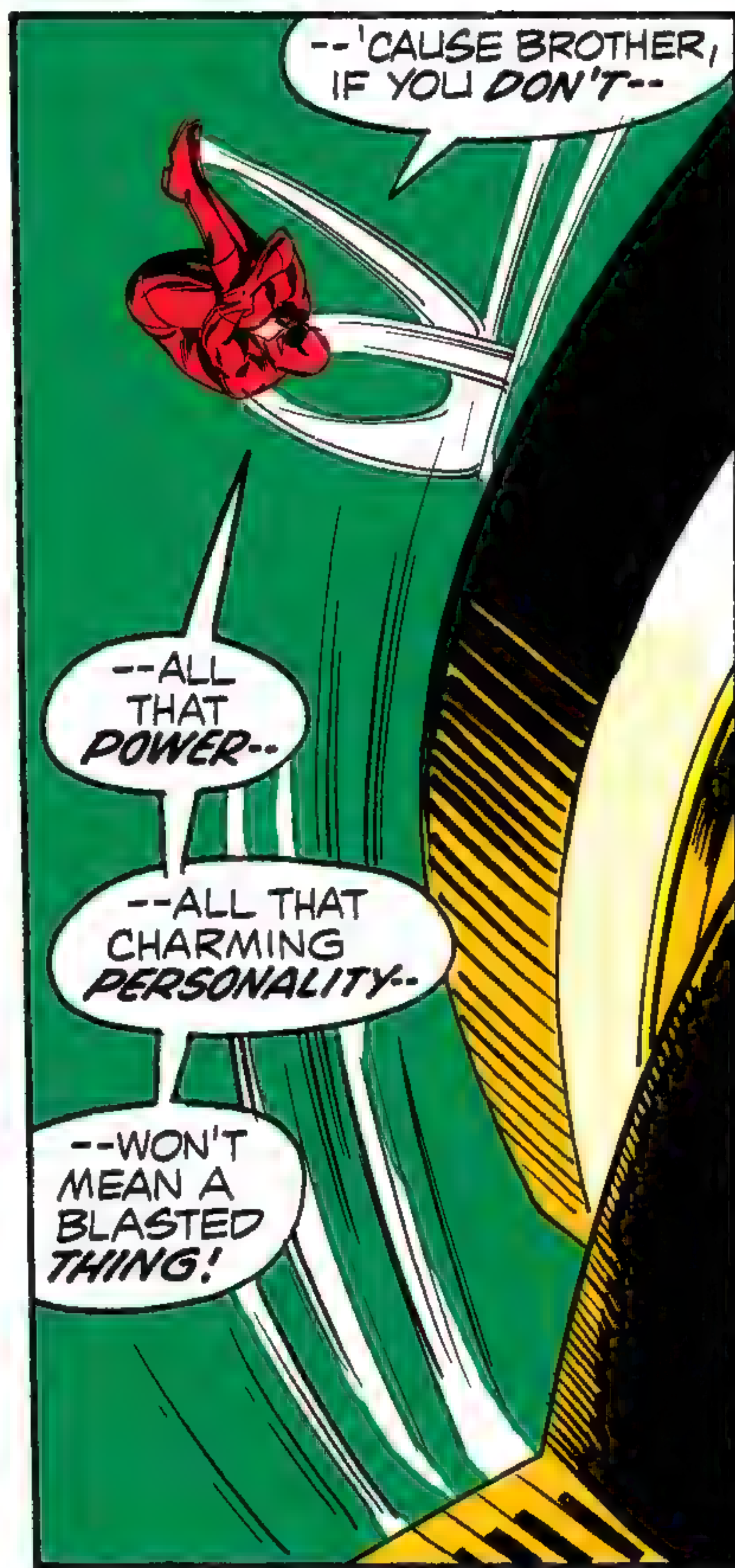
HIS MOUTH FORMS
A **THIN LINE**, HIS
FEATURES GROW
STIFF WITH
CONCENTRA-
TION--

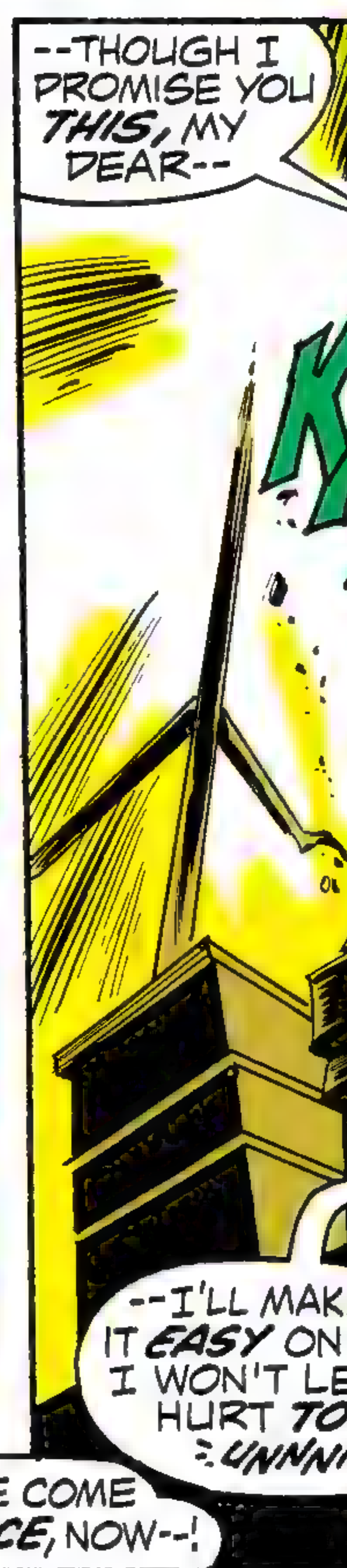
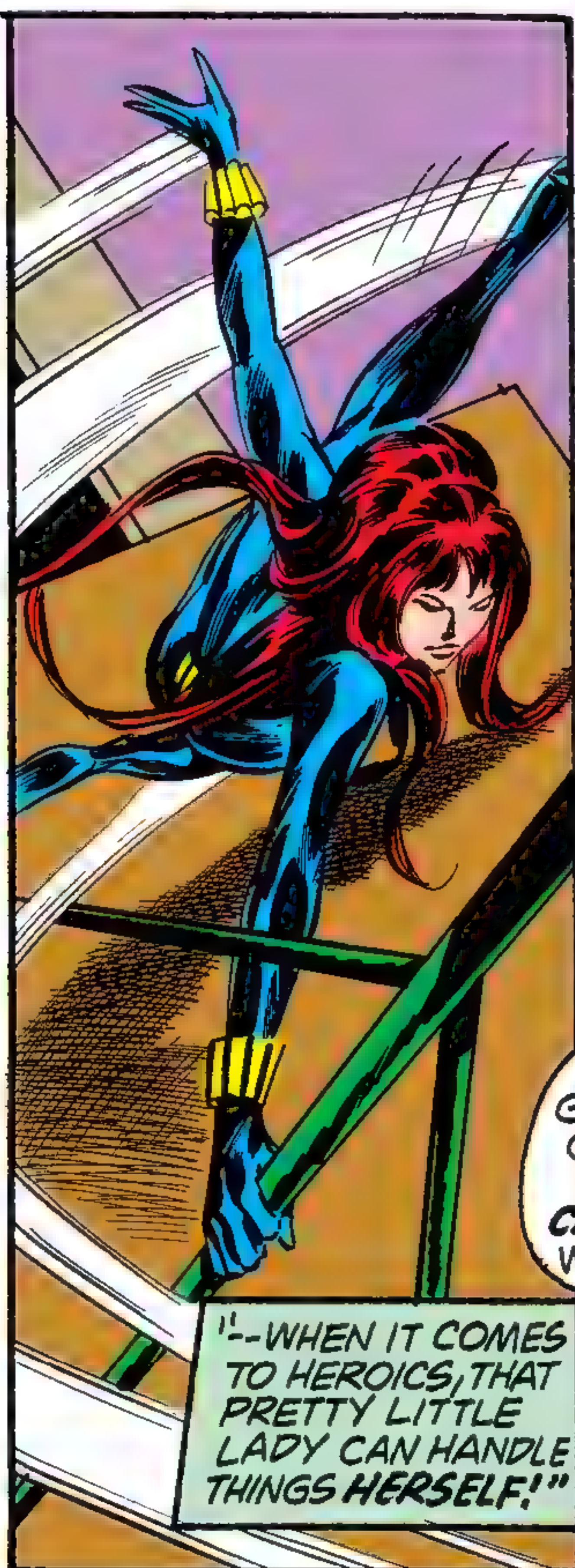
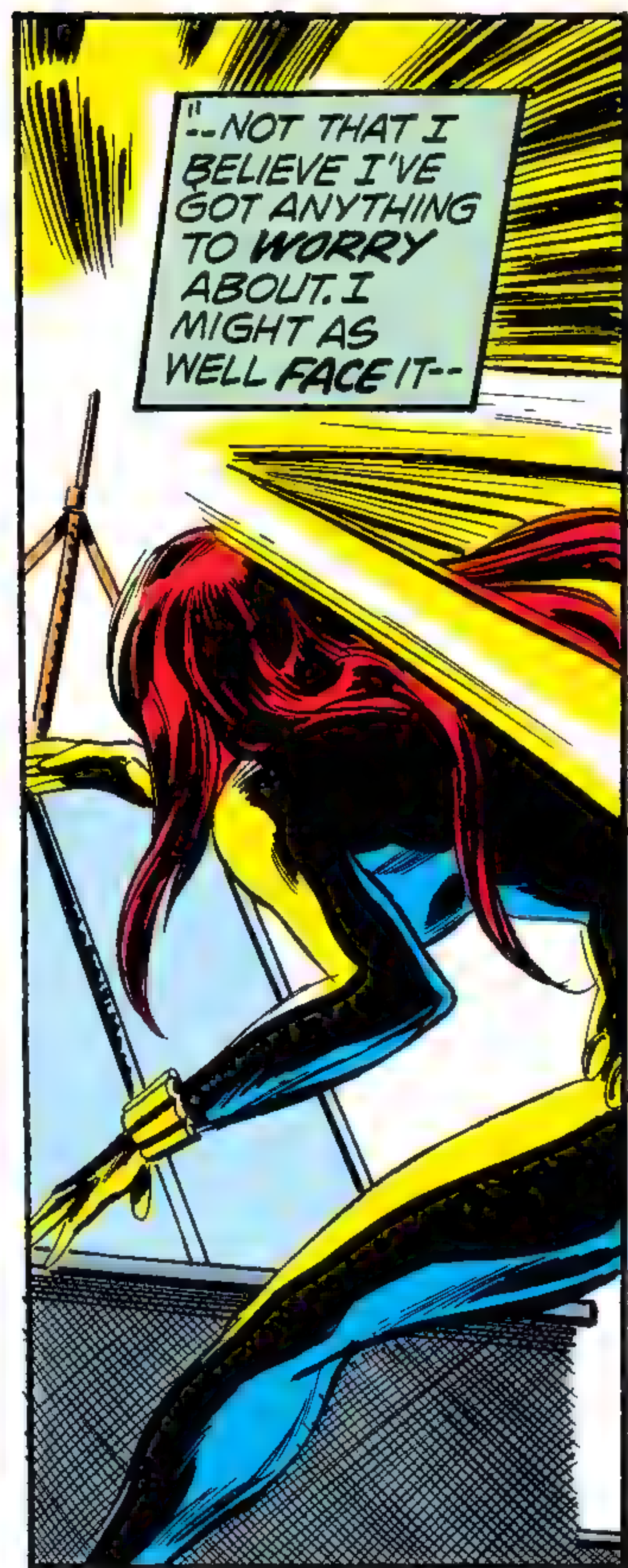
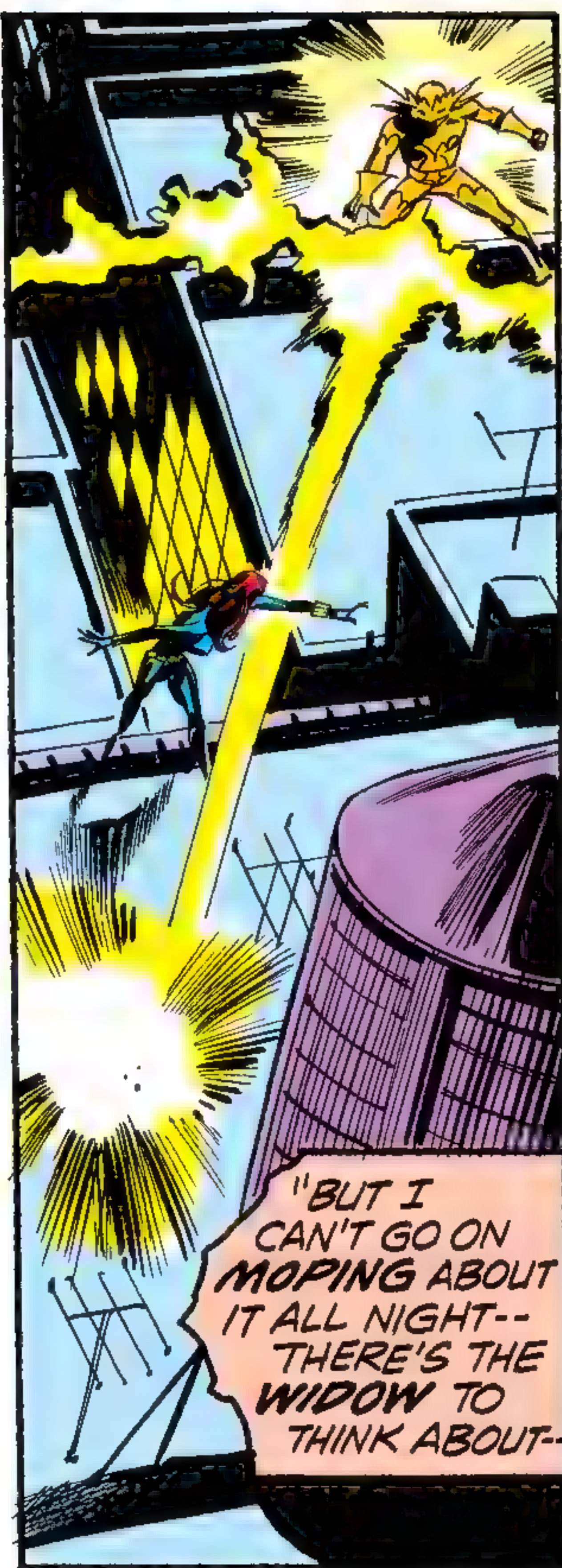


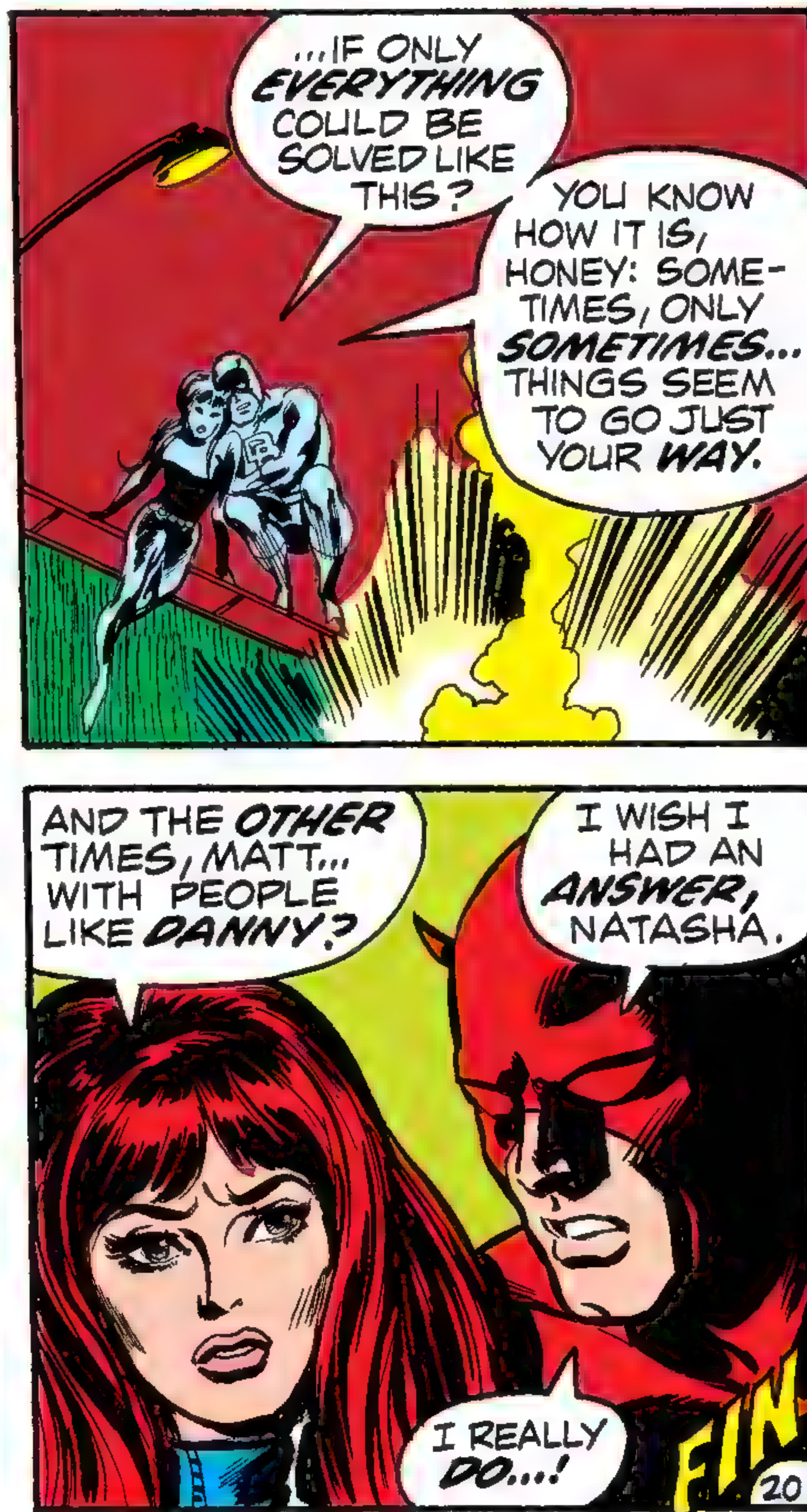
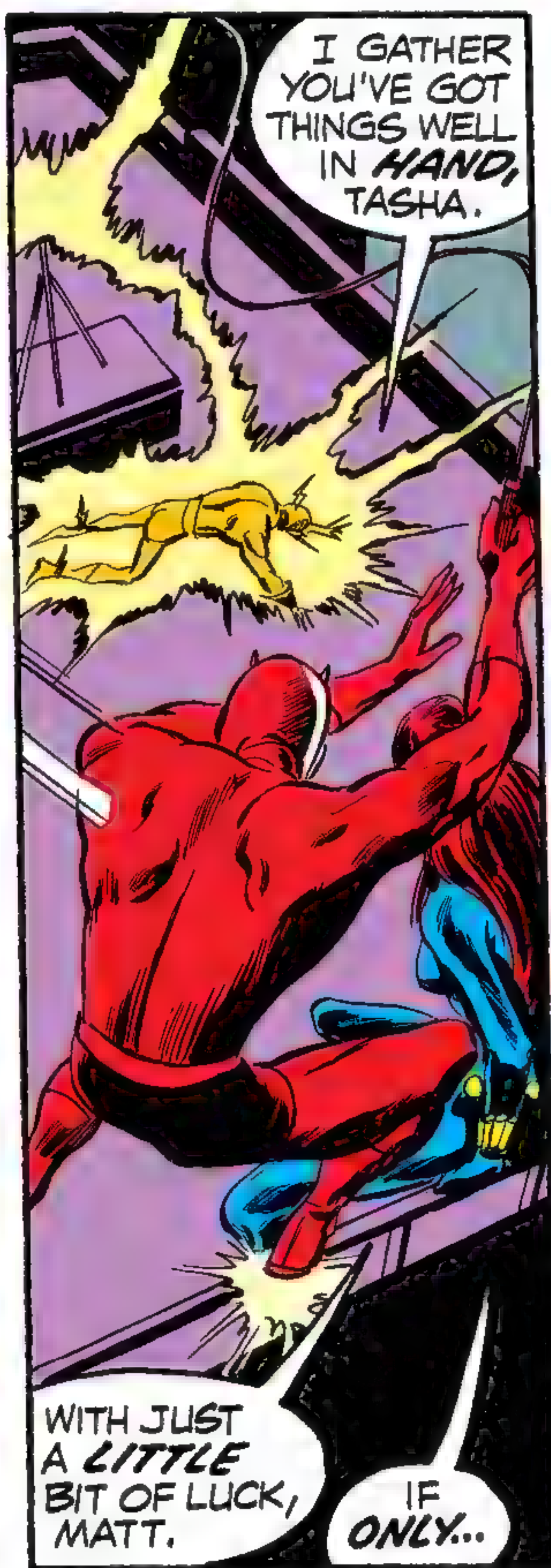
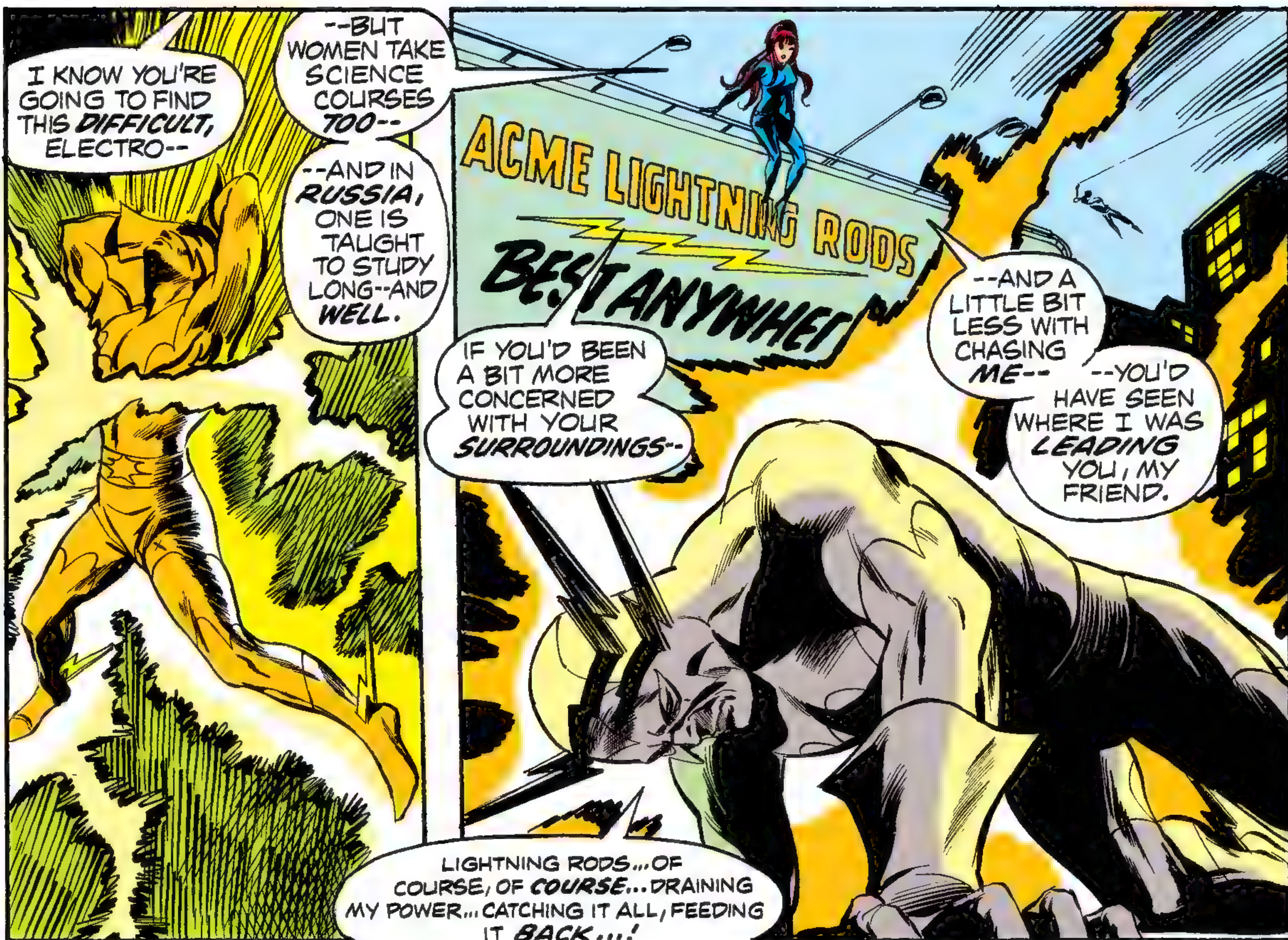
HE HEARS THE **WHINE**
OF **SPINNING TURBINES**--
THE **SOFT UNDERTONE**
OF **COMPLAINING**
GYROSCOPES--

HIS HAND **SNAPS**
OUT, THE **BUTT** OF
THE **BILLY CLUB**
SMASHING **DELICATE**
GEARS--

**YOU
FOOL--**







DAREDEVIL MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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DAREDEVIL®



THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



FEAR IS A MAN!

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

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TOM PALMER, Inker
SAM ROSEN, Letterer

IT'S A COOL EVENING IN SAN FRANCISCO-- THE BALMY
BAY BREEZES CARRY A HINT OF RAIN--- A PROMISE OF
A STORMY TOMORROW--

--THEY
ALSO CARRY
TWO SWINGING
FIGURES: THE
SLEEK SCARLET
FORM OF A
CERTAIN RADAR-
SENSED SWASH-
BUCKLER---

--- AND THE EQUALLY
SLEEK VISION OF BEAUTY
MEN CALL---
**THE BLACK
WIDOW!**

DIVE,
TASHA---
YOU'RE NOT
QUITE
REACHING
ME--!

MATT--
I'M-- I'M
NOT
MAKING
IT--- I-- I
CAN'T--

SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING
TO ME---

I'M FALLING!

HIS ARM JERKS OUT--- FINGERS BRUSH-- AND THEN, THE WIDOW TUMBLES AWAY, HER EBON-SUITED BODY TWISTING--- HER HANDS FLAILING, LEGS SPINNING---

TASHA!

SHE FROZE UP... COULDN'T MAKE THE EXTRA EFFORT NEEDED TO COMPLETE THE SWING!

SOMETHING ABOUT HER HEART-BEAT--- RUSHING, PANICKY! SHE'S TERRIFIED!

I'VE GOT TO CHANCE IT--- PUSH AWAY FROM THE FLAG-POLE, TRY TO GRAB HER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

THE SINISTER SECRET OF PROJECT FOUR!

Eeeeeeeeee

ETERNAL CITY

YET EVEN AS THE WIDOW'S UNCHARACTERISTIC SCREAM BEGINS TO BUILD TO BREAKING --FIVE CLAW-LIKE FINGERS LUNGE OUT---

2

3

SHE FROZE UP... COULDN'T MAKE THE EXTRA EFFORT NEEDED TO COMPLETE THE SWING!

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CHANCE IT--- PUSH
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HER BEFORE IT'S---
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THE SINISTER SECRET OF **PROJECT FOUR!**

**YET EVEN AS THE WIDOW'S
UNCHARACTERISTIC SCREAM
BEGINS TO BUILD TO BREAKING
--FIVE CLAW-LIKE FINGERS
LUNGE OUT---**



---AND
CLOSE!

HOLD
TIGHT,
WIDOW-
LADY---

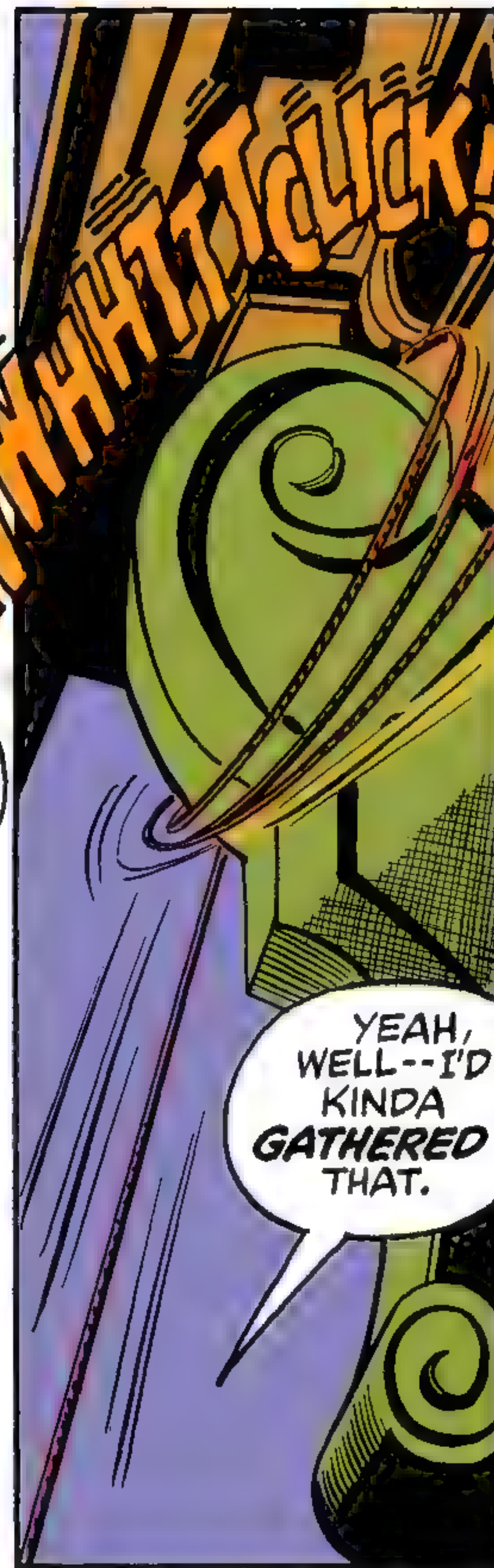


---'CAUSE
NOW THAT I'VE
GOT YOU---

-- I'M
GONNA
TRY TO
KEEP
YOU!

MATT, I'M
FRIGHTENED
--I--I CAN'T
EXPLAIN--

-- BUT I'M
TERRIBLY--HORRIBLY
AFRAID!



YEAH,
WELL--I'D
KINDA
GATHERED
THAT.



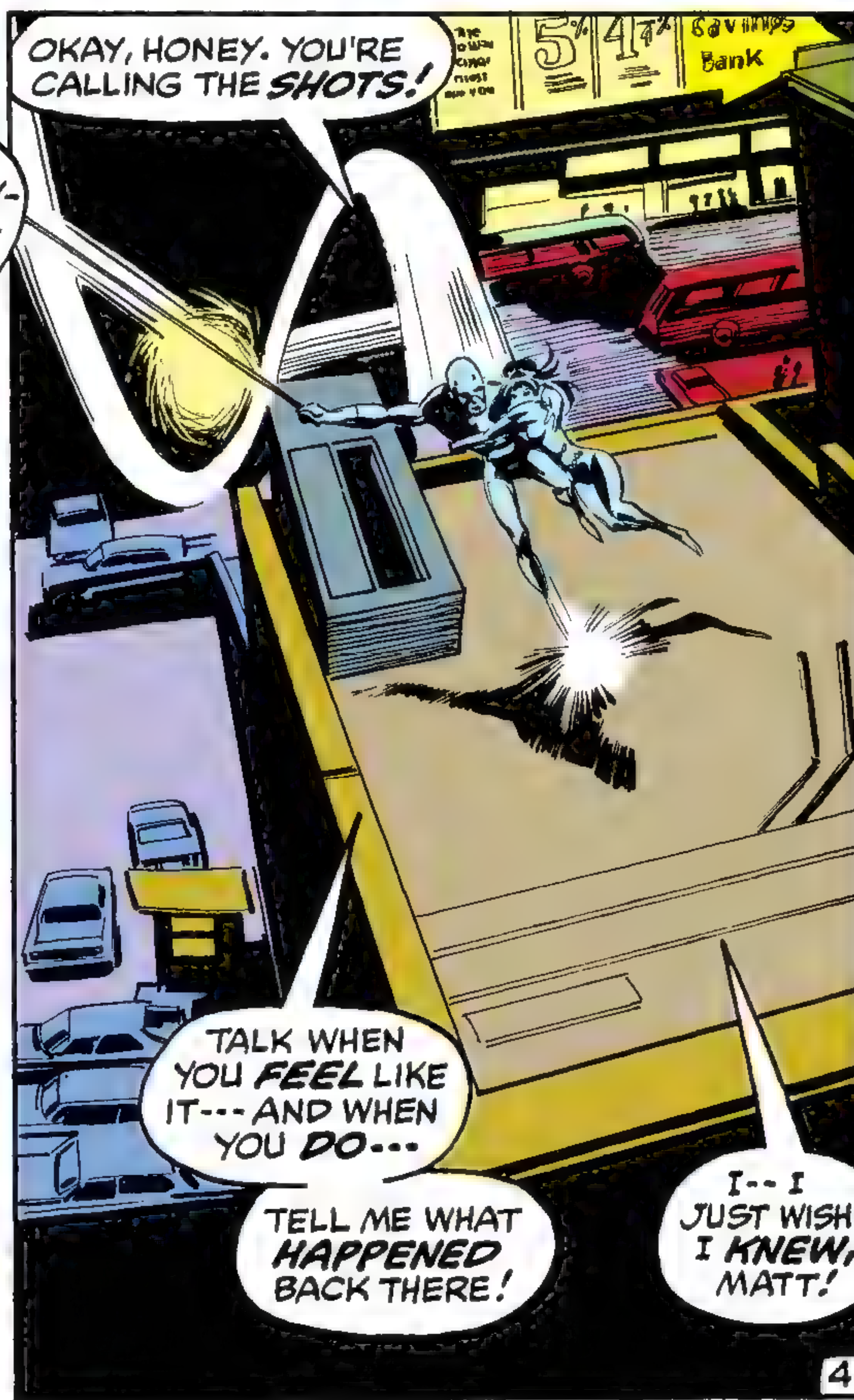
EASY, GIRL--- **EASY!** JUST WRAP
YOUR ARMS AROUND MY **WAIST.**

THIS IS WHAT YA
CALL--YOUR "FRIENDLY-
MAN-WITHOUT-FEAR-
SKYWAY-TAXI-
SERVICE!"

OR **SOME-
THING!**

PLEASE, MATT---
I KNOW YOU'RE TRYING
TO **CHEER** ME, TO TAKE
MY MIND OFF WHAT JUST
HAPPENED---

--- BUT PLEASE,
DON'T--- I--- I
CAN'T **TAKE** IT,
RIGHT NOW!

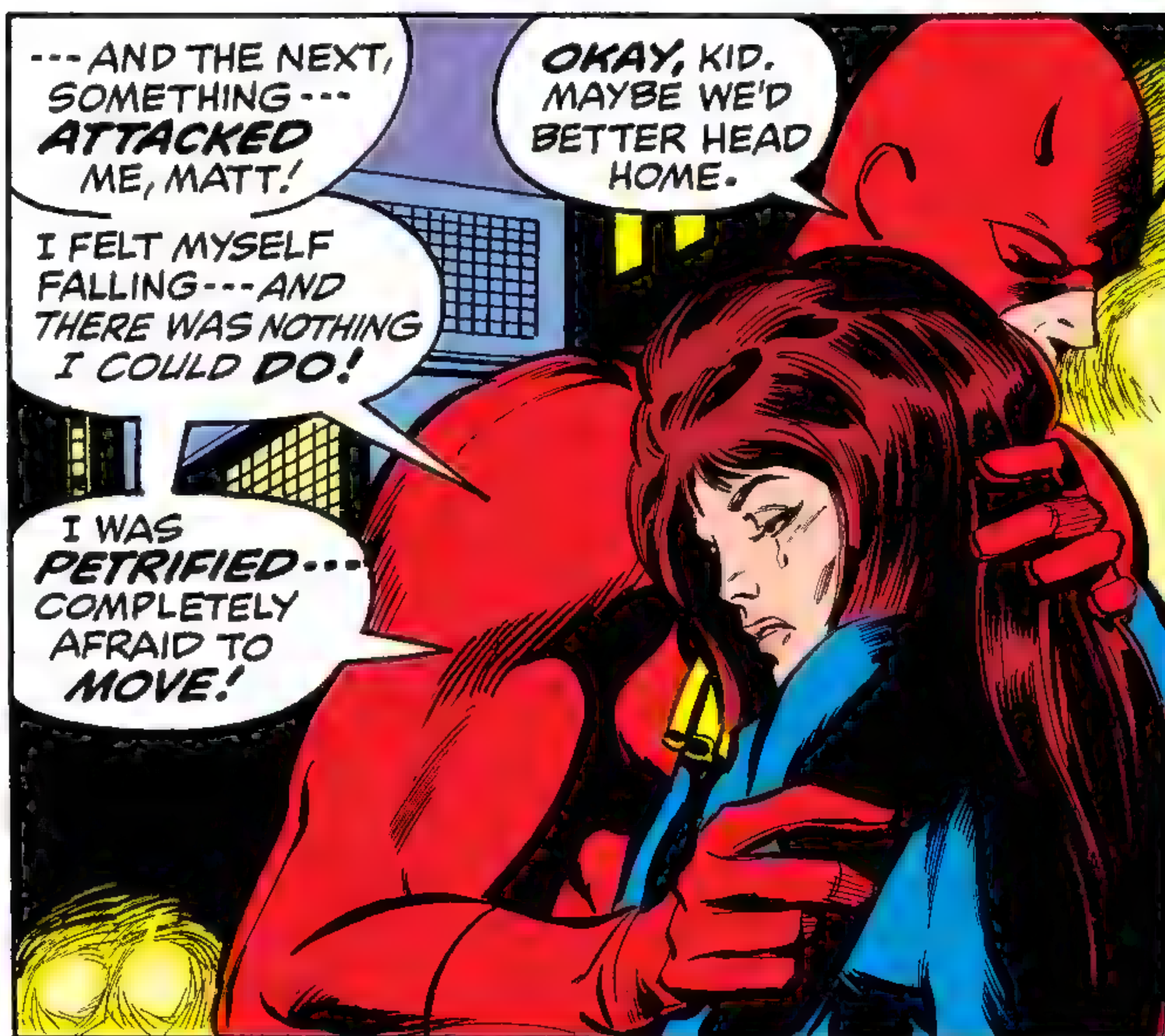


OKAY, HONEY. YOU'RE
CALLING THE **SHOTS!**

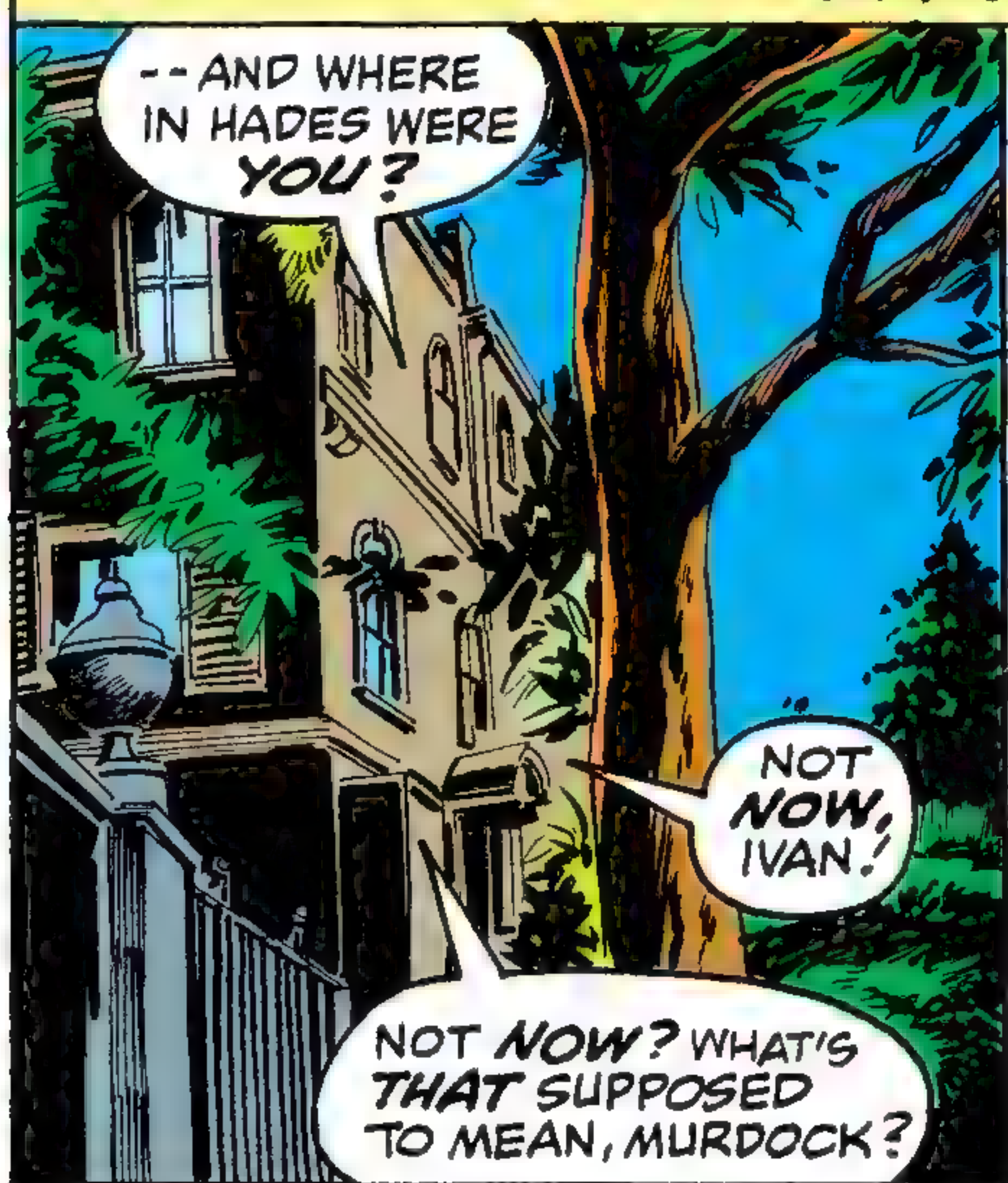
TALK WHEN
YOU **FEEL** LIKE
IT--- AND WHEN
YOU **DO---**

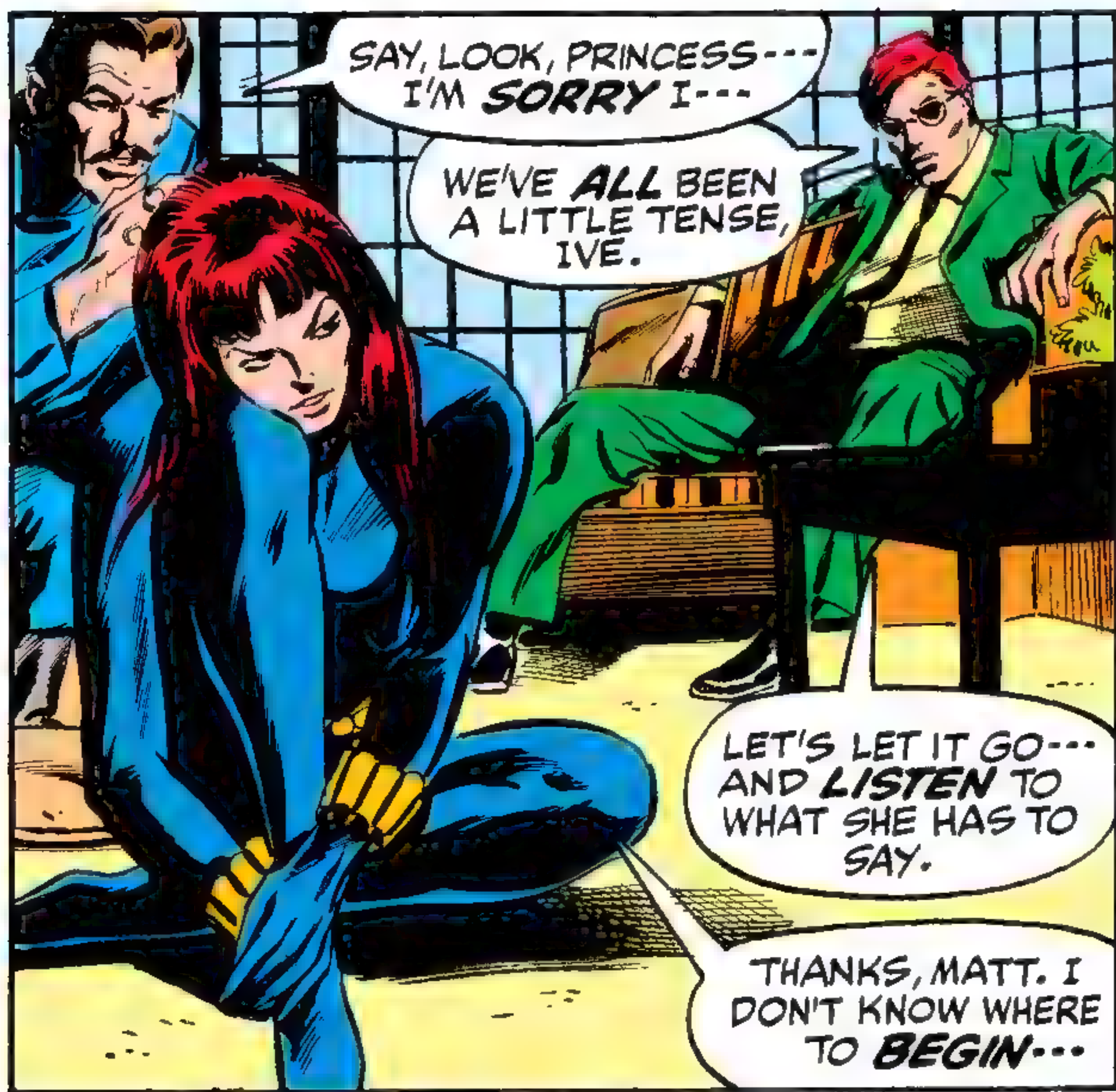
TELL ME WHAT
HAPPENED
BACK THERE!

I-- I
JUST WISH
I **KNEW,**
MATT!



ESCHEWING THE DUBIOUS BENEFITS OF ROOFTOP TRAVEL FOR THE "SAFER" HAZARDS OF SAN FRANCISCAN TRAFFIC, MATT AND TASHA SOON ARRIVE AT THE WIDOW'S NORTH SHORE MANSION, WHERE---





SAY, LOOK, PRINCESS---
I'M **SORRY** I---

WE'VE **ALL** BEEN
A LITTLE TENSE,
IVE.

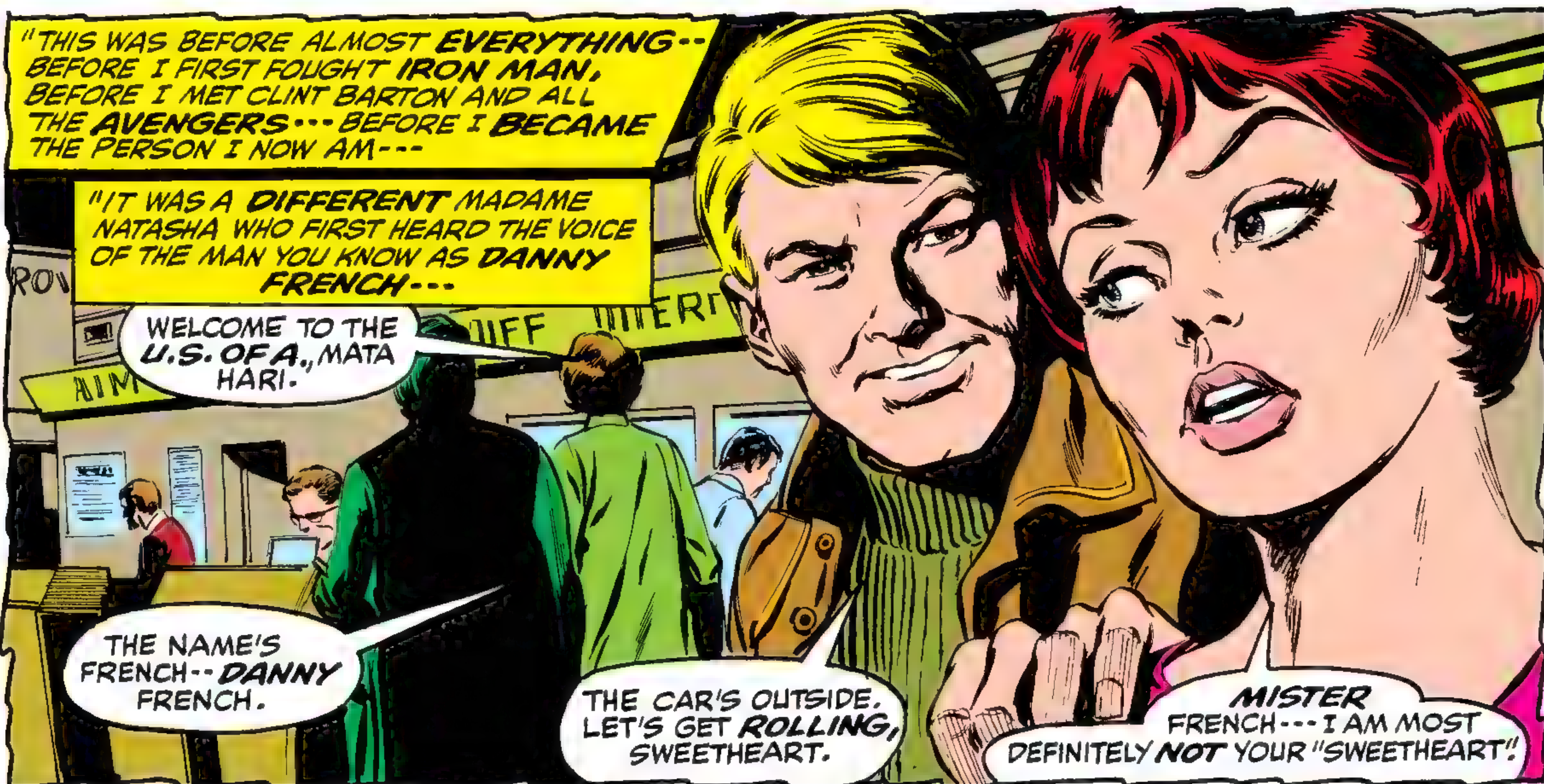
LET'S LET IT GO---
AND **LISTEN** TO
WHAT SHE HAS TO
SAY.

THANKS, MATT. I
DON'T KNOW WHERE
TO **BEGIN**---



"---EXCEPT
WHERE IT ALL
REALLY
STARTED, IN
A LOS ANGELES
AIRPORT---IN
1964---

"MY **FIRST** ASSIGN-
MENT AS A **SPY**---AND
MEN, THE LADY WAS
SCARED---



"THIS WAS BEFORE ALMOST **EVERYTHING**--
BEFORE I FIRST FOUGHT **IRON MAN**,
BEFORE I MET CLINT BARTON AND ALL
THE **AVENGERS**---BEFORE I **BECAME**
THE PERSON I NOW AM---

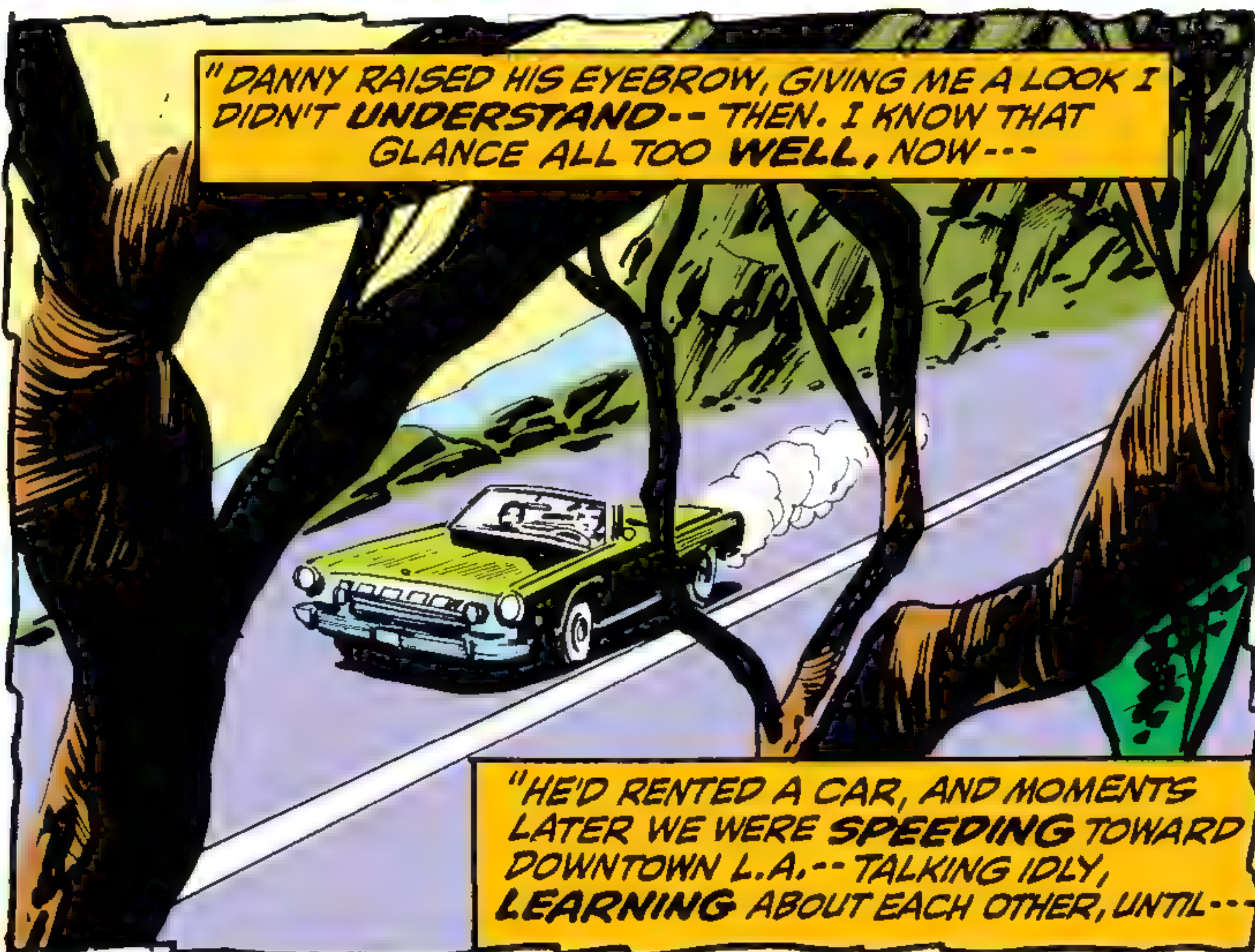
"IT WAS A **DIFFERENT** MADAME
NATASHA WHO FIRST HEARD THE VOICE
OF THE MAN YOU KNOW AS **DANNY**
FRENCH---

WELCOME TO THE
U.S.O.F.A., MATA
HARI.

THE NAME'S
FRENCH--**DANNY**
FRENCH.

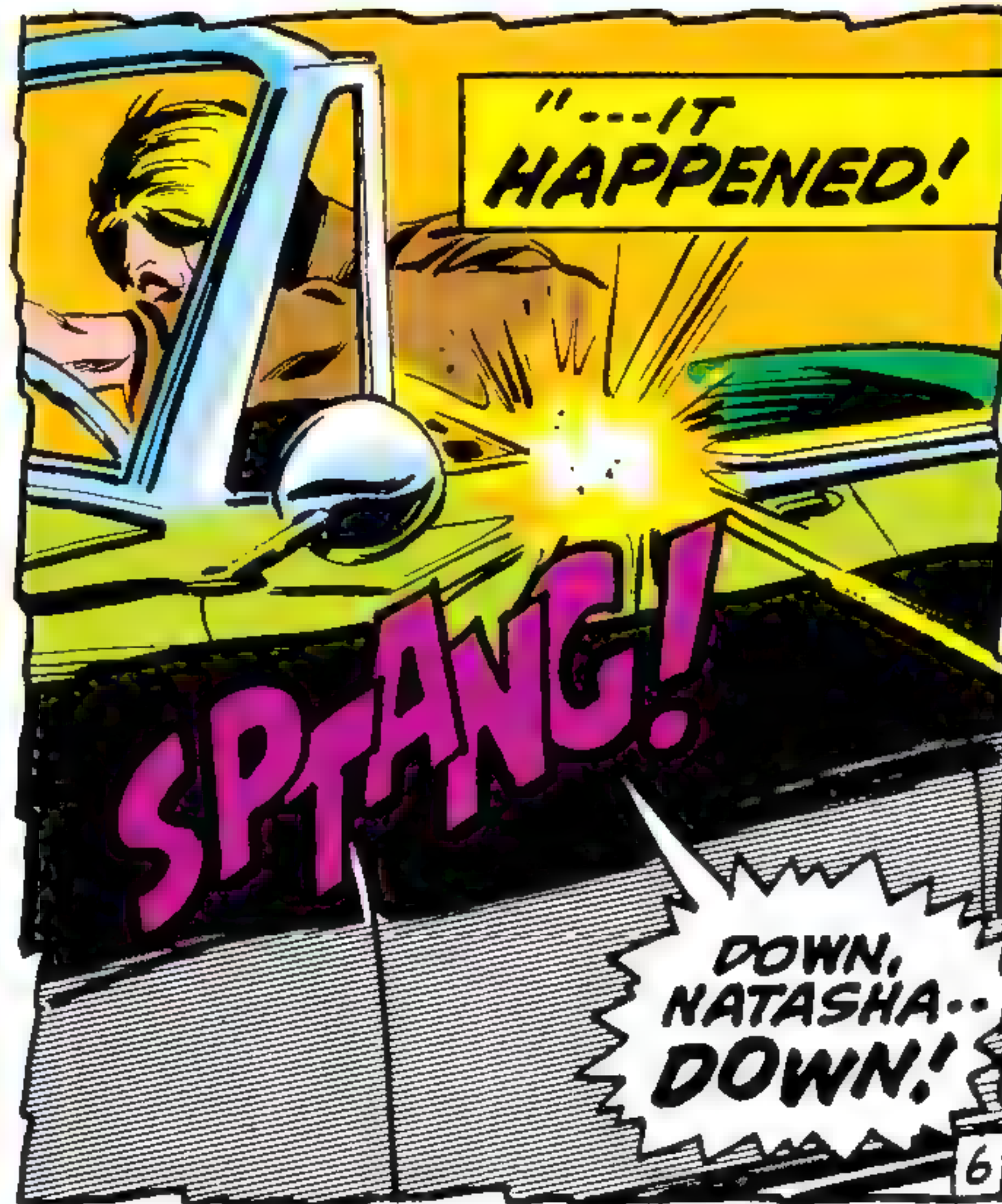
THE CAR'S OUTSIDE.
LET'S GET **ROLLING**,
SWEETHEART.

MISTER
FRENCH---I AM MOST
DEFINITELY **NOT** YOUR "SWEETHEART!"



"DANNY RAISED HIS EYEBROW, GIVING ME A LOOK I
DIDN'T UNDERSTAND-- THEN, I KNOW THAT
GLANCE ALL TOO WELL, NOW---

"HE'D RENTED A CAR, AND MOMENTS
LATER WE WERE **SPEEDING** TOWARD
DOWNTOWN L.A.-- TALKING IDLY,
LEARNING ABOUT EACH OTHER, UNTIL---



"---IT
HAPPENED!

SPTANG!

DOWN,
NATASHA--
DOWN!

"DANNY SNARLED AND SPUN THE WHEEL --- WE CAREENED DOWN THE HILLSIDE, SWERVING FROM RIGHT TO LEFT AS DANNY GLANCED BACK IN SEARCH OF OUR ATTACKERS---

"MY PALMS WERE MOIST-- I FELT MYSELF SHAKING, AND WITH AN EFFORT I STILLED THAT FEAR---



"THEN--

THERE!
TAKE A LOOK
IN THE REAR-
VIEW, HONEY--

THOSE ARE
THE MEN WHO'RE
TRYING TO KILL
US! RED
CHINESE!

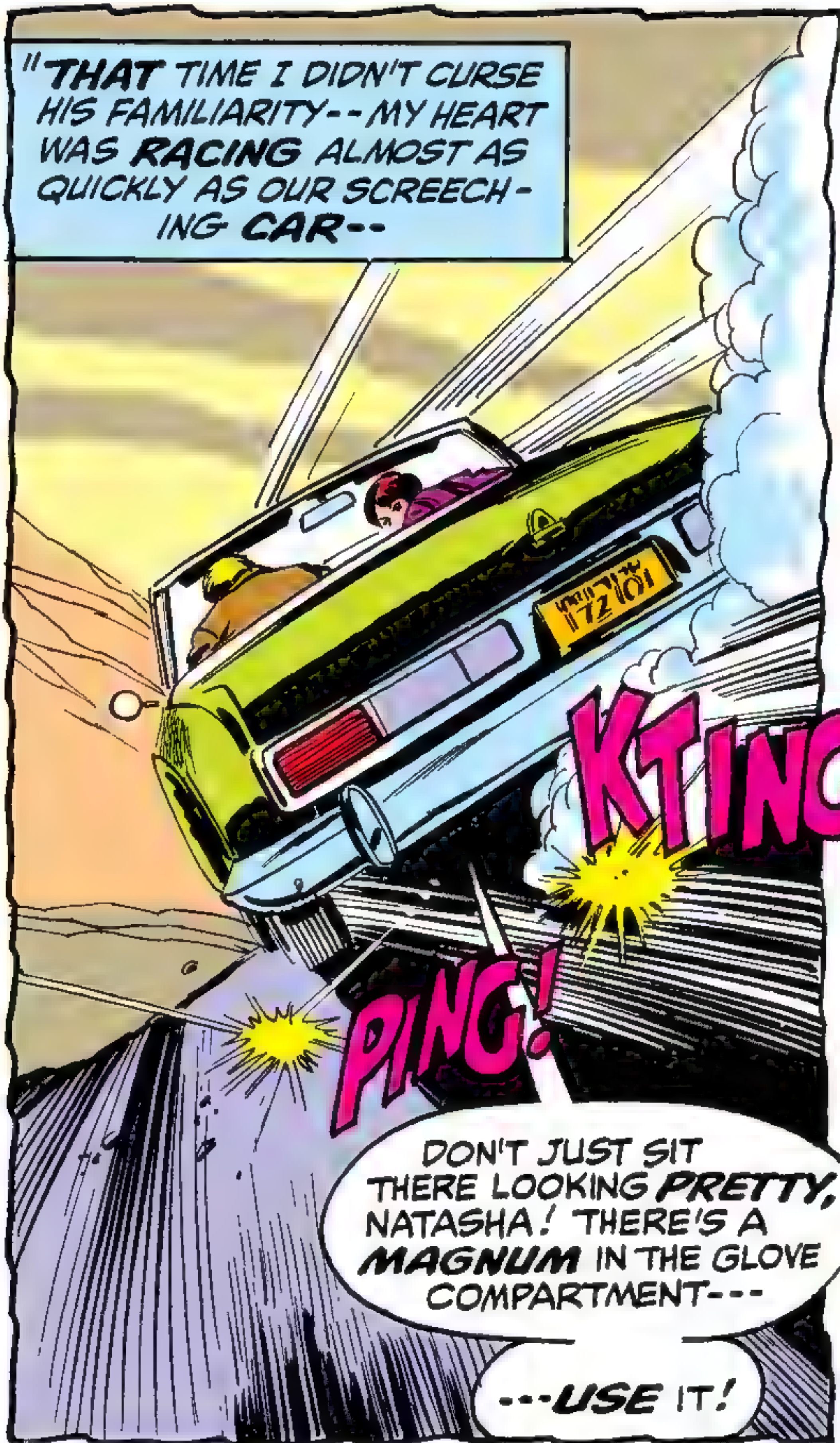
THEY'RE
GAINING ON
US, DANNY---
GETTING
CLOSER!

WHAT'RE
WE GOING
TO DO?

DO?

HANG ONTO THE
DASHBOARD,
SWEETHEART-- 'CAUSE
AS THE SAYIN' GOES--
YOU AIN'T SEEN
NUTHIN' YET!

"THAT TIME I DIDN'T CURSE
HIS FAMILIARITY-- MY HEART
WAS RACING ALMOST AS
QUICKLY AS OUR SCREECH-
ING CAR--



KTING!

PING!

DON'T JUST SIT
THERE LOOKING PRETTY,
NATASHA! THERE'S A
MAGNUM IN THE GLOVE
COMPARTMENT---

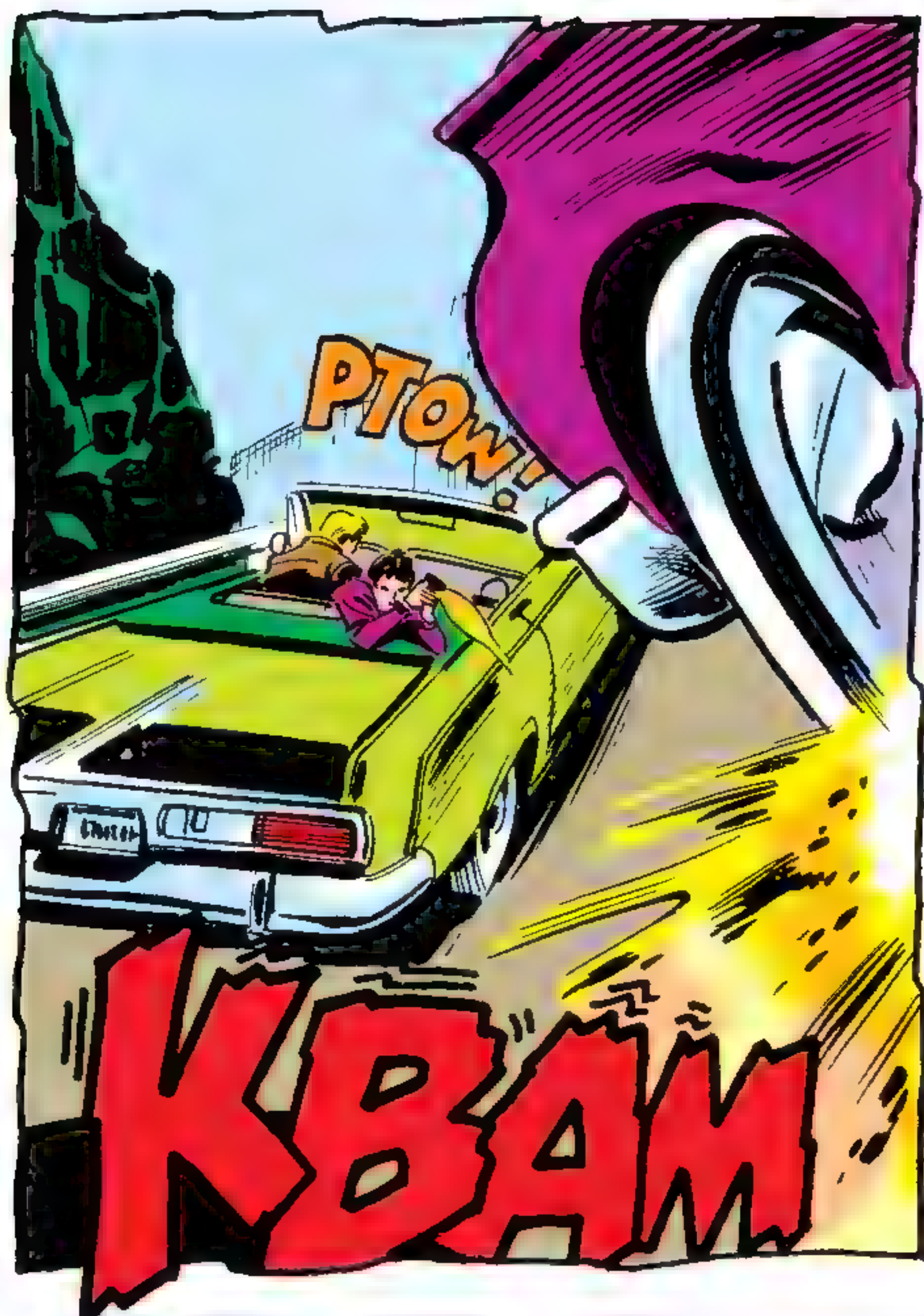
---USE IT!

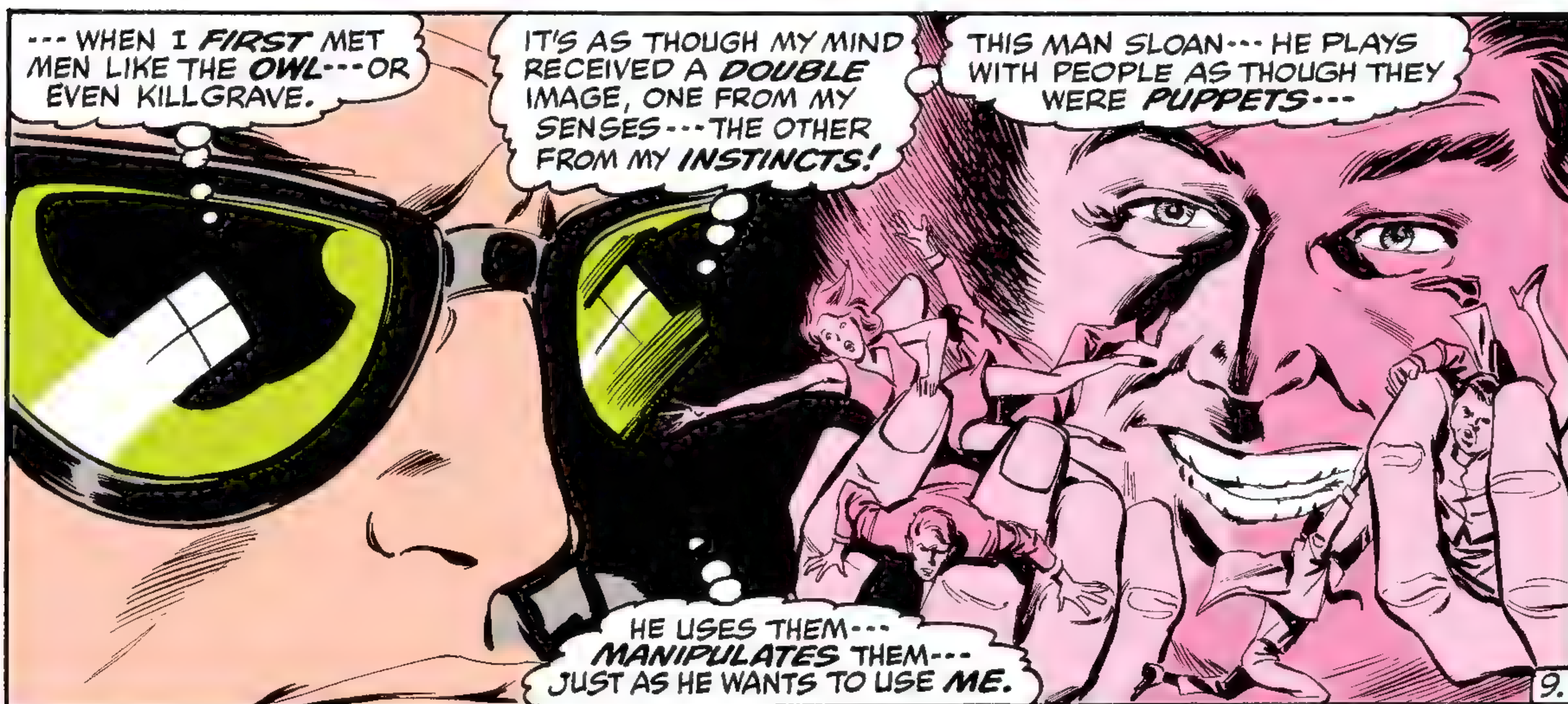
"AND IT WAS THEN, I
THINK, THAT I TRULY
BEGAN MY CAREER
AS A SPY---

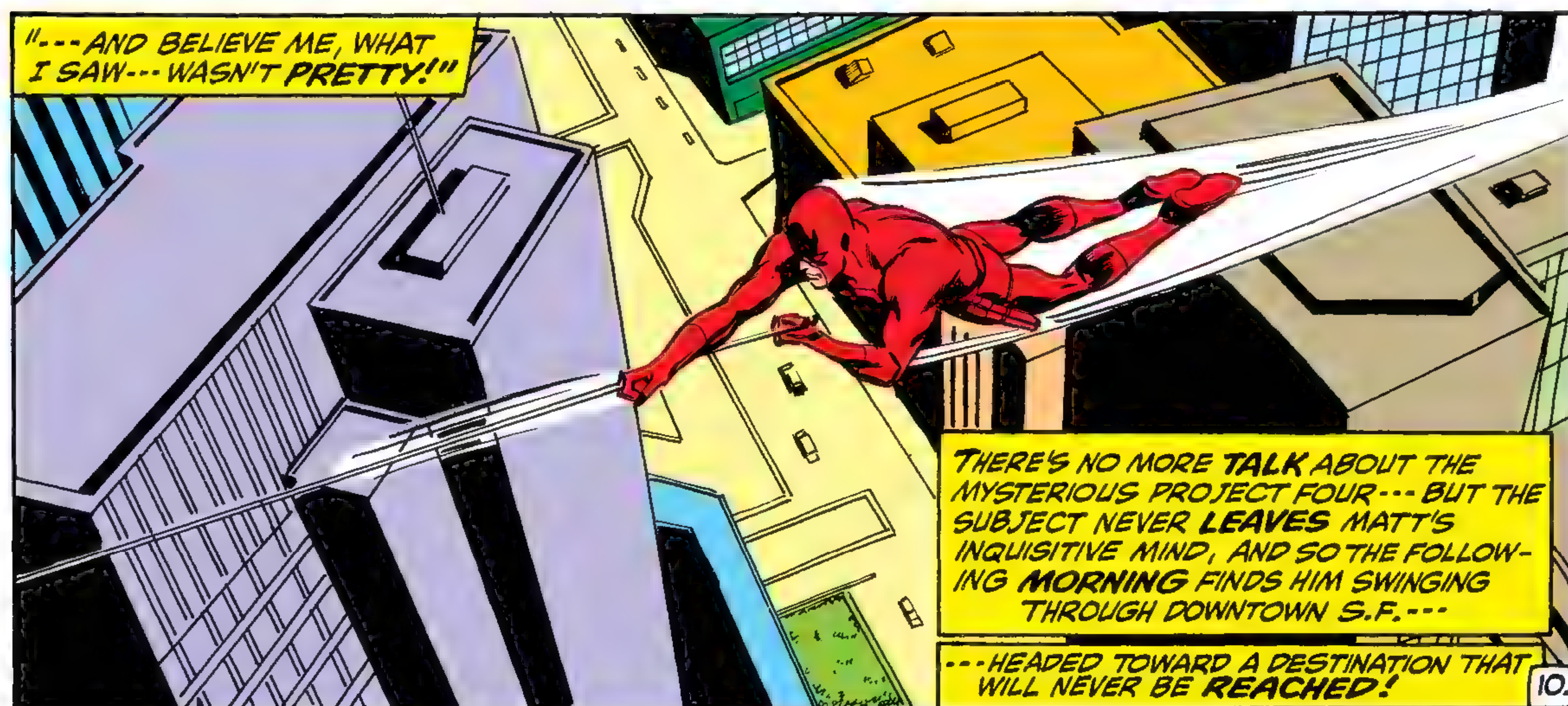
"---AND
GAINED THE
NAME---

BLACK
WIDOW!"









THIS IS HOW IT **BEGINS**: AS SUDDENLY AS A RIFLE SHOT, A SURGE OF INEXPLICABLE FEAR COURSES THROUGH MATT'S ARCED BODY---

--AND WITH THAT FEAR, ALL THOUGHTS OF CONTACTING A FRIEND ON THE STAFF OF THE **DAILY CHRONICLE** SEEM TO DISSOLVE INTO DARKNESS-- ABRUPTLY BURIED UNDER A GRIM SENSATION OF CHOKING---



A SENSATION THAT **BUILDS** AS HE SPINS HELPLESSLY AT THE END OF HIS BILLY CLUB WIRE! TRYING DESPERATELY TO REGAIN CONTROL, MATT FINDS HIMSELF UNABLE TO **THINK**... AND BECOMES INCREASINGLY AWARE OF THE TERROR CLUTCHING AT HIS **HEART**...

--- A FRIGHT UNLIKE ANY HE'S EVER FELT BEFORE--- A FEAR WITHOUT CAUSE--- A HORROR WITHOUT REASON!

HIS ARMS SNAP TAUT--- HE LETS HIS MOMENTUM CARRY HIM DOWNWARD, TOWARD THE NEAREST **BUILDING**--



---AND THERE, **SENSING** THAT HIS GRIP IS WEAKENING, HE PITCHES FORWARD---

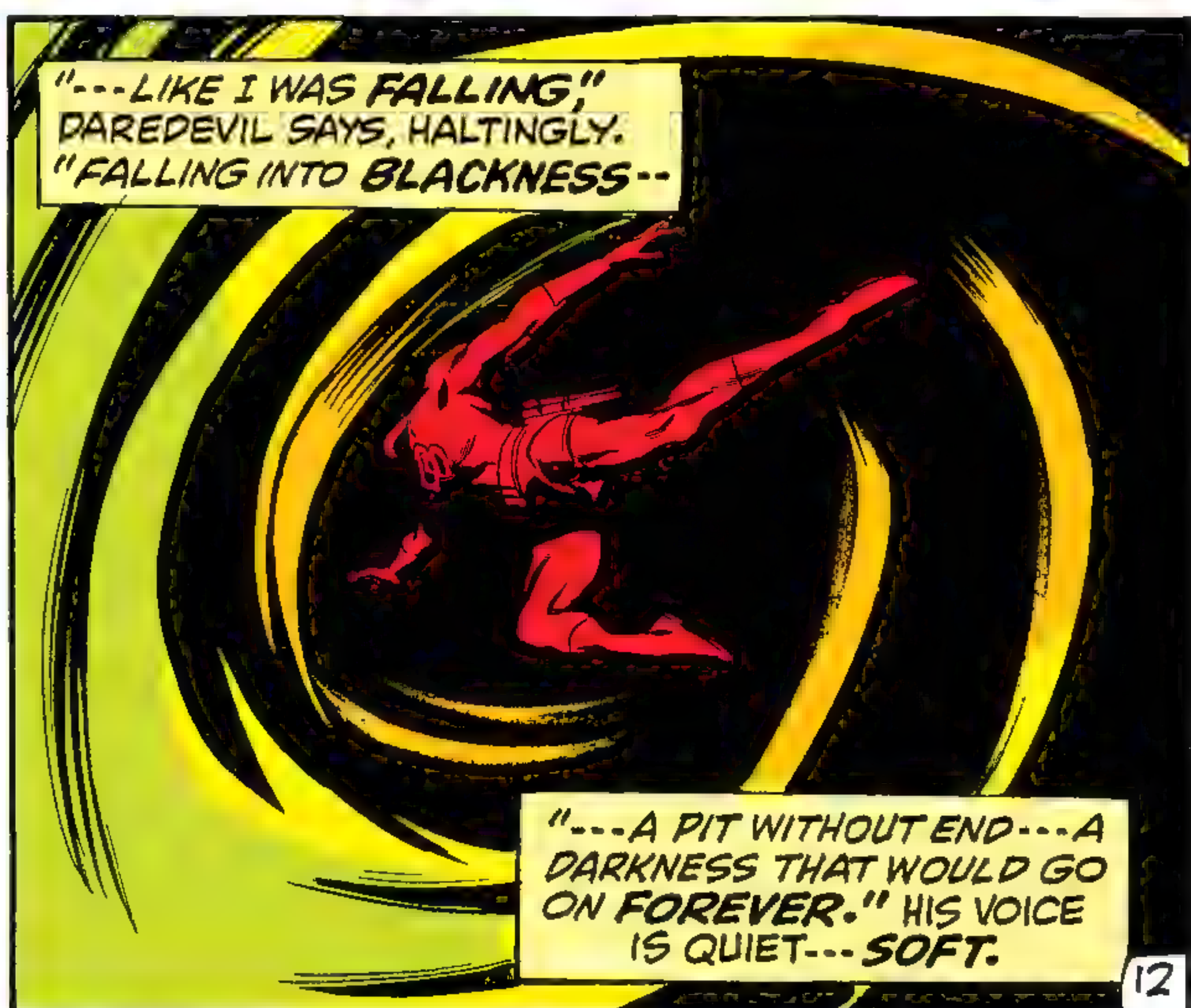
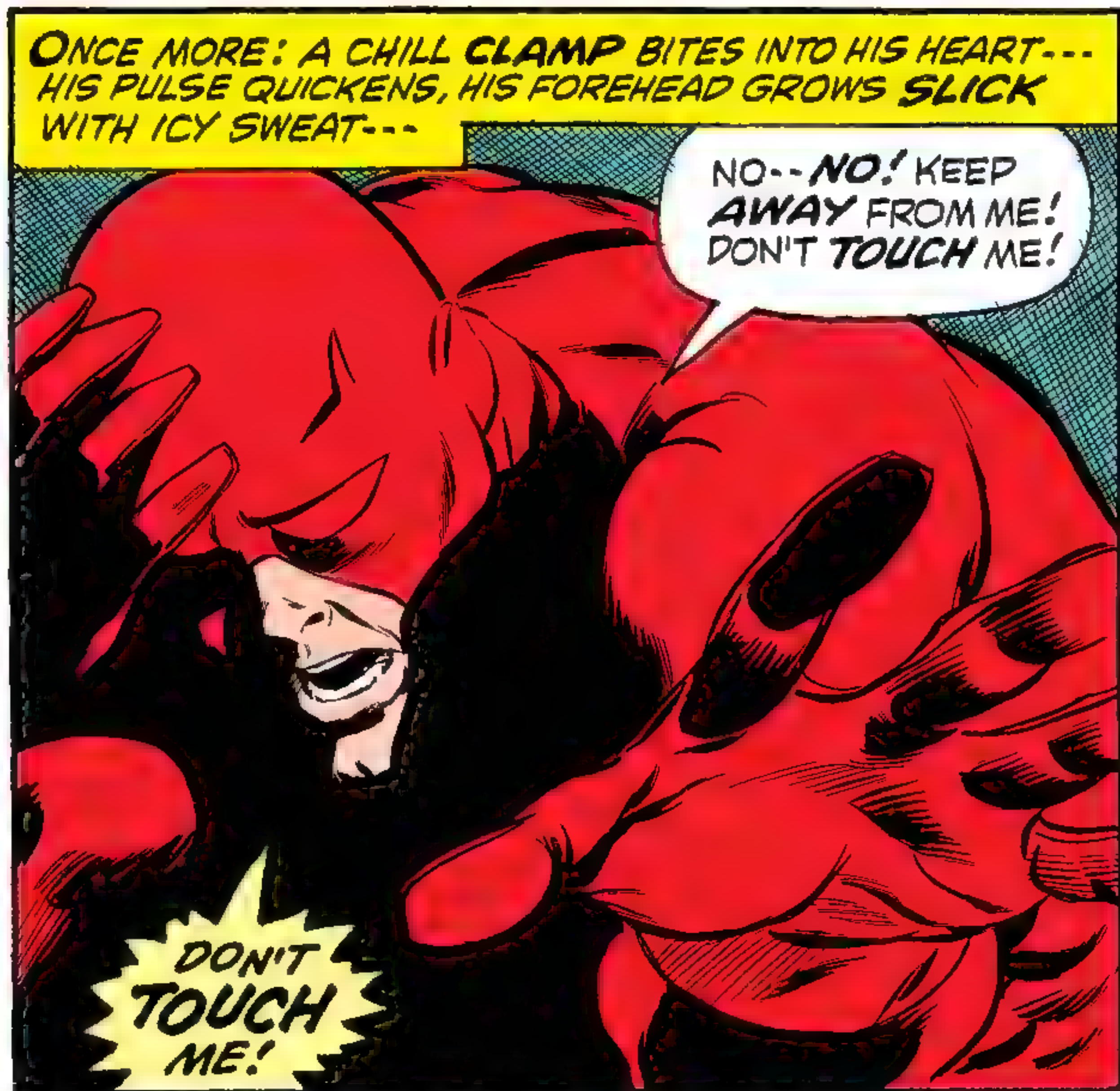
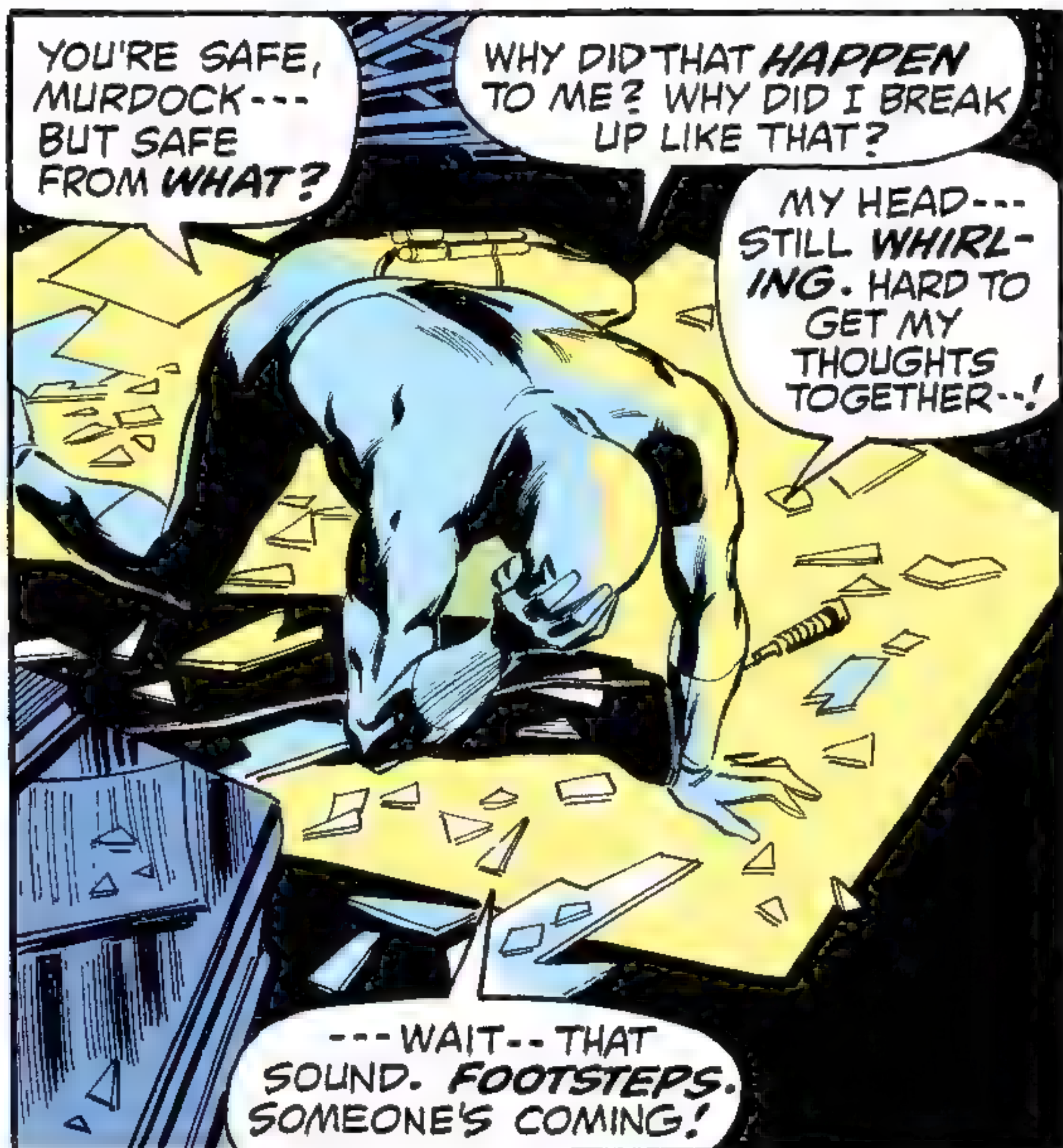


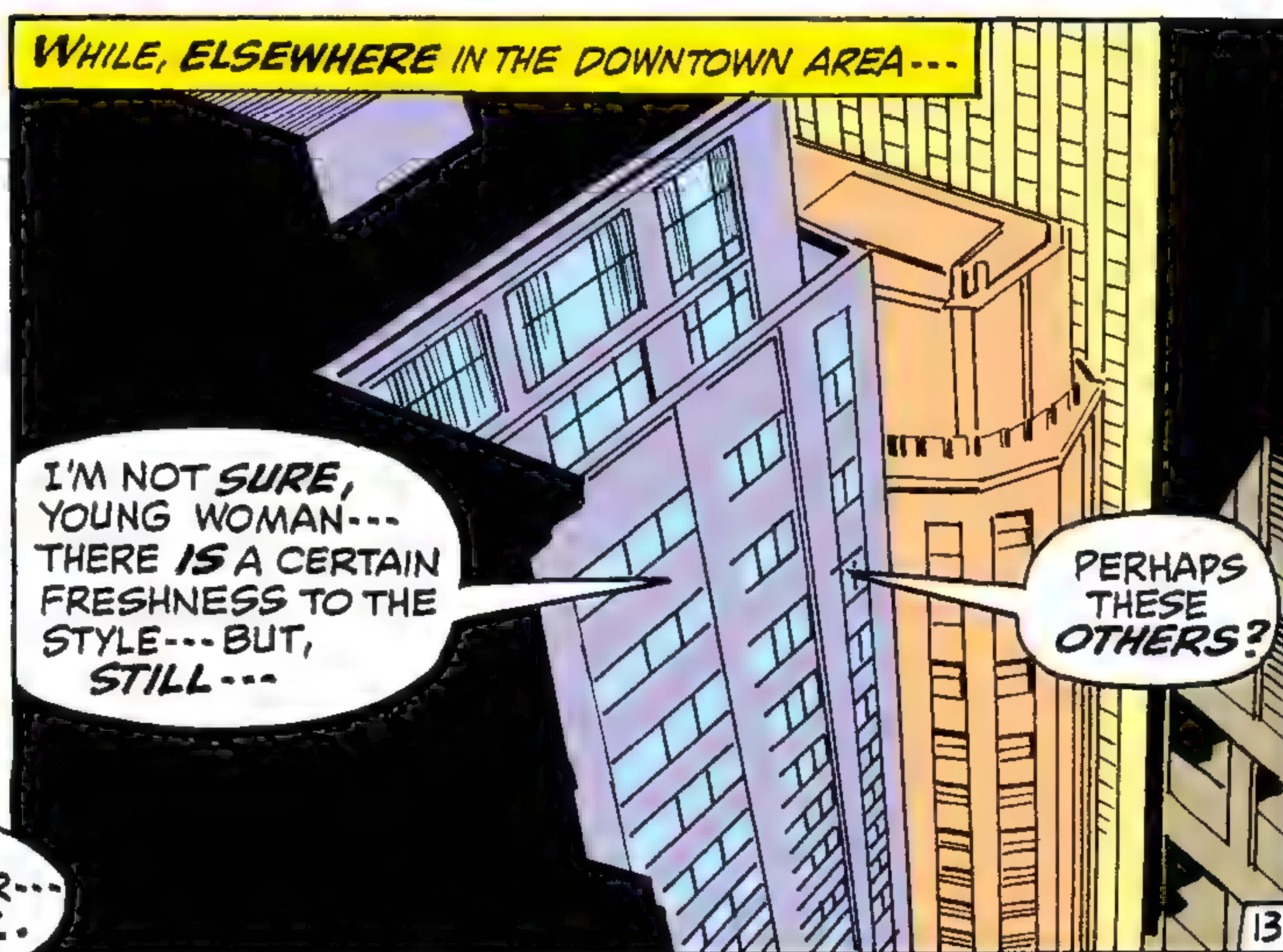
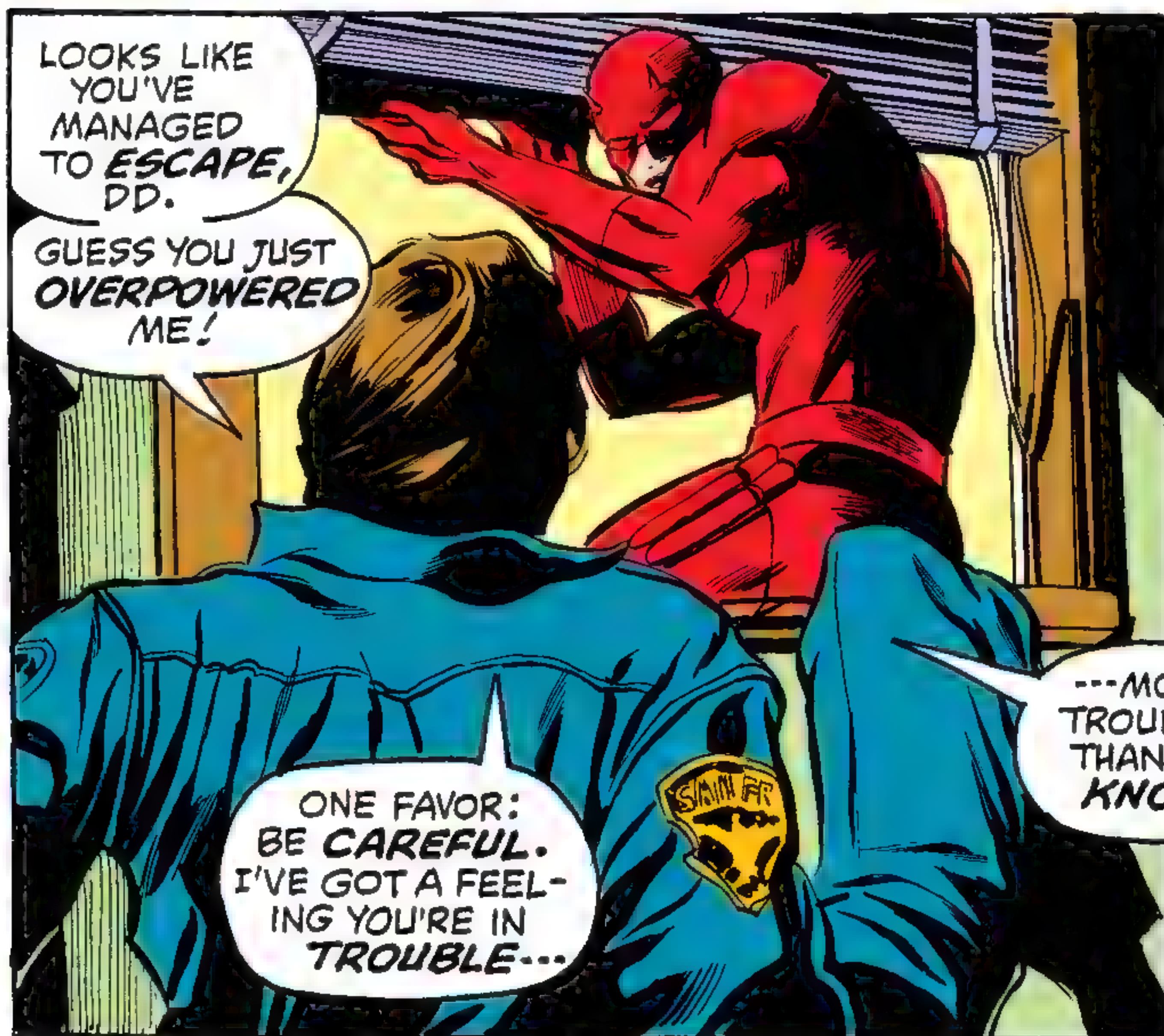
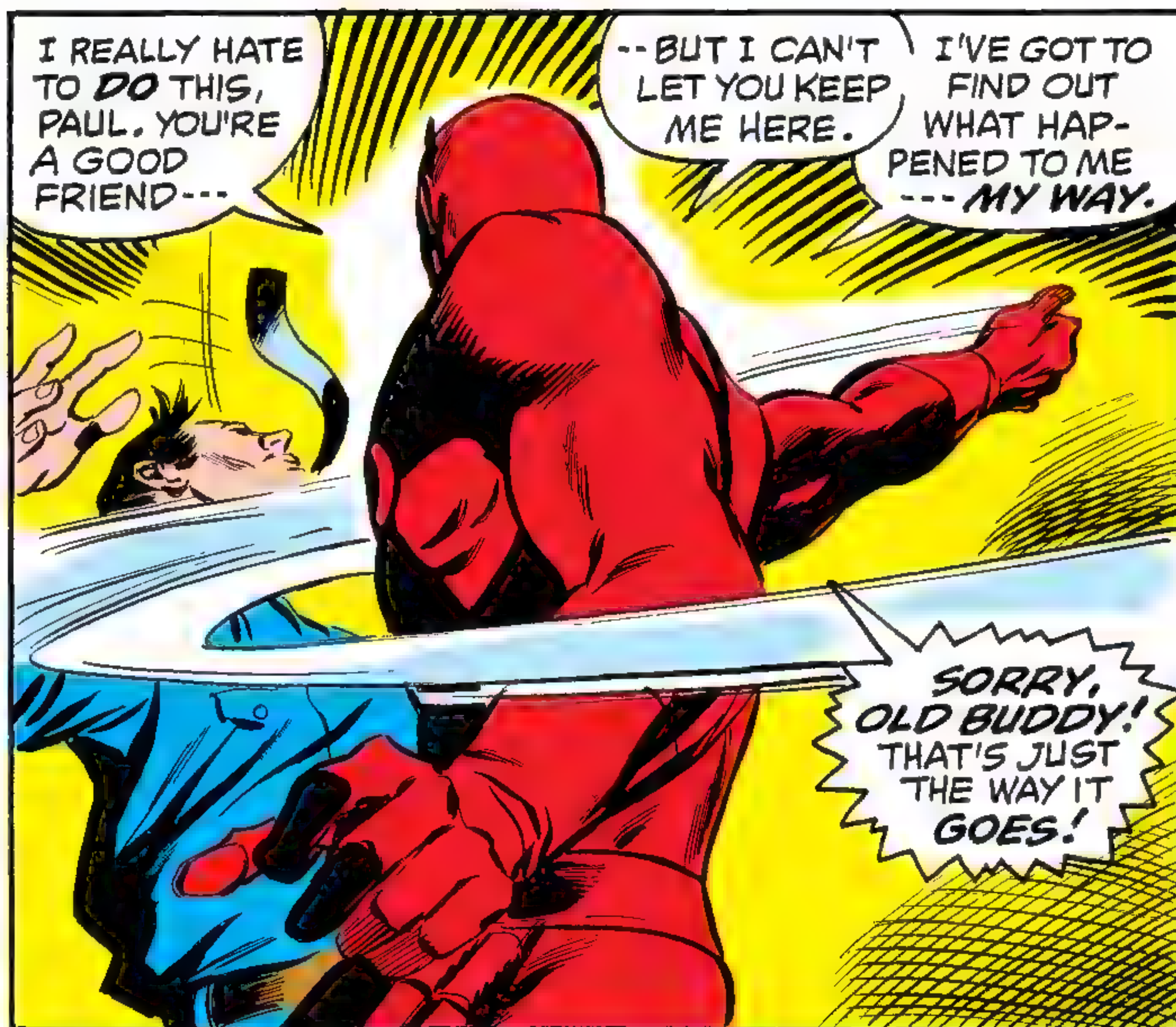
A WINDOW LOOMS BEFORE HIM, AND IN THE NEXT MOMENT---

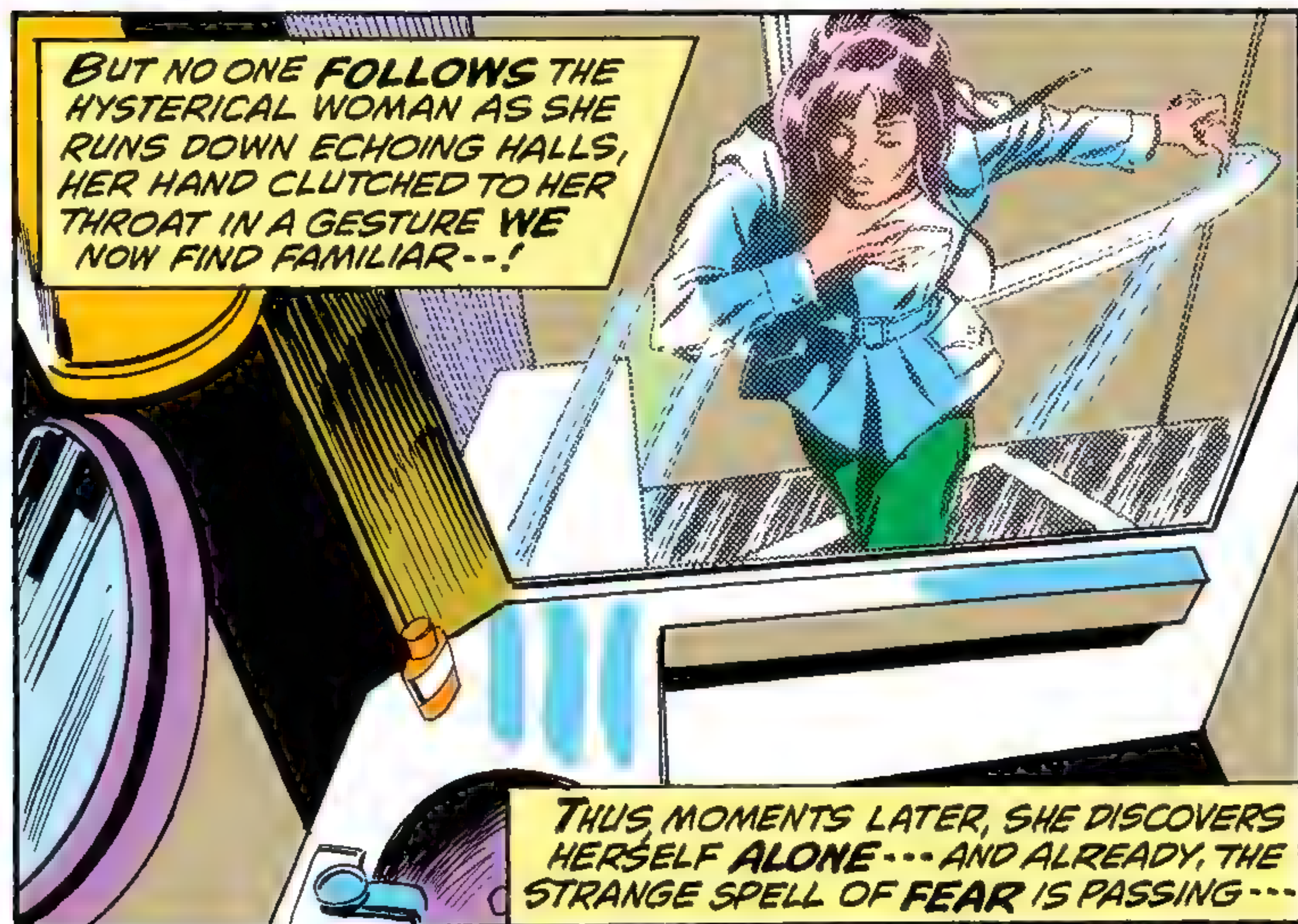
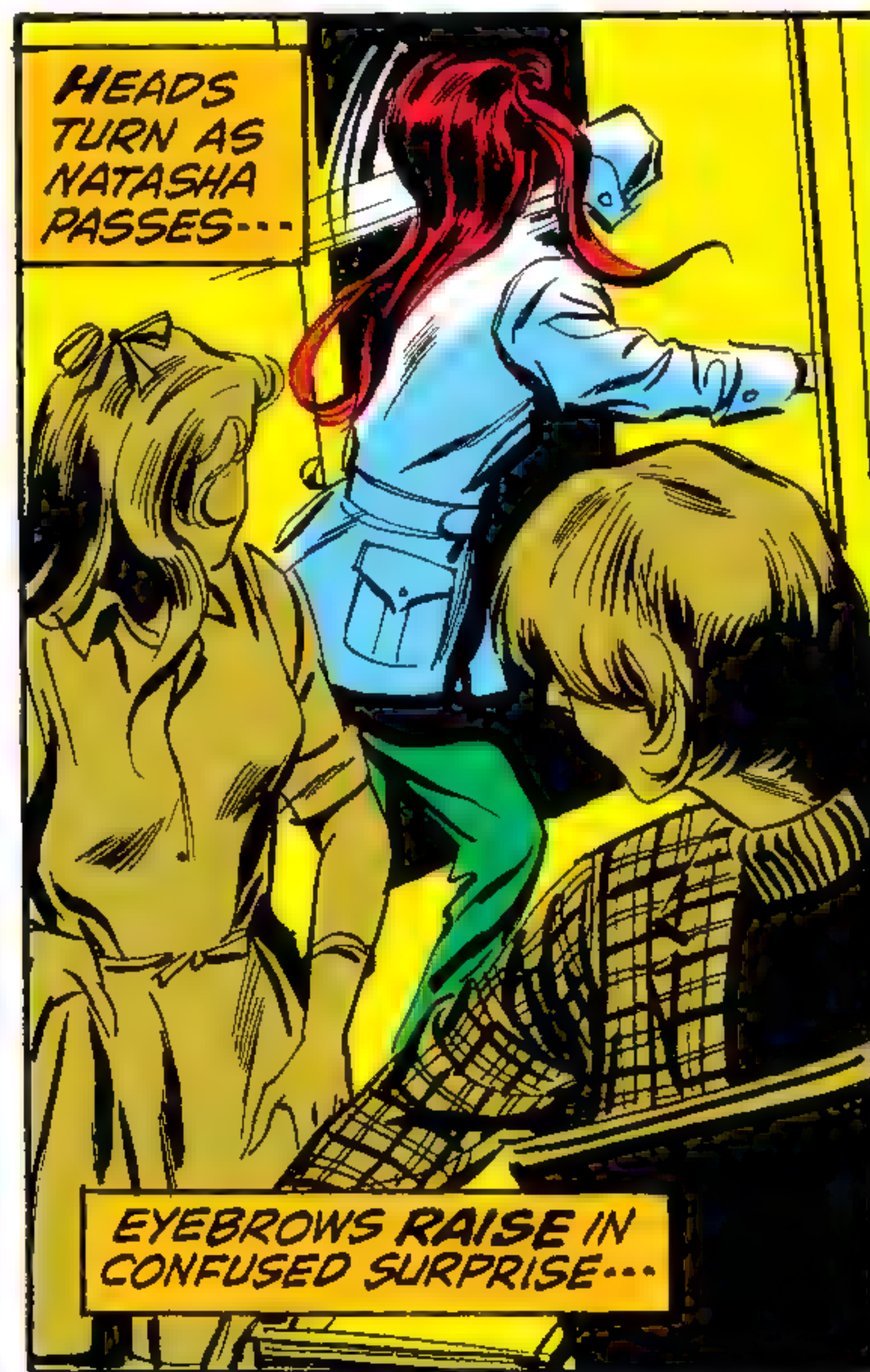
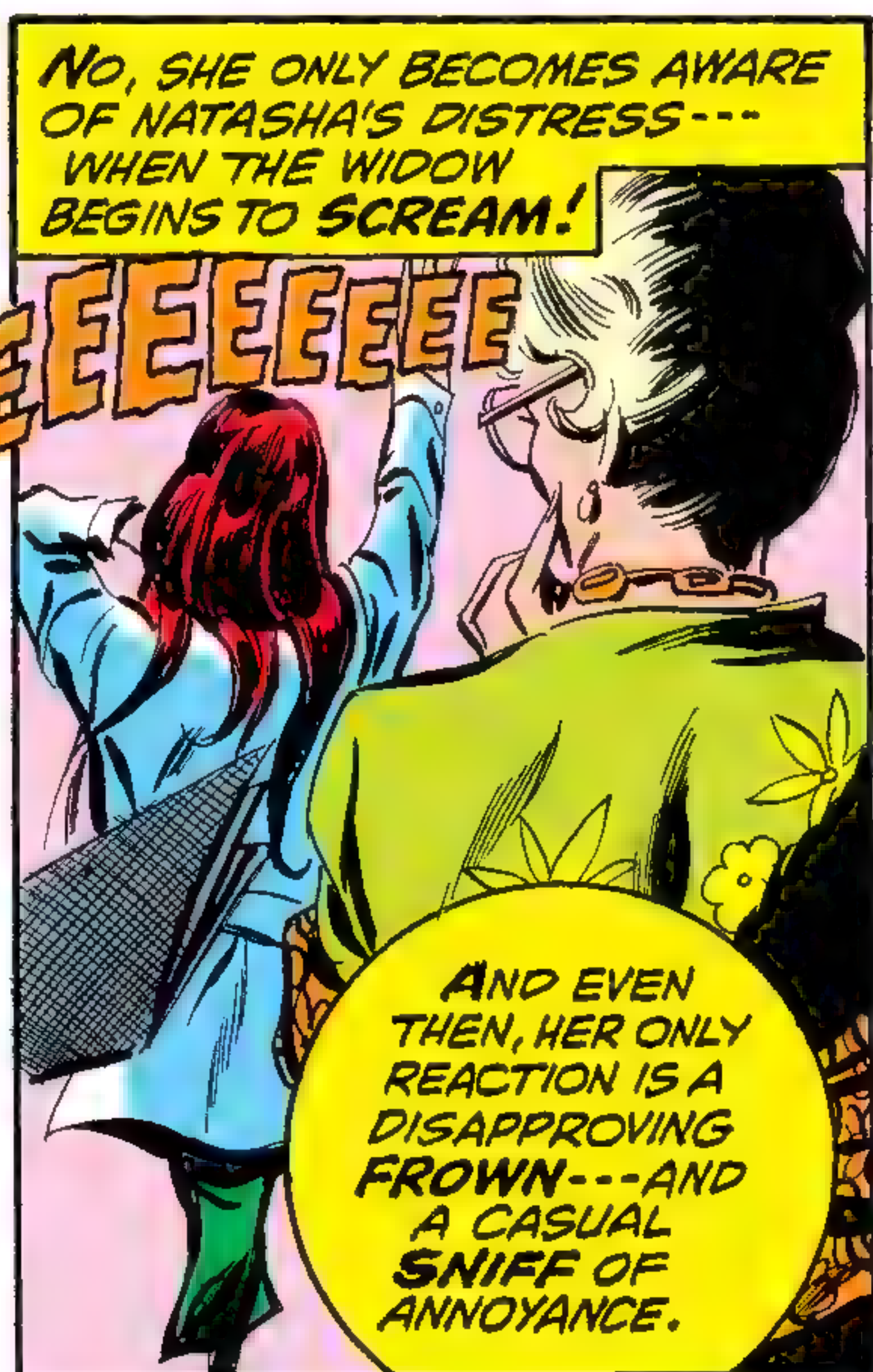
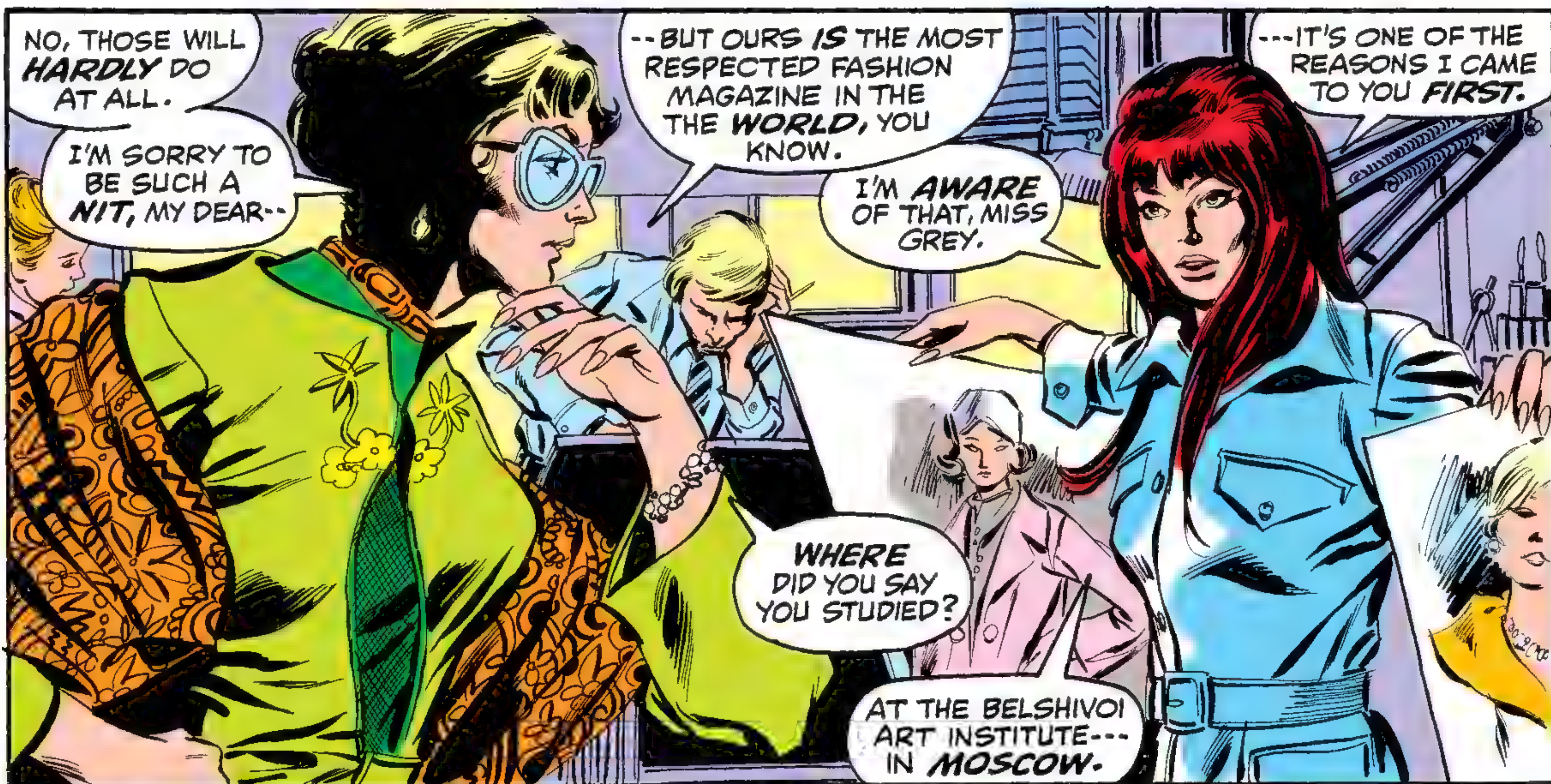
---A WINDOW **SHATTERS**!

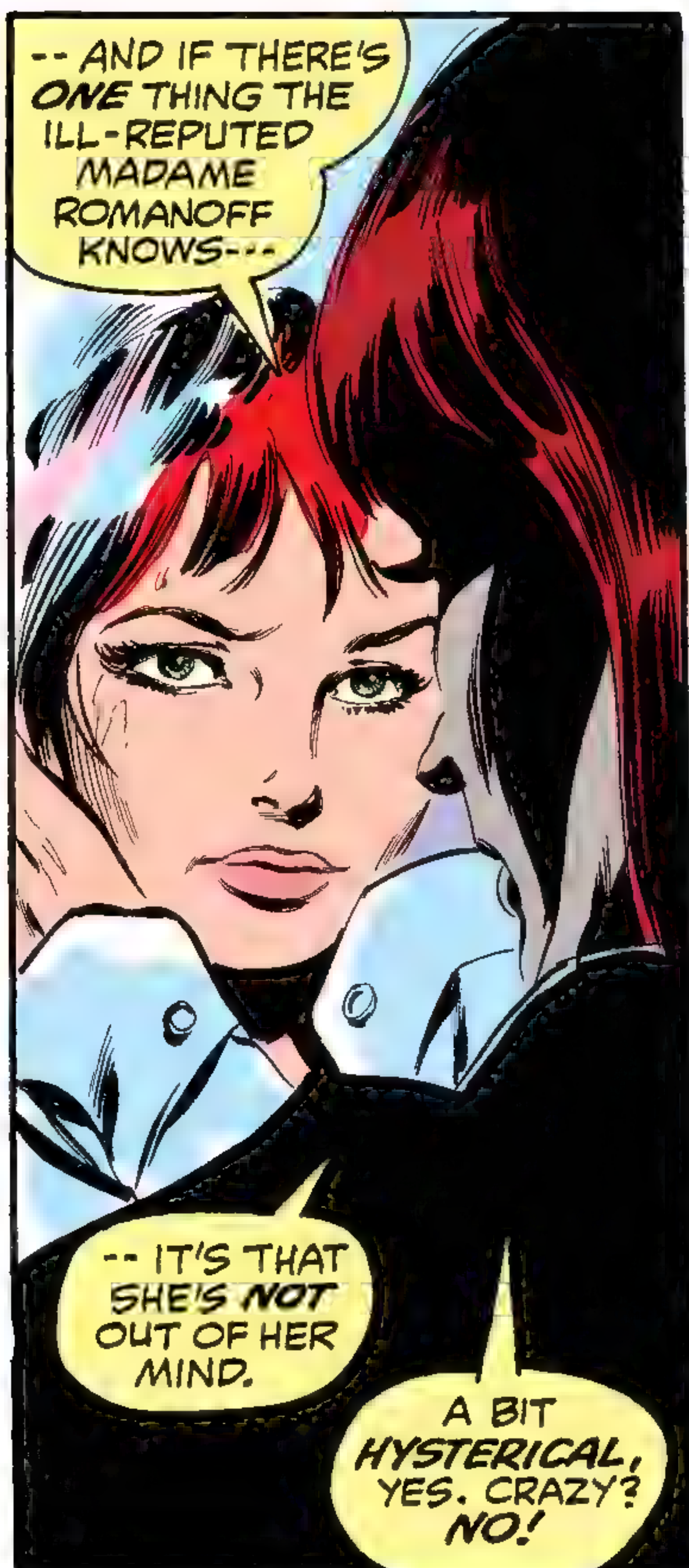
IT ALL HAPPENS QUICKLY. A HEARTBEAT... TWO--- AND IT'S DONE.







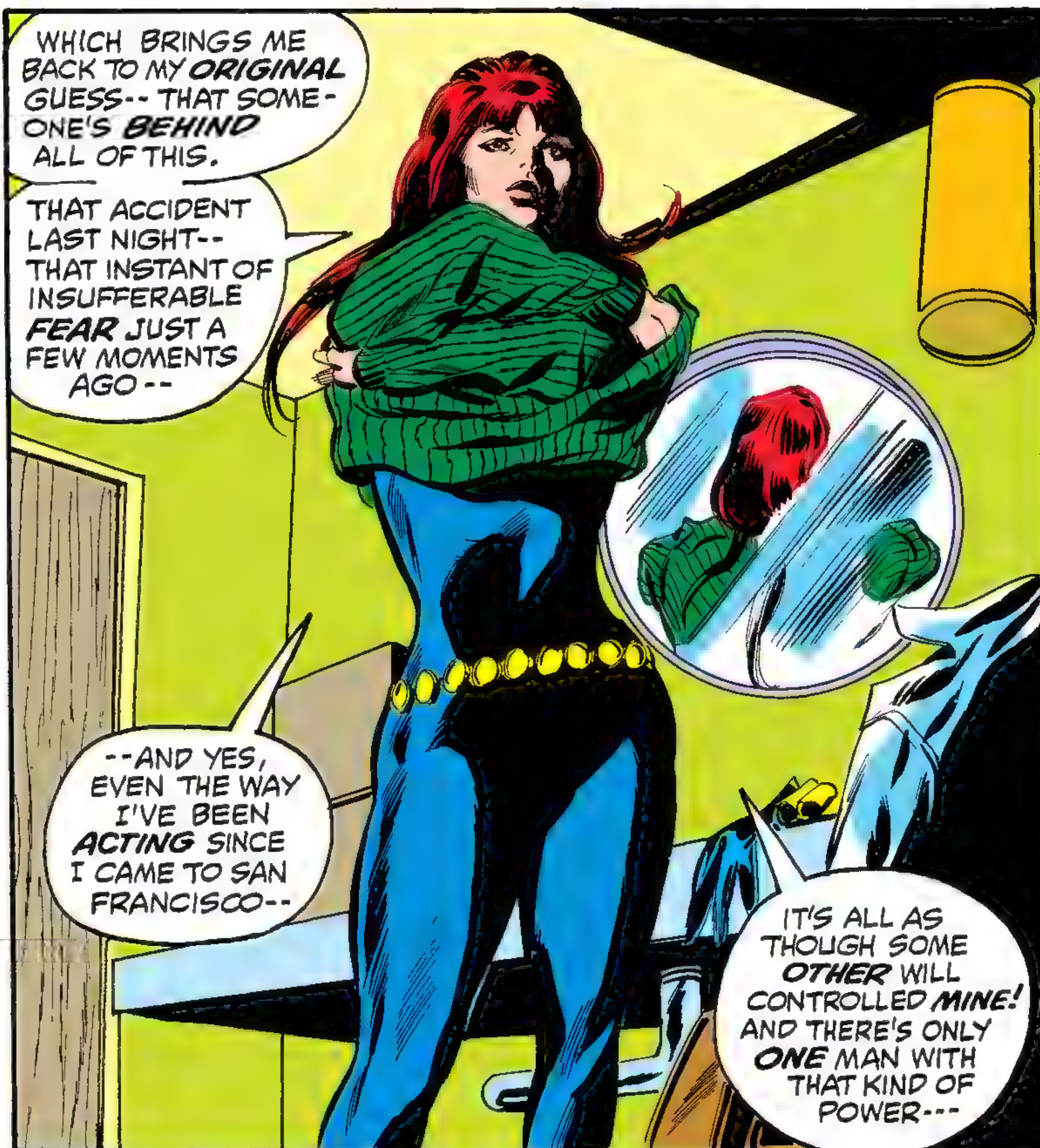




-- AND IF THERE'S **ONE** THING THE ILL-REPUTED MADAME ROMANOFF KNOWS---

-- IT'S THAT SHE'S **NOT** OUT OF HER MIND.

A BIT **HYSTERICAL**, YES. CRAZY? **NO!**

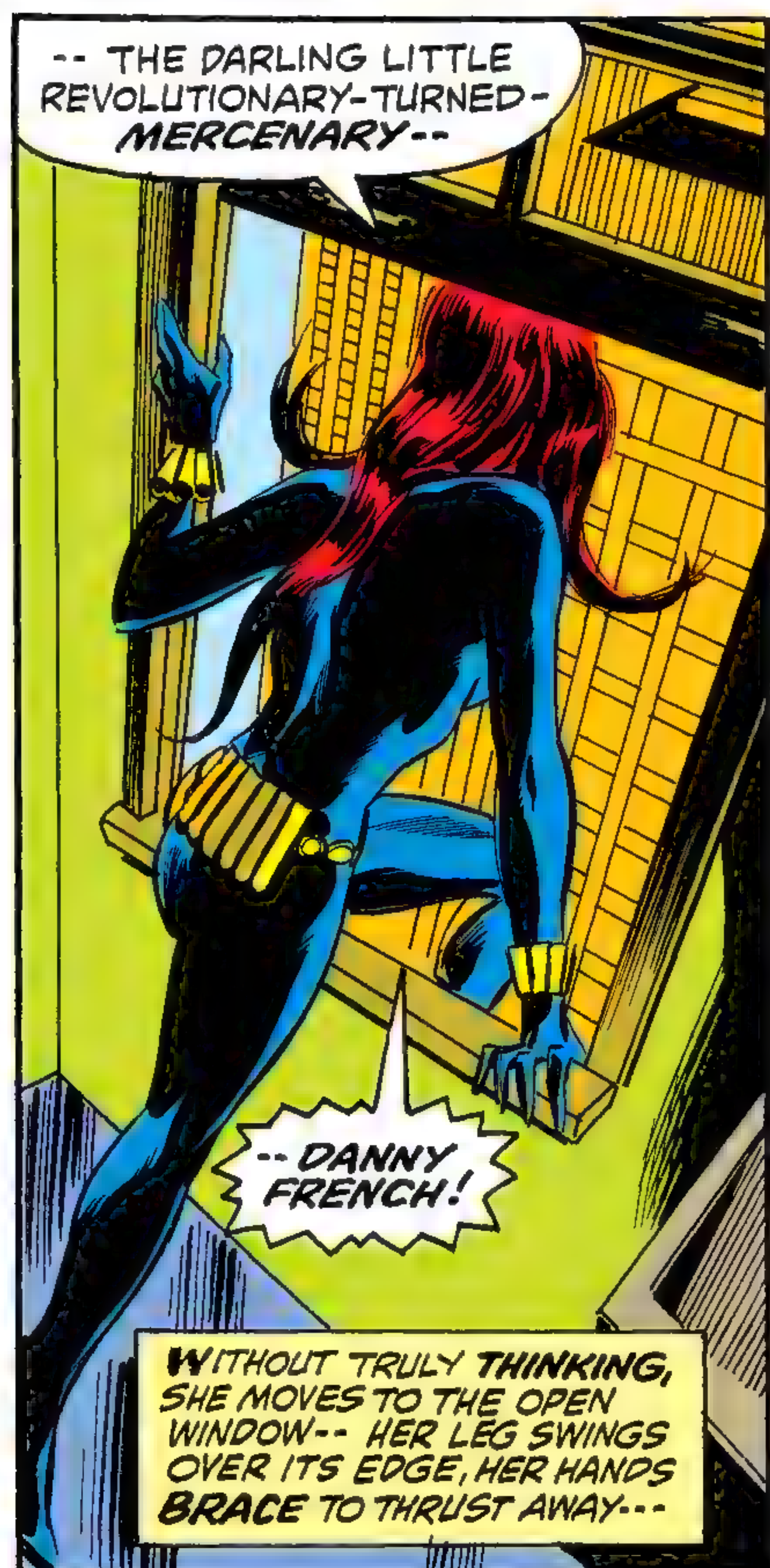


WHICH BRINGS ME BACK TO MY **ORIGINAL** GUESS-- THAT SOME-ONE'S **BEHIND** ALL OF THIS.

THAT ACCIDENT LAST NIGHT-- THAT INSTANT OF INSUFFERABLE **FEAR** JUST A FEW MOMENTS AGO --

--AND YES, EVEN THE WAY I'VE BEEN **ACTING** SINCE I CAME TO SAN FRANCISCO--

IT'S ALL AS THOUGH SOME **OTHER** WILL CONTROLLED **MINE!** AND THERE'S ONLY **ONE** MAN WITH THAT KIND OF POWER---



-- THE DARLING LITTLE REVOLUTIONARY-TURNED-**MERCENARY**--

-- **DANNY FRENCH!**

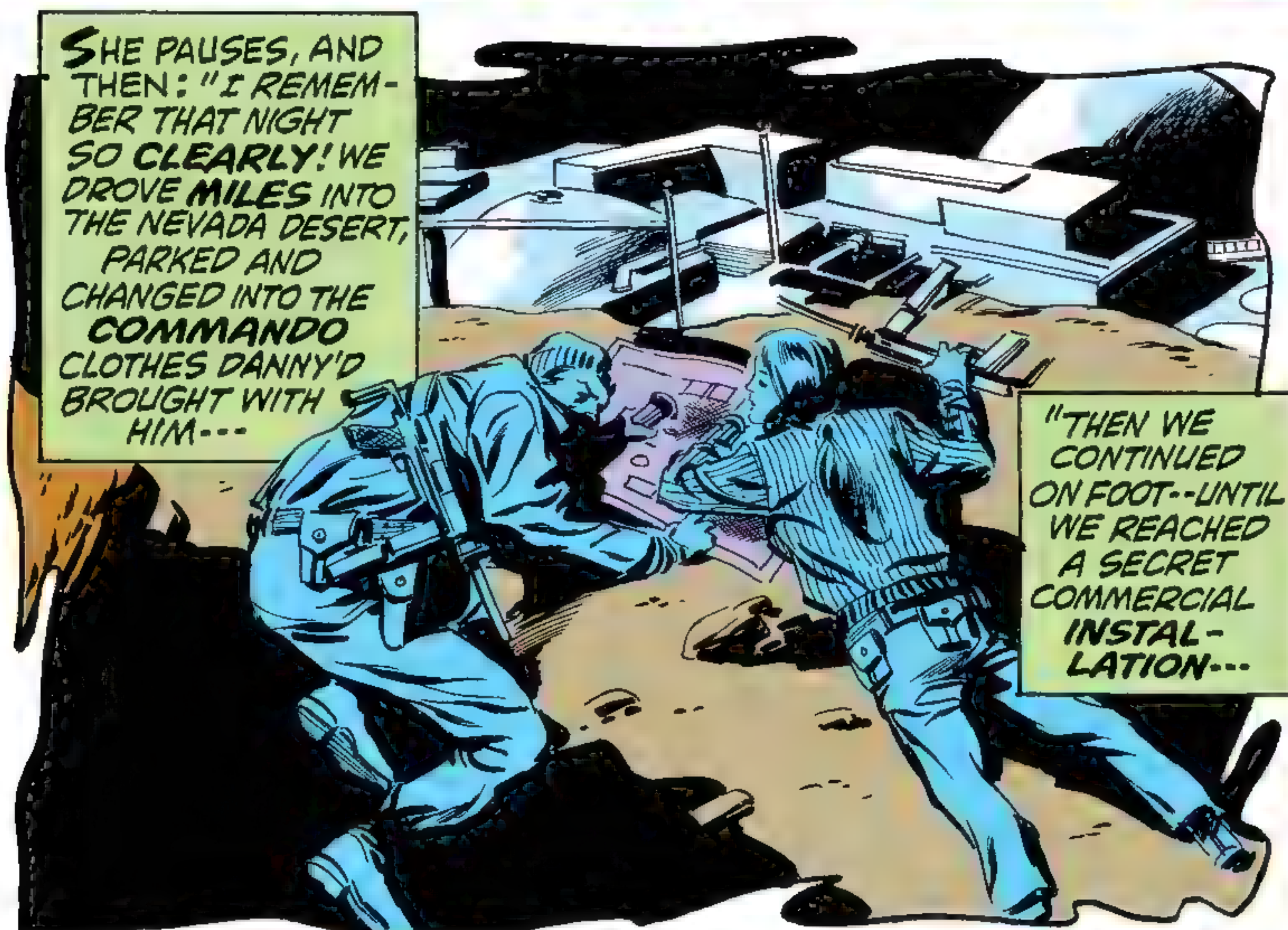
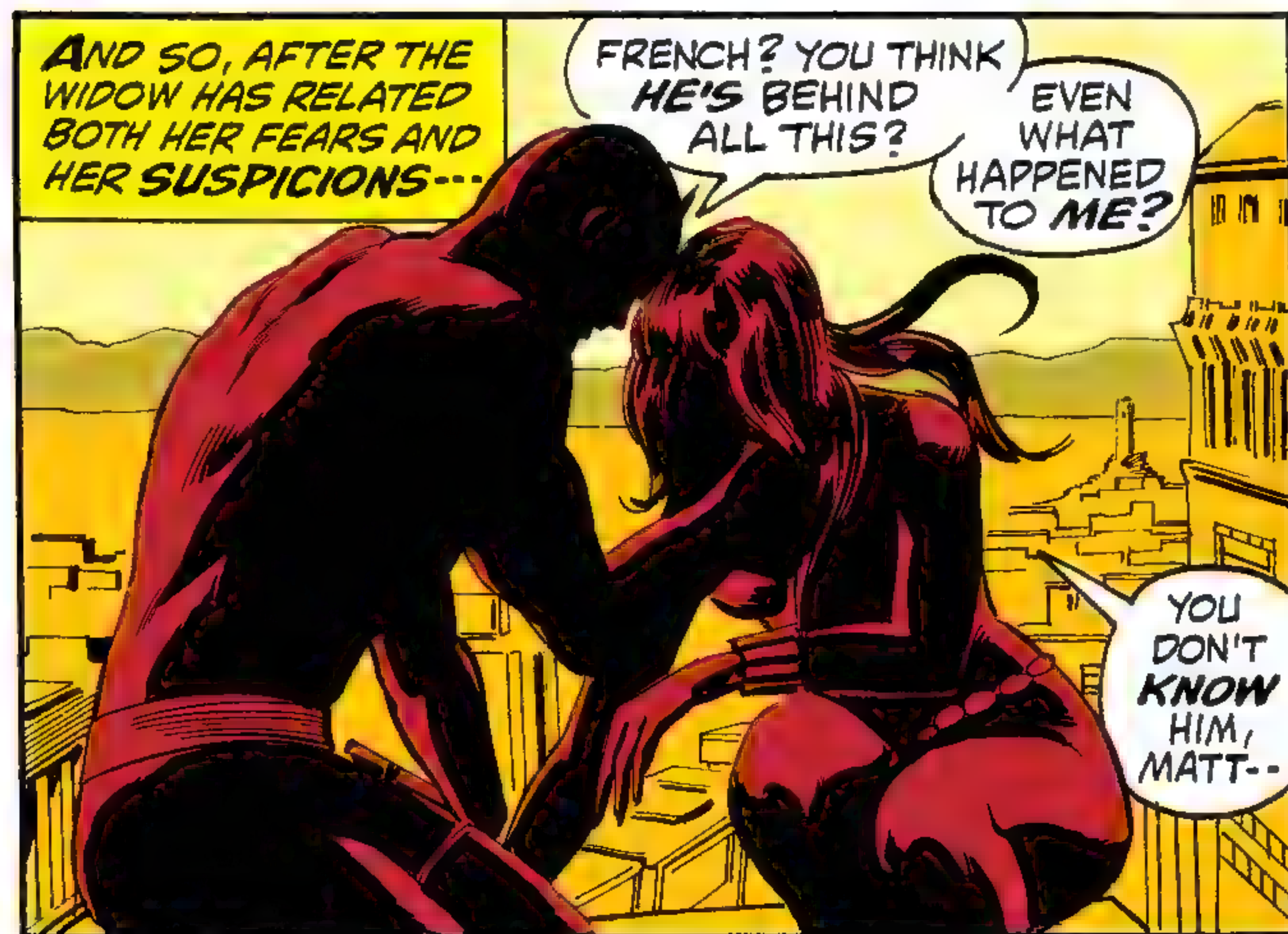
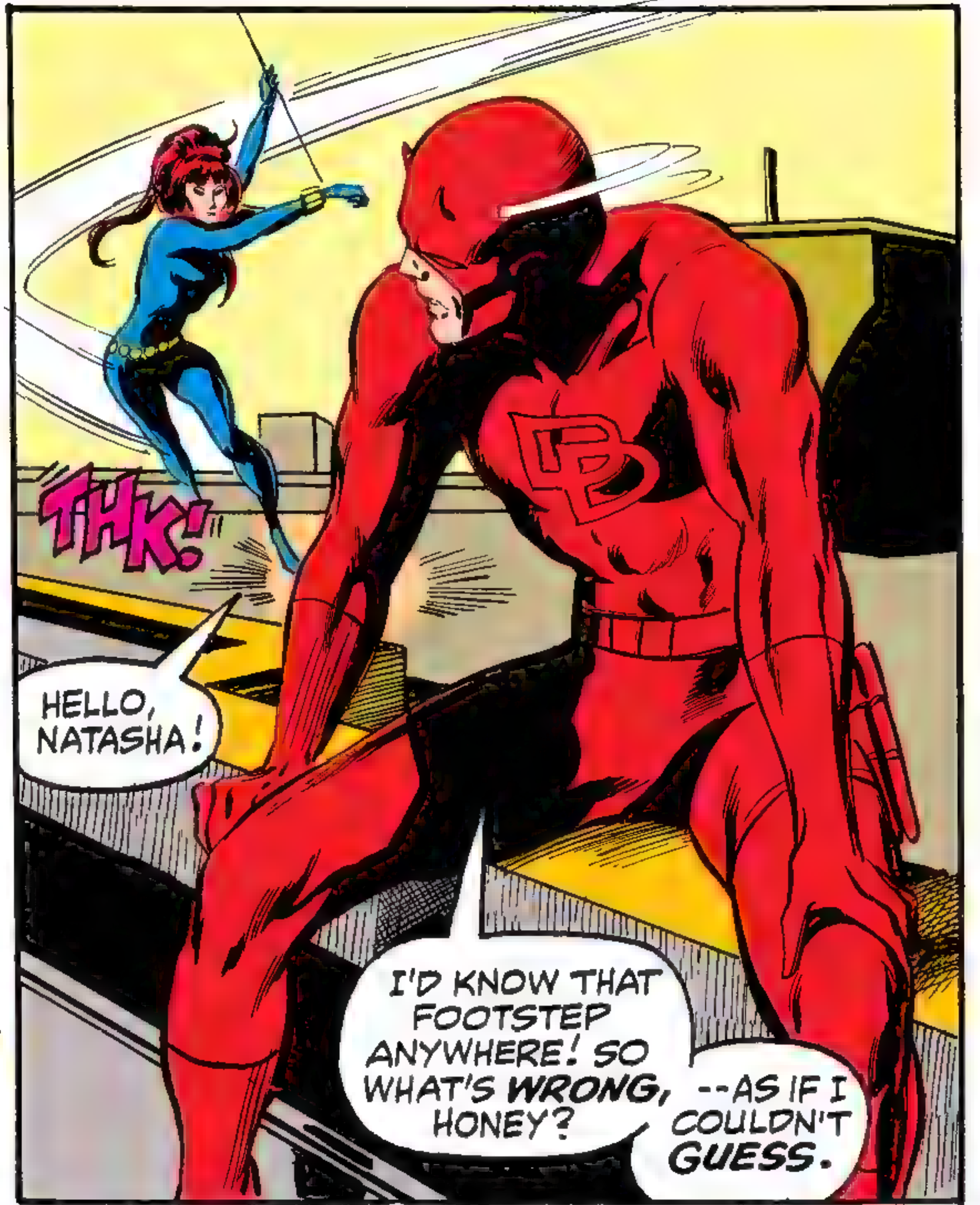
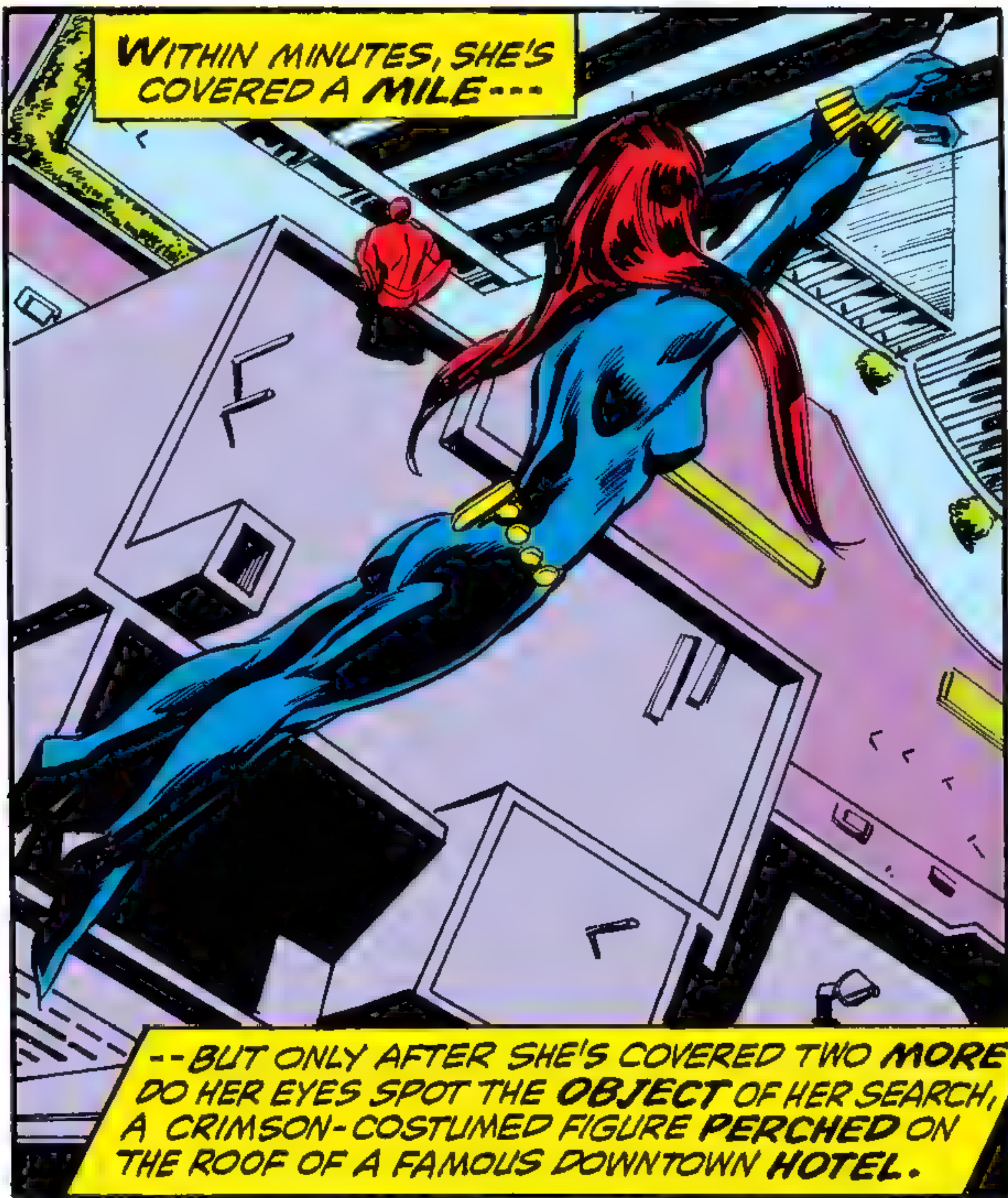
WITHOUT TRULY THINKING, SHE MOVES TO THE OPEN WINDOW-- HER LEG SWINGS OVER ITS EDGE, HER HANDS BRACE TO THRUST AWAY---



-- AND IN AN INSTANT-- **SHE'S GONE!**

PERHAPS ANOTHER MAN OR WOMAN MIGHT HAVE **HESITATED** BEFORE MAKING THAT LUNGE-- THEIR BODIES **PARALYZED** BY A TERRIFIED MEMORY OF THE EVENING BEFORE---

BUT THEN-- THEY WOULDN'T BE-- THE BLACK WIDOW!





"I STARED AT THE MAP
IN WONDER--I'D NEVER
COME SO CLOSE TO
ACTUAL ESPIONAGE
BEFORE--

-- HE TRIED TO
KISS ME, THEN--



-- I HAD TO PUSH
HIM AWAY.

DON'T-- DON'T
EVER DO THAT
AGAIN!

DON'T
EVER
TOUCH
ME!

SURE,
SISTER.
SOME
OTHER
TIME--
ANOTHER
PLACE.



"HE WAS
STILL
LAUGHING
WHEN WE
HEARD THE
SOUND--A
SUDDEN
FOOT-
STEP--

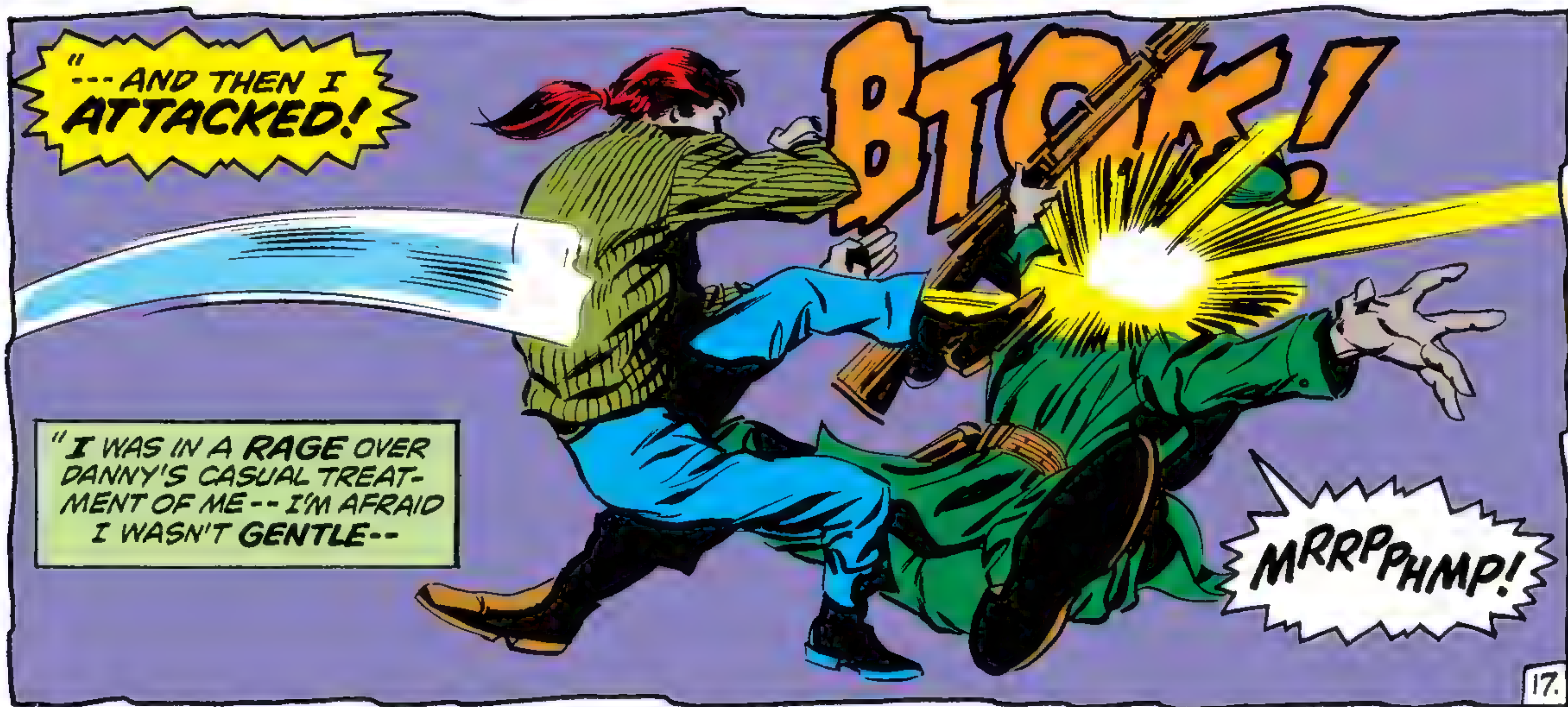
SNAP!

BLAST
IT! THE
GUARD--!



"DANNY SWUNG THE FLASHLIGHT
BEAM IN A CUTTING ARC--
THE LIGHT STRUCK THE MAN FULL
IN THE FACE, BLINDING HIM--

"HE WAS
A TALL MAN,
BEEFY! I
NOTICED THAT
HIS UNIFORM
WAS NOT THAT
OF YOUR GOVERN-
MENT--

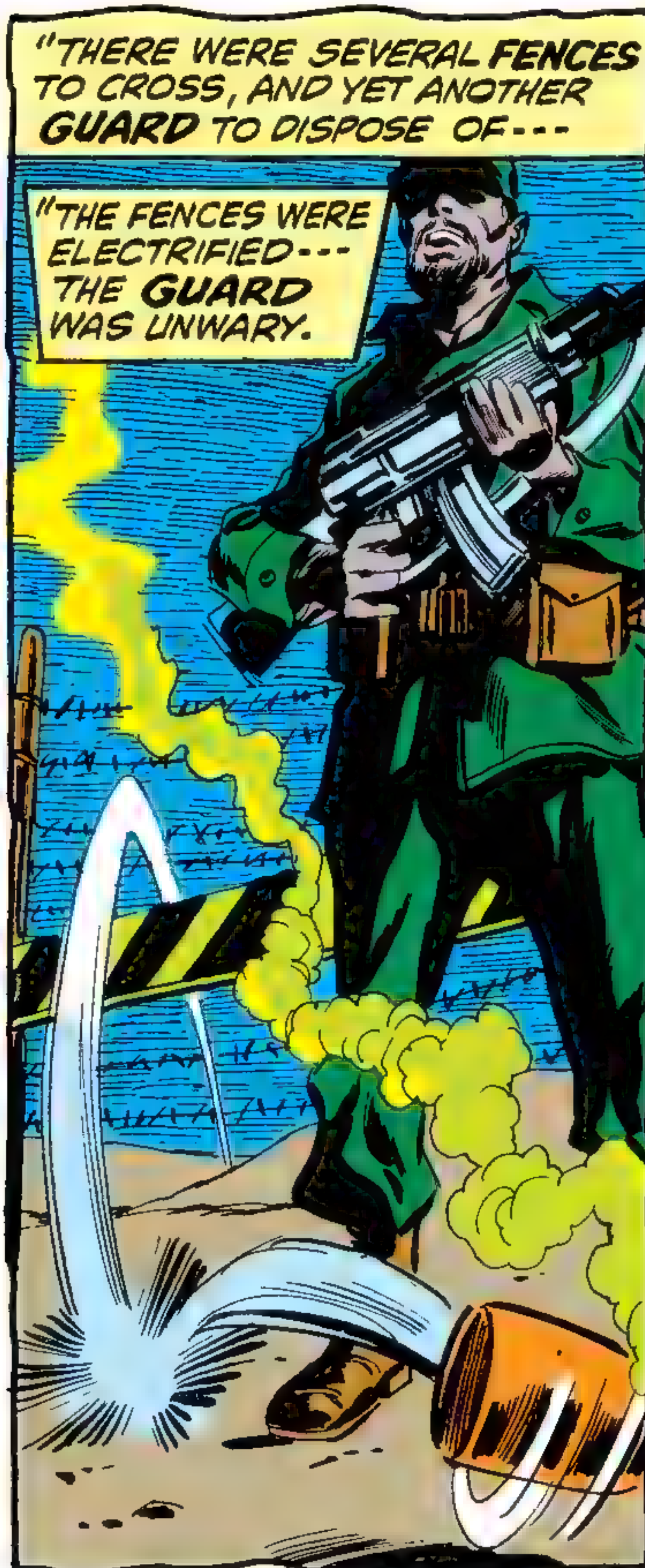


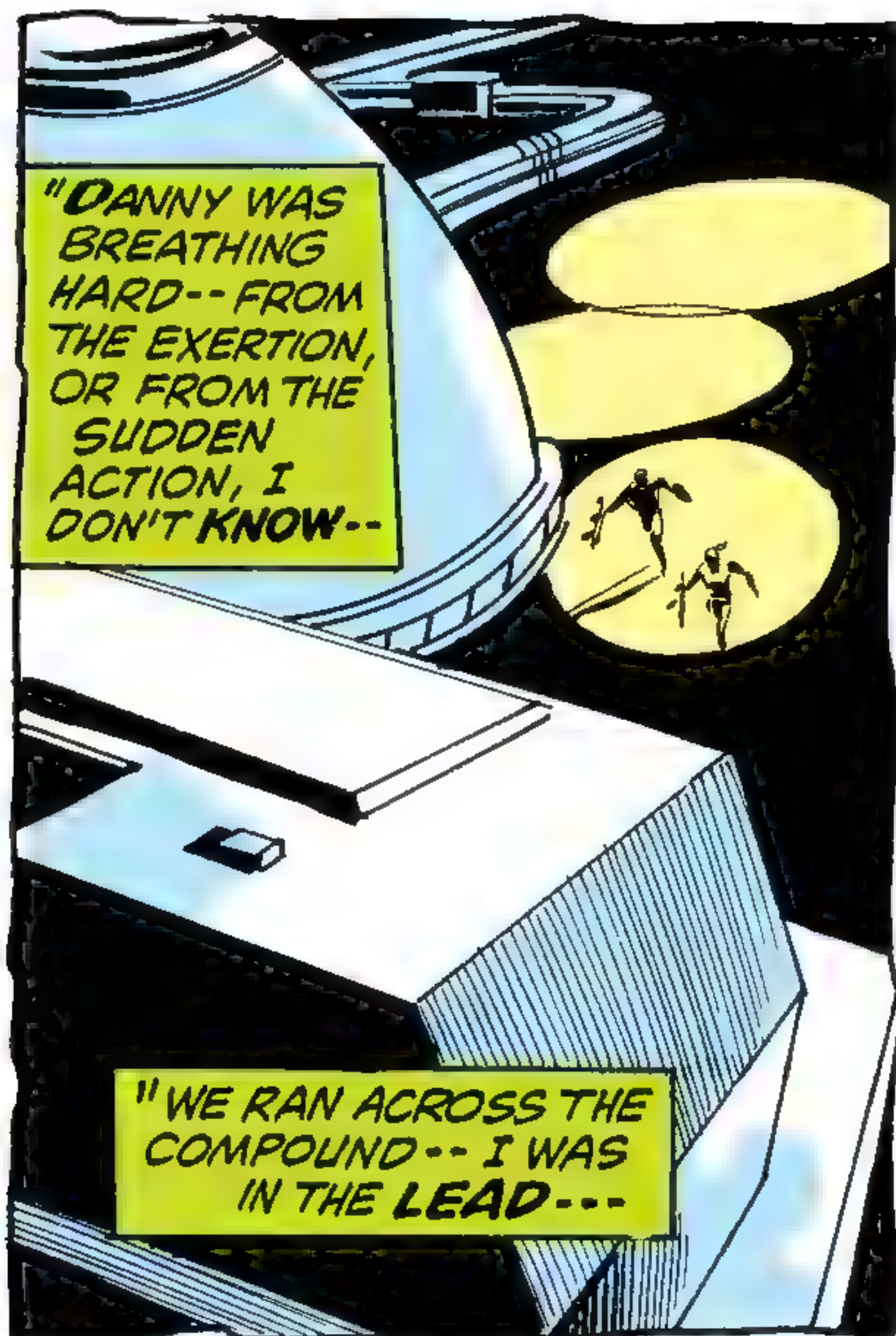
--- AND THEN I
ATTACKED!

"I WAS IN A RAGE OVER
DANNY'S CASUAL TREAT-
MENT OF ME-- I'M AFRAID
I WASN'T GENTLE--

BLOCK!

MRRP PHMP!





"DANNY WAS BREATHING HARD-- FROM THE EXERTION, OR FROM THE SUDDEN ACTION, I DON'T KNOW--

"WE RAN ACROSS THE COMPOUND-- I WAS IN THE LEAD---



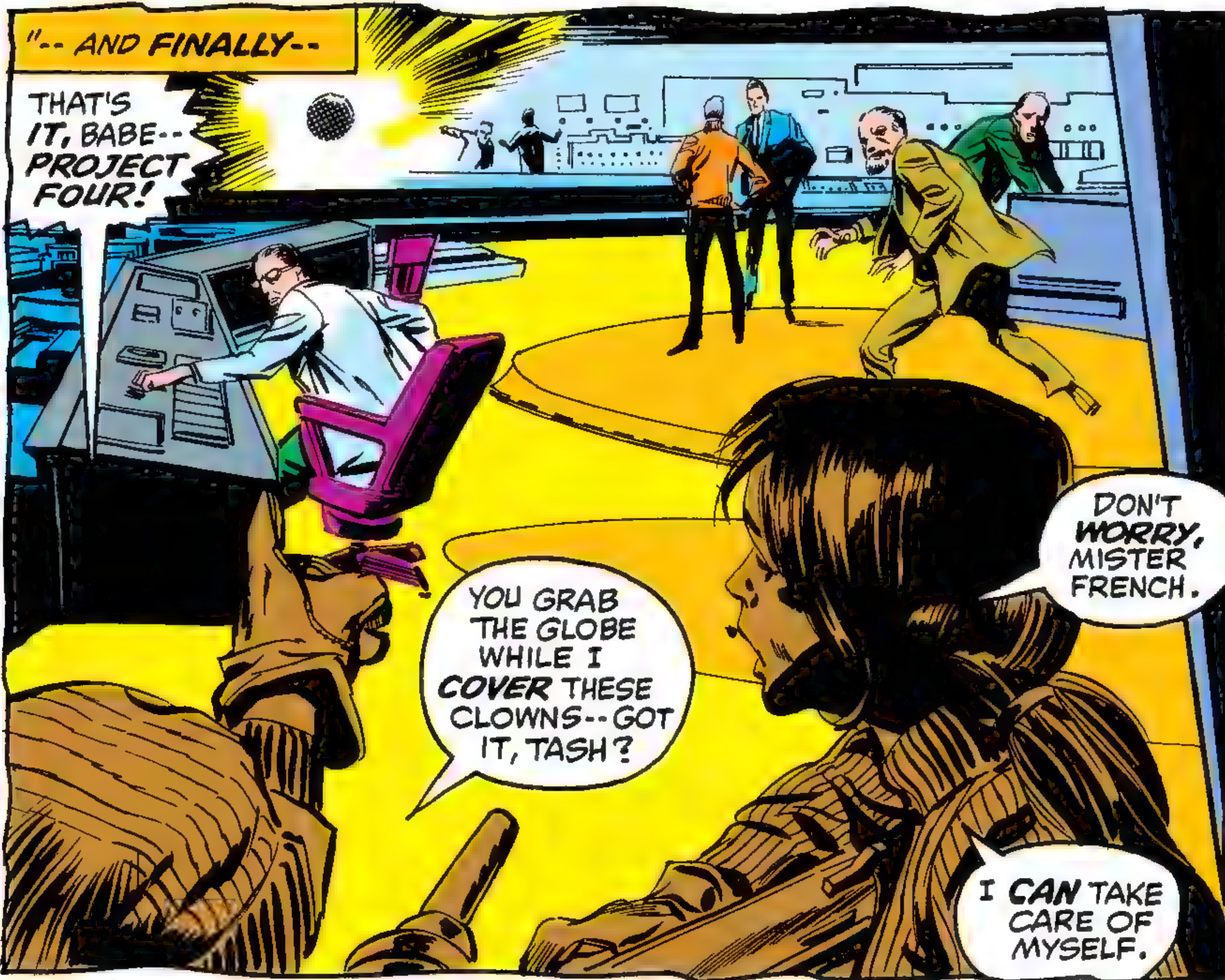
"-- BUT IT WAS DANNY WHO TOOK OUT THE NEXT GUARD---

"I THINK NOW THAT HE WAS TRYING TO PROVE SOMETHING TO ME, THEN--



"-- BUT WHAT IT WAS, I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND.

"WE TOOK THE ELEVATOR DOWN-- AND DOWN-- INTO SOLID BED-ROCK, I THINK--



"-- AND FINALLY--

THAT'S IT, BABE-- PROJECT FOUR!

YOU GRAB THE GLOBE WHILE I COVER THESE CLOWNS-- GOT IT, TASH?

DON'T WORRY, MISTER FRENCH.

I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.

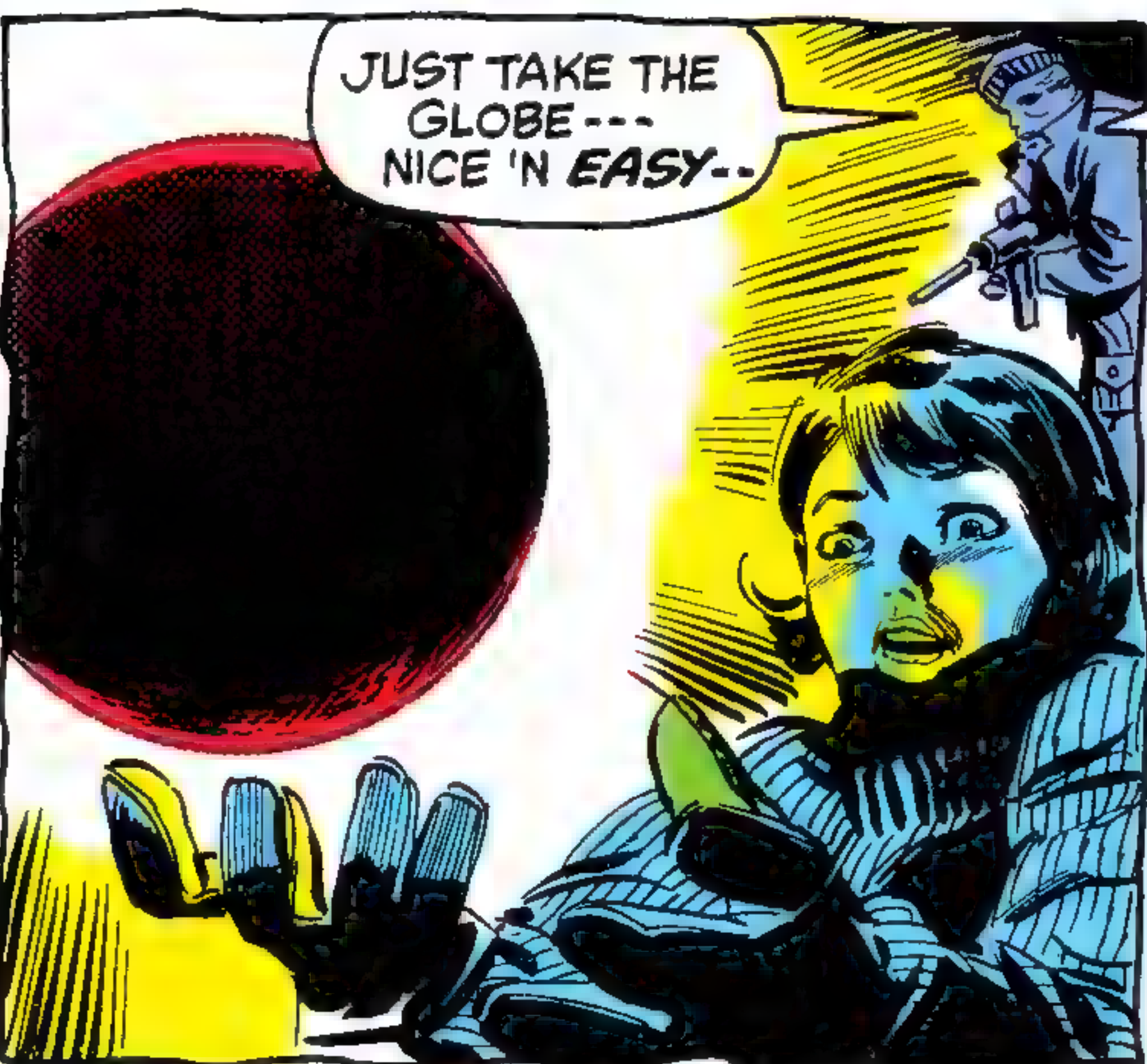


"BUT AS I MOVED TOWARD THE STRANGELY GLOWING SPHERE--

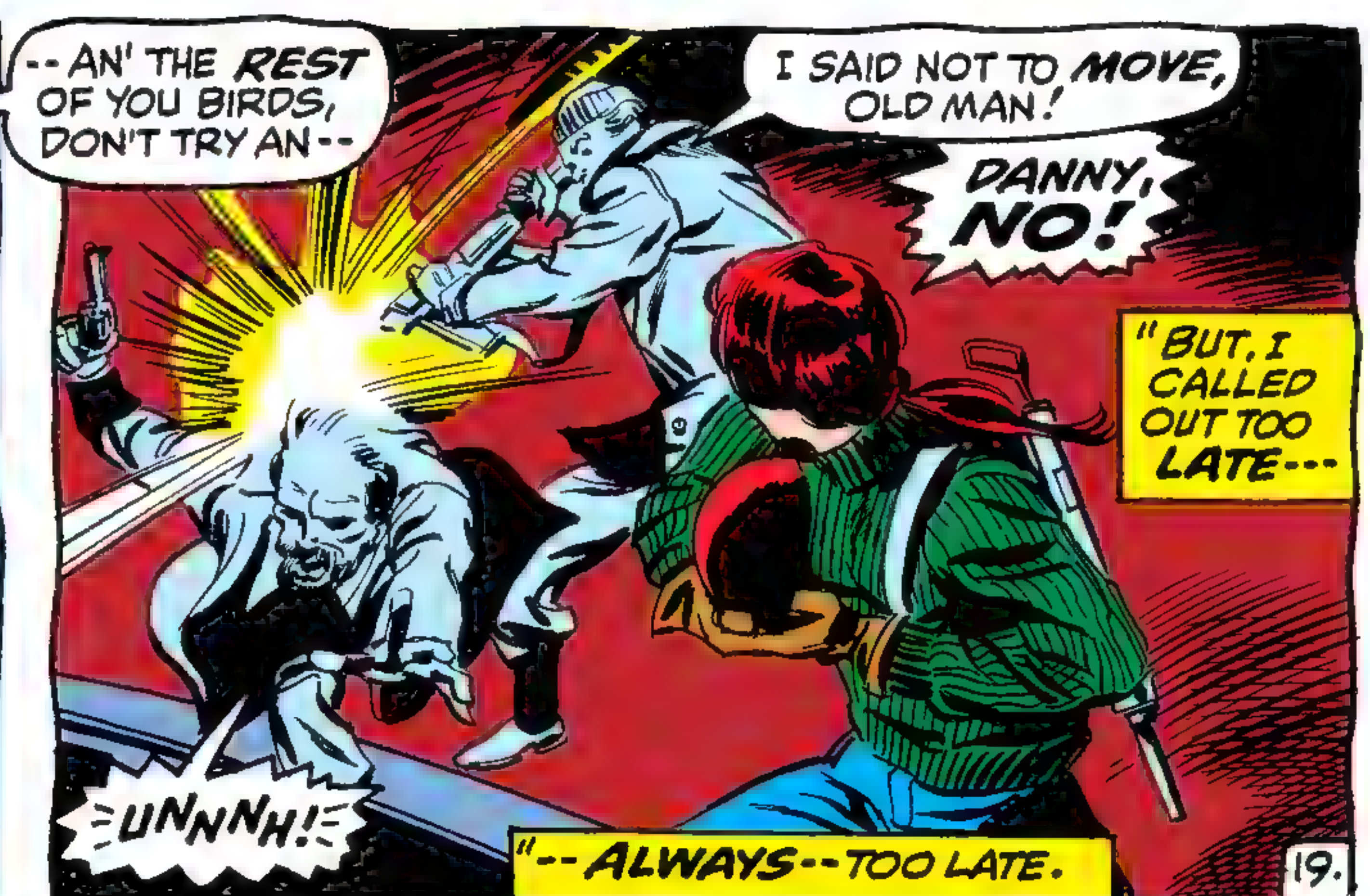
NO-- YOUNG WOMAN, I BEG YOU-- DON'T TOUCH IT--

WE'RE DIRECTLY OVER A MAJOR FAULT AREA--!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, TASHA--



JUST TAKE THE GLOBE--- NICE 'N EASY--



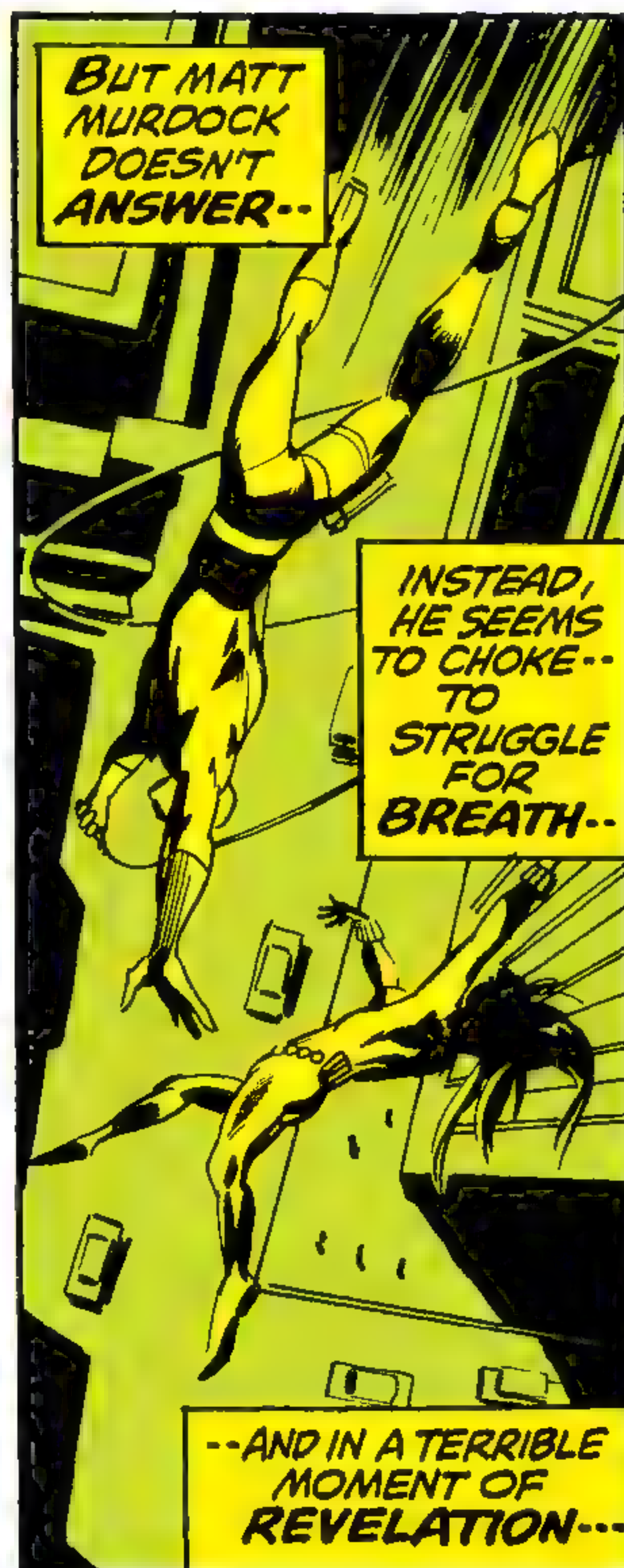
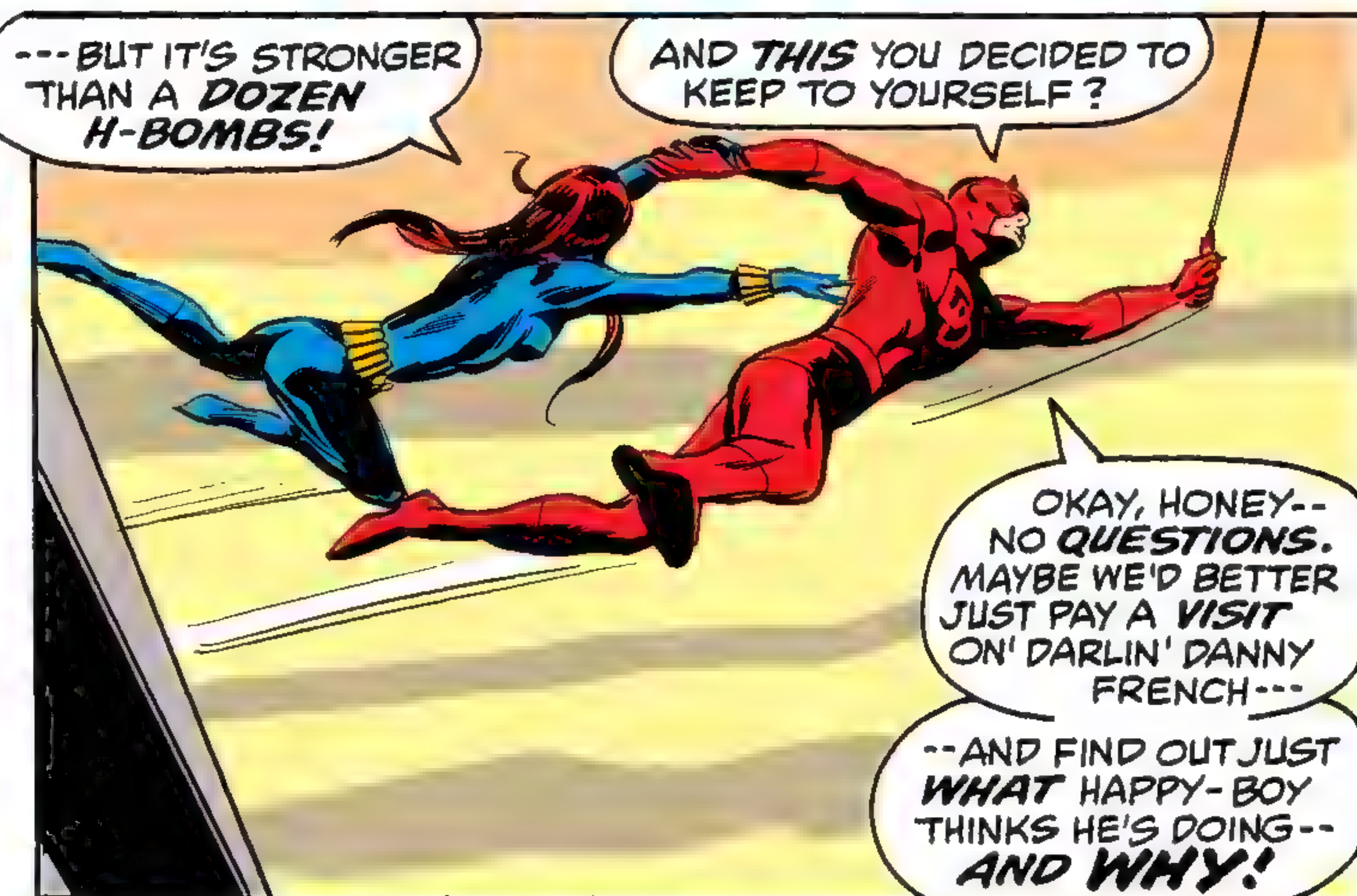
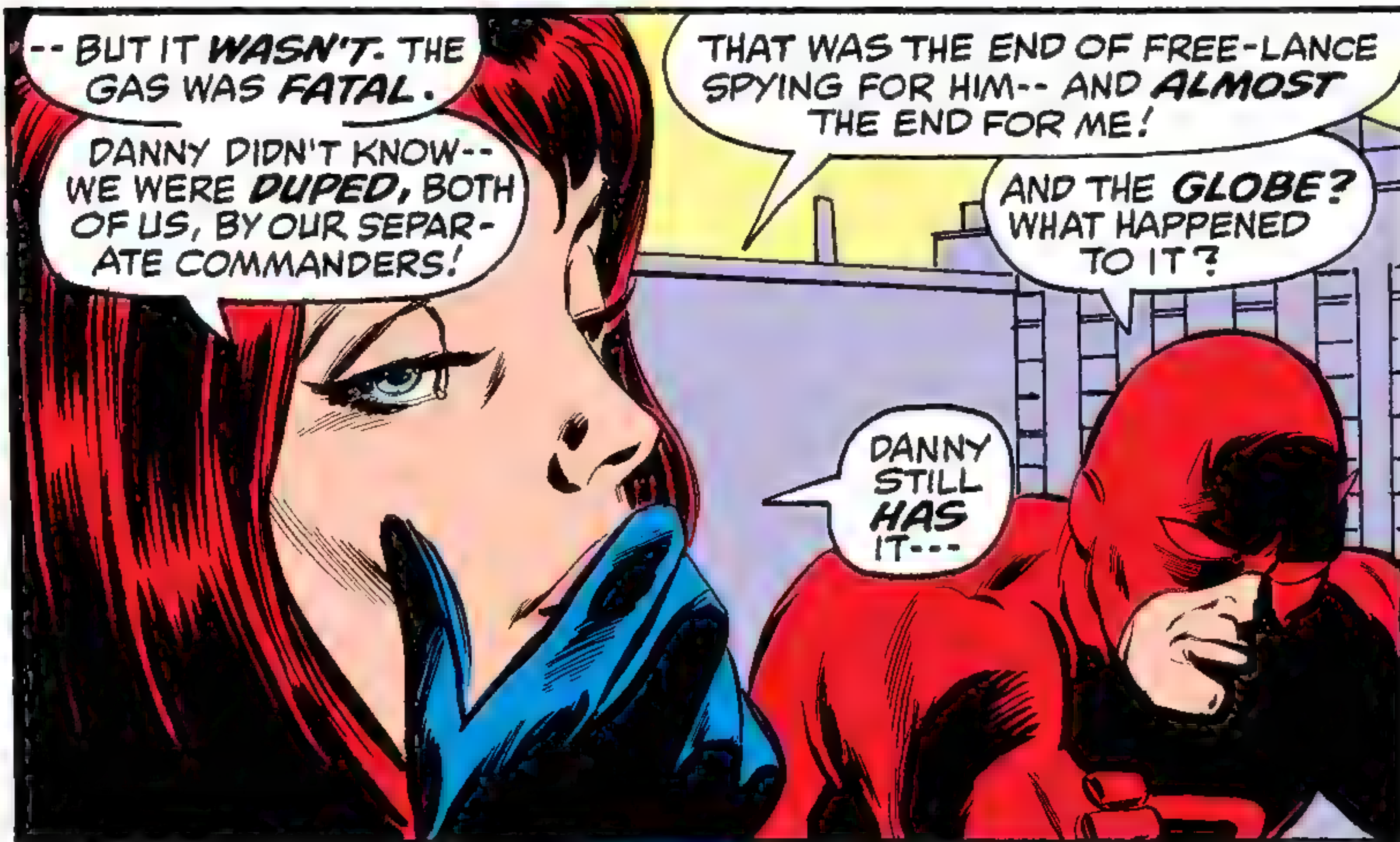
-- AN' THE REST OF YOU BIRDS, DON'T TRY AN--

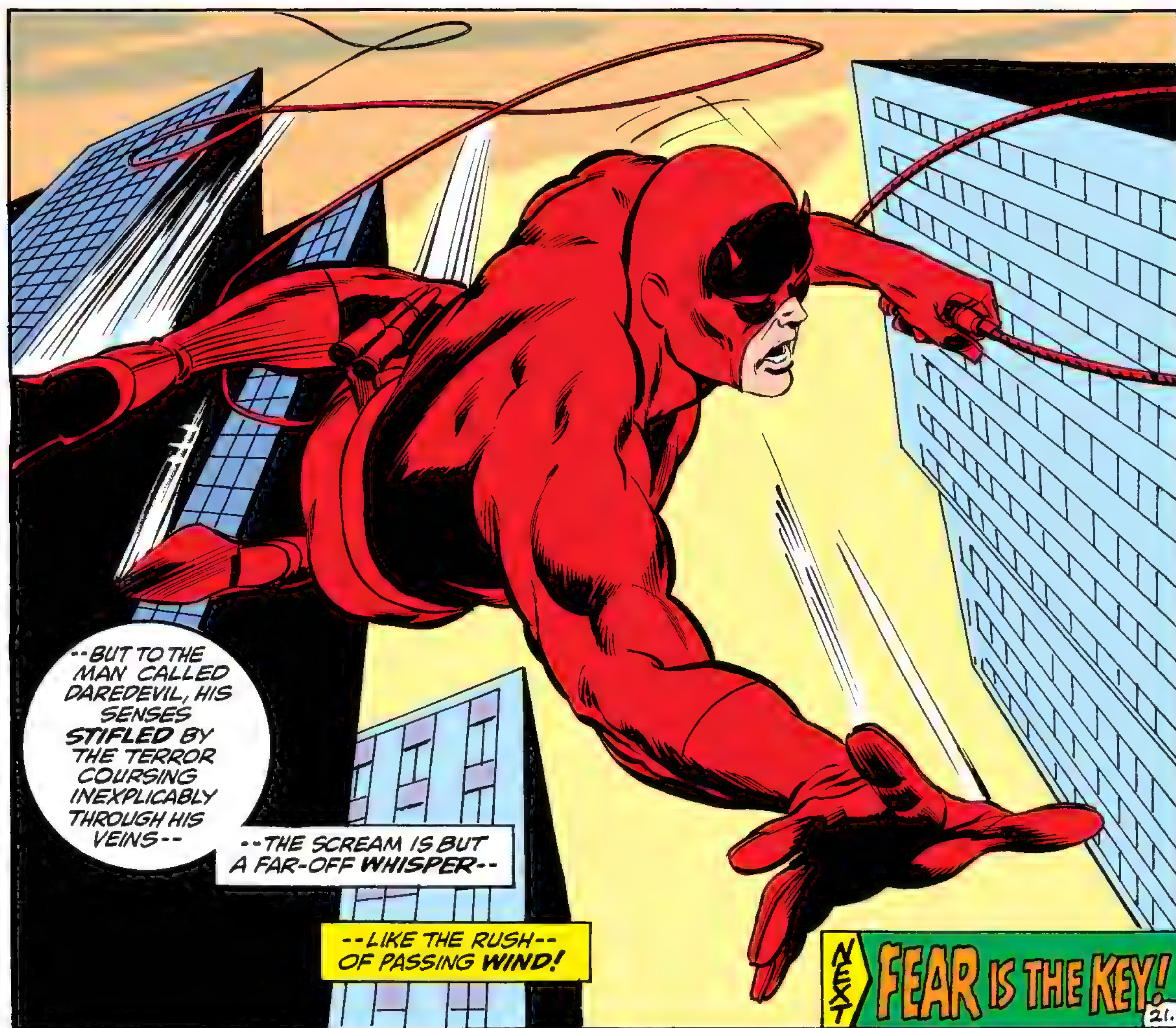
I SAID NOT TO MOVE, OLD MAN!

DANNY, NO!

"BUT, I CALLED OUT TOO LATE---

"-- ALWAYS-- TOO LATE.



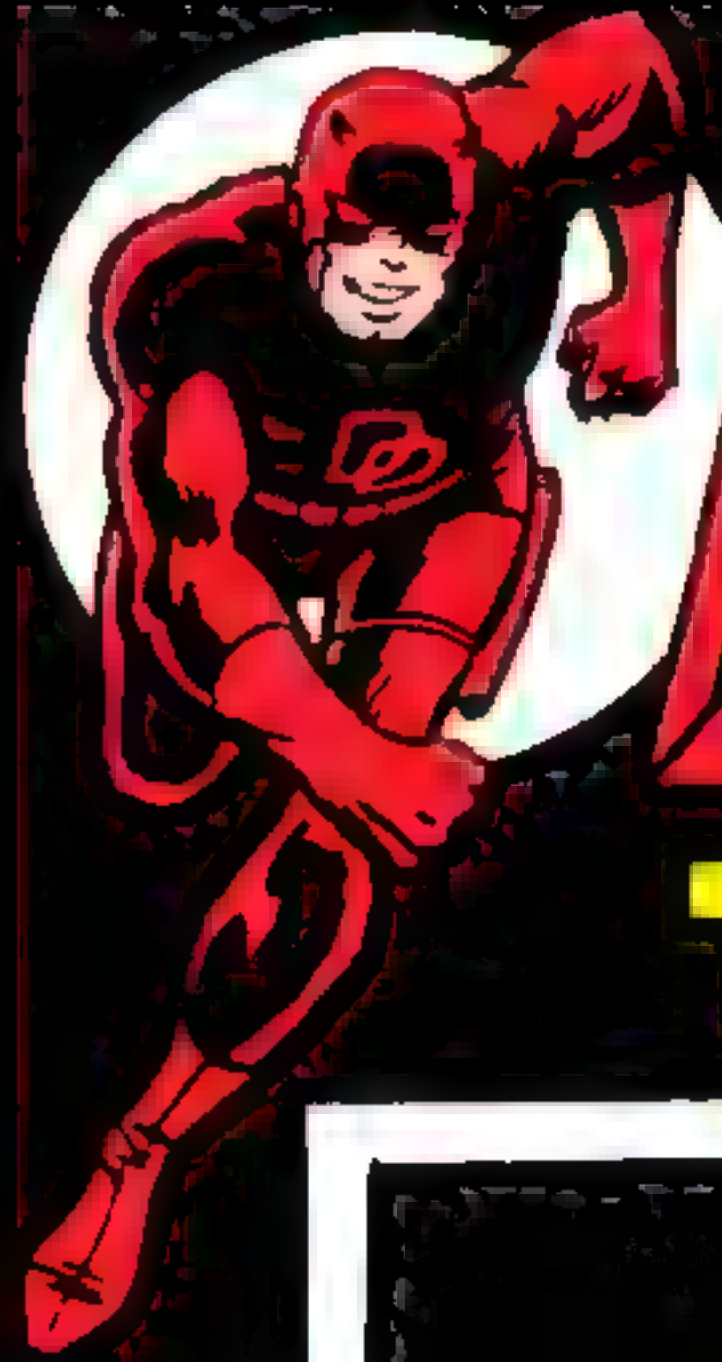


DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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DAREDEVIL™

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



YOU HAVE
KNOWN **FEAR**,
MASKED MAN!

NOW, SHAKE
HANDS WITH--
DEATH!!

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR BUT--
MR. FEAR!

**BUT THAT'S
ENOUGH!!**

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

STAN LEE
PRESENTS:

A GERRY CONWAY

GENE COLAN

SAN FRANCISCAN
FANTASY!

TOM PALMER, INKER
ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER

ROY THOMAS,
EDITOR

FEAR IS THE KEY!

ONE MOMENT, HE'S DIVING-- HIS
BODY ARCING AT THE END OF A
SNAPPED-TAUT BILLY CLUB WIRE--

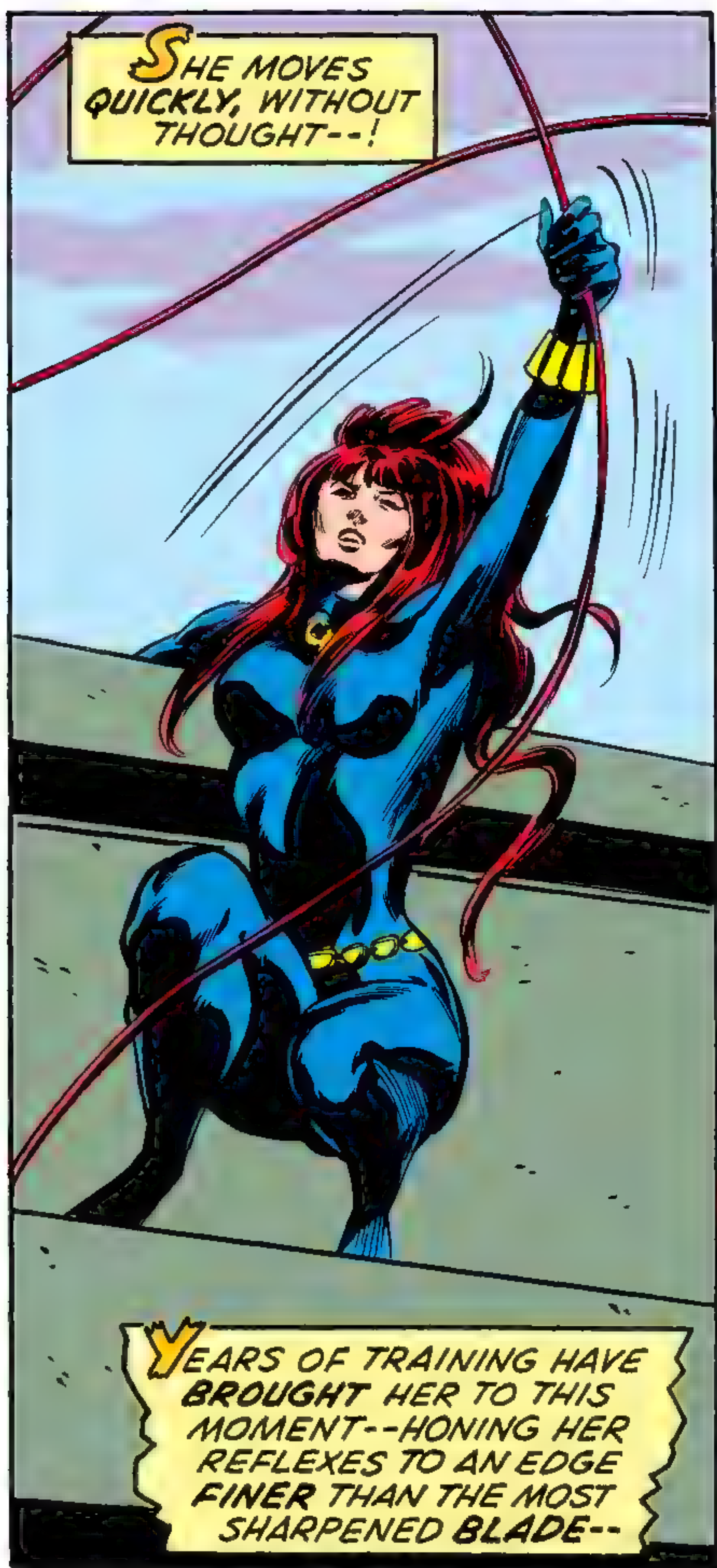
--THE NEXT, SOMETHING
HAPPENS TO THIS MAN-
WITHOUT-FEAR--

--SOMETHING
ATTACKS HIM
FROM WITHIN--

--AN ICY SWORD SHOVED
TWISTING INTO HIS GUT--
BLINDING TERROR CUTTING
THROUGH THE LAYERS OF HIS
BRAIN--AND WITH ONE
CHOKING SCREAM--

--HE
FALLS!

MATT!
NOOOOOOOO!



SHE MOVES QUICKLY, WITHOUT THOUGHT--!

YEAR'S OF TRAINING HAVE BROUGHT HER TO THIS MOMENT--HONING HER REFLEXES TO AN EDGE FINER THAN THE MOST SHARPENED BLADE--



FINGERS CLUTCH THE WHIPPING BILLY-CLUB WIRE--

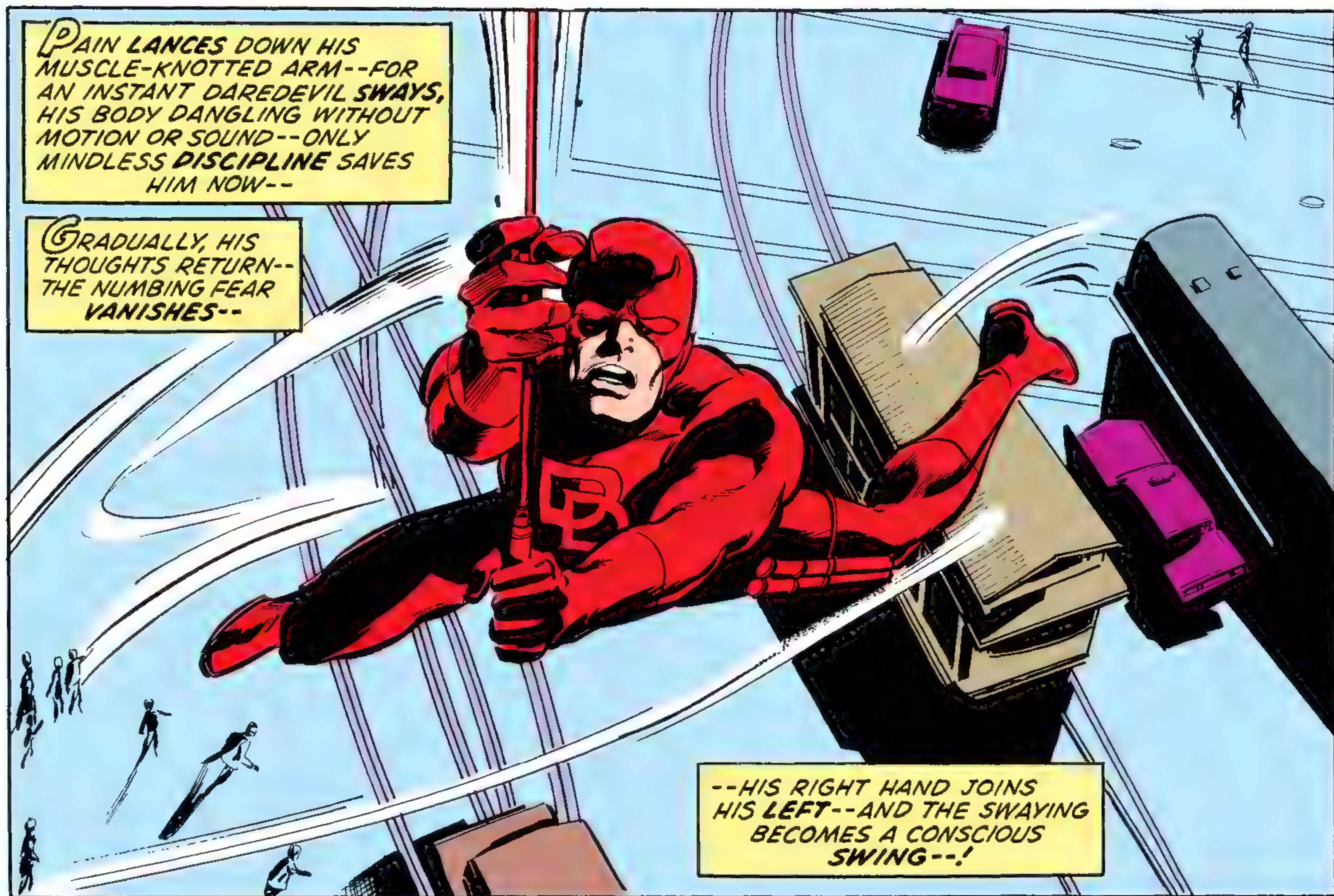
SHOULDERS TIGHTEN FOR THE EXPECTED WEIGHT--

SHUTTING HER EYES, THE BLACK WIDOW WAITS--



--AND IT COMES!

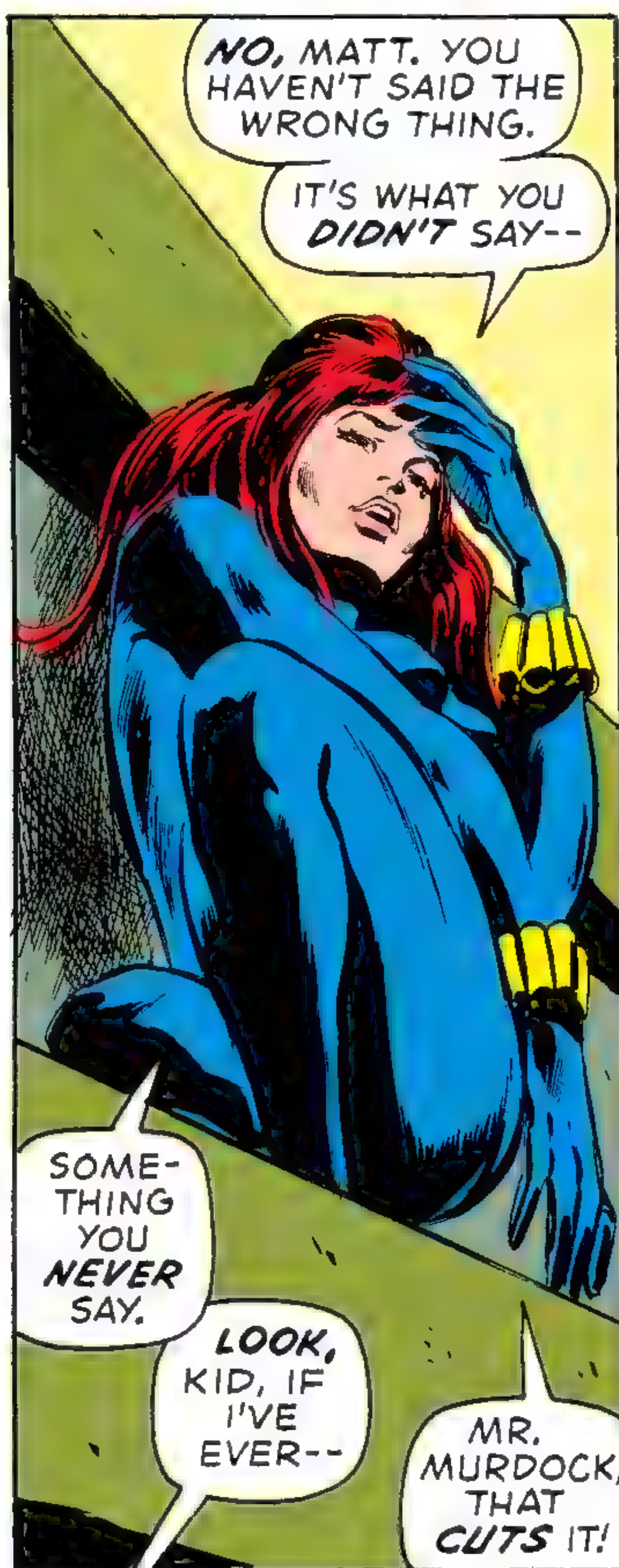
TW WHIP!

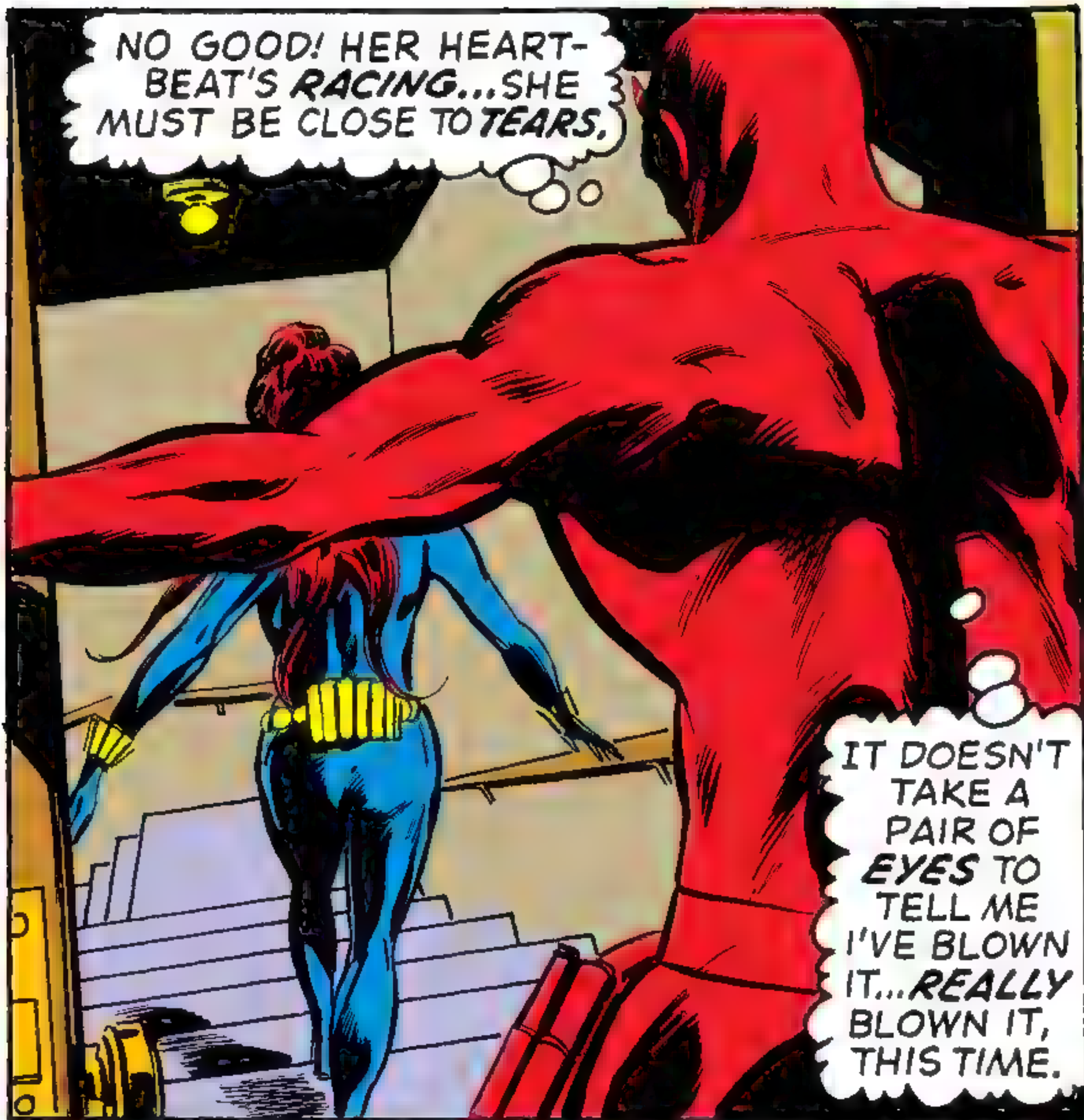


PAIN LANCES DOWN HIS MUSCLE-KNOTTED ARM--FOR AN INSTANT DAREDEVIL SWAYS, HIS BODY DANGLING WITHOUT MOTION OR SOUND--ONLY MINDLESS DISCIPLINE SAVES HIM NOW--

GRADUALLY, HIS THOUGHTS RETURN--THE NUMBING FEAR VANISHES--

--HIS RIGHT HAND JOINS HIS LEFT--AND THE SWAYING BECOMES A CONSCIOUS SWING--!





NO GOOD! HER HEART-BEAT'S RACING...SHE MUST BE CLOSE TO TEARS.

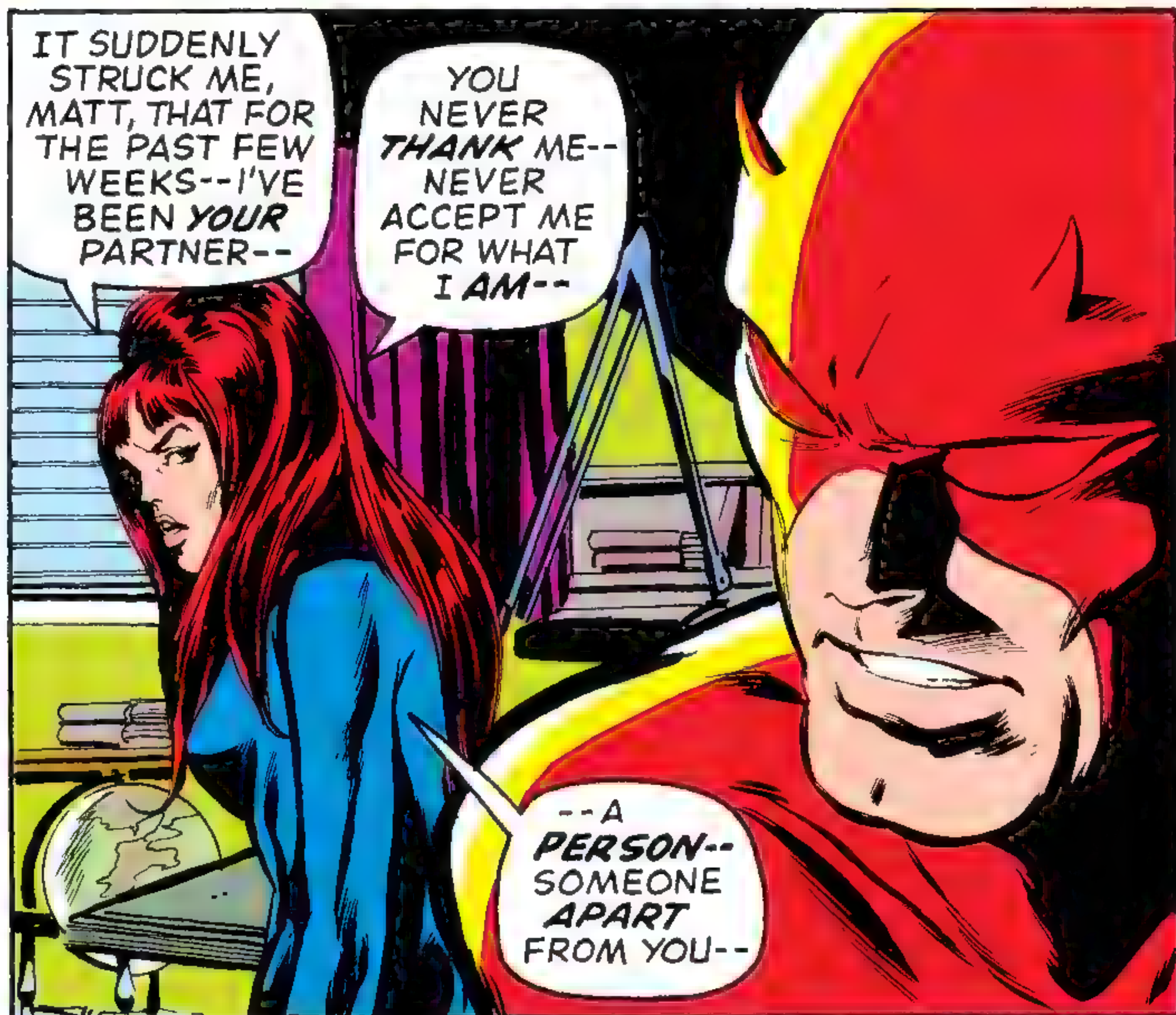
IT DOESN'T TAKE A PAIR OF EYES TO TELL ME I'VE BLOWN IT...REALLY BLOWN IT, THIS TIME.



NATASHA...TALK TO ME.

...TELL ME WHAT I DID WRONG.

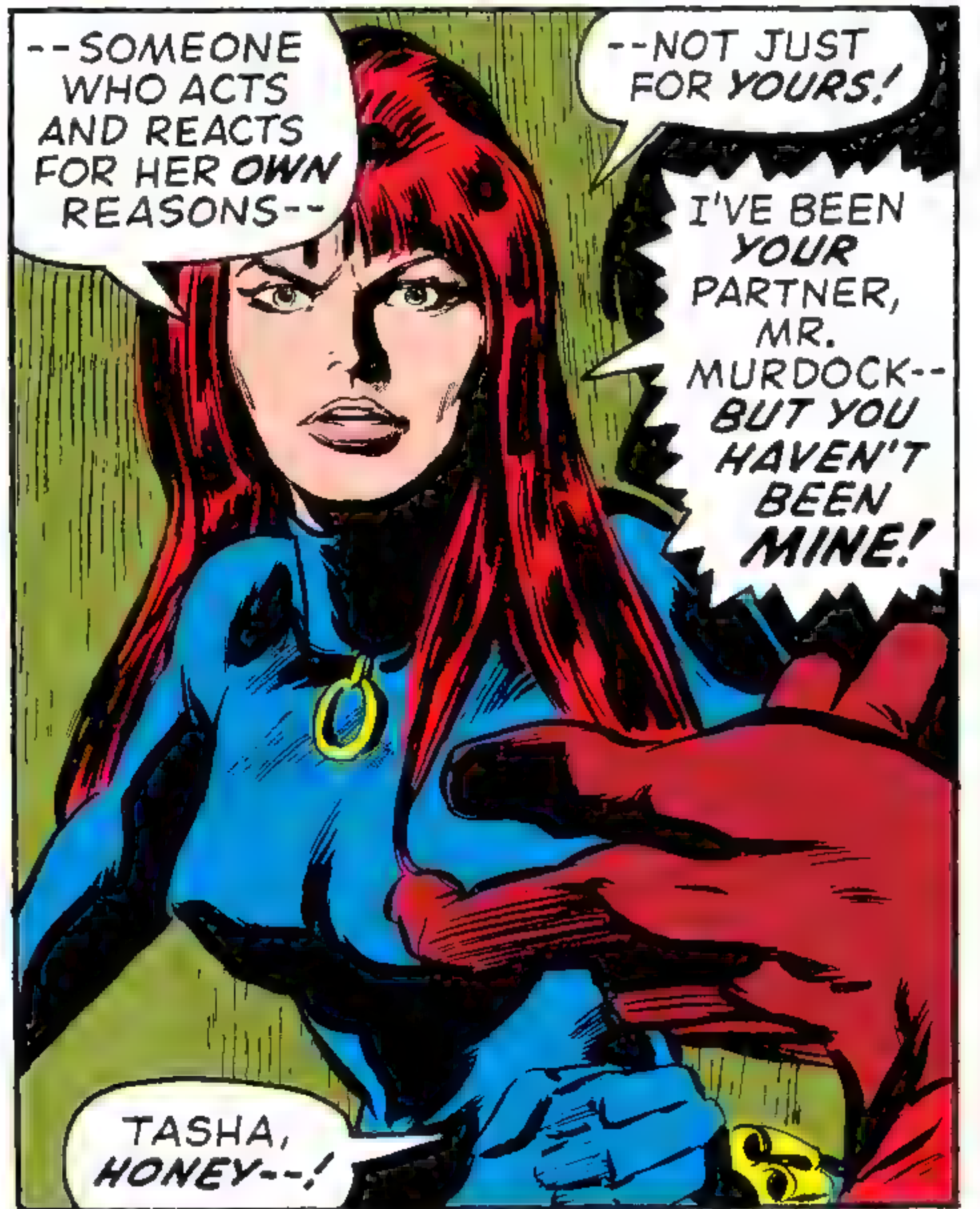
YOU HONESTLY DON'T UNDERSTAND, DO YOU?



IT SUDDENLY STRUCK ME, MATT, THAT FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS--I'VE BEEN YOUR PARTNER--

YOU NEVER THANK ME-- NEVER ACCEPT ME FOR WHAT I AM--

--A PERSON-- SOMEONE APART FROM YOU--

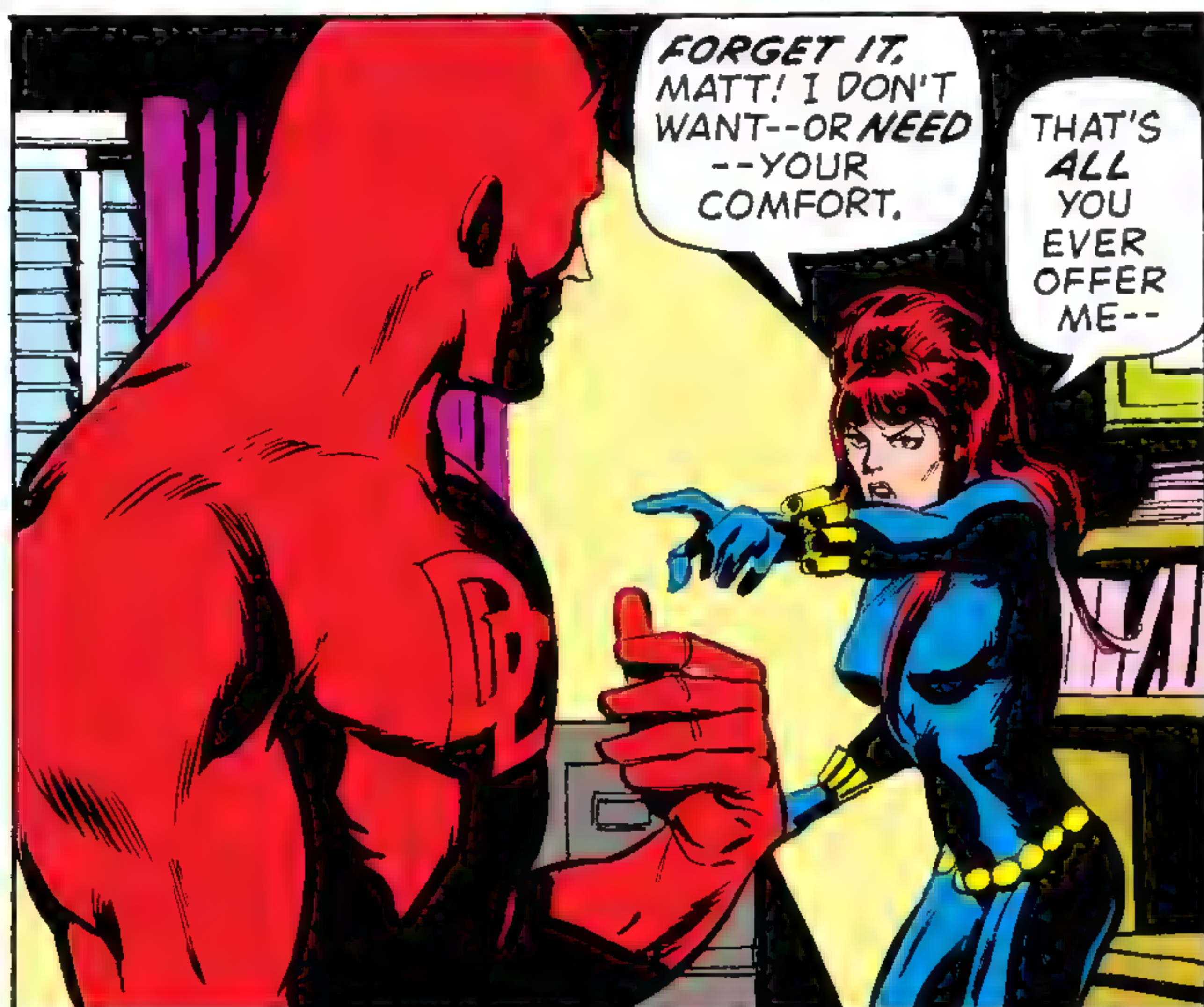


--SOMEONE WHO ACTS AND REACTS FOR HER OWN REASONS--

--NOT JUST FOR YOURS!

I'VE BEEN YOUR PARTNER, MR. MURDOCK-- BUT YOU HAVEN'T BEEN MINE!

TASHA, HONEY--!

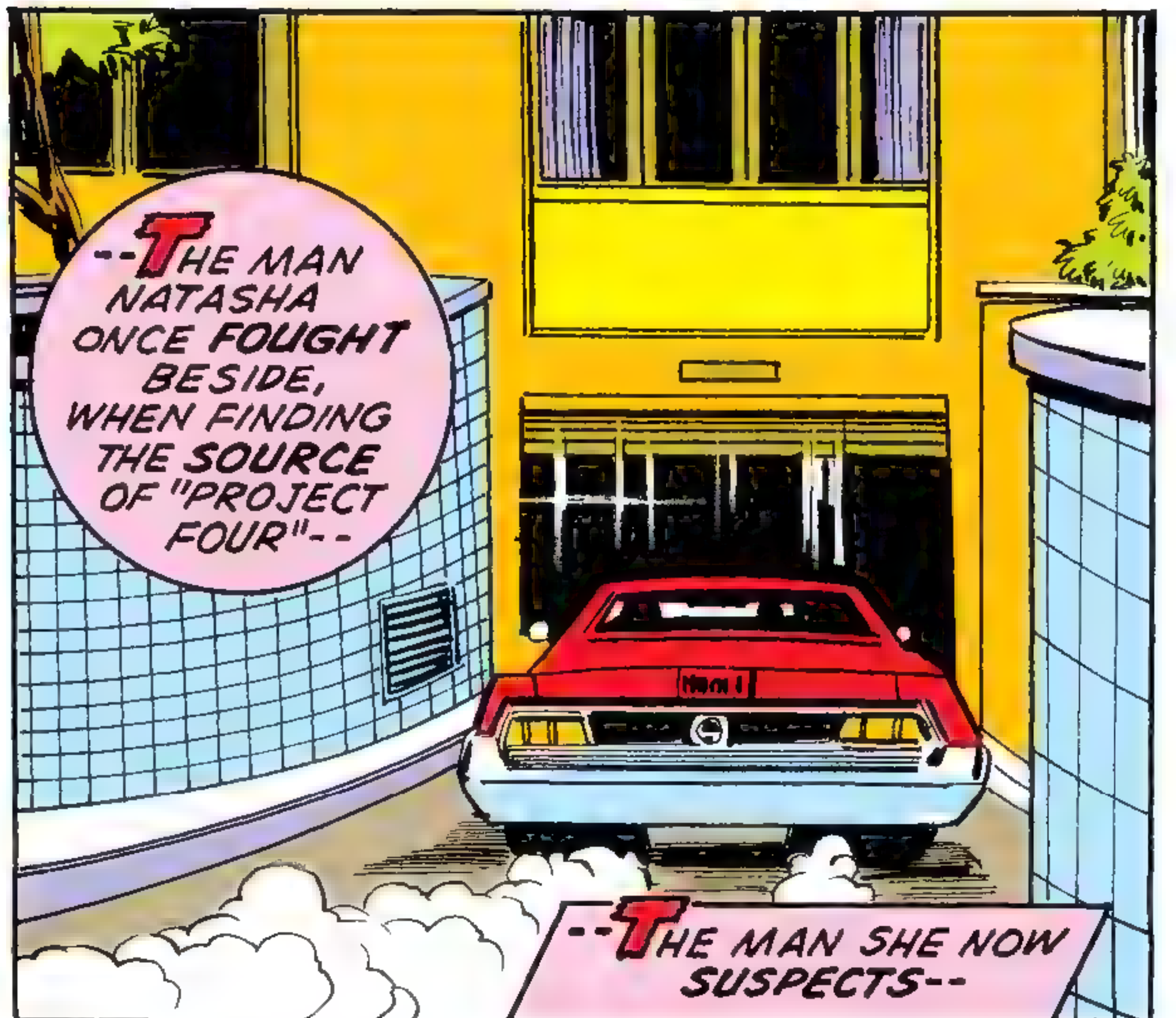
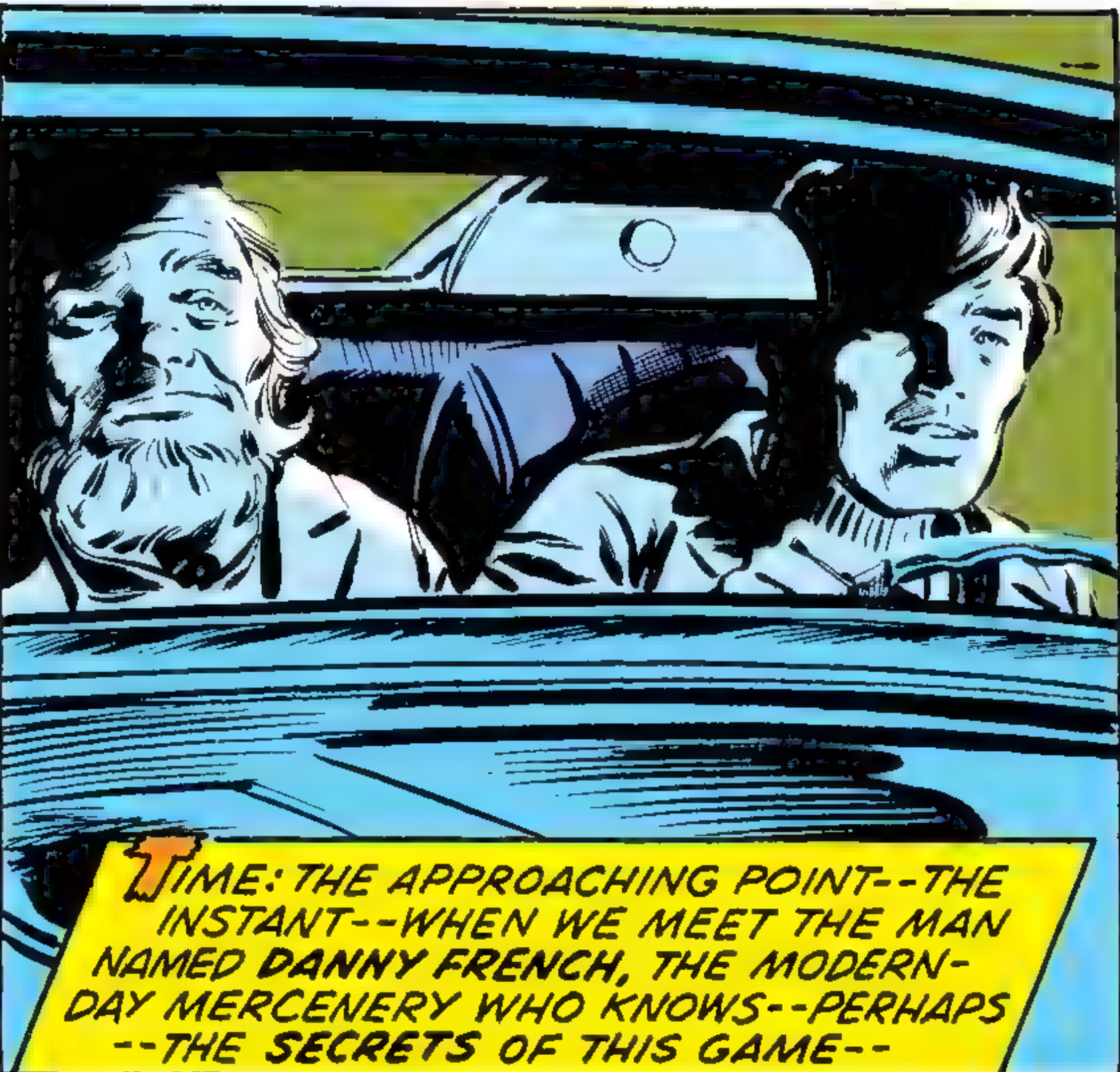
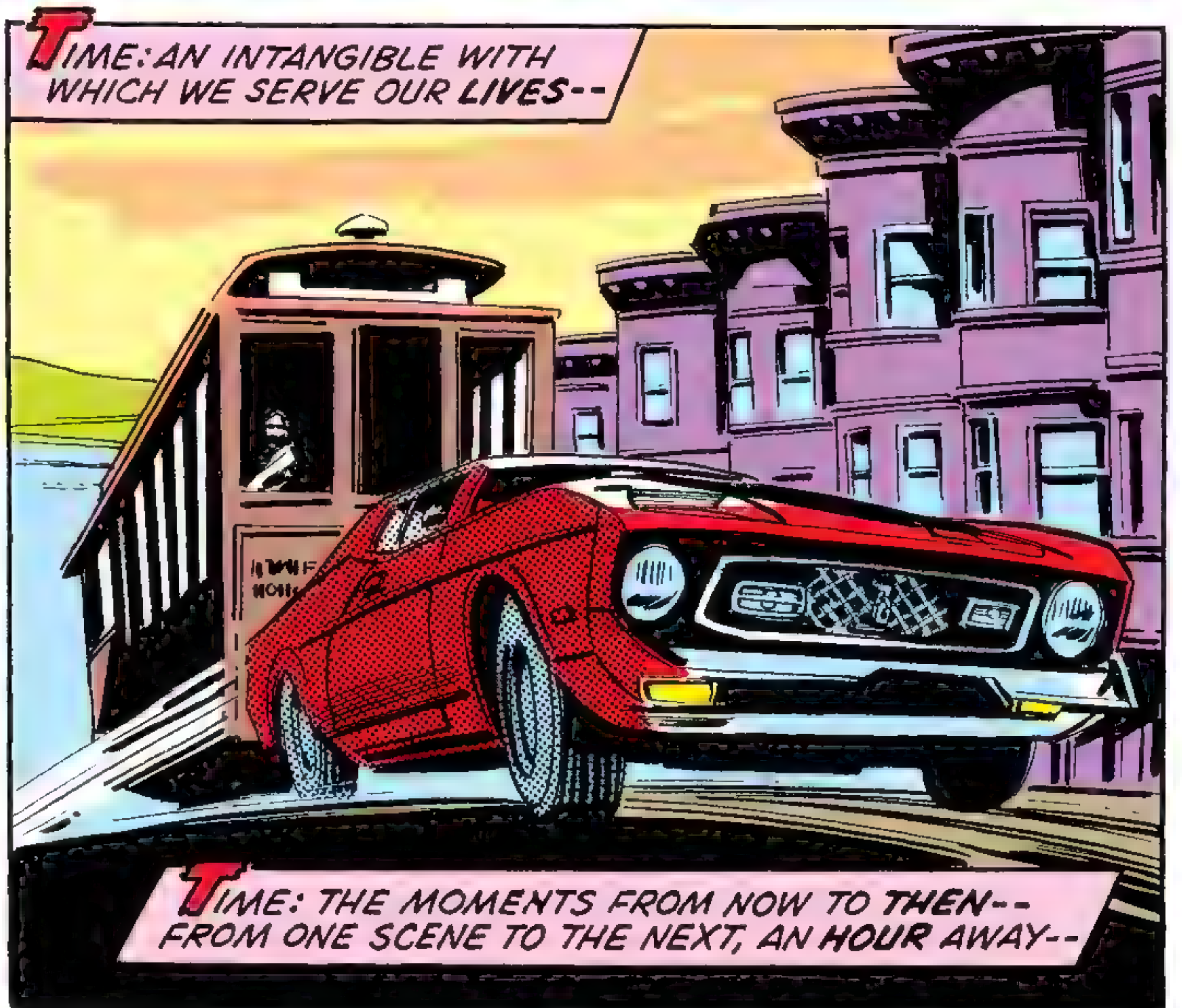
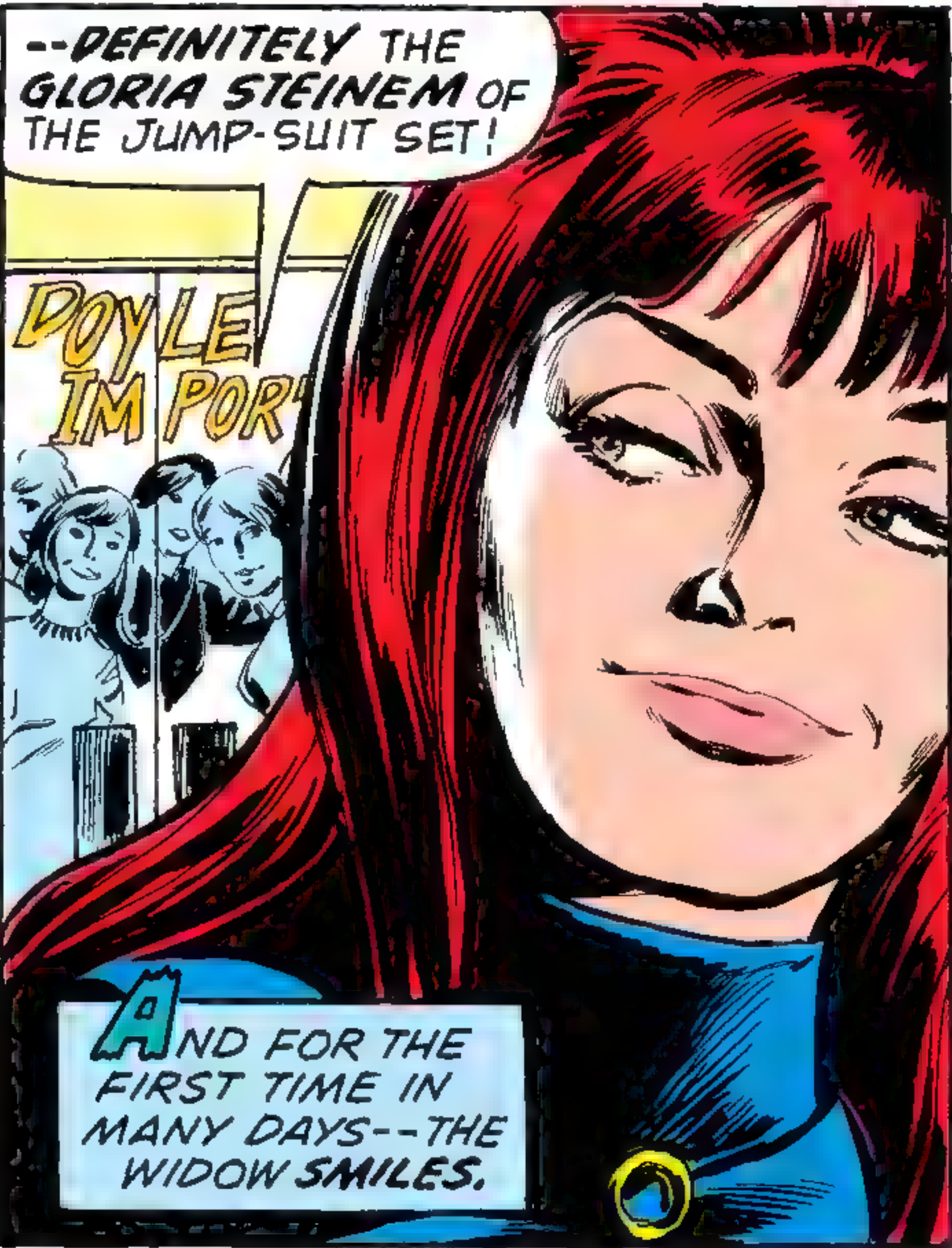
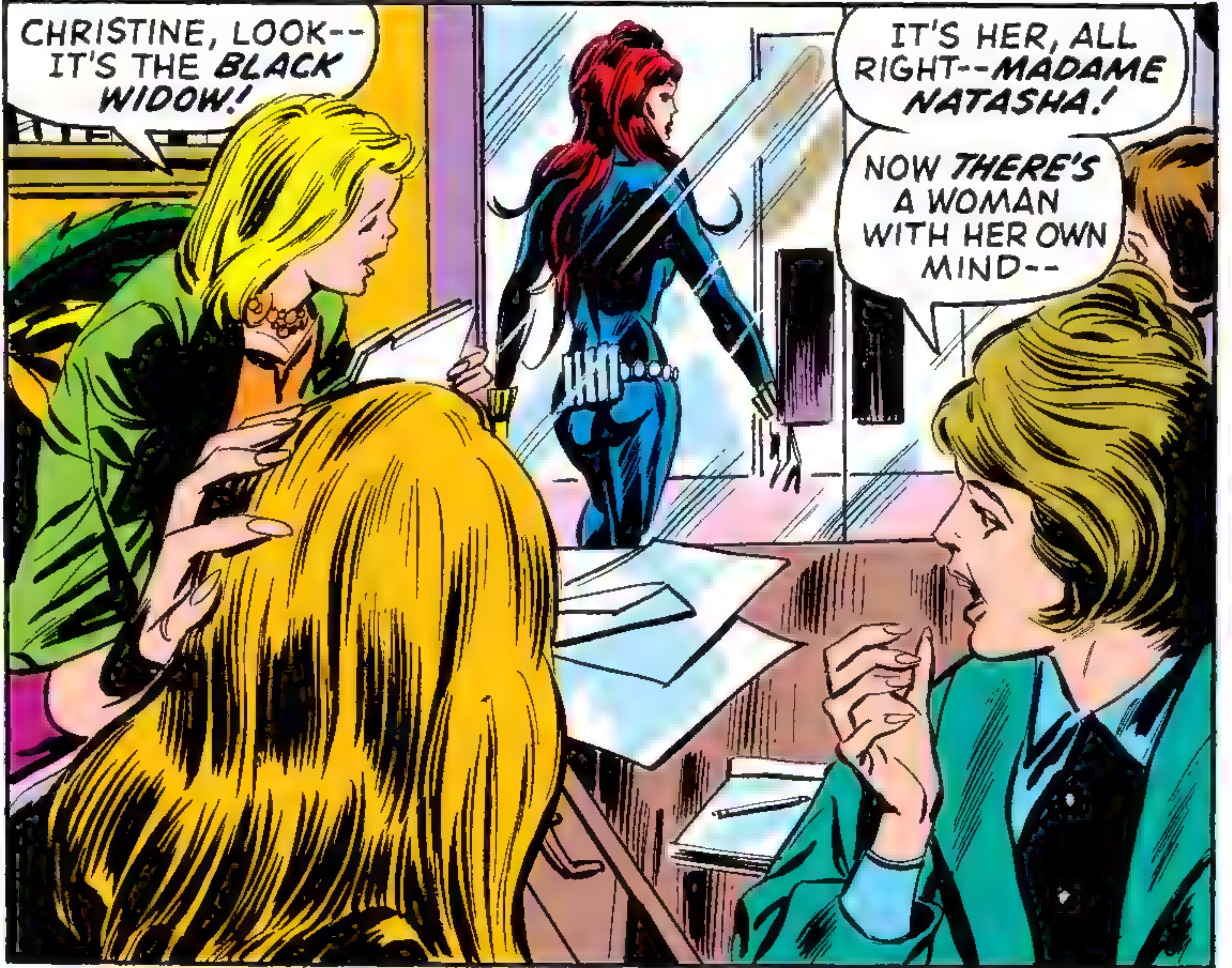


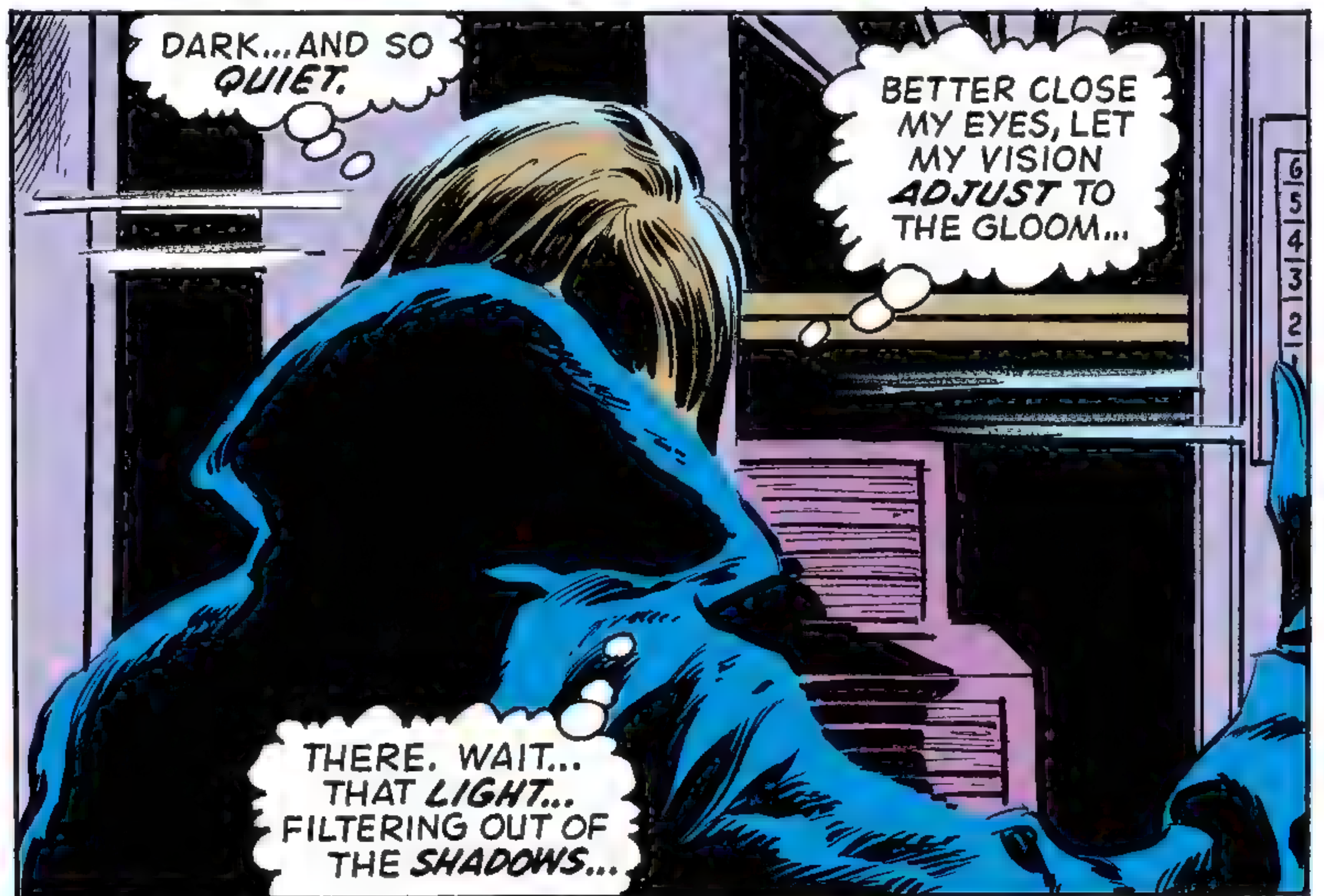
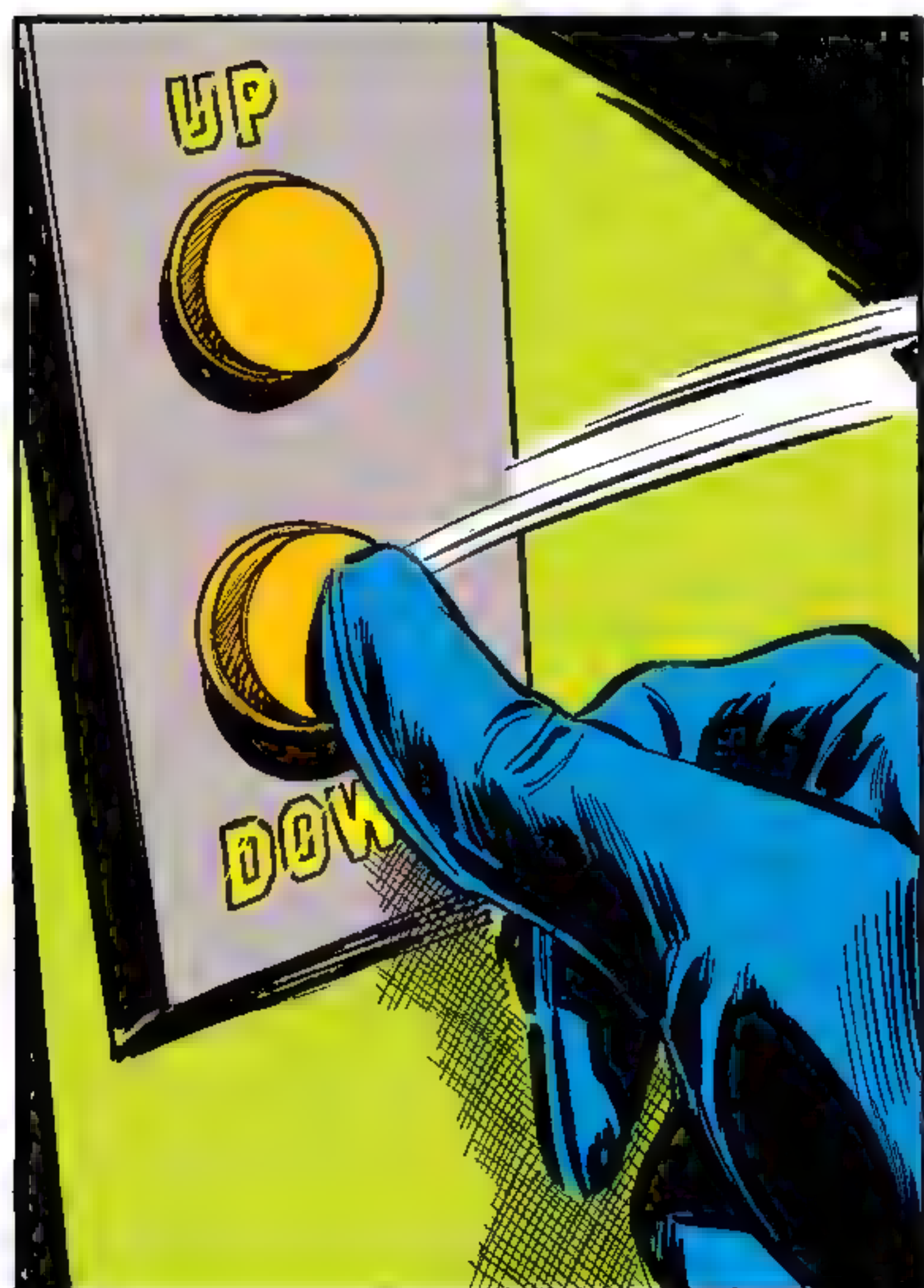
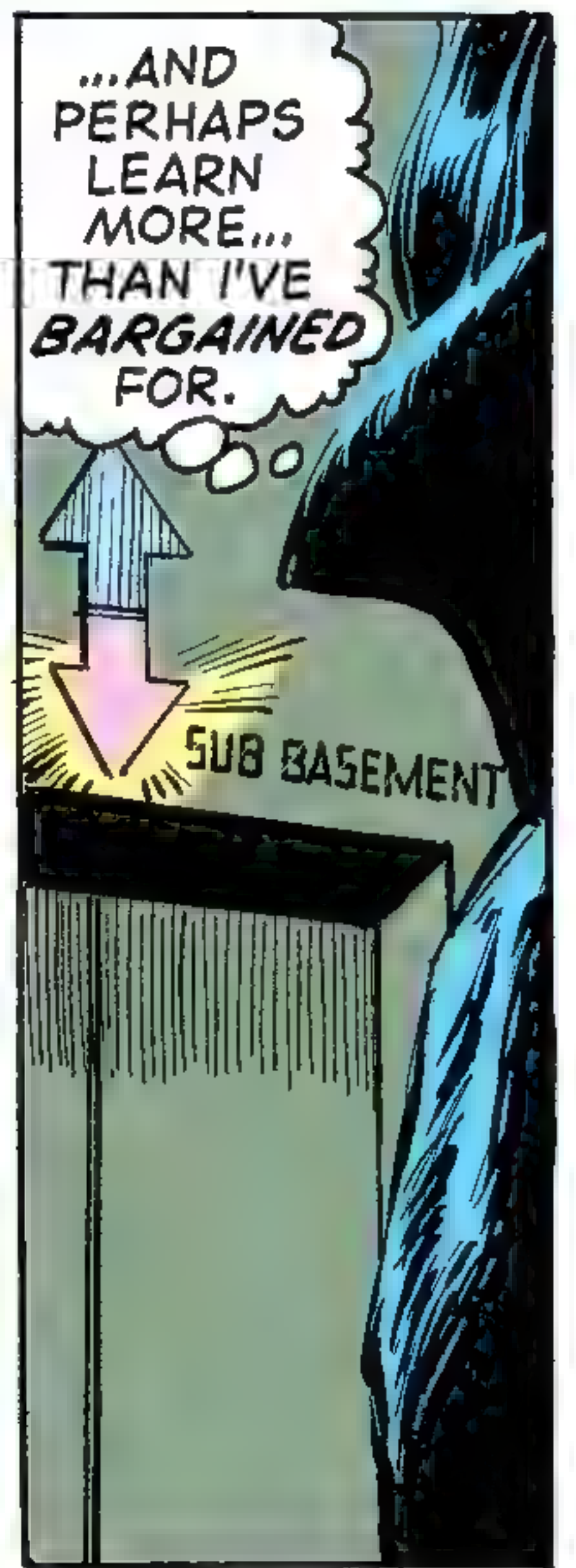
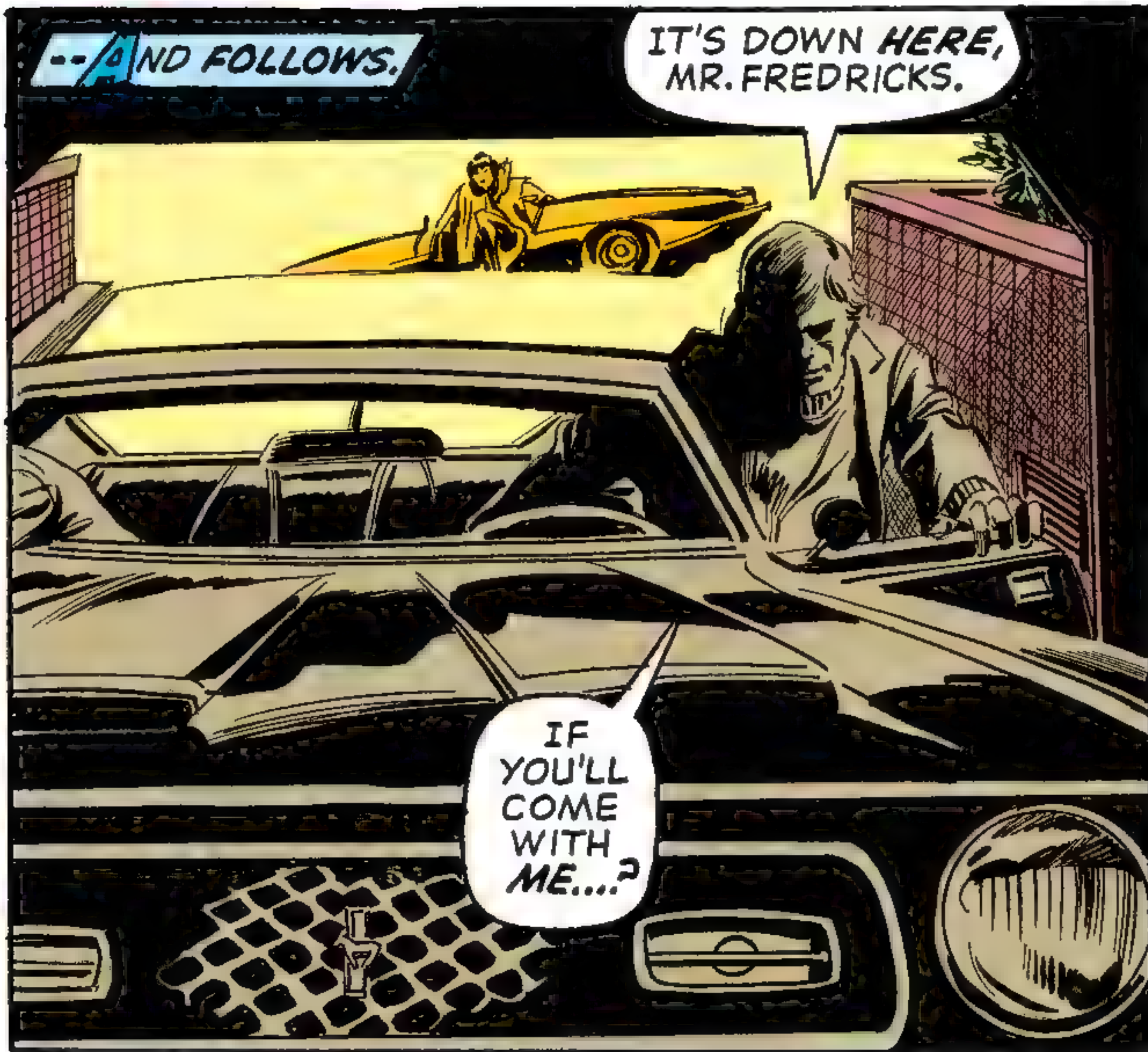
FORGET IT, MATT! I DON'T WANT--OR NEED --YOUR COMFORT.

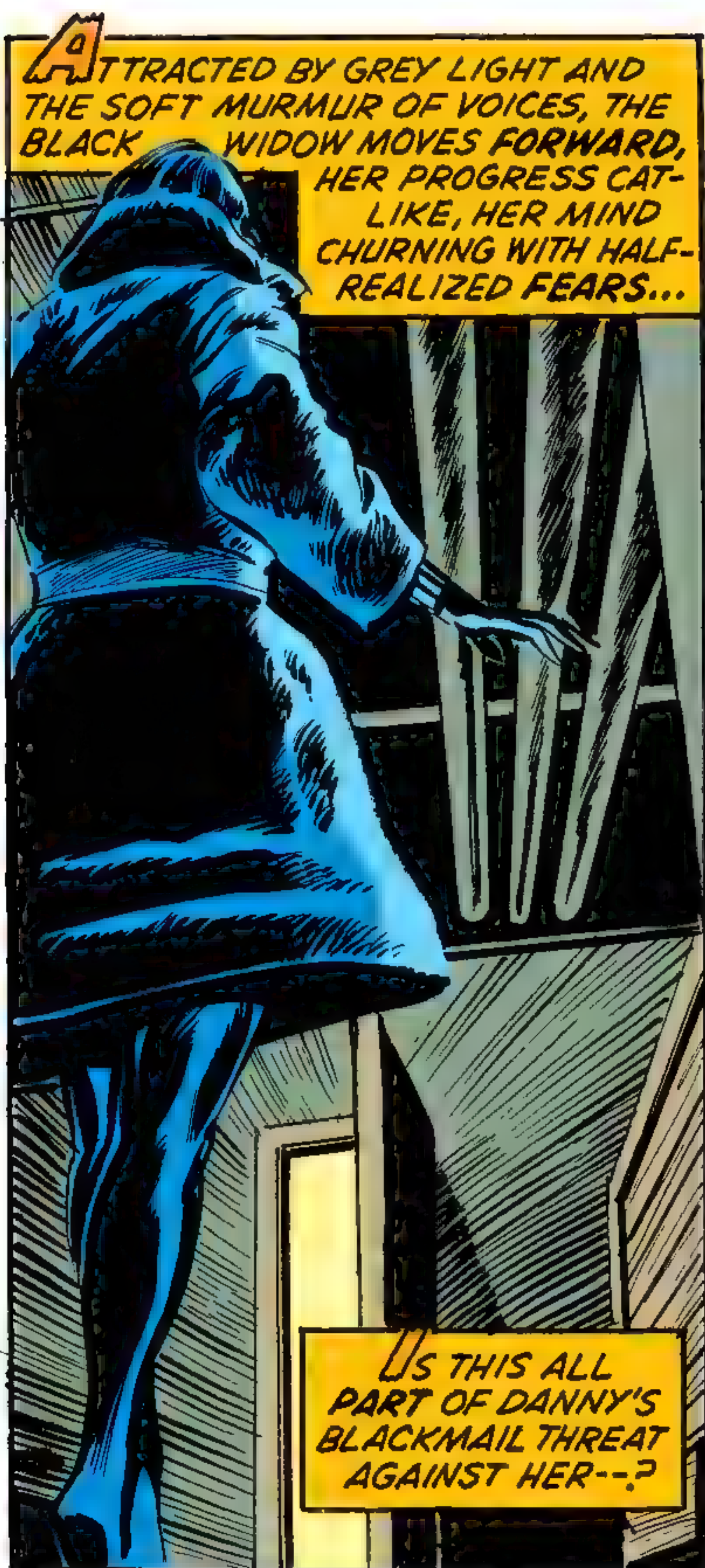
THAT'S ALL YOU EVER OFFER ME--



AND IT JUST ISN'T--AND NEVER HAS BEEN-- ENOUGH!









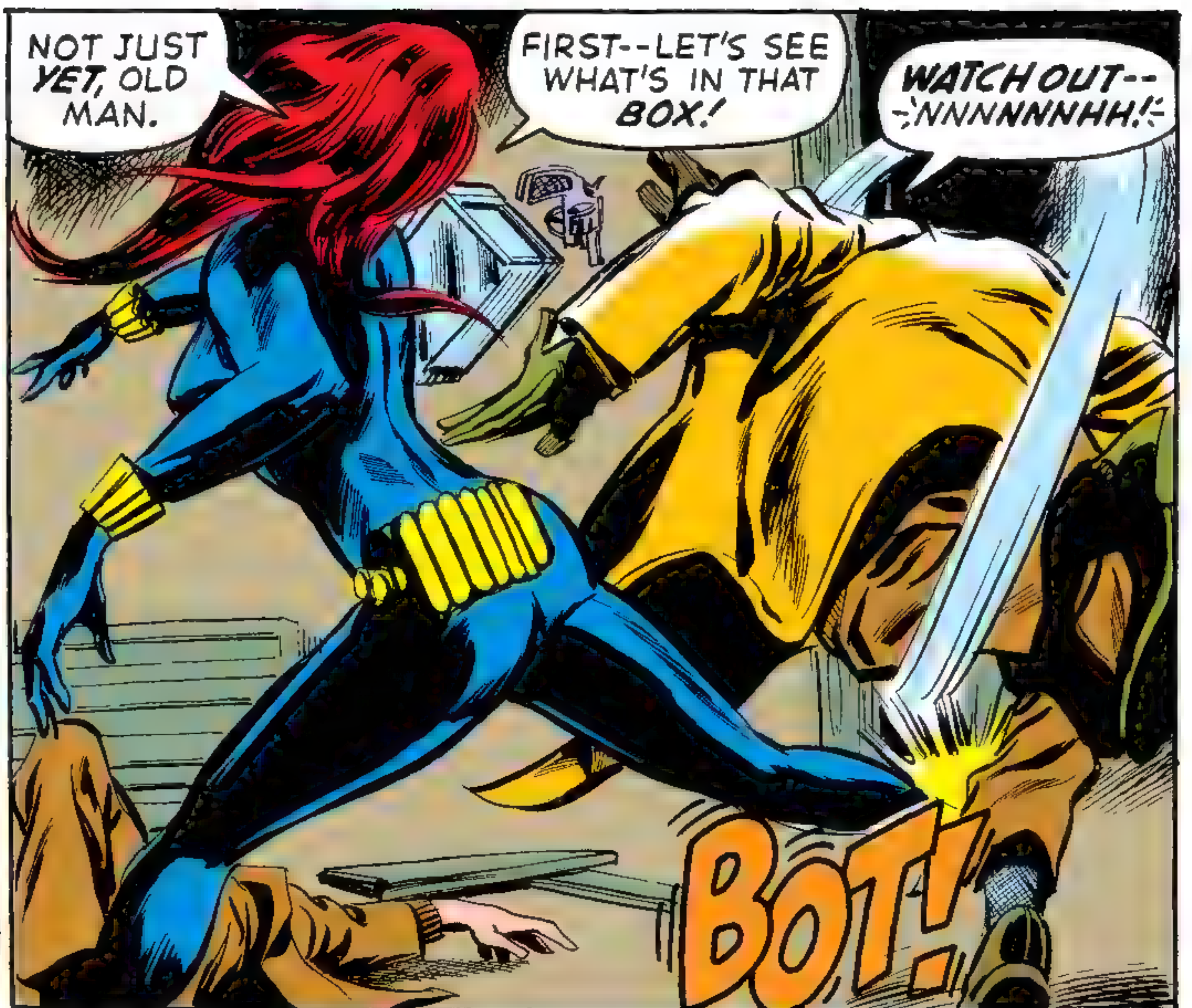


YOUR MISTER FRENCH IS QUITE *RIGHT*, MY DEAR.

I HAVEN'T THE *FAINTEST* NOTION AS TO WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT--

--AND FRANKLY, I HARDLY CARE.

PLEASE STEP ASIDE.



NOT JUST YET, OLD MAN.

FIRST--LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THAT BOX!

WATCH OUT--
--NNNNNNHH!--

BOT!



CLANG!



PAPERS? DANNY-- ONLY PAPERS?

IT'S LIKE I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU, SISTER.

FREDRICKS KNEW *NOTHING* ABOUT THE GLOBE-- UNTIL *YOU* OPENED YOUR TRAP.

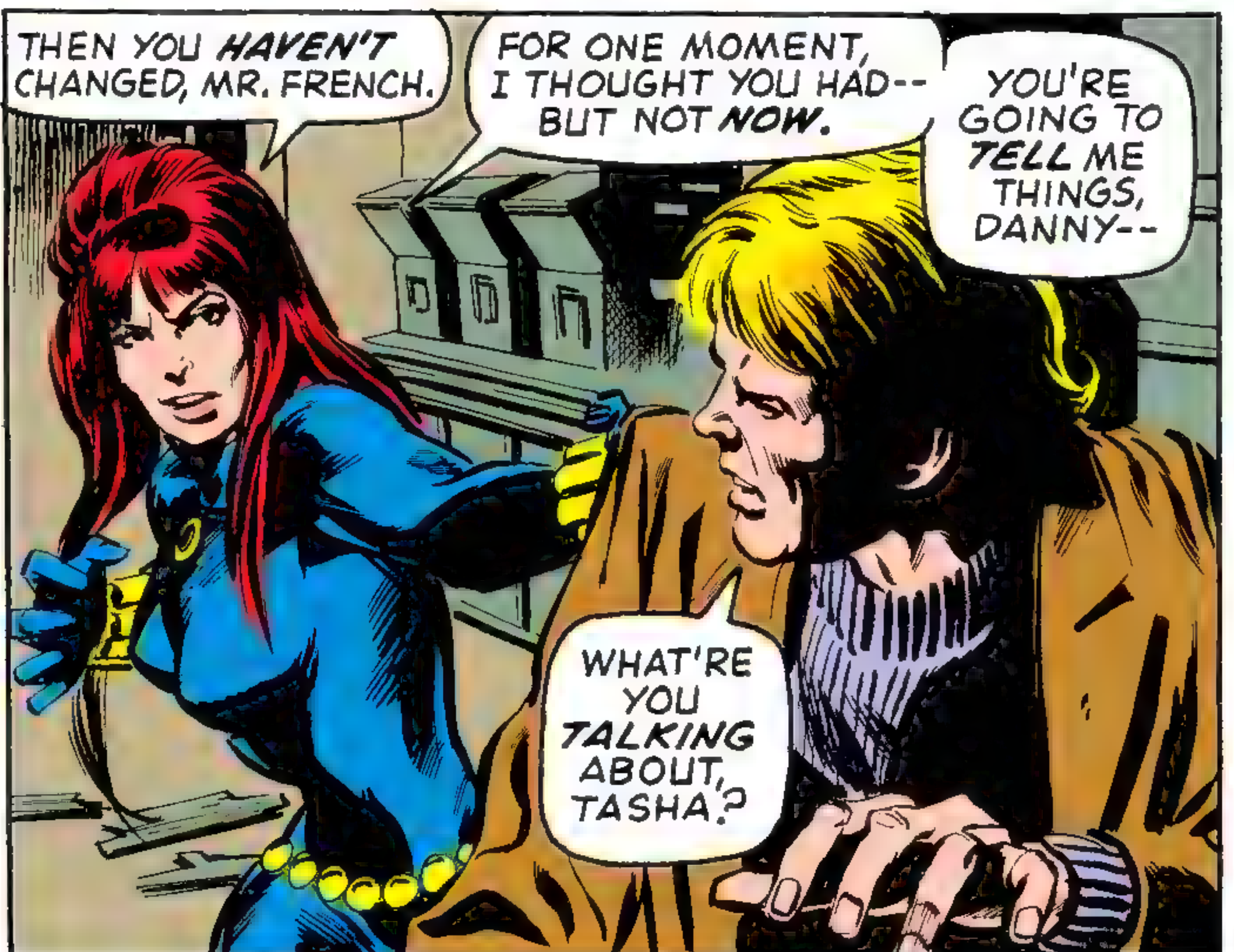
HE'S A *CLIENT*. I JUST SAVED HIS SKIN FROM A NASTY *BLACKMAILER*.



AND, AFTER FREDRICKS HAS PAID HIS FEE AND GONE HIS WAY...

YOU *RESCUED* HIM, DANNY? I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT...

SIS, HE'LL NEVER *KNOW* IT-- BUT HIS *BLACKMAILER* AND *SAVIOR*-- WERE *ONE*.



THEN YOU *HAVEN'T* CHANGED, MR. FRENCH.

FOR ONE MOMENT, I THOUGHT YOU HAD-- BUT NOT *NOW*.

YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME THINGS, DANNY--

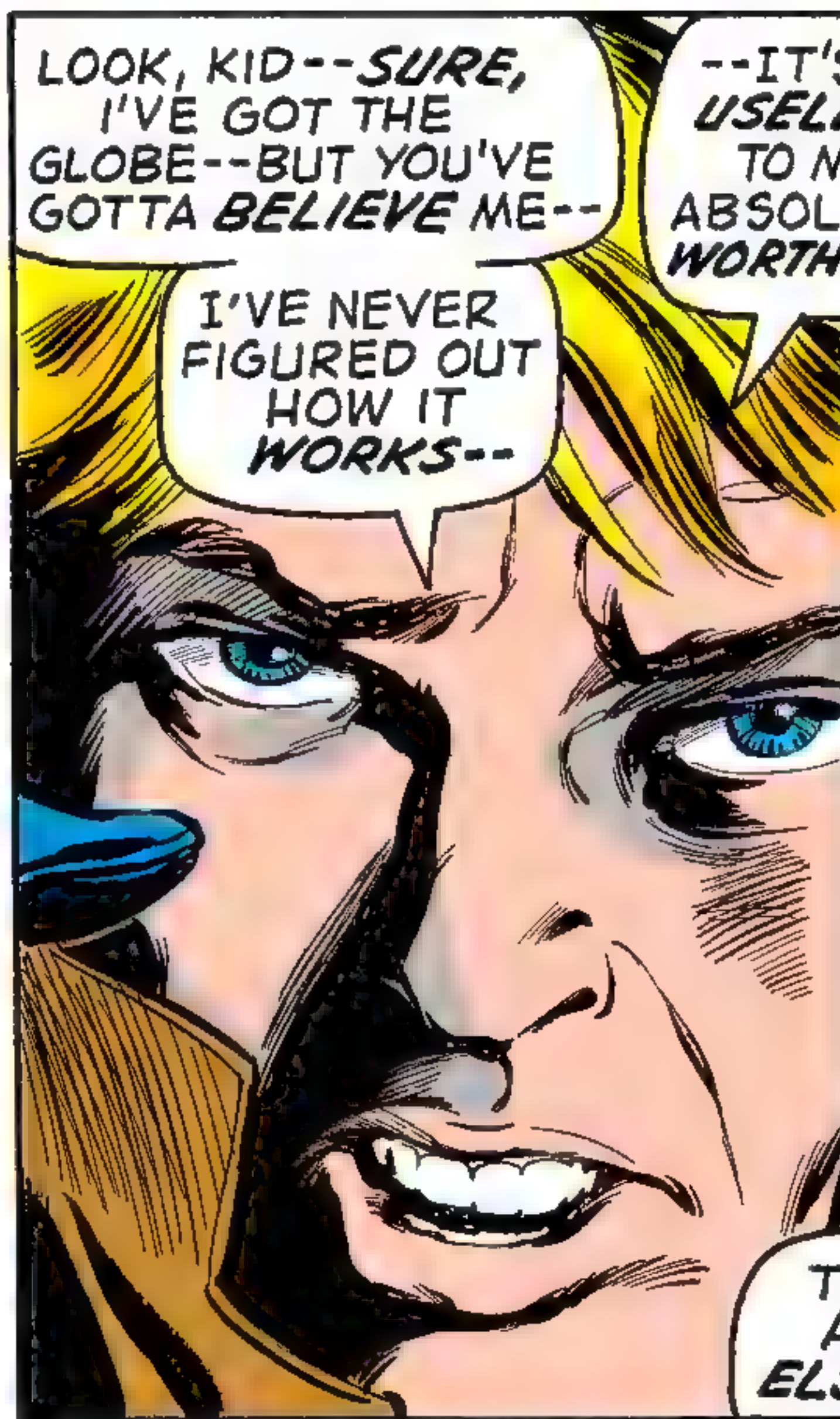
WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT, TASHA?



I'M TALKING ABOUT YOUR USING THE **GLOBE**--THE POWER-SOURCE WE STOLE FROM **PROJECT FOUR**--

--USING IT AGAINST ME-- AND AGAINST **DAREDEVIL!**

DAREDEVIL?

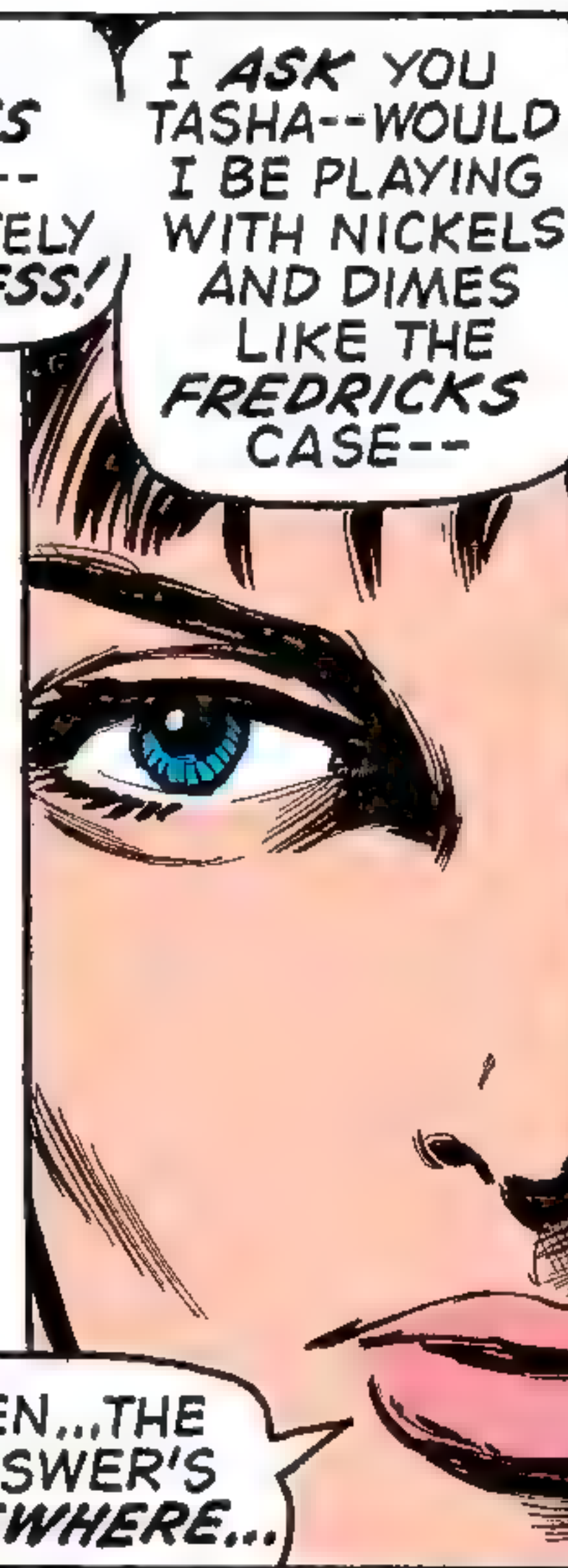


LOOK, KID--**SURE**, I'VE GOT THE **GLOBE**--BUT YOU'VE GOTTA **BELIEVE** ME--

I'VE NEVER FIGURED OUT HOW IT **WORKS**--

--IT'S **USELESS** TO ME-- ABSOLUTELY **WORTHLESS!**

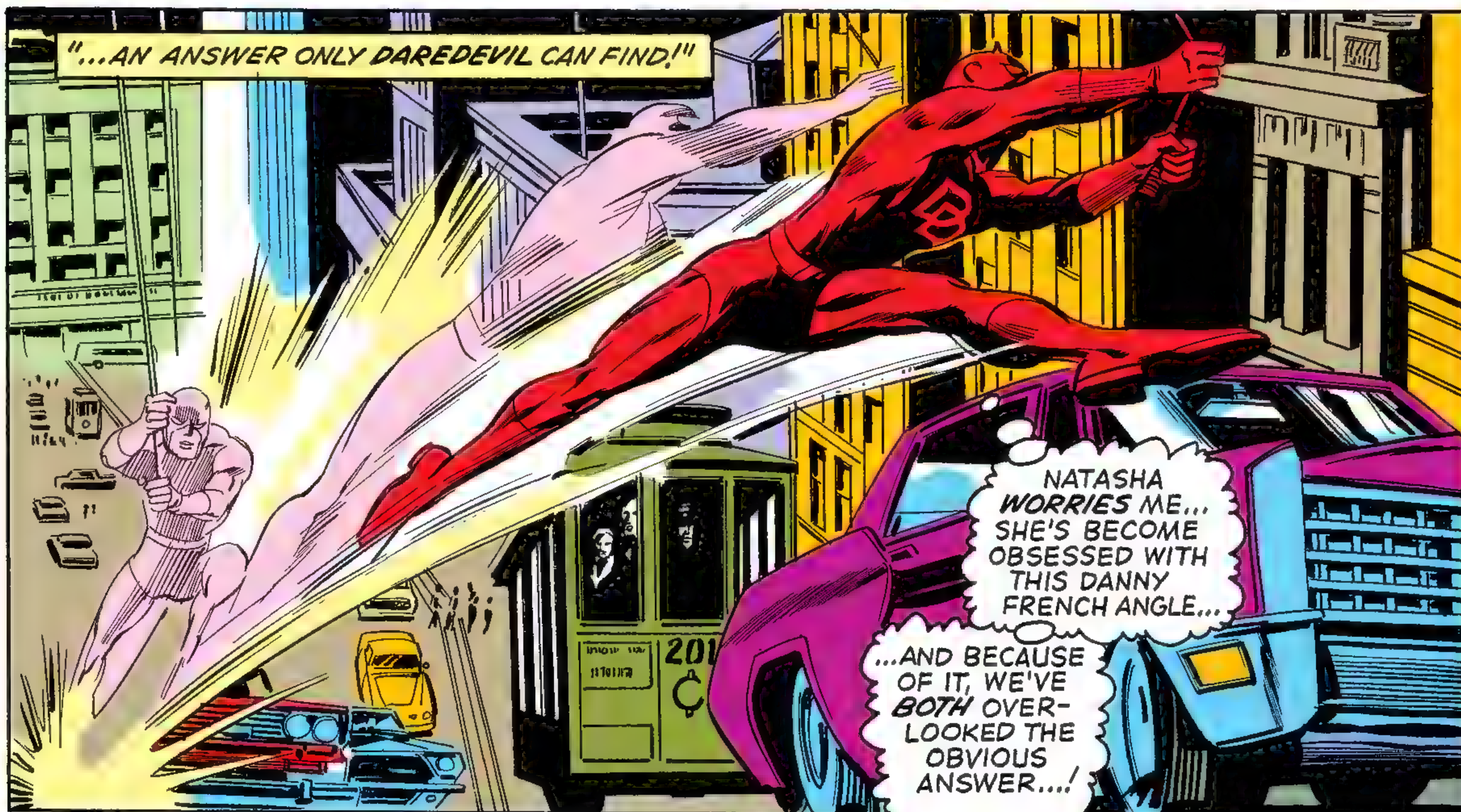
THEN...THE ANSWER'S **ELSEWHERE...**



I ASK YOU **TASHA**--WOULD I BE PLAYING WITH **NICKELS** AND **DIMES** LIKE THE **FREDRICKS** CASE--

--IF I HAD THE POWER YOU **CLAIM** I DO,?

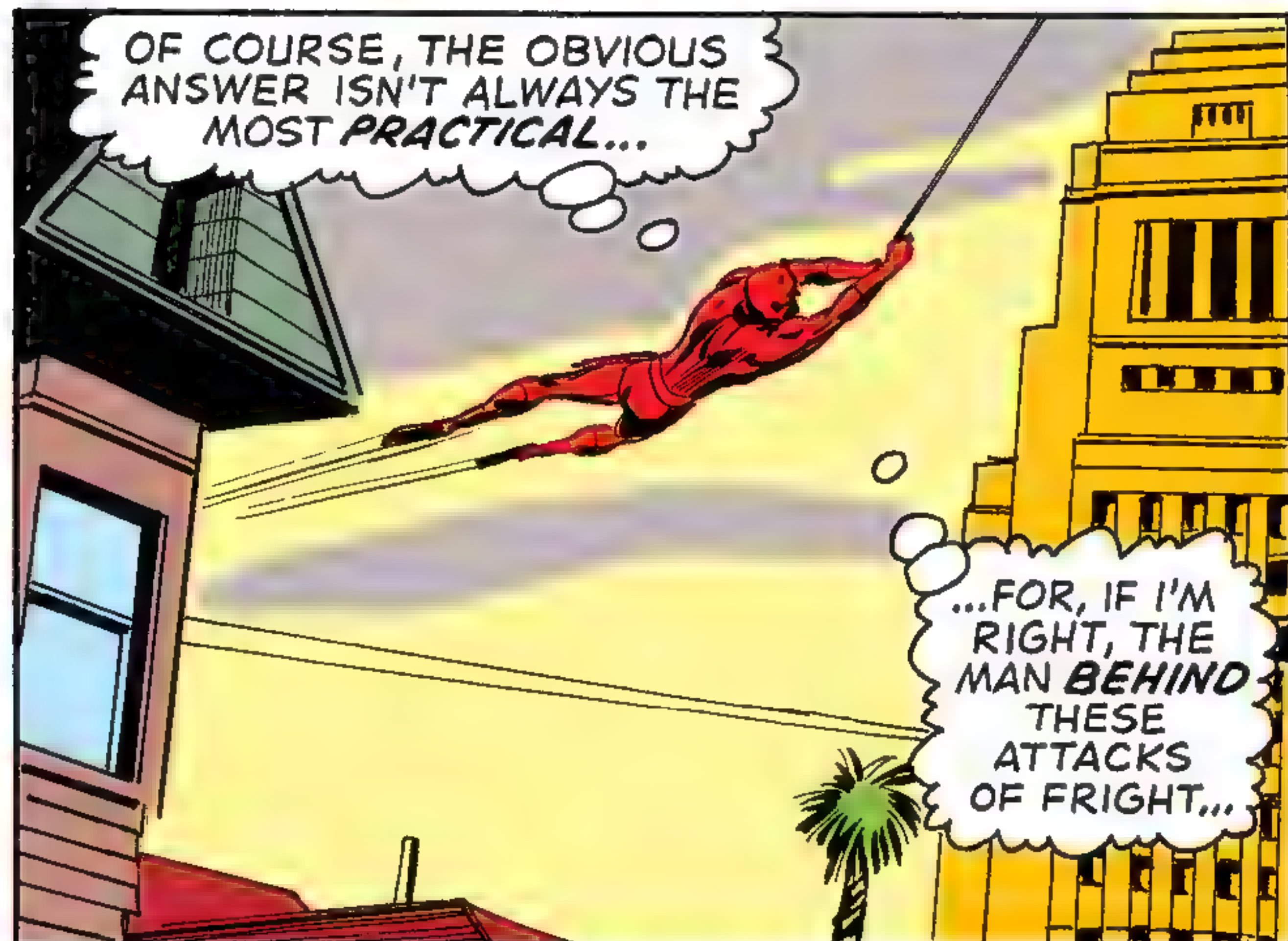
NO, DANNY... I SUPPOSE **NOT.**



"...AN ANSWER ONLY **DAREDEVIL** CAN FIND!"

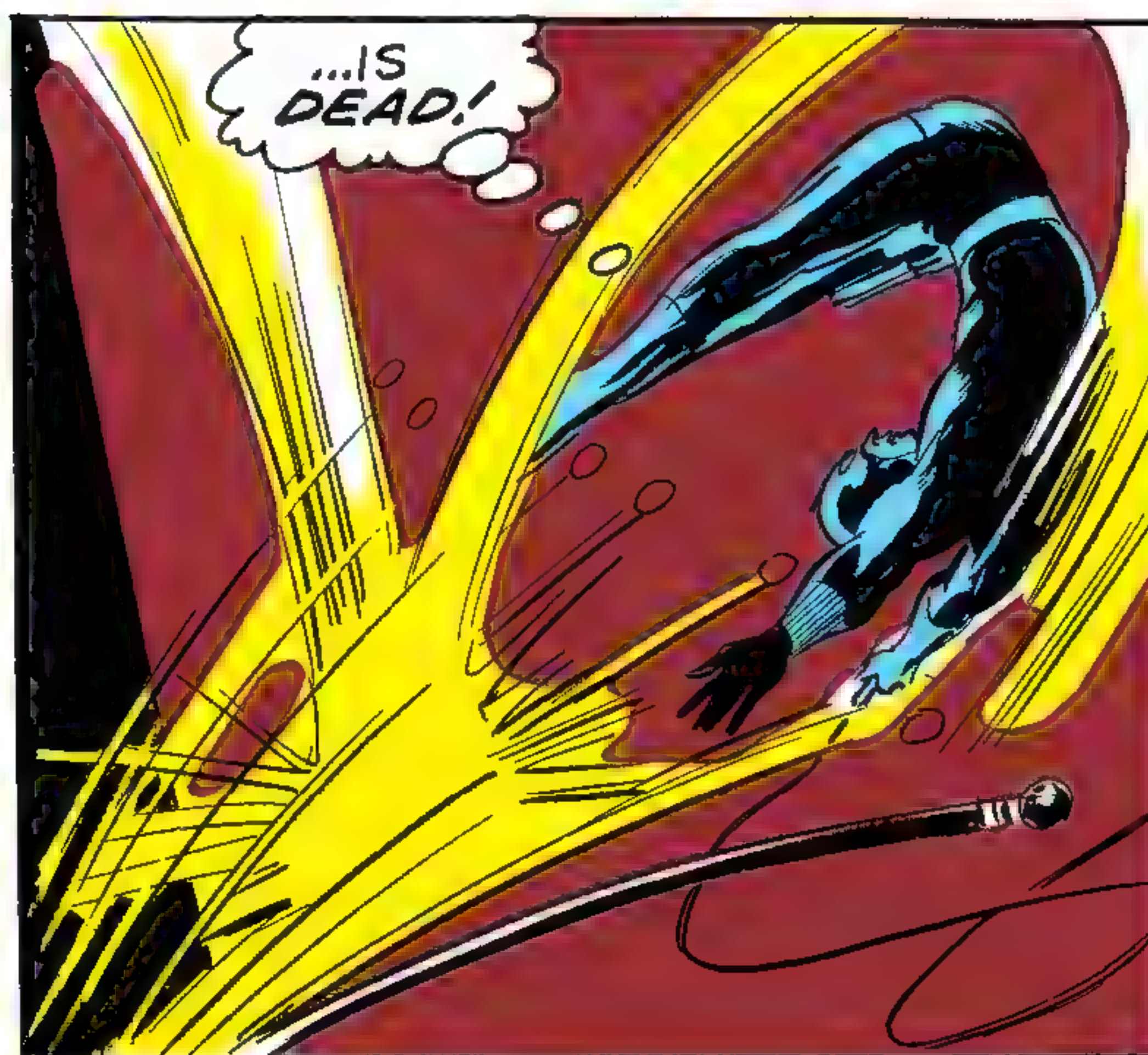
NATASHA WORRIES ME... SHE'S BECOME OBSESSED WITH THIS **DANNY FRENCH** ANGLE...

...AND BECAUSE OF IT, WE'VE **BOTH** OVERLOOKED THE **OBVIOUS** ANSWER....!

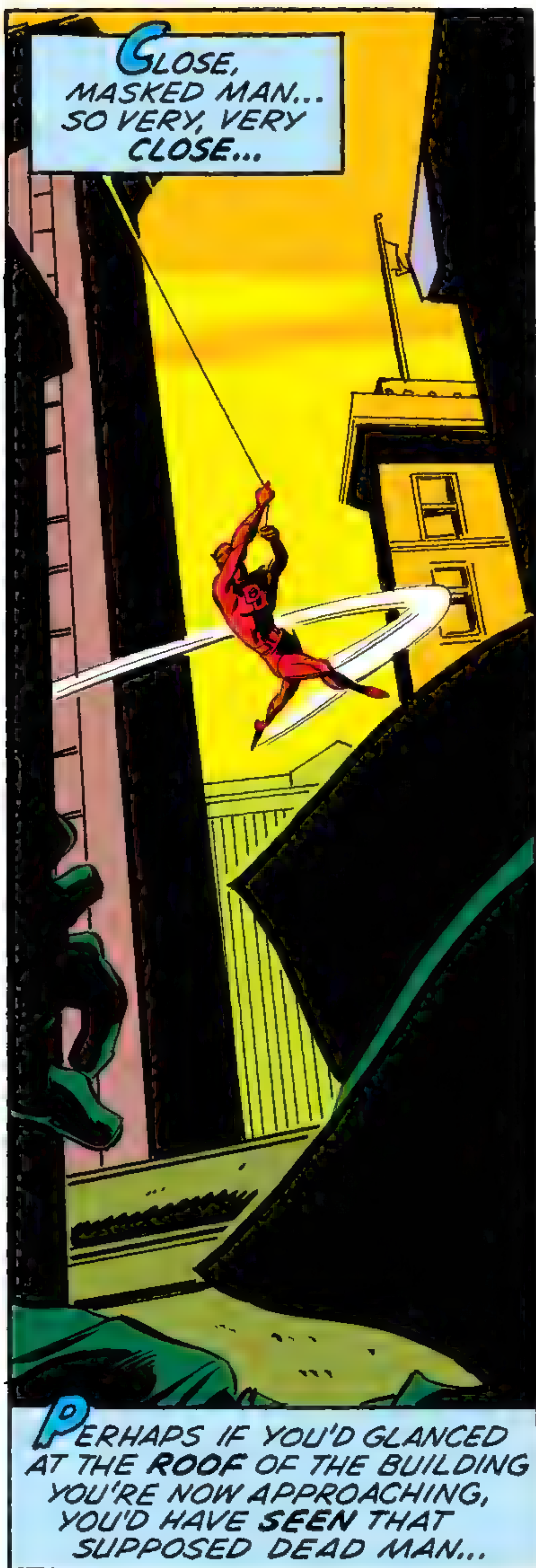


OF COURSE, THE **OBVIOUS** ANSWER ISN'T ALWAYS THE MOST **PRACTICAL**...

...FOR, IF I'M RIGHT, THE MAN **BEHIND** THESE **ATTACKS** OF **FRIGHT**,...



...IS **DEAD!**



CLOSE,
MASKED MAN...
SO VERY, VERY
CLOSE...

PERHAPS IF YOU'D GLANCED
AT THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING
YOU'RE NOW APPROACHING,
YOU'D HAVE SEEN THAT
SUPPOSED DEAD MAN...

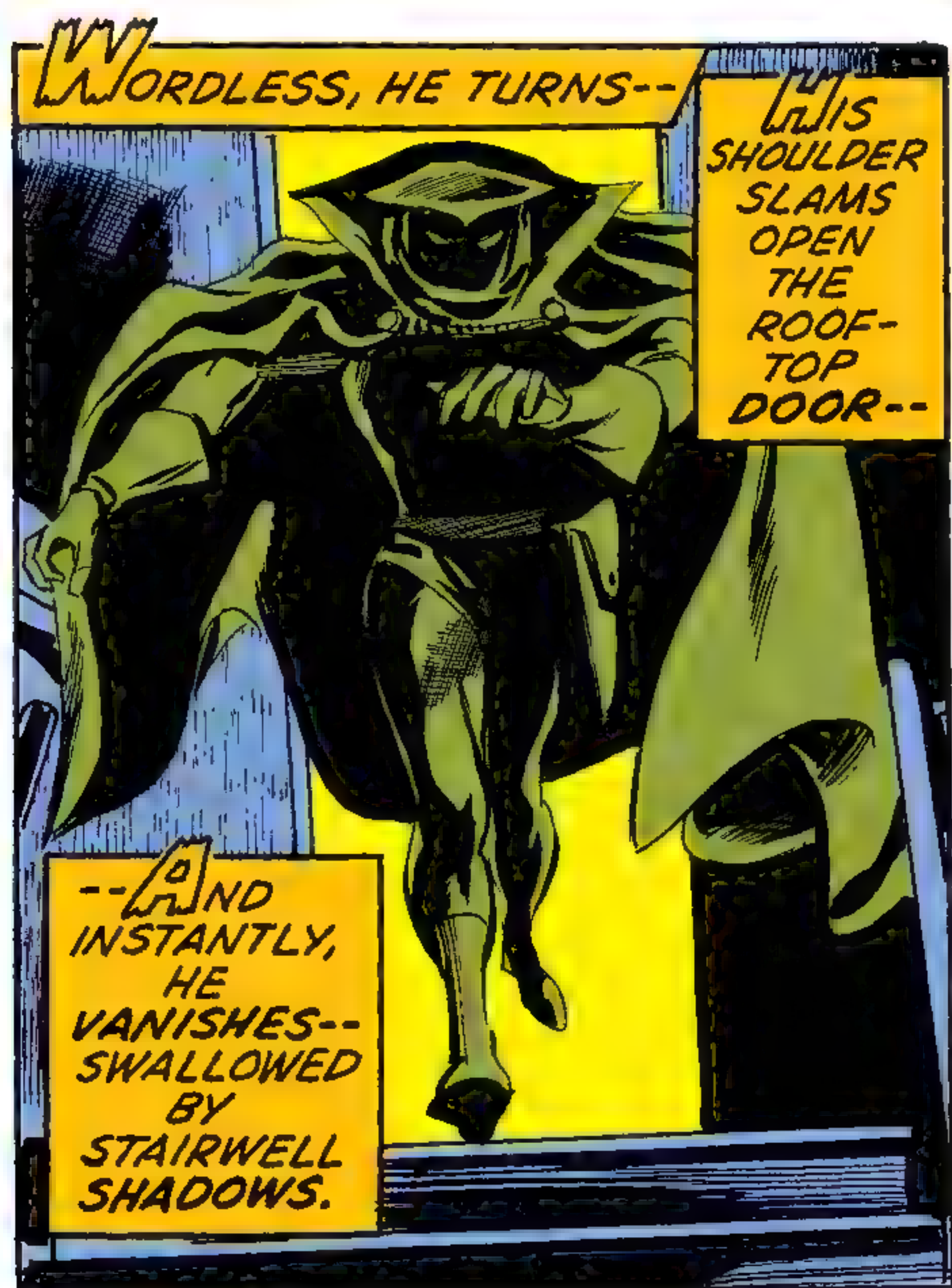


...THE MAN OTHER MEN CALL...
MISTER FEAR!

MURDOCK IS
SUCH A CHILD...
SUCH A BLIND,
IGNORANT
CHILD.

IT'S A
CONFIDENCE
I INTEND TO
DESTROY--
FOR I,
AND ONLY
I--AM
FEAR!

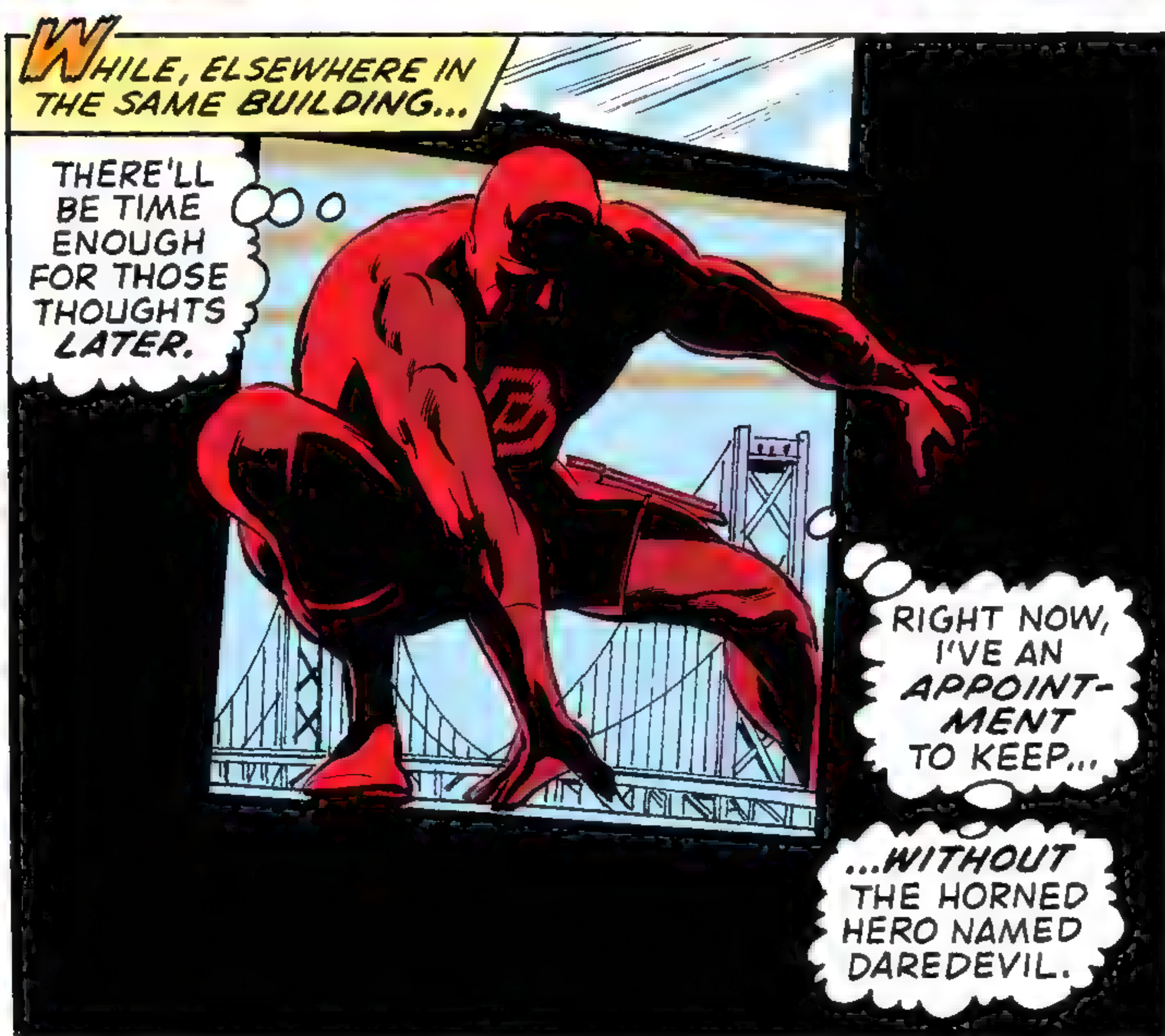
ONLY HE
COULD BE SO
IMPOSSIBLY
THICK--SO
ARROGANTLY
SELF-
ASSURED!



WORDLESS, HE TURNS--

WITH HIS
SHOULDER
SLAMS
OPEN
THE
ROOF-
TOP
DOOR--

--AND
INSTANTLY,
HE
VANISHES--
SWALLOWED
BY
STAIRWELL
SHADOWS.

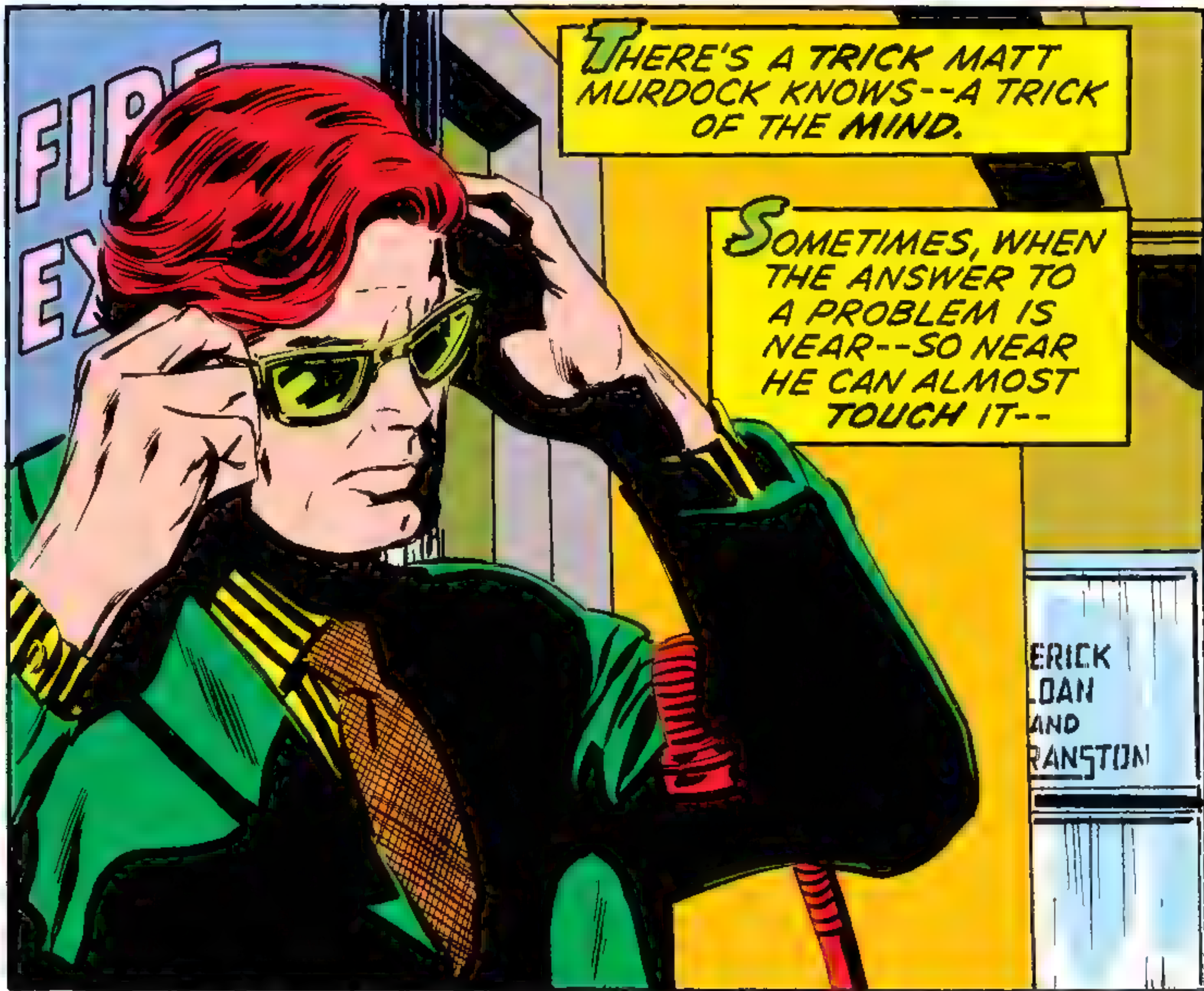


WHILE, ELSEWHERE IN
THE SAME BUILDING...

THERE'LL
BE TIME
ENOUGH
FOR THOSE
THOUGHTS
LATER.

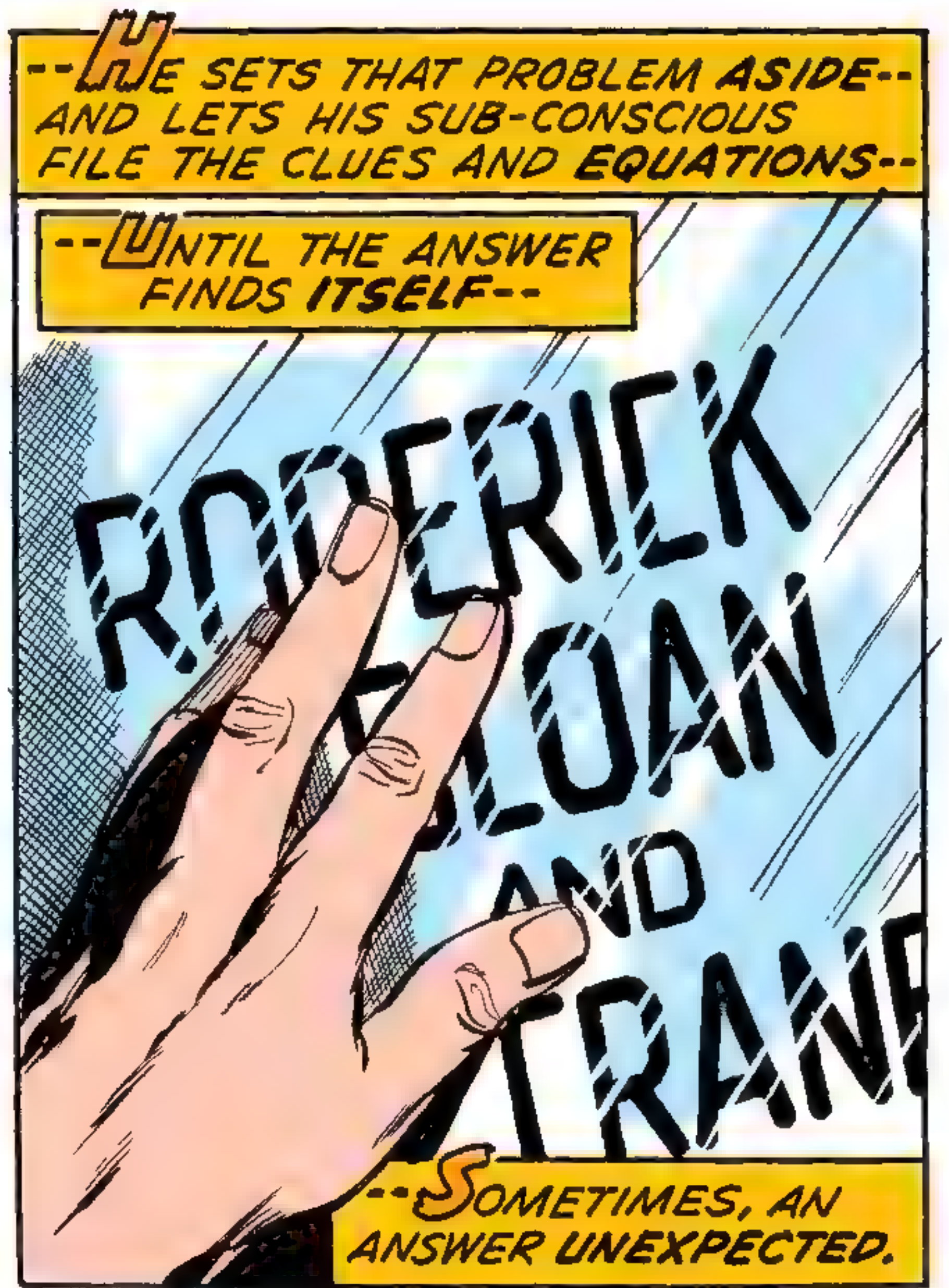
RIGHT NOW,
I'VE AN
APPOINT-
MENT
TO KEEP...

...WITHOUT
THE HORNED
HERO NAMED
DAREDEVIL.



THERE'S A TRICK MATT MURDOCK KNOWS--A TRICK OF THE MIND.

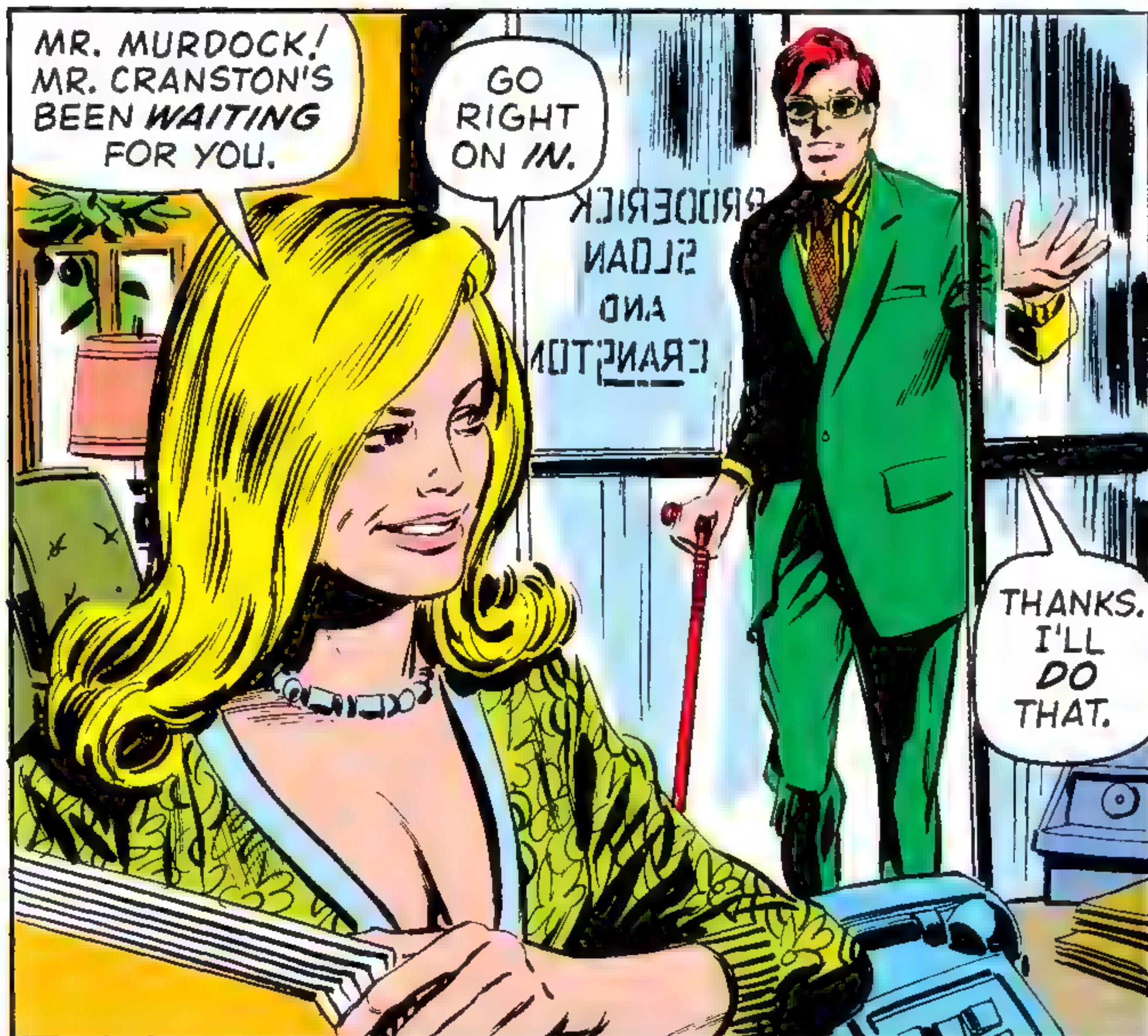
SOMETIMES, WHEN THE ANSWER TO A PROBLEM IS NEAR--SO NEAR HE CAN ALMOST TOUCH IT--



HE SETS THAT PROBLEM ASIDE--AND LETS HIS SUB-CONSCIOUS FILE THE CLUES AND EQUATIONS--

--**U**NTIL THE ANSWER FINDS ITSELF--

--**S**OMETIMES, AN ANSWER UNEXPECTED.



MR. MURDOCK! MR. CRANSTON'S BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.

GO RIGHT ON IN.

ERICK SLOAN AND CRANSTON

THANKS. I'LL DO THAT.



AH, MATT--GOOD TO--AH--SEE YOU AGAIN.

AWFULLY SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT--

FORGET IT, LARRY.

WHAT'S ONE INTRUSION BETWEEN OLD LAW-SCHOOL CLASS-MATES?

AH... AH, YES...



...STILL, MR. SLOAN **WAS** SOMEWHAT EMBARRASSED BY OUR BREAKING-IN LIKE THAT.

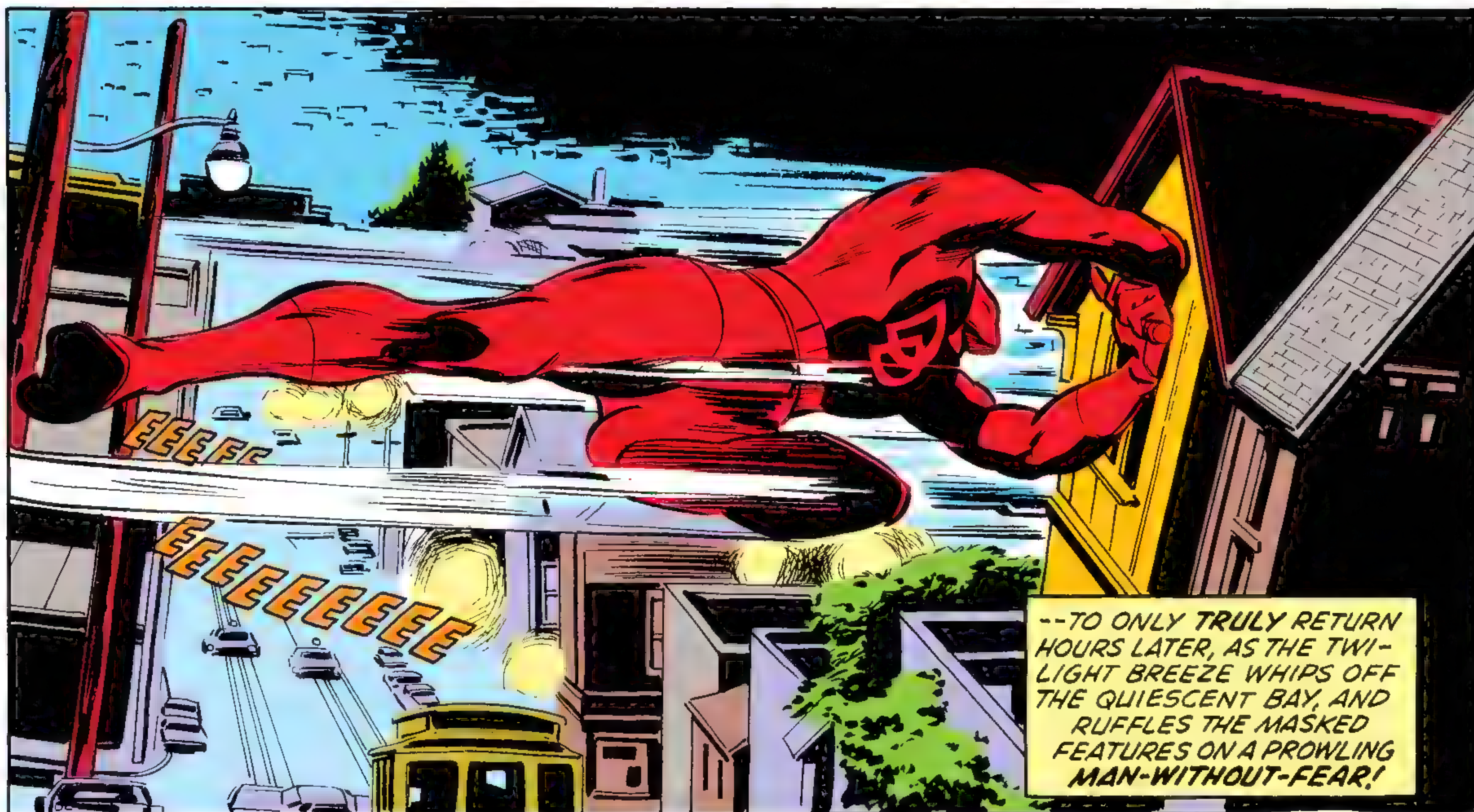
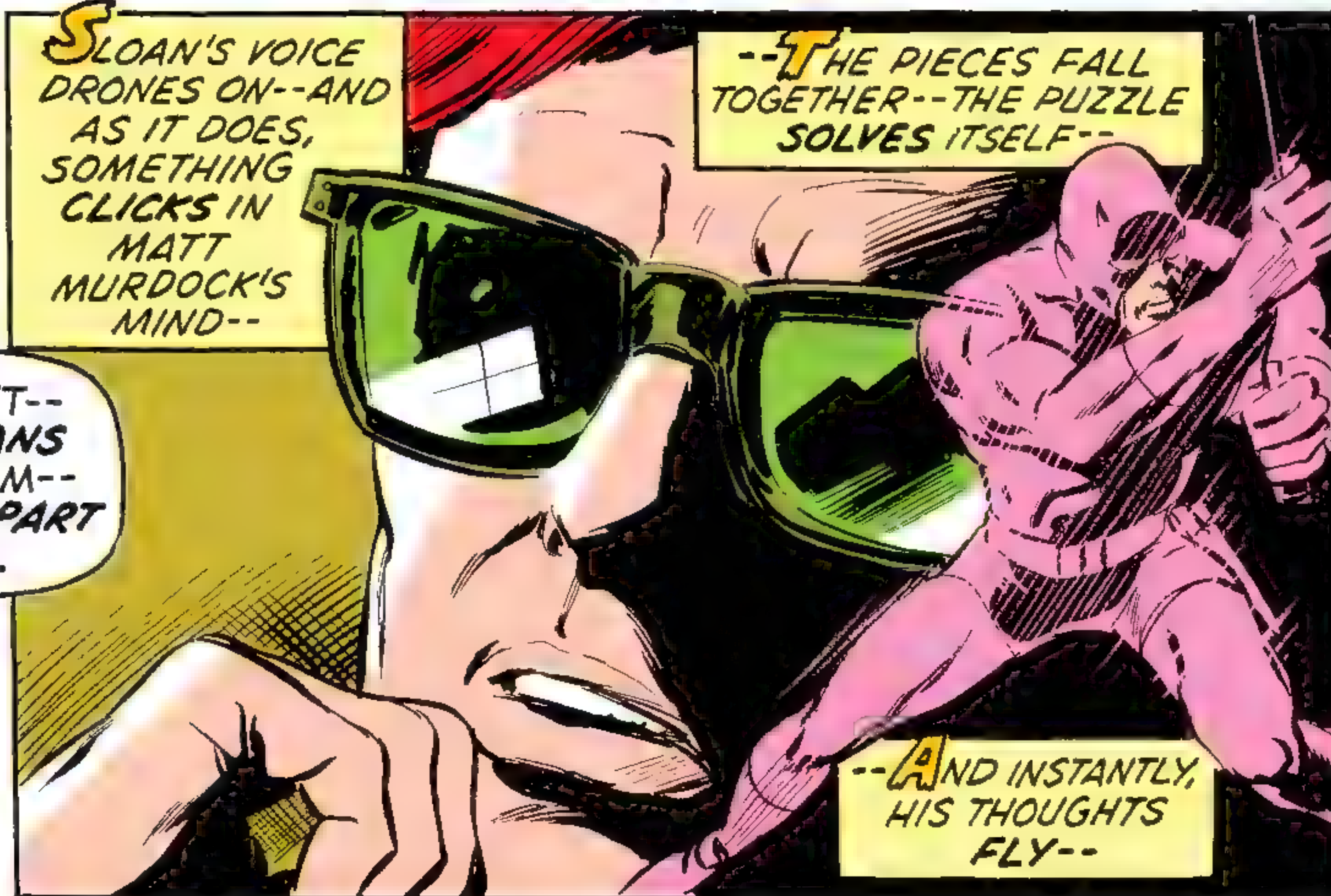
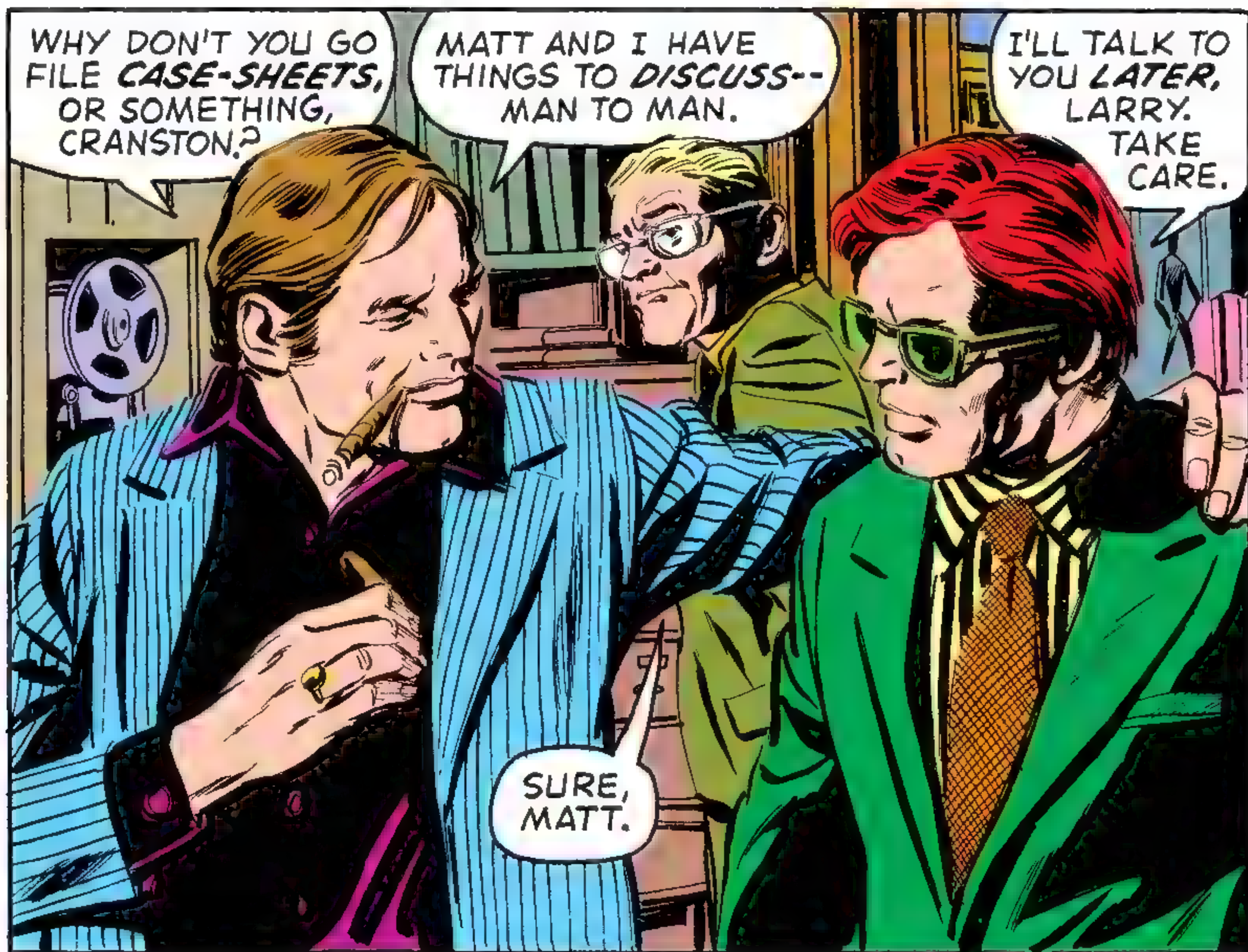
HE WANTS TO **SPEAK** TO YOU ABOUT IT HIMSELF--AH?

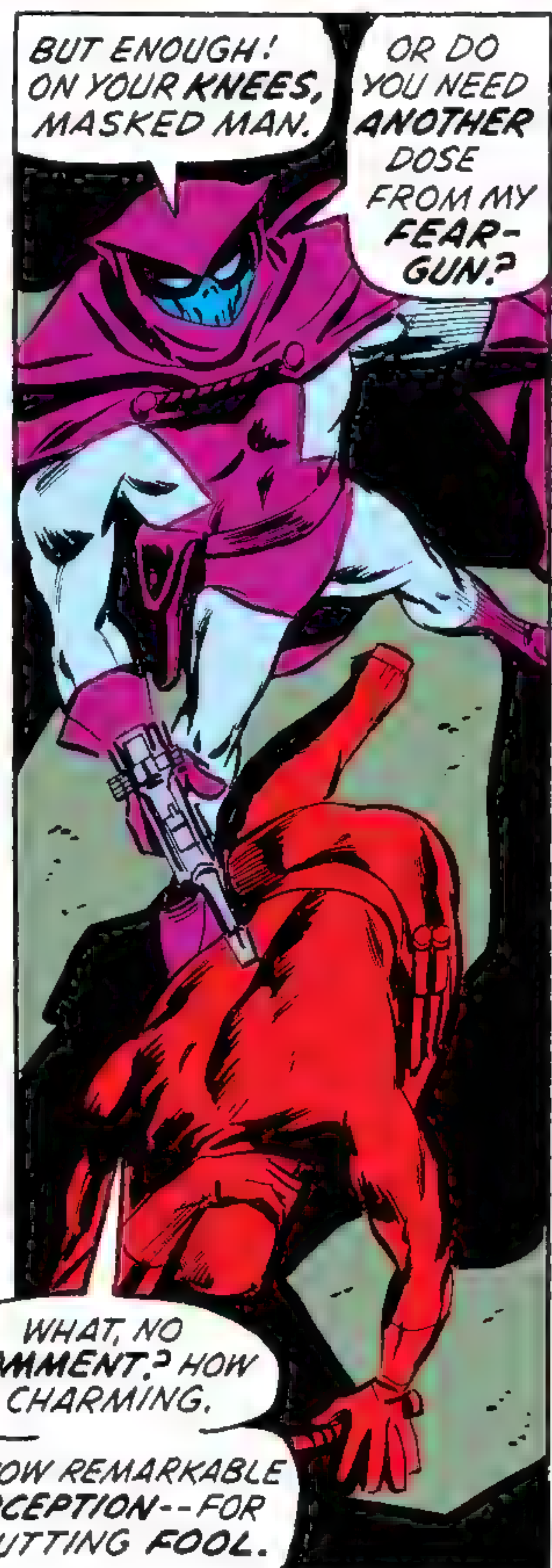
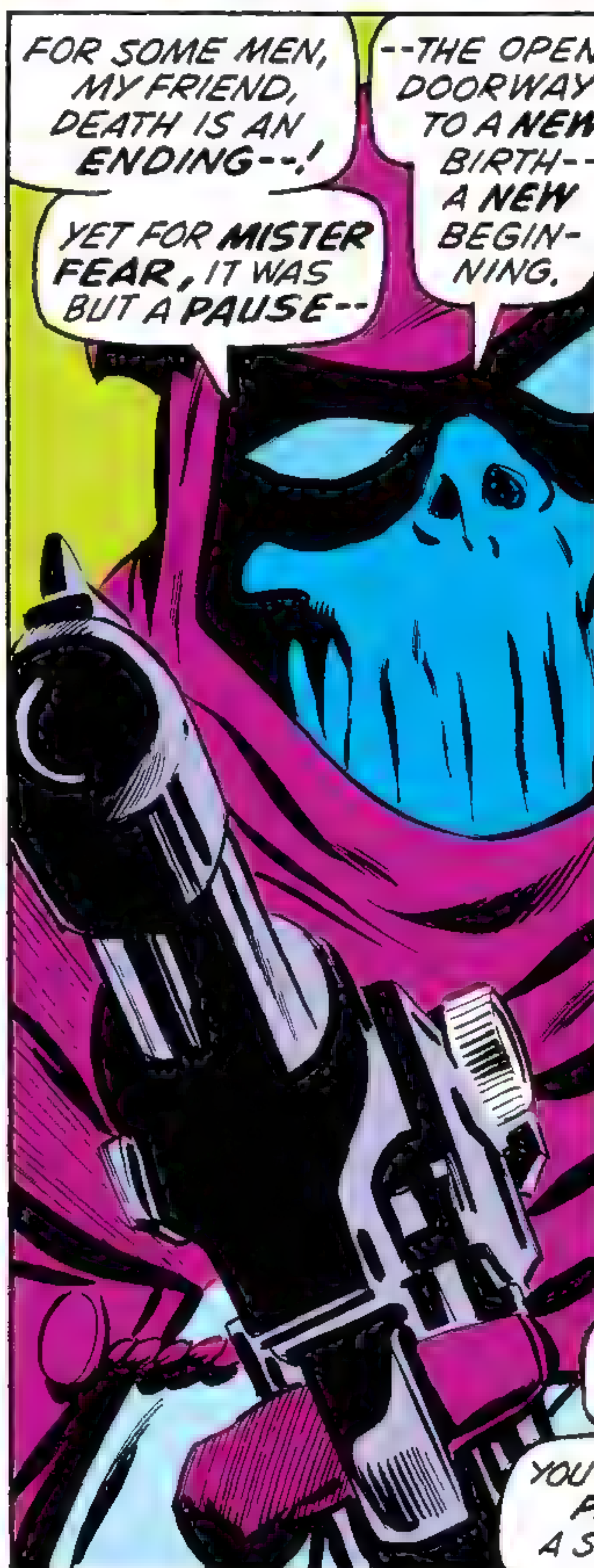
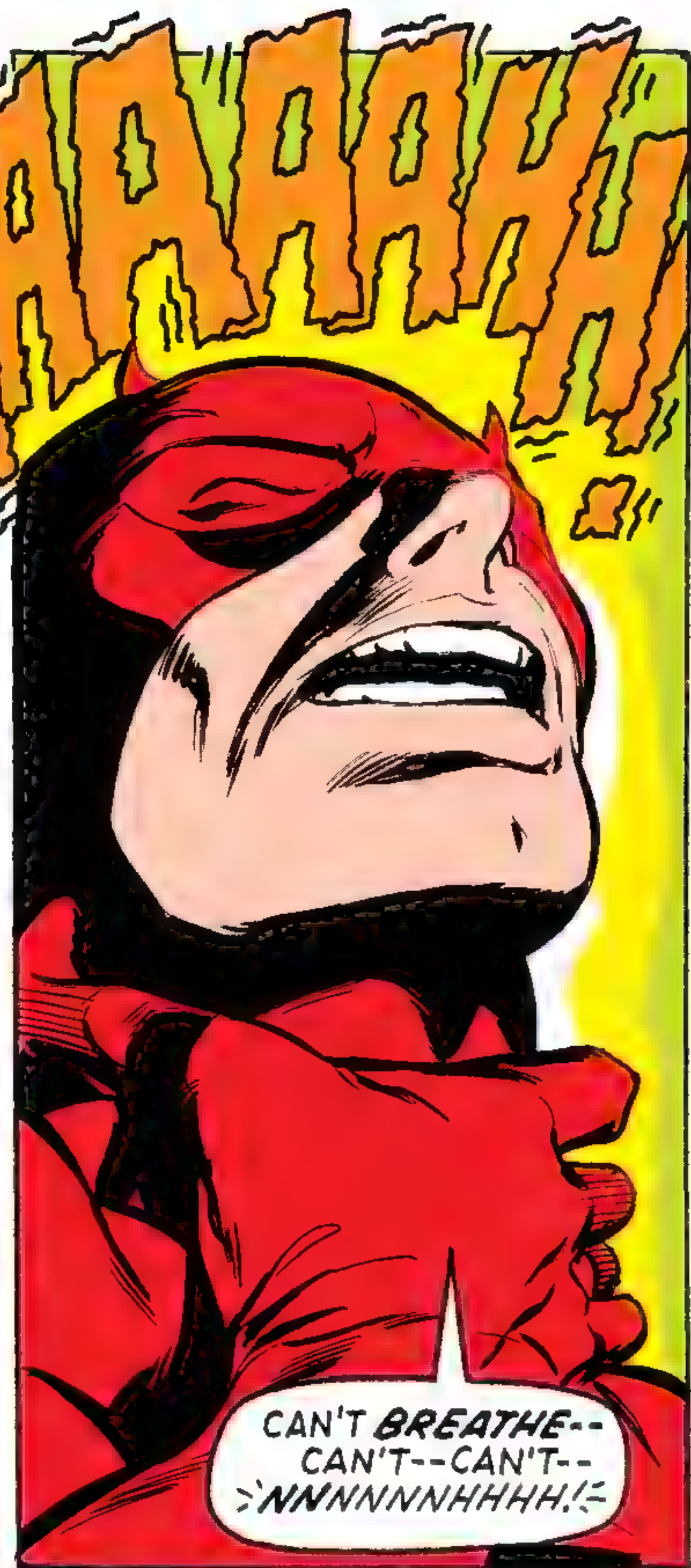
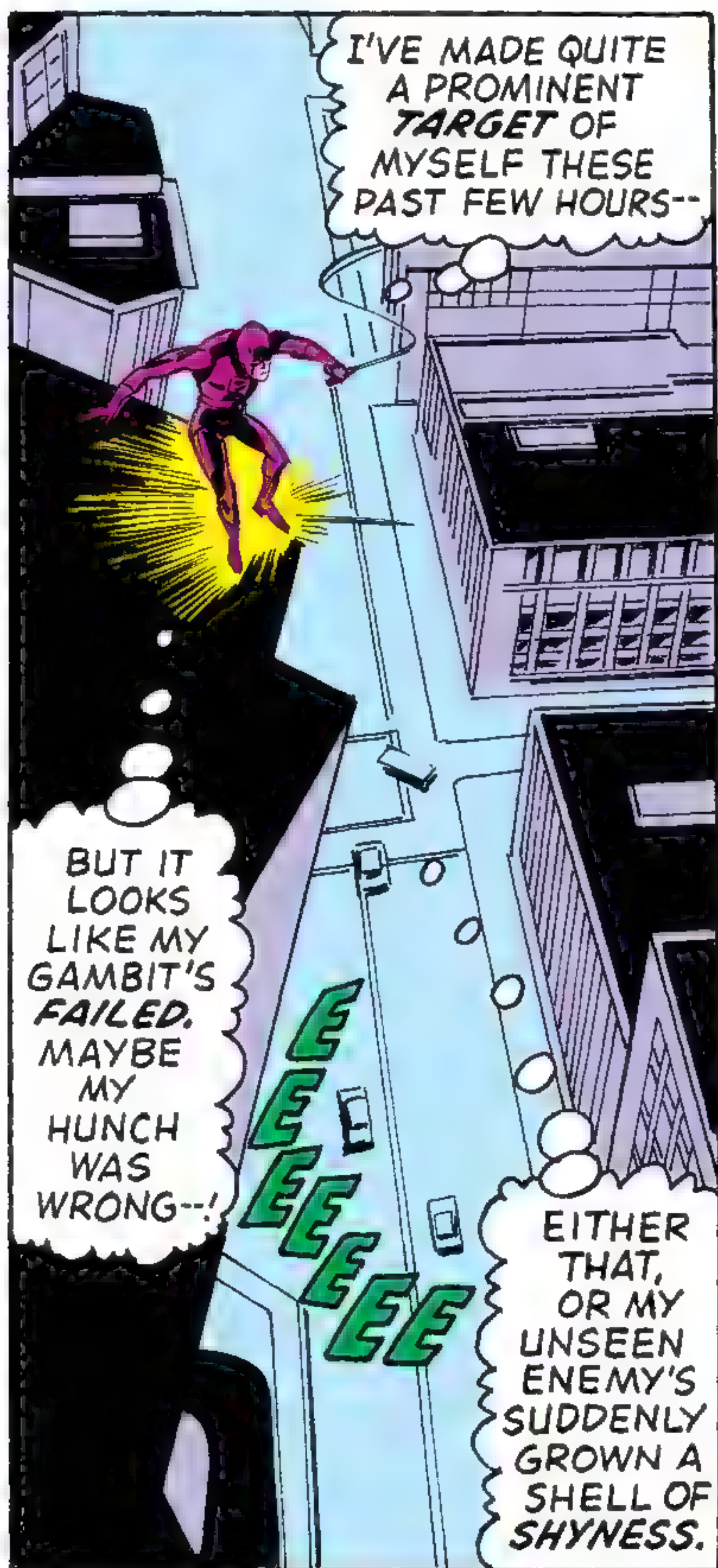
ODD. JASON ISN'T **HERE**.

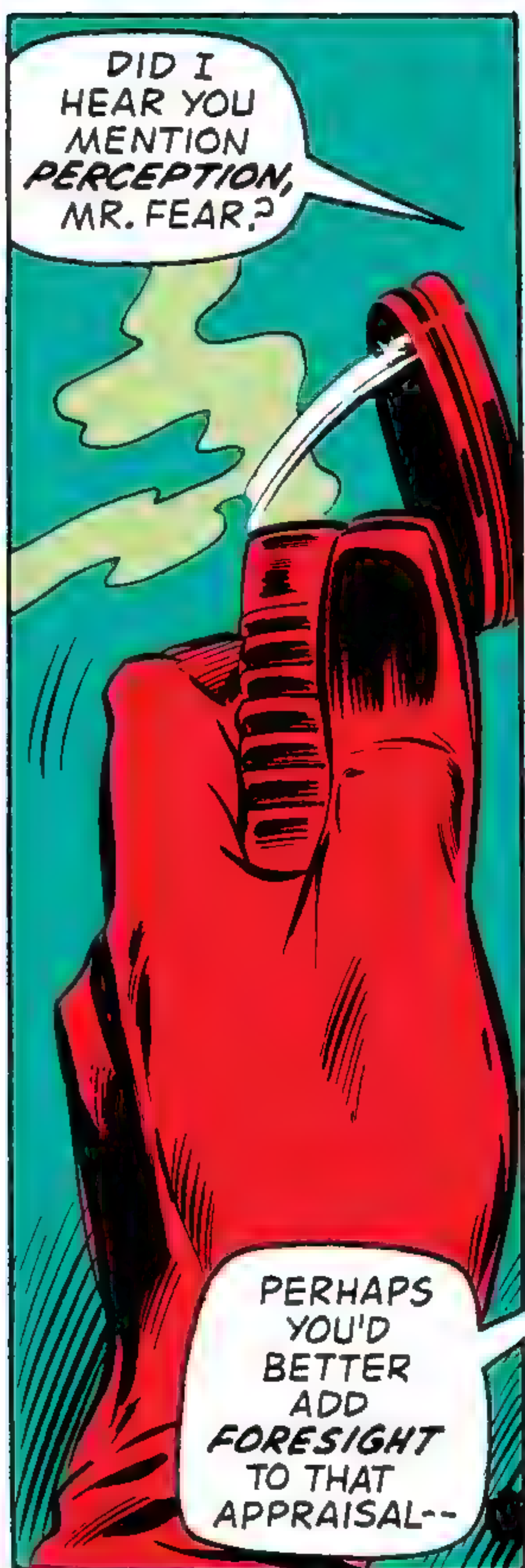


SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, CRANSTON...

JUST STEPPED OUT FOR A CIGAR. **YOU** UNDERSTAND, EH, MURDOCK?







DID I
HEAR YOU
MENTION
PERCEPTION,
MR. FEAR?

PERHAPS
YOU'D
BETTER
ADD
FORESIGHT
TO THAT
APPRAISAL--



--THE KIND OF FORE-
SIGHT WHICH MADE
ME *GUESS* IT WAS
YOU--

--AND PREPARE
THIS HANDY
GASEOUS *ANTI-
DOTE* TO YOUR
FEAR-INDUCING
PELLETS.

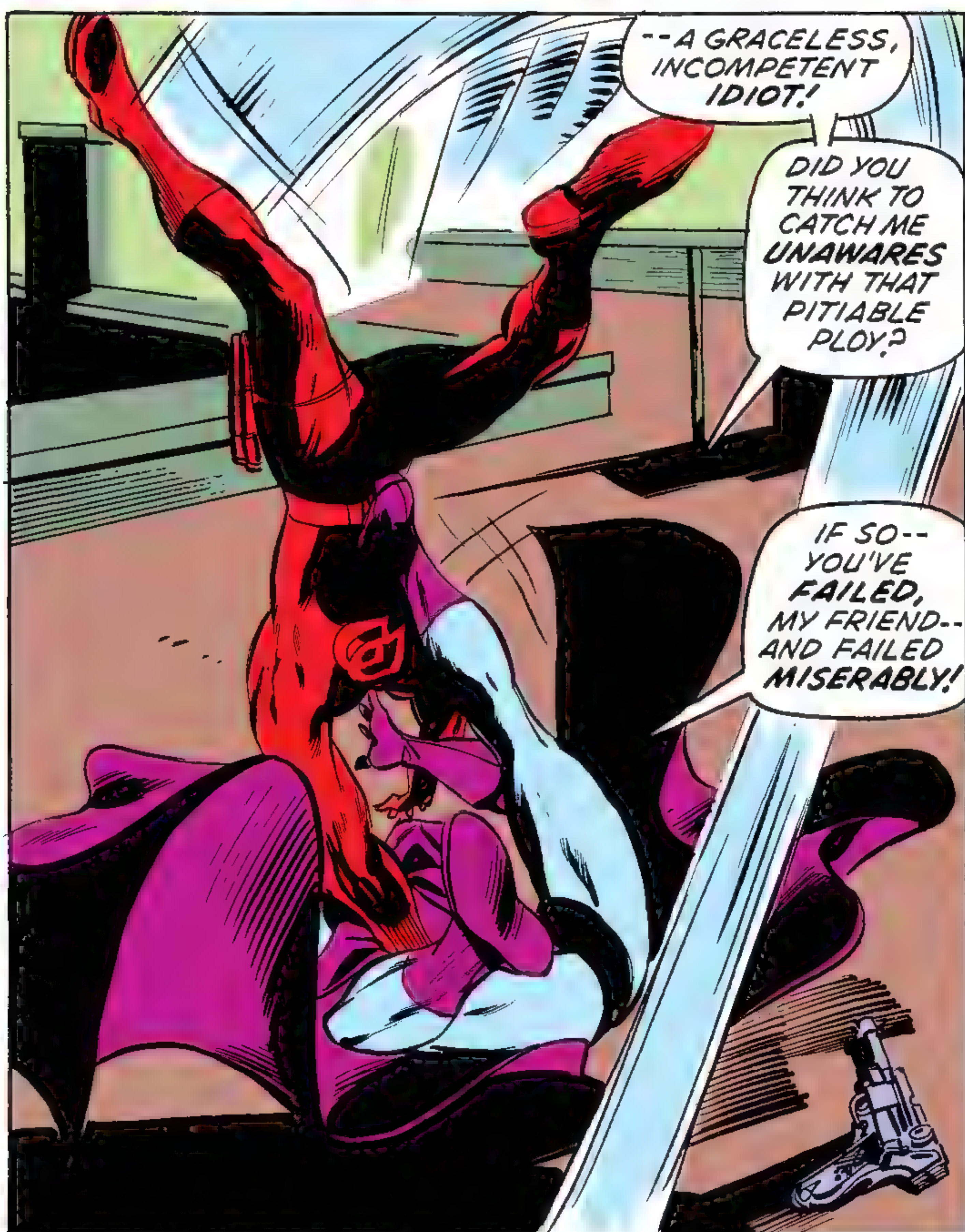
NOW, MISTER
FEAR--
WHOEVER
YOU ARE--



--IT'S
MY
TURN!

UMMMPPH!

STILL A FOOL,
MURDOCK--



--A GRACELESS,
INCOMPETENT
IDIOT!

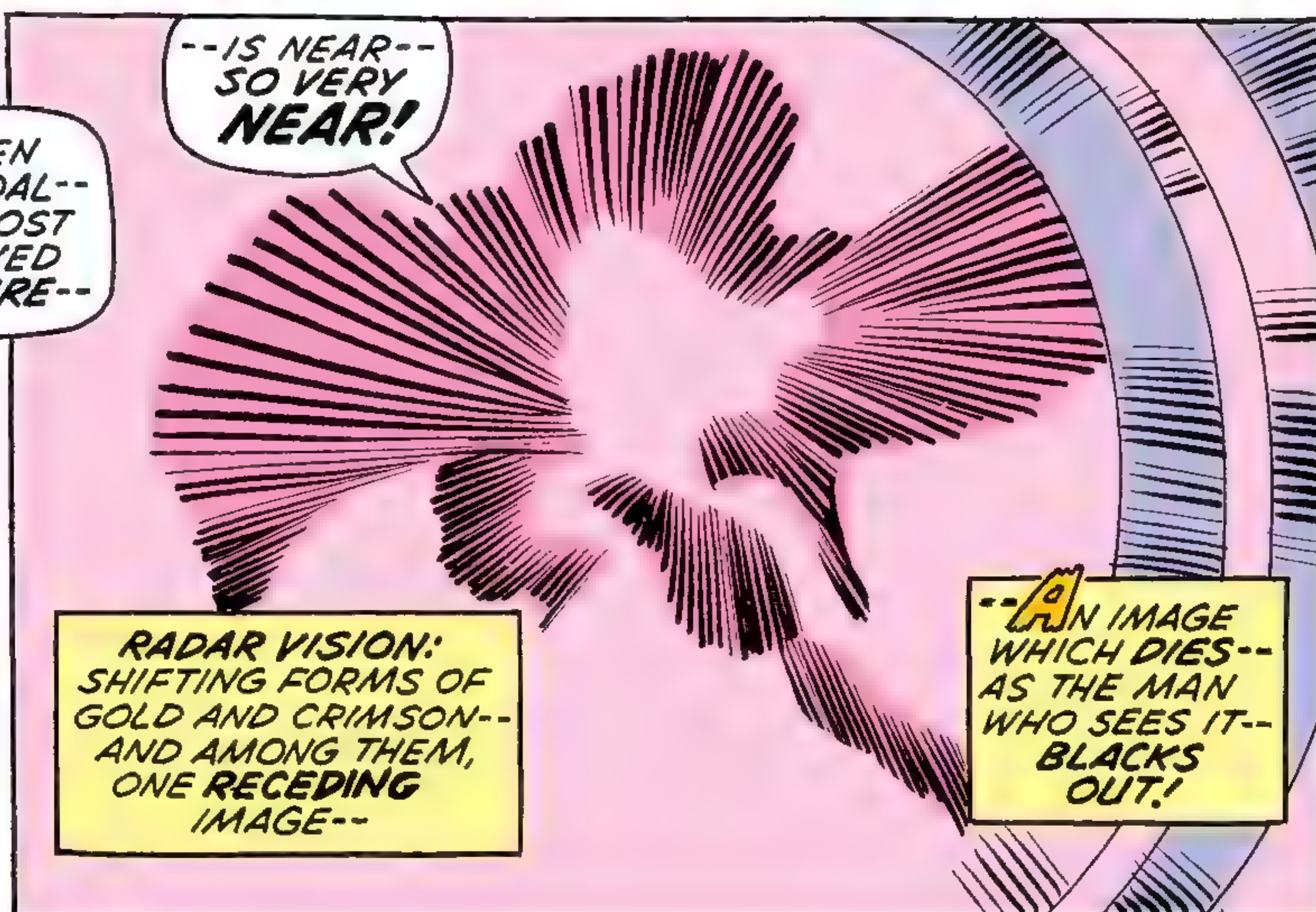
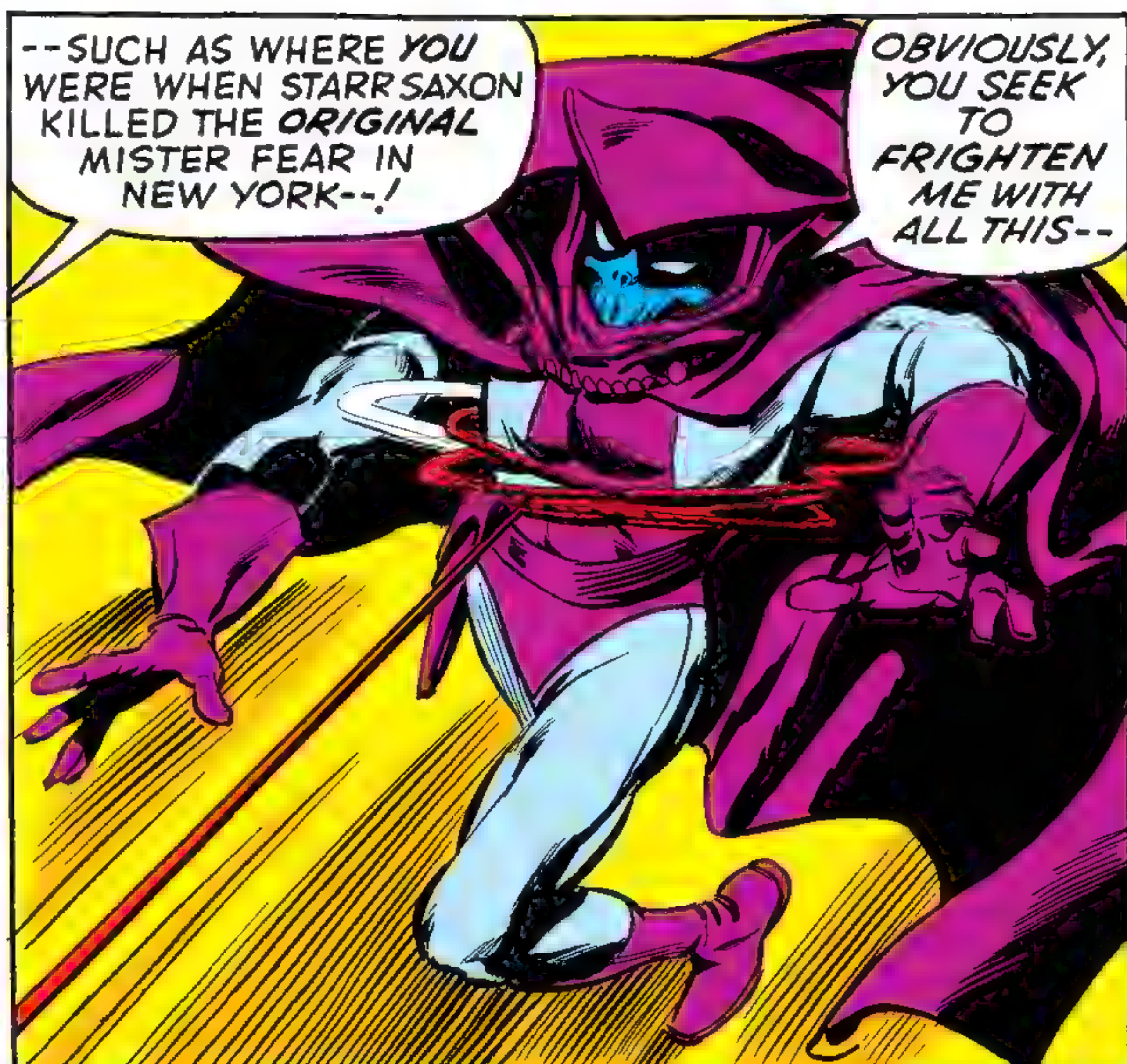
DID YOU
THINK TO
CATCH ME
UNAWARES
WITH THAT
PITIABLE
PLOY?

IF SO--
YOU'VE
FAILED,
MY FRIEND--
AND FAILED
MISERABLY!

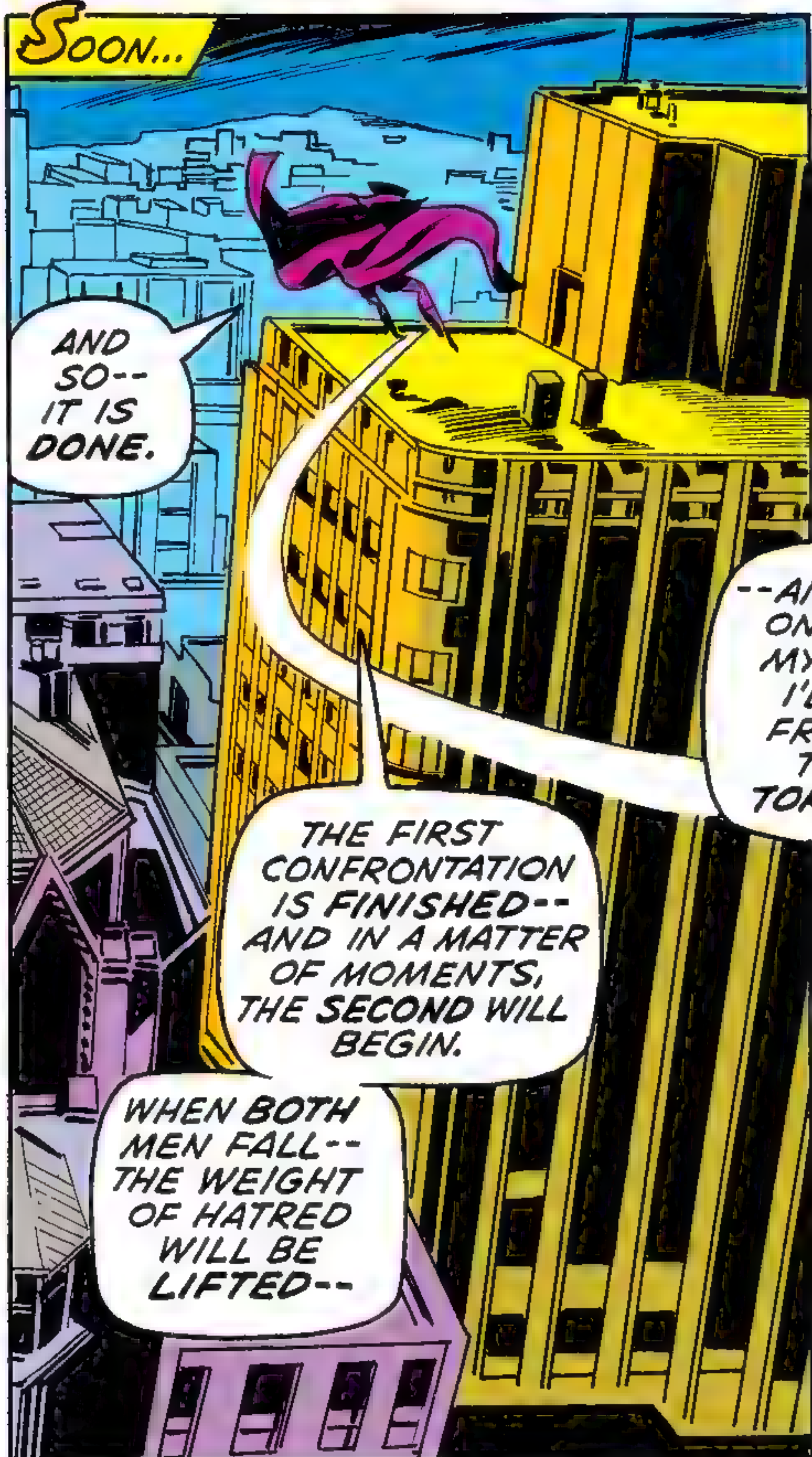


SO WHO'S
PERFECT?

YOU'RE
NOT
EXACTLY
FAULTLESS
EITHER,
SKULL-
FACE.



SOON...



AND SO-- IT IS DONE.

THE FIRST CONFRONTATION IS FINISHED-- AND IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, THE SECOND WILL BEGIN.

WHEN BOTH MEN FALL-- THE WEIGHT OF HATRED WILL BE LIFTED--

--AND FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE, I'LL BE FREE OF THEIR TORMENT--



--I'LL BE FREE!



DREAM ON, SKULL-FACE.

FROM WHAT I HEAR, PRISONS AREN'T MUCH ON FREEDOM THESE DAYS--

--SO GET SET FOR A SHOCK.

MURDOCK!



APPARENTLY, I MISJUDGED YOUR CONDITION--

--AND YOUR KNOWLEDGE! WELL, OLD FRIEND-- I'VE MADE MISTAKES BEFORE, SUCH AS LETTING YOU LIVE--

BUT I SWEAR TO YOU--

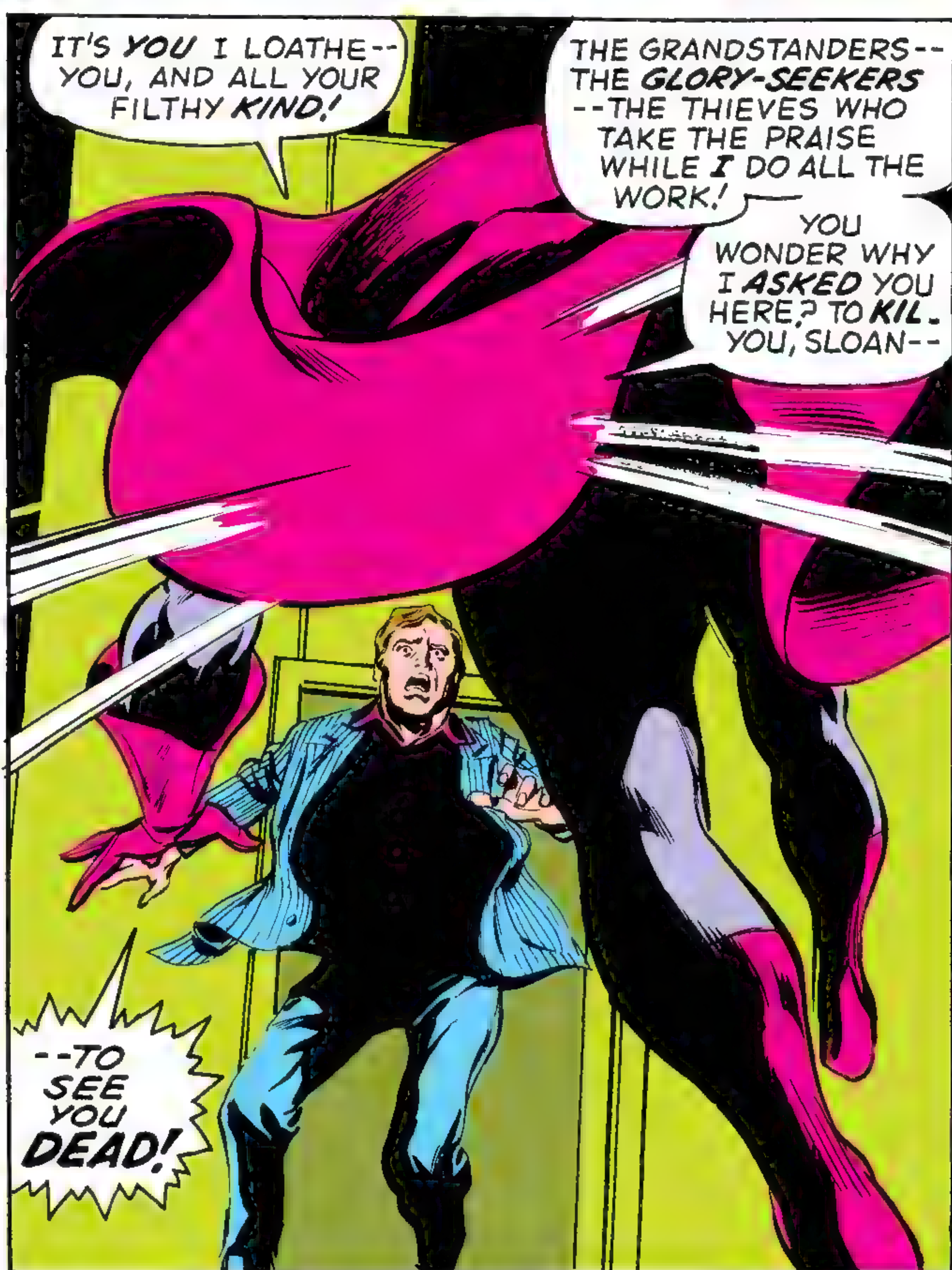
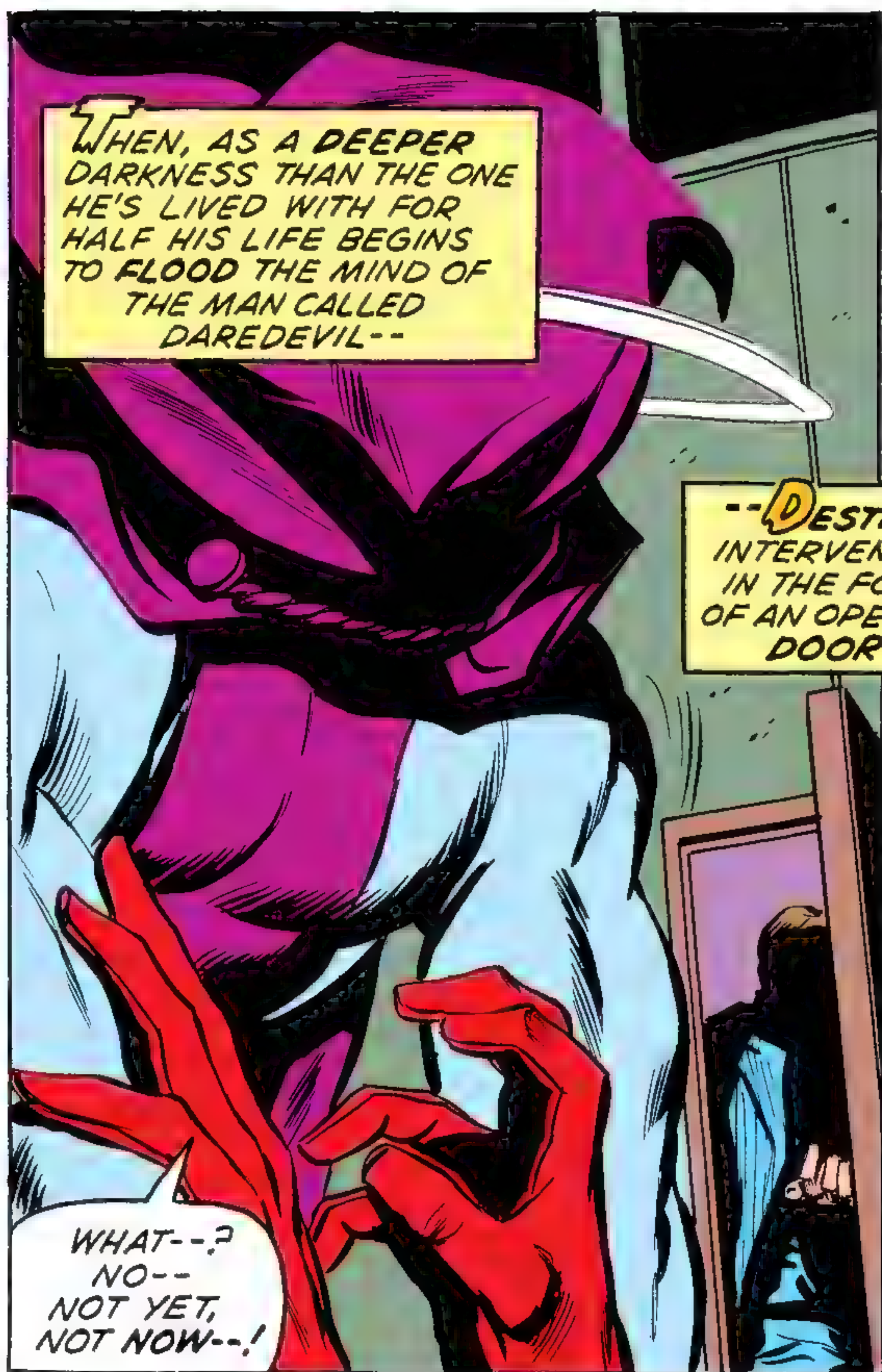


--IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

UNNNH-- HE'S STRONGER THAN I'D IMAGINED--

--AND--I'M STILL WEAK, TIRED-- HOURS WITHOUT SLEEP--!

CAN'T-- BREAK HIS GRIP--!





SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, CRANSTON--

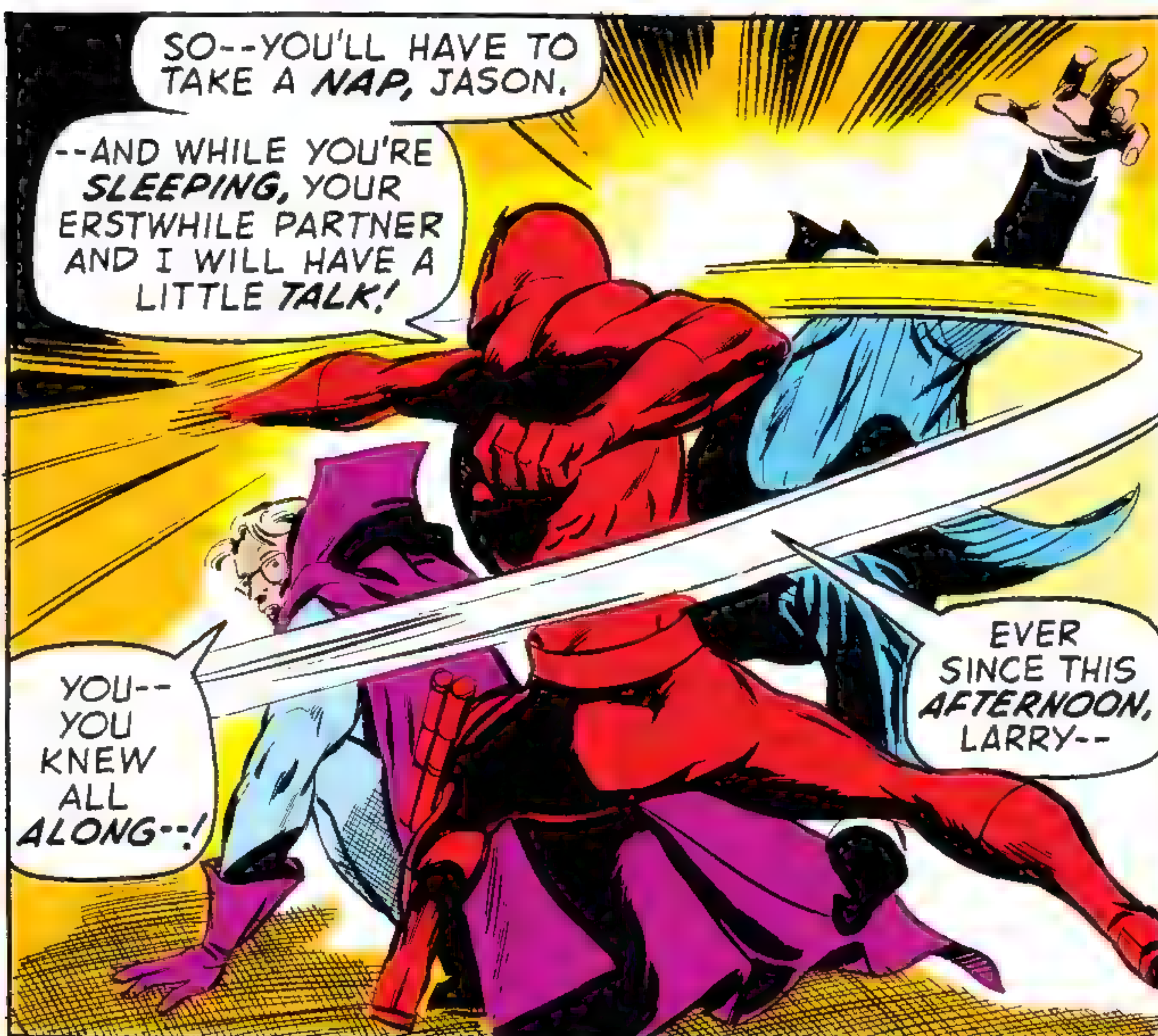
--BUT I JUST CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT.

MRRRMPPHFF!



HMMM. BAD MOVE, MATTHEW--ANOTHER MOMENT, AND LARRY WILL SPILL THE BEANS--

--AND YOUR SECRET IDENTITY IS GONE.



SO--YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE A *NAP*, JASON.

--AND WHILE YOU'RE *SLEEPING*, YOUR ERSTWHILE PARTNER AND I WILL HAVE A LITTLE *TALK*!

YOU--YOU KNEW ALL ALONG--!

EVER SINCE THIS AFTERNOON, LARRY--



--YOU WERE OUT OF BREATH, PANTING--

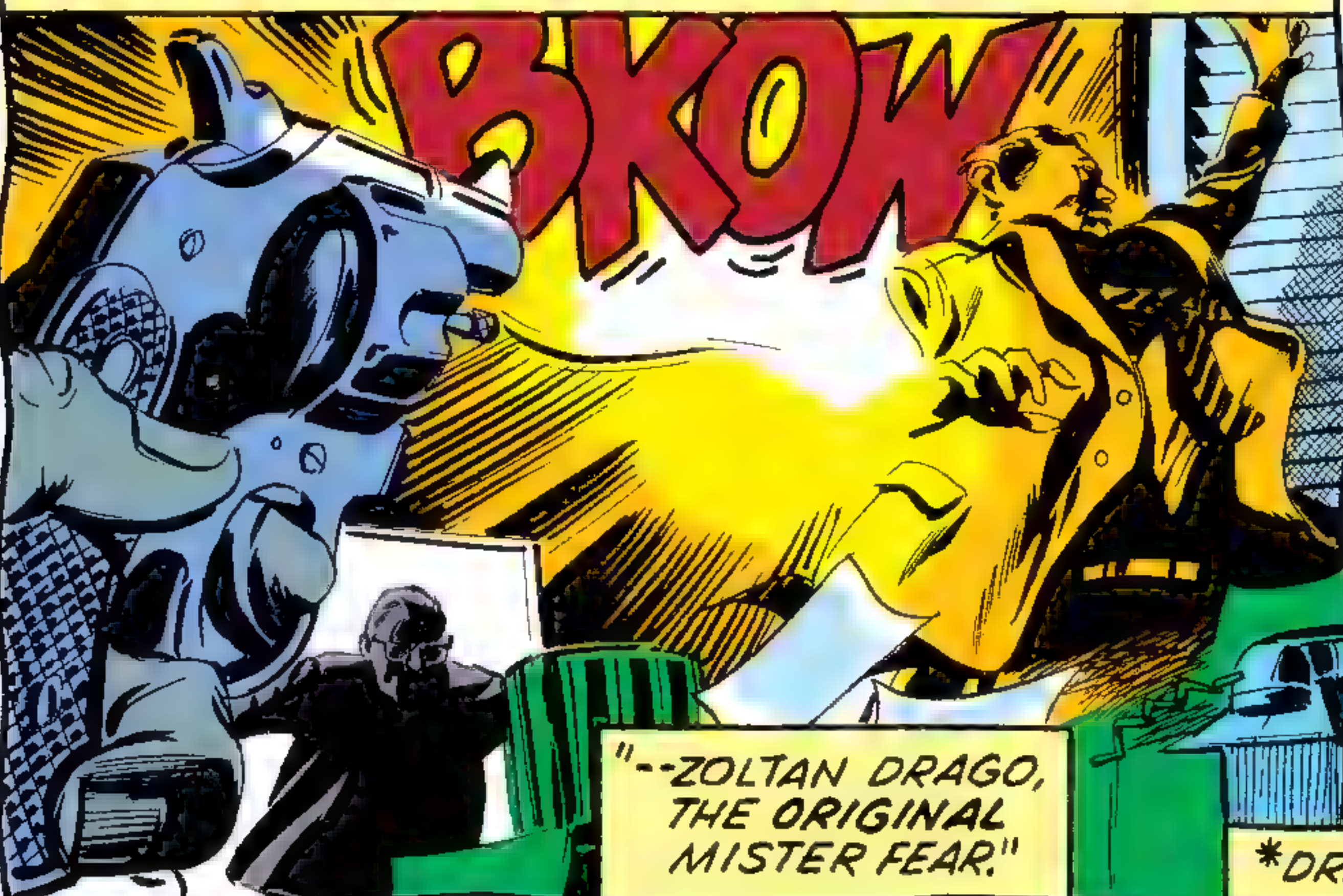
--AND SOMETHING ELSE--THE RATHER DISTINCTIVE ODOR OF FEAR-GAS.

DISTINCTIVE TO ME, AT ANY RATE.

NOW, LAR: HOW'D YOU GET IT?

I--I WAS IN NEW YORK --AT-- AT A HOTEL--

"I HEARD A SOUND FROM THE ROOM ACROSS THE HALL--VOICES ARGUING. A DOOR WAS OPEN--I LOOKED IN, AND SAW A MAN CALLED STARR SAXON SHOOT ANOTHER MAN--



BKOW

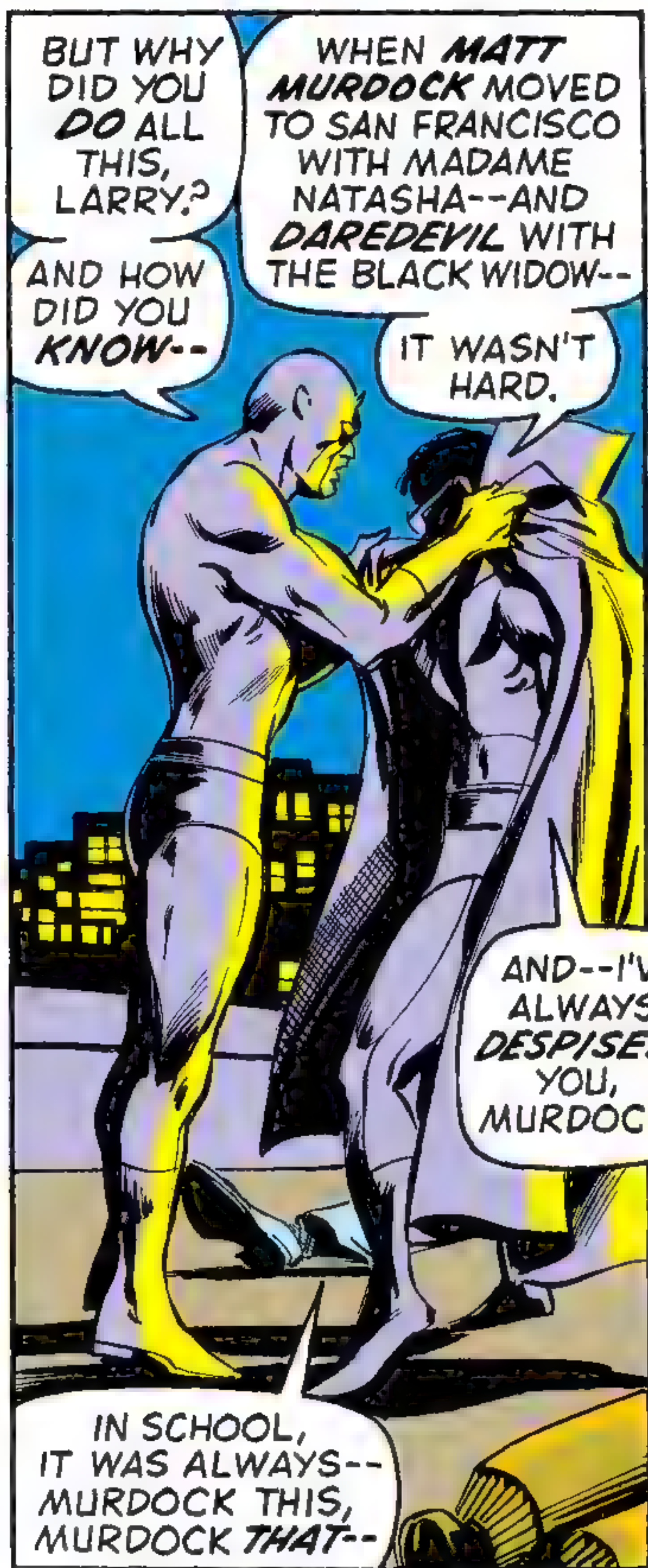
--ZOLTAN DRAGO, THE ORIGINAL MISTER FEAR."

"DRAGO LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO TELL ME WHERE HE'D HIDDEN HIS COSTUME AND EQUIPMENT--HE THOUGHT IT WOULD BUY HIS LIFE--



"UNFORTUNATELY, IT WASN'T MINE TO GIVE. HE DIED AS I HELD HIM."

*DRAGO DIED IN DD #54--S.



BUT WHY DID YOU DO ALL THIS, LARRY?

AND HOW DID YOU KNOW--

WHEN MATT MURDOCK MOVED TO SAN FRANCISCO WITH MADAME NATASHA--AND DAREDEVIL WITH THE BLACK WIDOW--

IT WASN'T HARD.

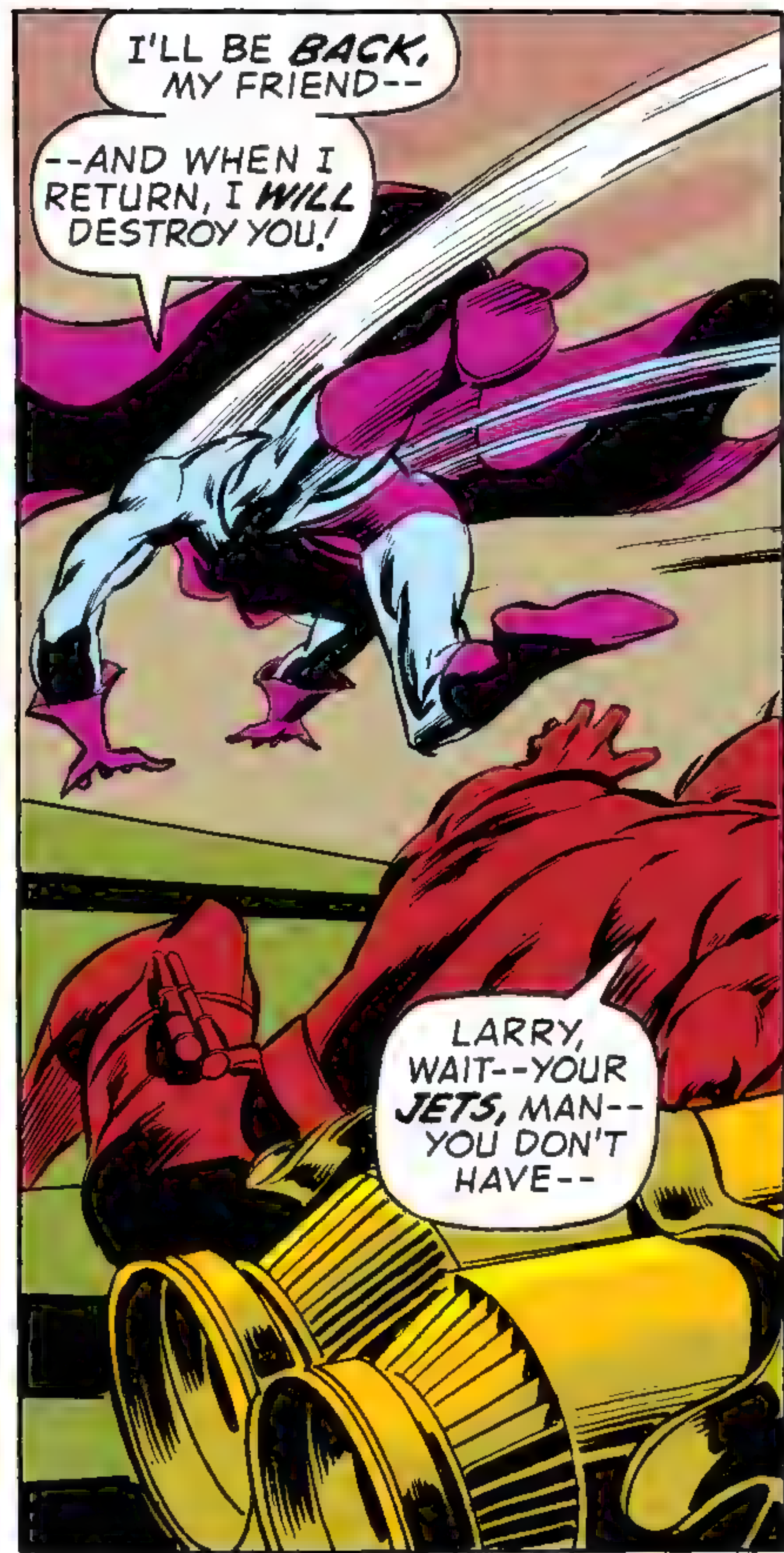
AND--I'VE ALWAYS DESPISED YOU, MURDOCK.

IN SCHOOL, IT WAS ALWAYS--MURDOCK THIS, MURDOCK THAT--



--AND I TELL YOU, I'D HAD ENOUGH!

KRAK!



I'LL BE BACK, MY FRIEND--

--AND WHEN I RETURN, I WILL DESTROY YOU!

LARRY, WAIT--YOUR JETS, MAN--YOU DON'T HAVE--



--YOUR JETS.

AND WHEN IT IS OVER, HE STANDS--LISTENING--BUT THERE'S NO SOUND. THERE'S ONLY THE ECHO--OF LARRY CRANSTON'S SCREAM.



HOURS PASS...LONG HOURS OF AIMLESS WANDERING, UNTIL...

IVAN...? THIS IS MATT.

DON'T ASK ME WHERE I'VE BEEN. I CAN'T TELL YOU...I'M NOT REALLY SURE.

COULD YOU PUT TASHA ON? I'VE GOT TO TALK TO HER--



SORRY, MURDOCK--THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET THROUGH TO YOU.

THE KID'S GONE! AND THIS TIME, PAL, I'VE GOT A FEELING SHE'S SPLIT--FOR GOOD!

NEXT: MANHUNT!

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP

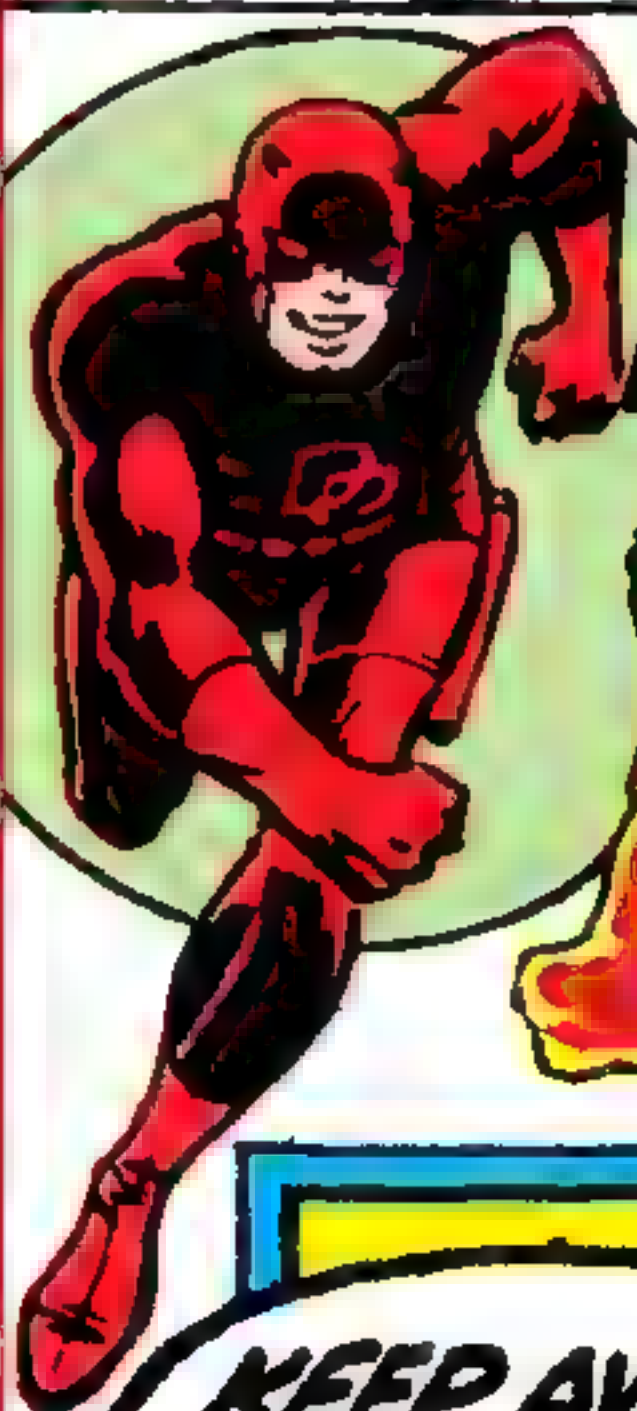


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DAREDEVIL[®]

AND THE BLACK WIDOW[™]



KEEP AWAY
FROM THE
MASKED MAN!
ONE MORE
BLOW--WOULD
KILL HIM!

MATT--
STAY BACK!
THIS IS THE
WIDOW'S
SHOW!



WHAT'S GOING ON? MATT MURDOCK RUSHING TO SAVE THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR? DON'T MISS...

THE BLUE TALON STRIKES!

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

ON THE EVE OF THE TALON!

BLAST
YOU, BLACK
WIDOW--

WHY DID YOU
HAVE TO LEAVE
NOW-- OF ALL
TIMES, WHY
NOW?

CRASH!

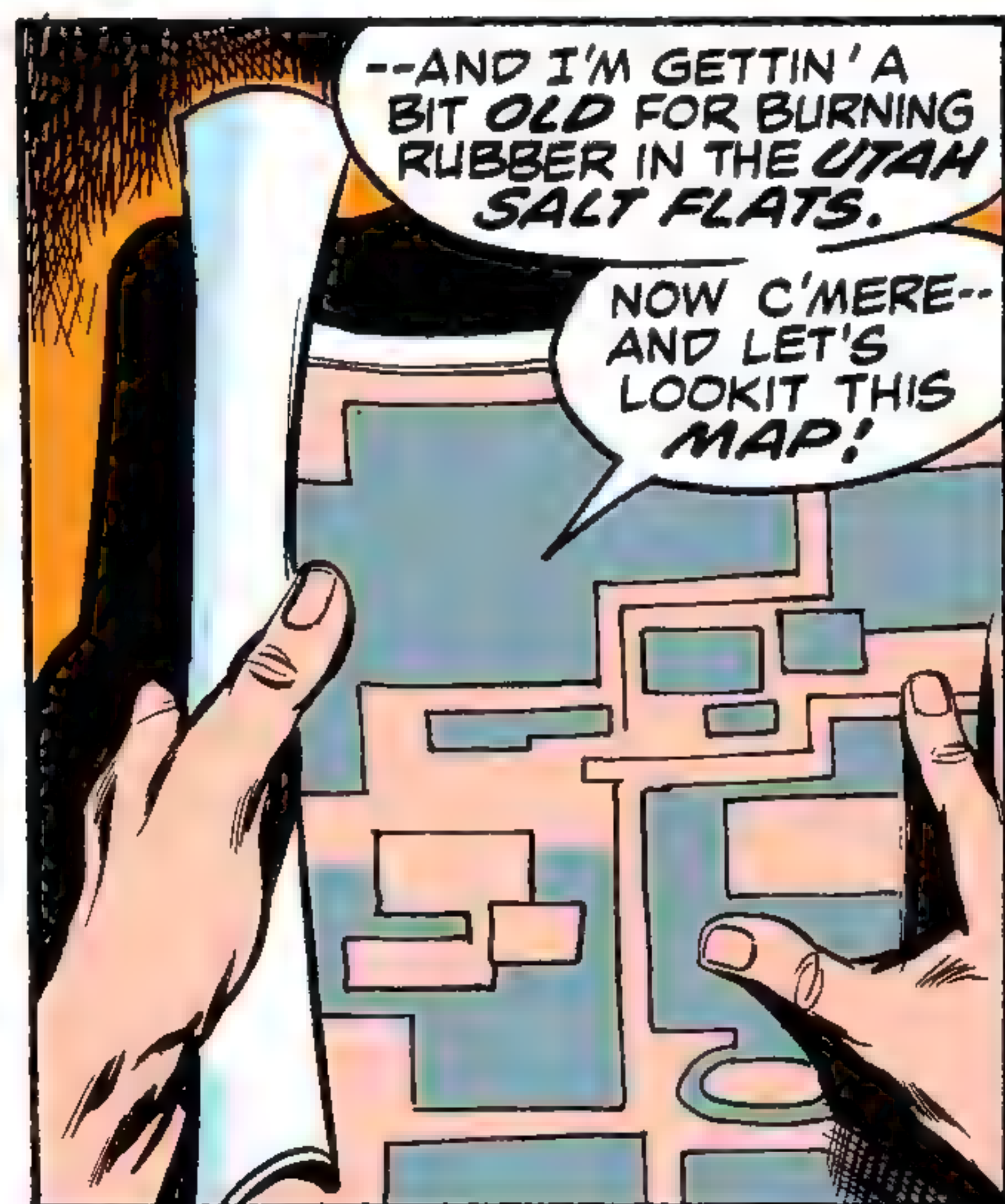
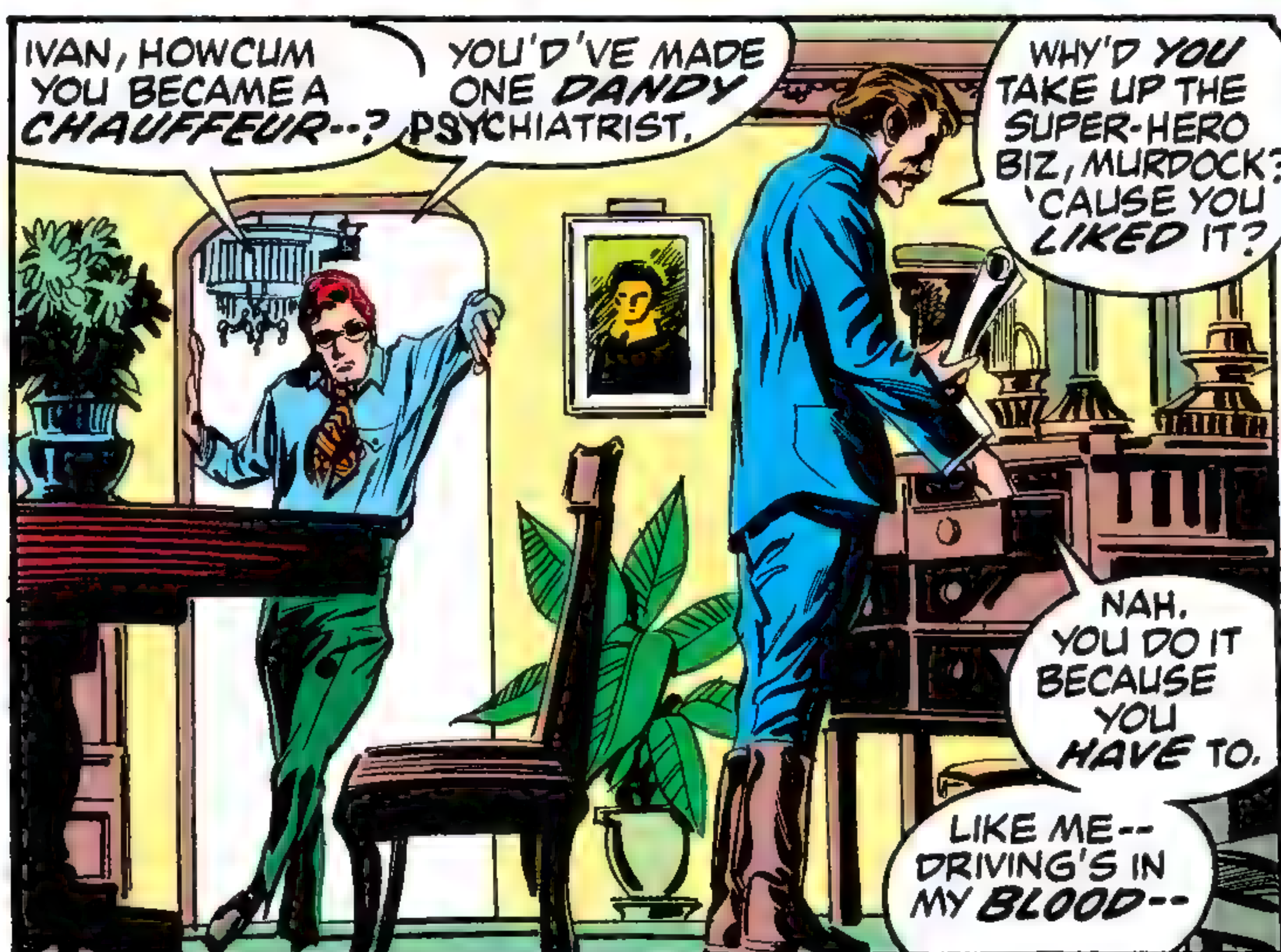
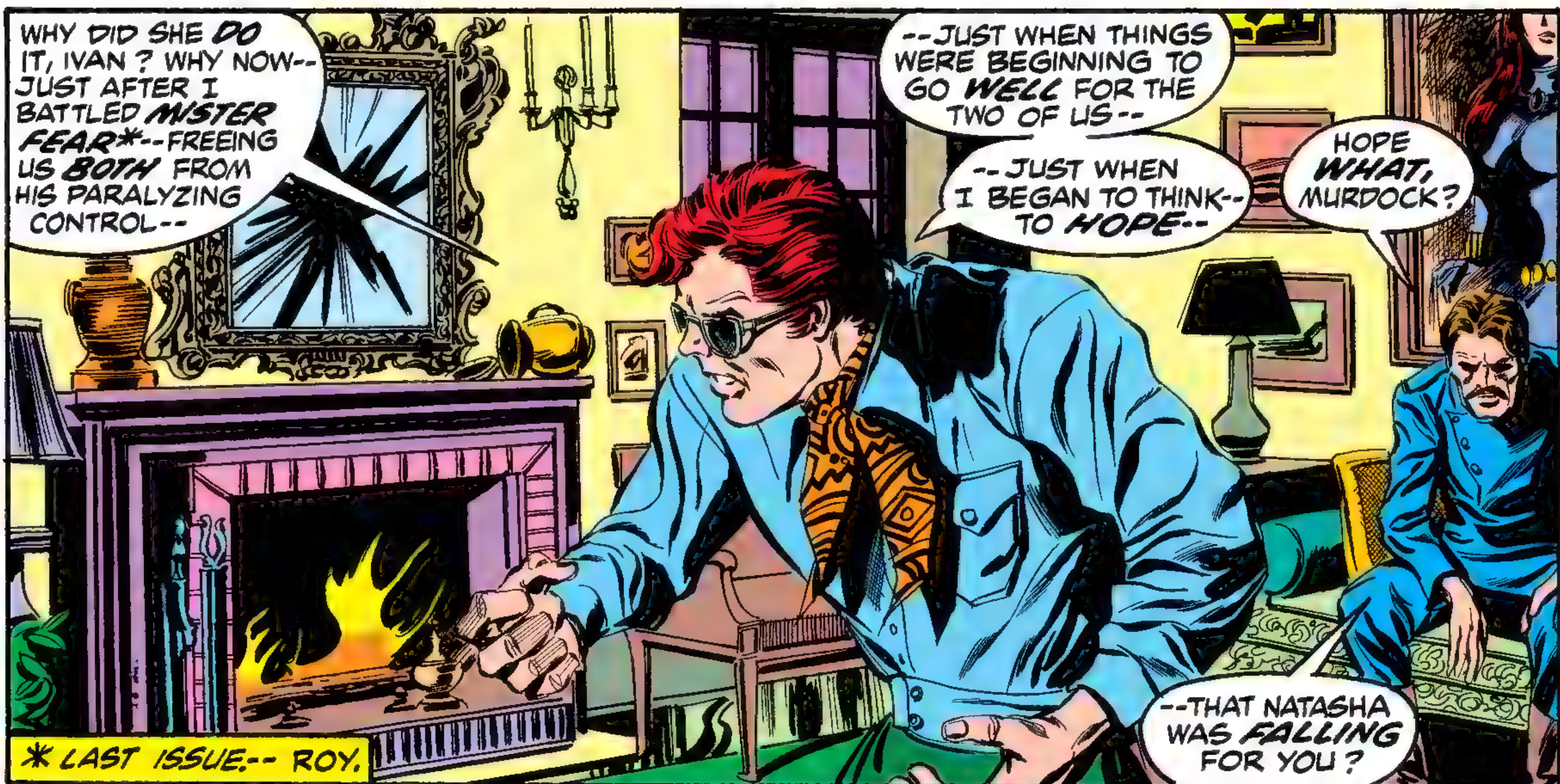
ANGER BUILDS QUICKLY,
SEETHING RAGE AROUND
A KNOT OF SELF-
PITY--!

--STRIKING OUT--
RELEASING FRUSTRATION--
AND GAINING ONLY
BITTERNESS IN IRONIC
RETURN!

AND AS WATER SEEKS ITS
OWN LEVEL, ANGER SEEKS
DESTRUCTION--A COURSE
EVEN A BLIND LAWYER
CALLED MATT MURDOCK
IS FORCED TO FOLLOW--

ANOTHER STAN LEE PRESENTATION, *Featuring:*
GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER/ GENE COLAN, PENCILLER
TOM PALMER, *inker*/ JOHN COSTANZA, *letterer*/ ROY THOMAS, *editor*

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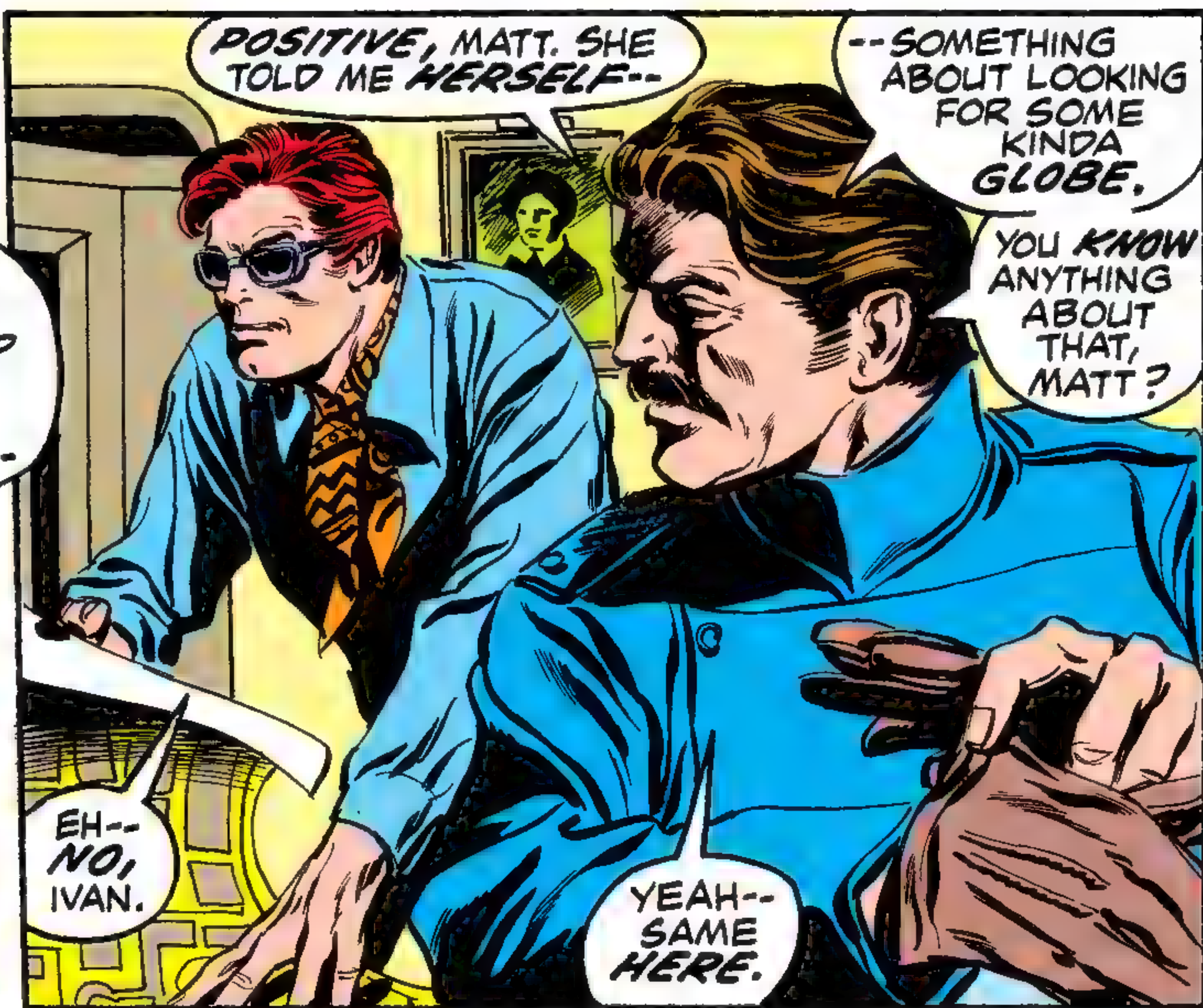




RUN YOUR FINGERS OVER IT, MATT-- THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL **SAN FRANCISCO**.

SHE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE, WITH THAT CREEP CALLED **DANNY FRENCH**--

DANNY? ARE YOU SURE?



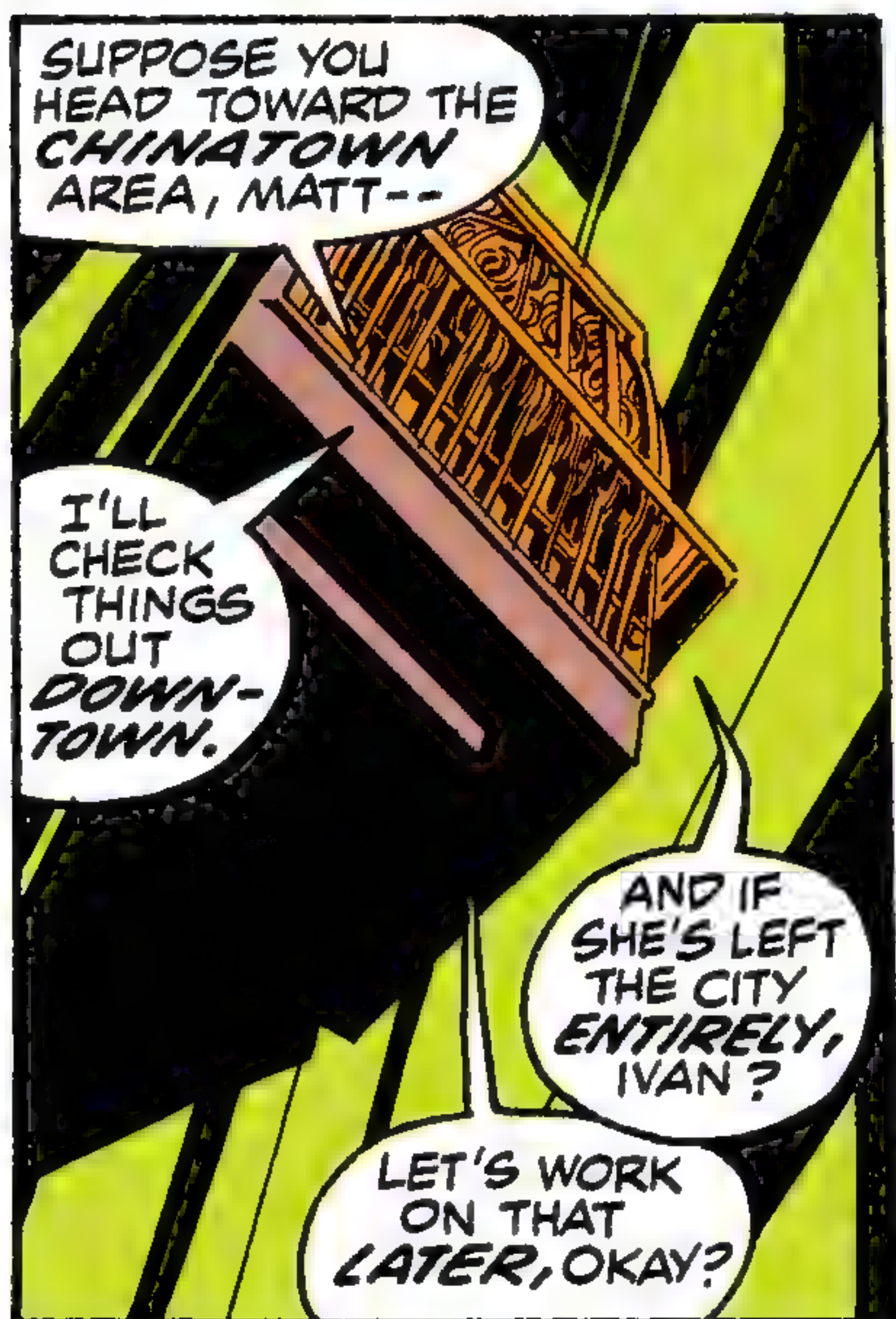
POSITIVE, MATT. SHE TOLD ME HERSELF--

--SOMETHING ABOUT LOOKING FOR SOME KINDA **GLOBE**.

YOU **KNOW** ANYTHING ABOUT THAT, MATT?

EH-- NO, IVAN.

YEAH-- SAME HERE.

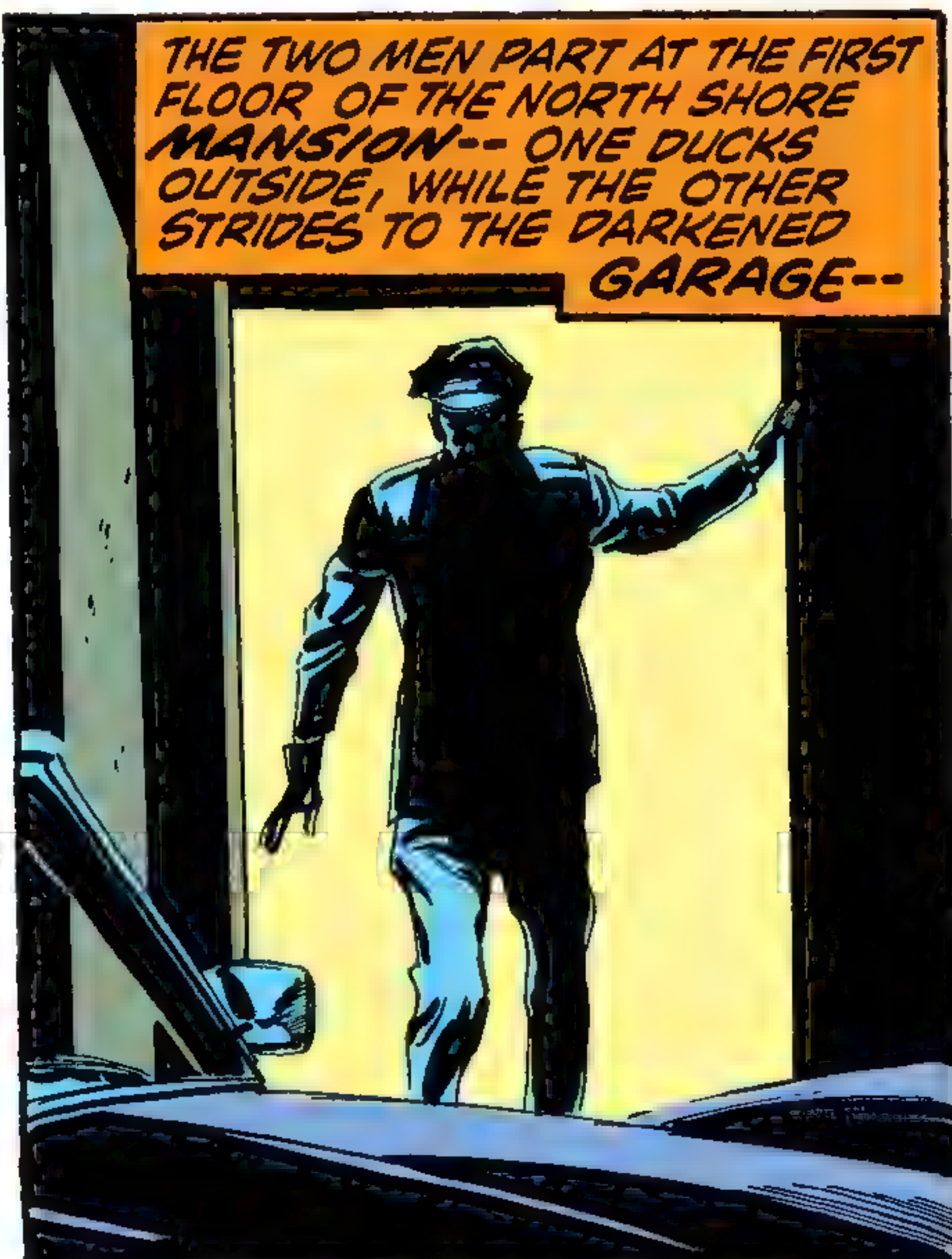


SUPPOSE YOU HEAD TOWARD THE **CHINATOWN** AREA, MATT--

I'LL CHECK THINGS OUT **DOWN-TOWN**.

AND IF SHE'S LEFT THE CITY **ENTIRELY**, IVAN?

LET'S WORK ON THAT **LATER**, OKAY?



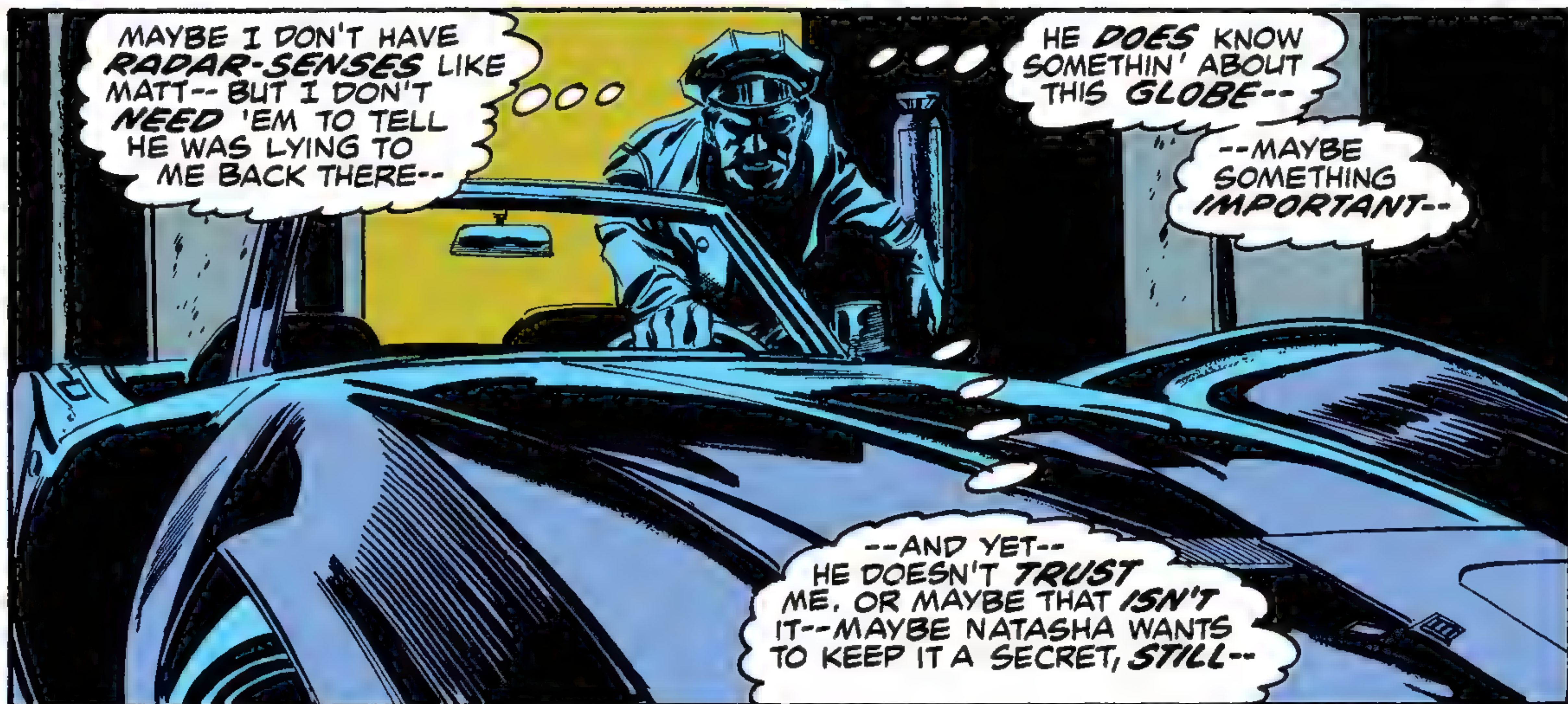
THE TWO MEN PART AT THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE NORTH SHORE **MANSION**-- ONE DUCKS OUTSIDE, WHILE THE OTHER STRIDES TO THE DARKENED **GARAGE**--



A GLOVED HAND FLICKS A NEARBY **LIGHT SWITCH**--

KLK!

--AND AN ICY BLUE GLOW FILLS THE DAMP CEMENT TOMB--

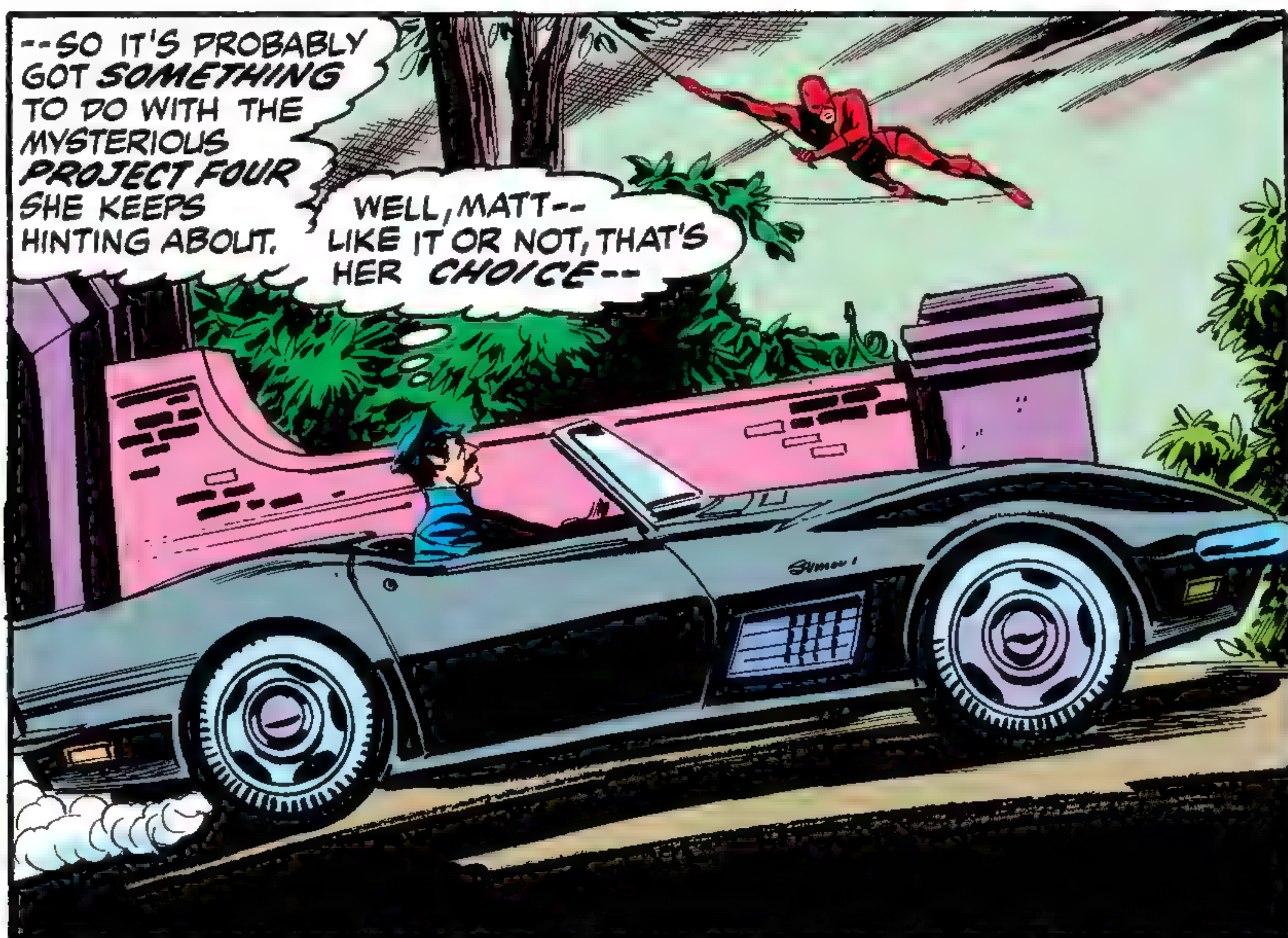


MAYBE I DON'T HAVE **RADAR-SENSES** LIKE MATT-- BUT I DON'T **NEED** 'EM TO TELL HE WAS LYING TO ME BACK THERE--

HE **DOES** KNOW SOMETHIN' ABOUT THIS **GLOBE**--

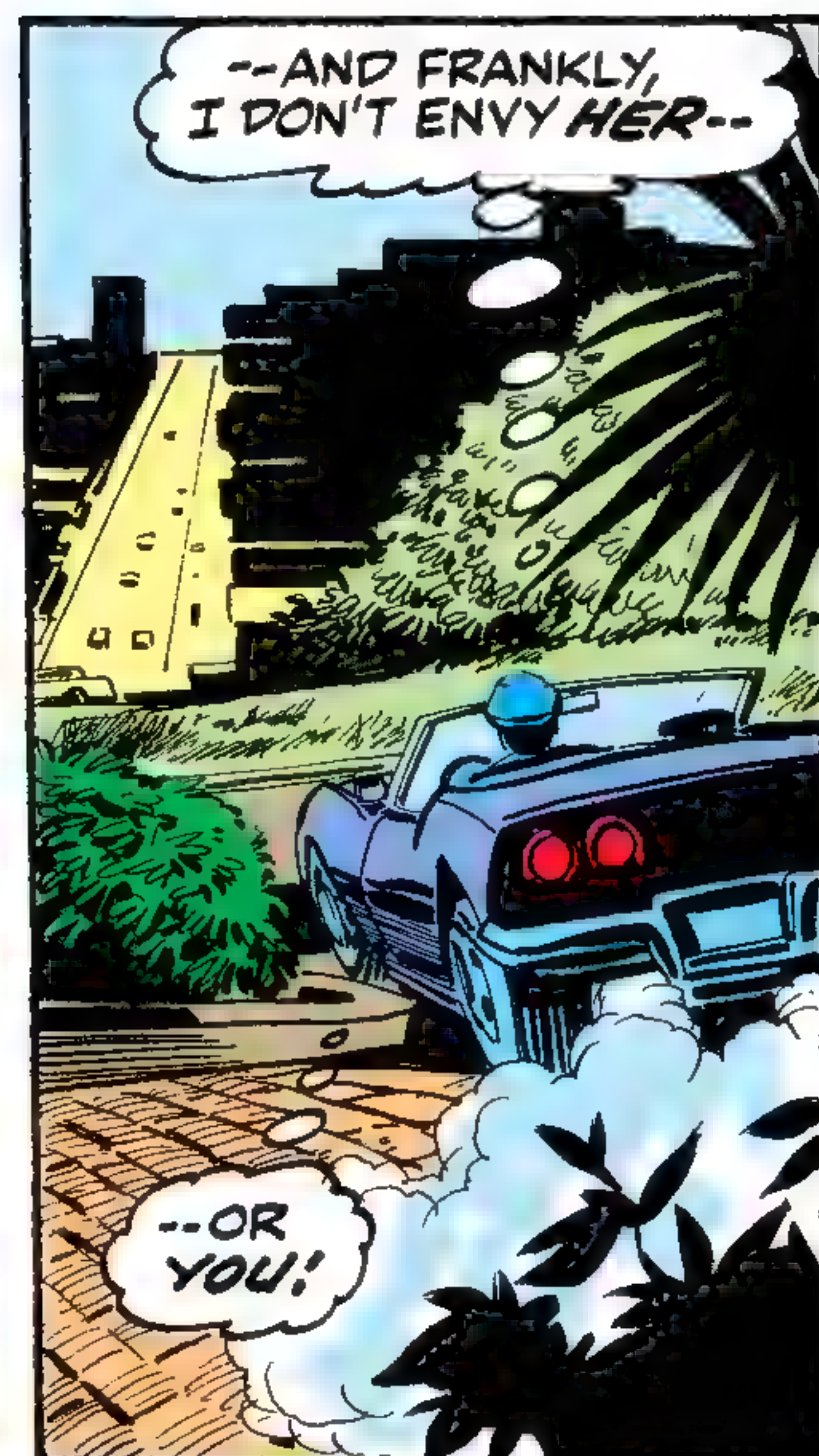
--MAYBE SOMETHING **IMPORTANT**--

--AND YET-- HE DOESN'T **TRUST** ME. OR MAYBE THAT **ISN'T** IT--MAYBE NATASHA WANTS TO KEEP IT A SECRET, **STILL**--



--SO IT'S PROBABLY GOT **SOMETHING** TO DO WITH THE MYSTERIOUS **PROJECT FOUR** SHE KEEPS HINTING ABOUT.

WELL, MATT-- LIKE IT OR NOT, THAT'S HER **CHOICE**--



--AND FRANKLY, I DON'T ENVY HER--

--OR YOU!



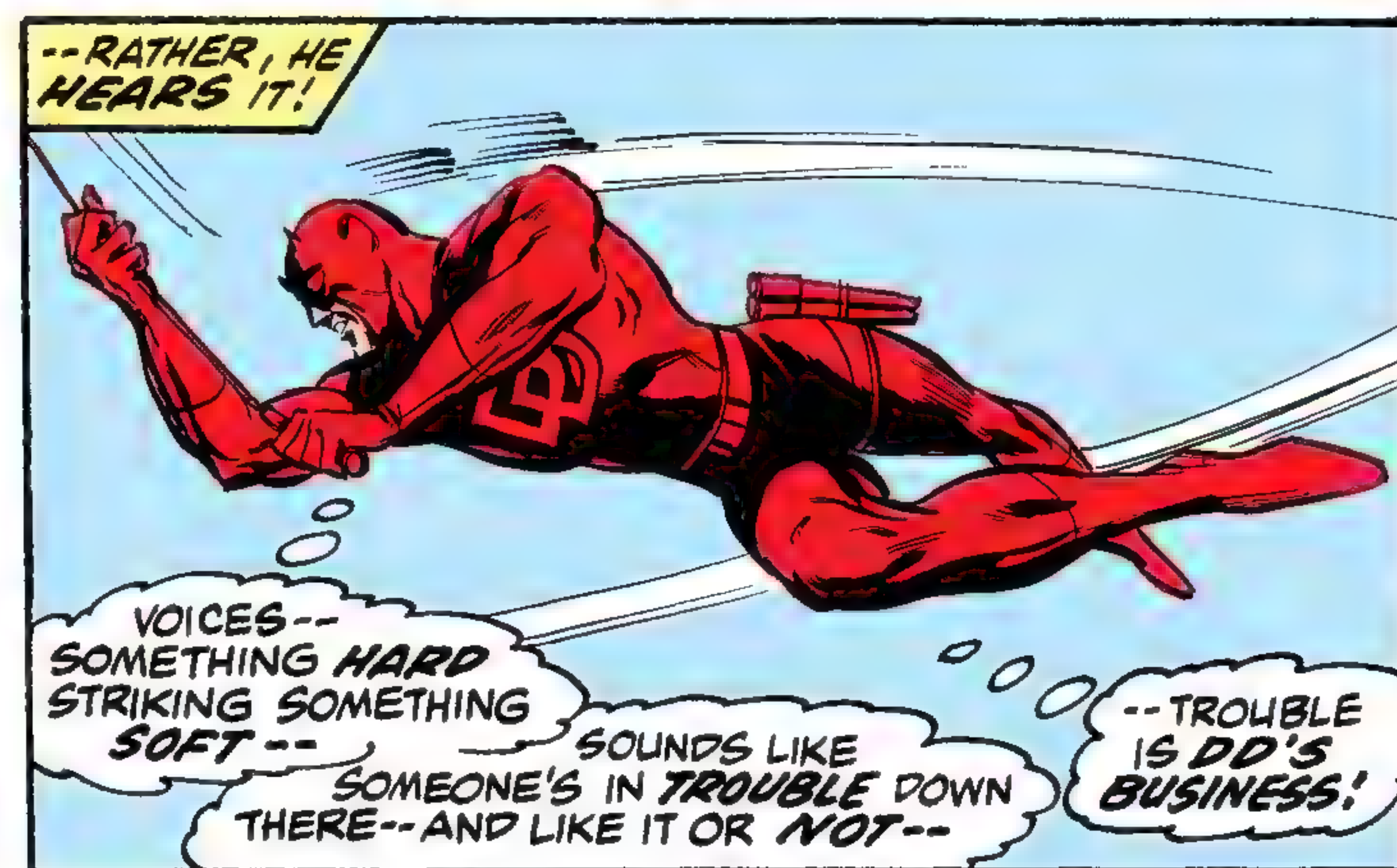
BUT THOUGHTS ARE NOT WORDS-- AND SO, THE CAUSTIC RUSSIAN'S OBSERVATIONS GO UNHEARD BY THEIR SUBJECT--

--THE HIGH-FLYING HERO CALLED **DAREDEVIL**, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



MUSCLES STRAINING AND RELAXING, GUIDING THE PATH AND ANGLE OF HIS SWING, THE SCARLET-SUITED SWASHBUCKLER HEADS EAST ACROSS THE GABLED ROOFS AND TWISTING, DIVING SIDE STREETS--

HIS SIGHTLESS EYES CATCH NOTHING-- AND SO, HE DOES NOT SEE THE MUGGING IN PROGRESS SHORT YARDS BELOW--

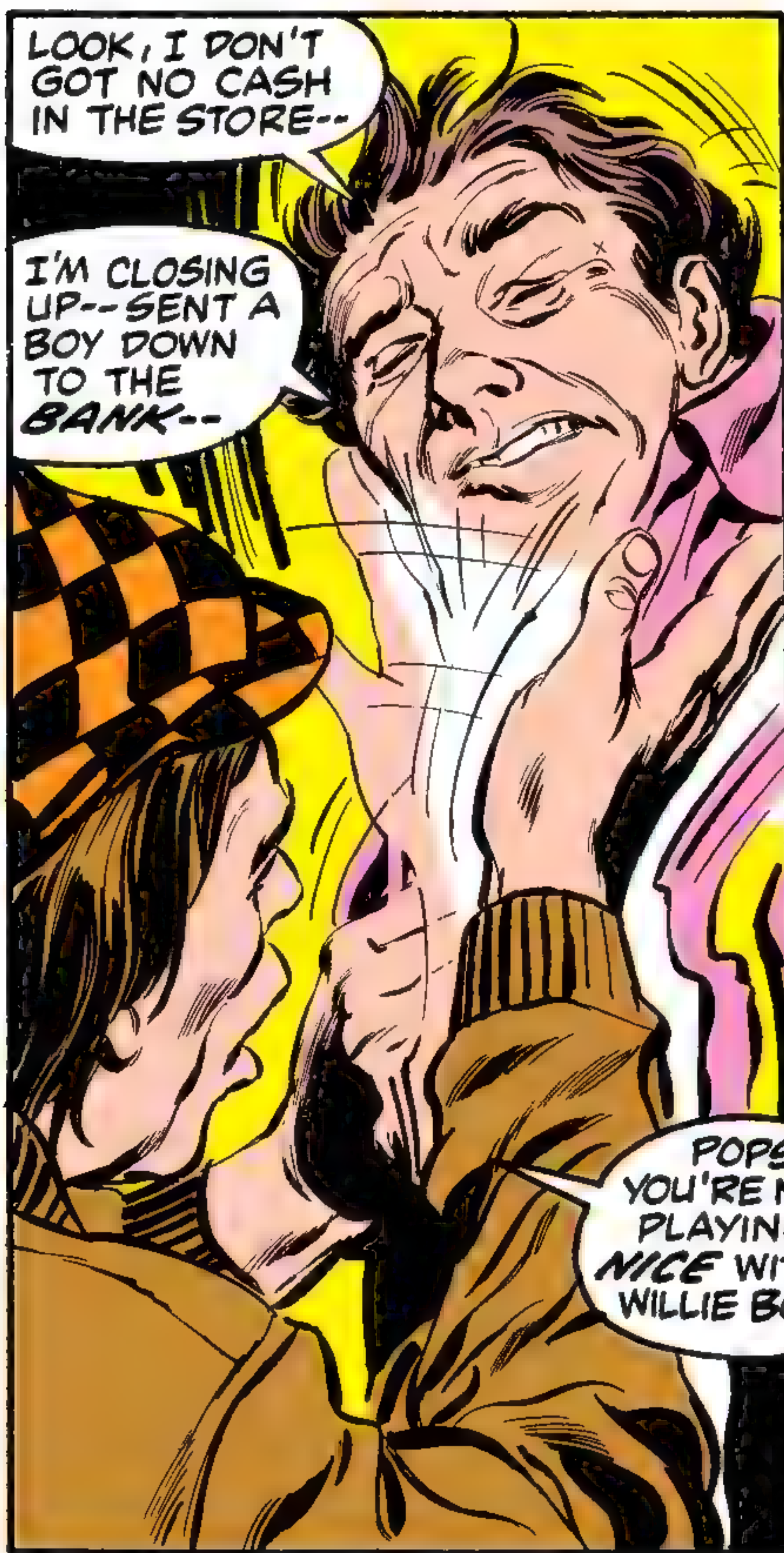


--RATHER, HE HEARS IT!

VOICES-- SOMETHING HARD STRIKING SOMETHING **SOFT**--

SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S IN TROUBLE DOWN THERE-- AND LIKE IT OR NOT--

--TROUBLE IS DD'S BUSINESS!



LOOK, I DON'T GOT NO CASH IN THE STORE--

I'M CLOSING UP-- SENT A BOY DOWN TO THE BANK--

POPS, YOU'RE NOT PLAYING NICE WITH WILLIE BOY...



...AND WILLIE BOY IS NO MAN'S FOOL!

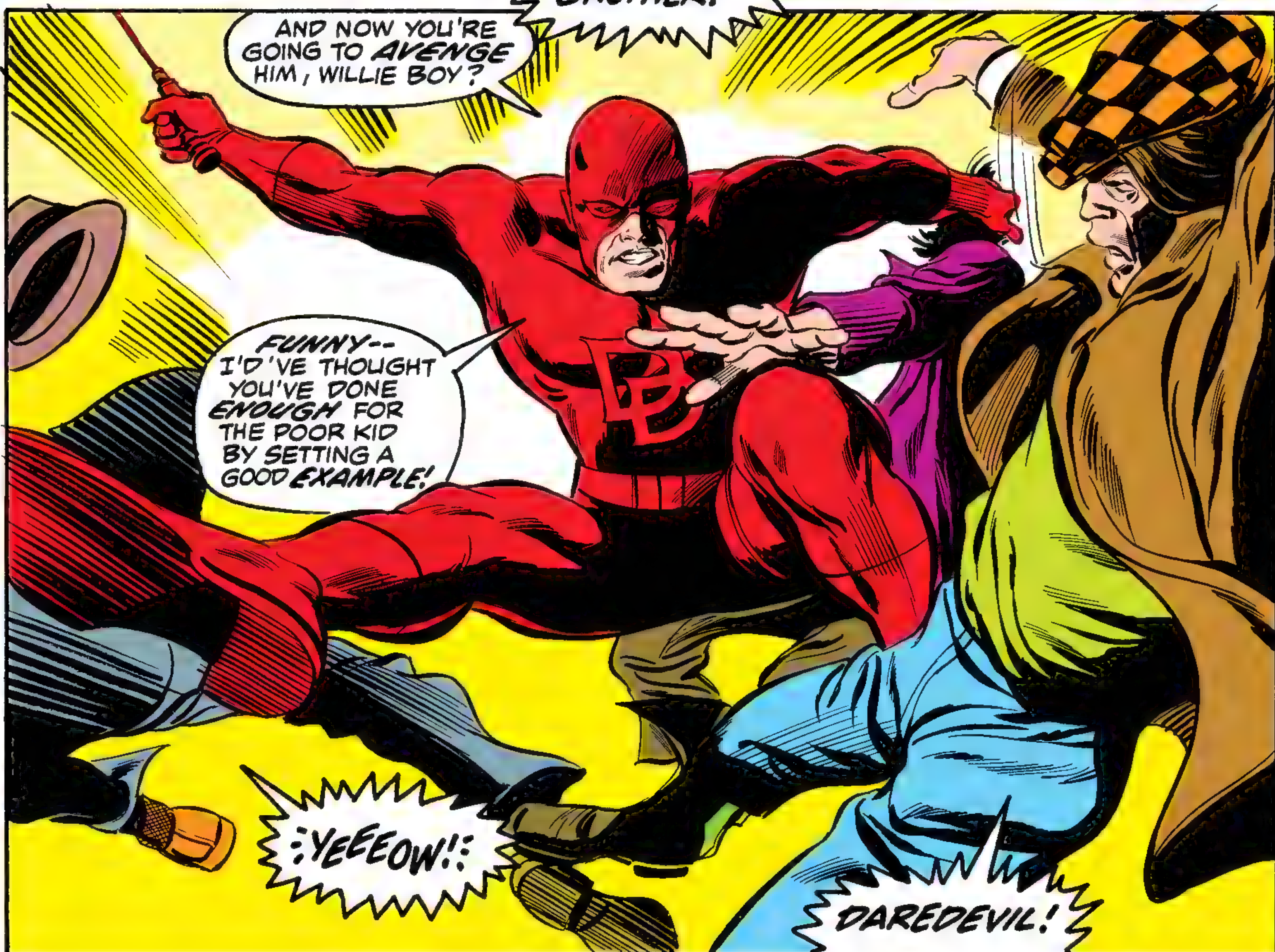
THE BANK CLOSES EARLY ON TUESDAYS, BUSTER--AND BESIDES-- YOU DON'T HAVE A BOY WORKING HERE!

WE KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU, POPS--HOW YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A GUN BEHIND THAT CASH REGISTER OF YOURS-- AND HOW YOU SHOT YOURSELF A THIEF WITH YOUR FANCY LITTLE COLT--

--AND HOW THE PUNK DIED-- SPITTING UP HIS GUTS IN A COP AMBULANCE.

KNOW SOMETHING ELSE, POPS--?

THE PUNK WAS MY BROTHER!

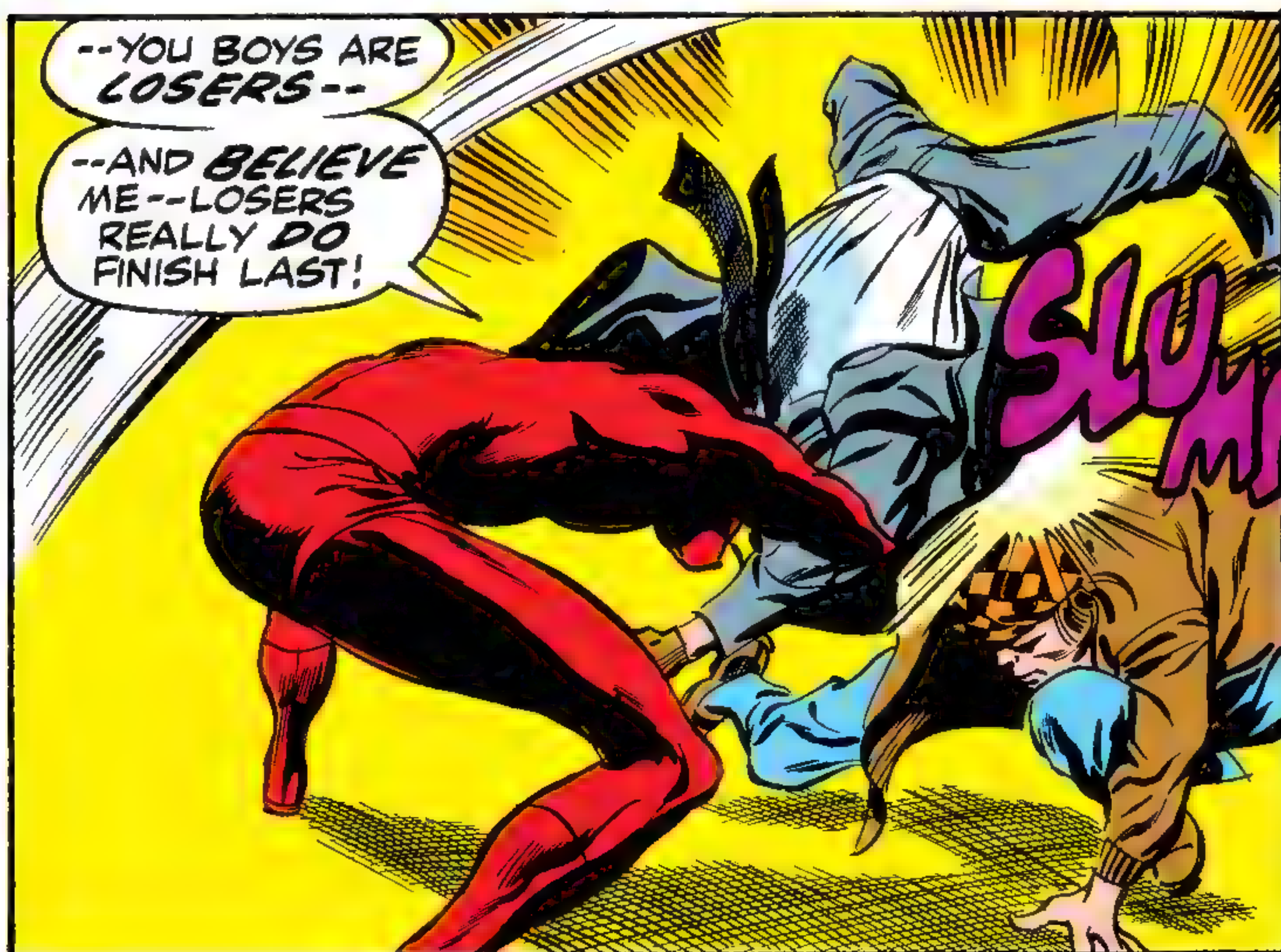
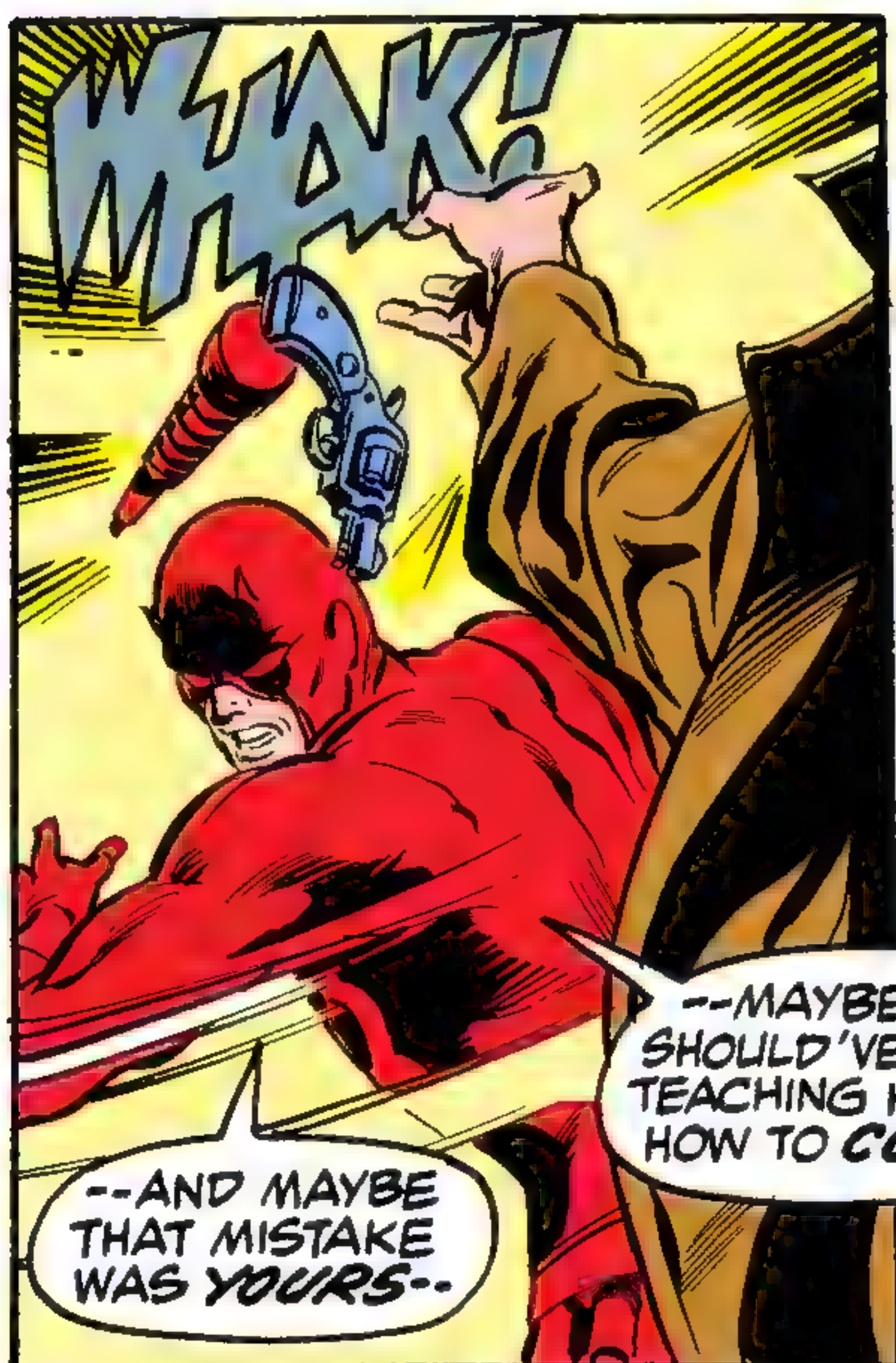
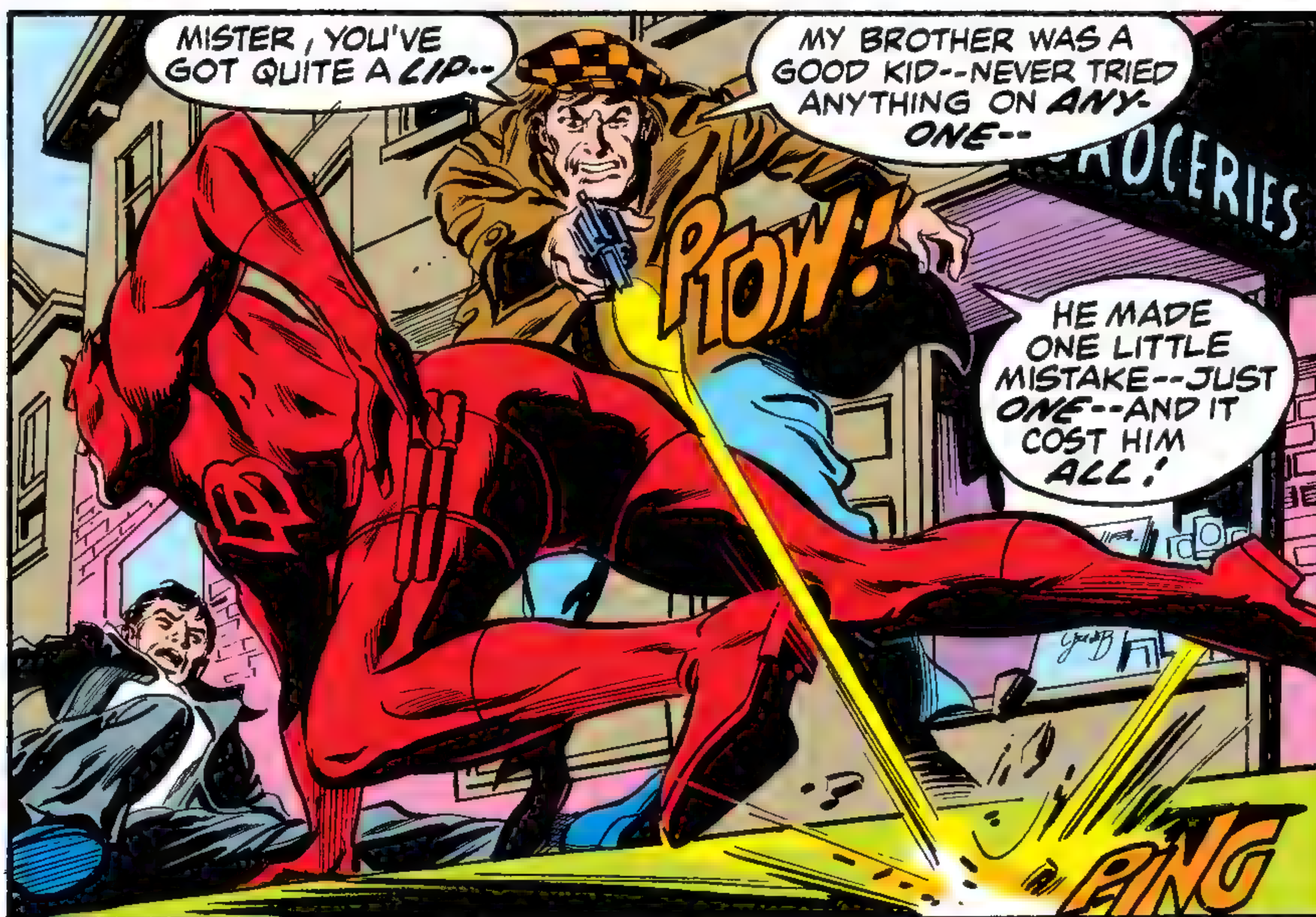


AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO AVENGE HIM, WILLIE BOY?

FUNNY-- I'D'VE THOUGHT YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH FOR THE POOR KID BY SETTING A GOOD EXAMPLE!

:YEEOW!:

DAREDEVIL!



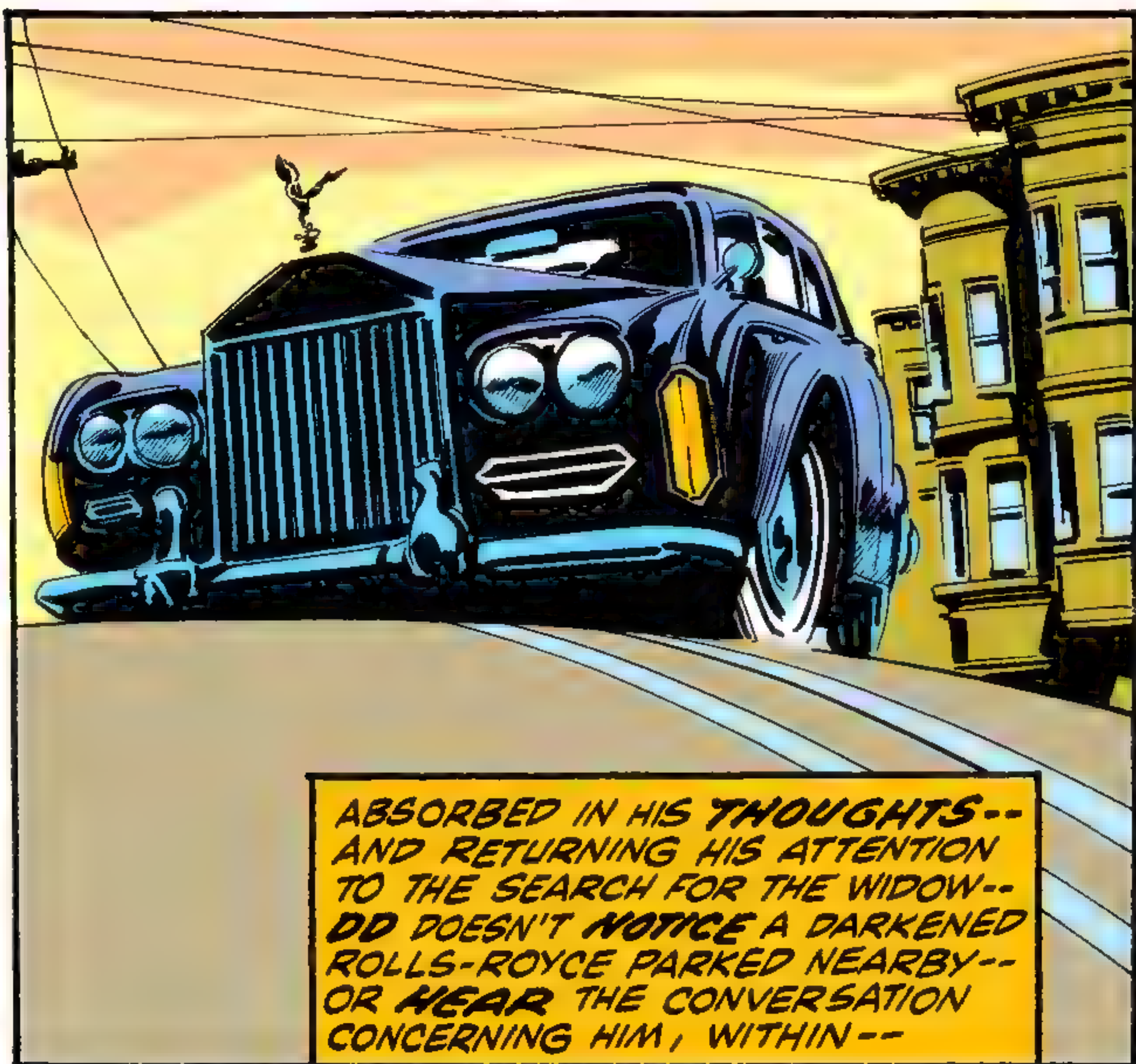


GUESS THERE'S
NO NEED TO
CALL THE
POLICE--

THE SHOP-KEEPER'S
SURE TO DO IT--
AND TAKE **CREDIT**
FOR THE HAUL.

IN A WAY--
HE'S AS BAD
AS **WILLIE--**

--AND
NEXT TIME,
HE MIGHT NOT
BE SO
LUCKY.



ABSORBED IN HIS **THOUGHTS--**
AND RETURNING HIS ATTENTION
TO THE SEARCH FOR THE WIDOW--
DD DOESN'T **NOTICE** A DARKENED
ROLLS-ROYCE PARKED NEARBY--
OR **HEAR** THE CONVERSATION
CONCERNING HIM, WITHIN--



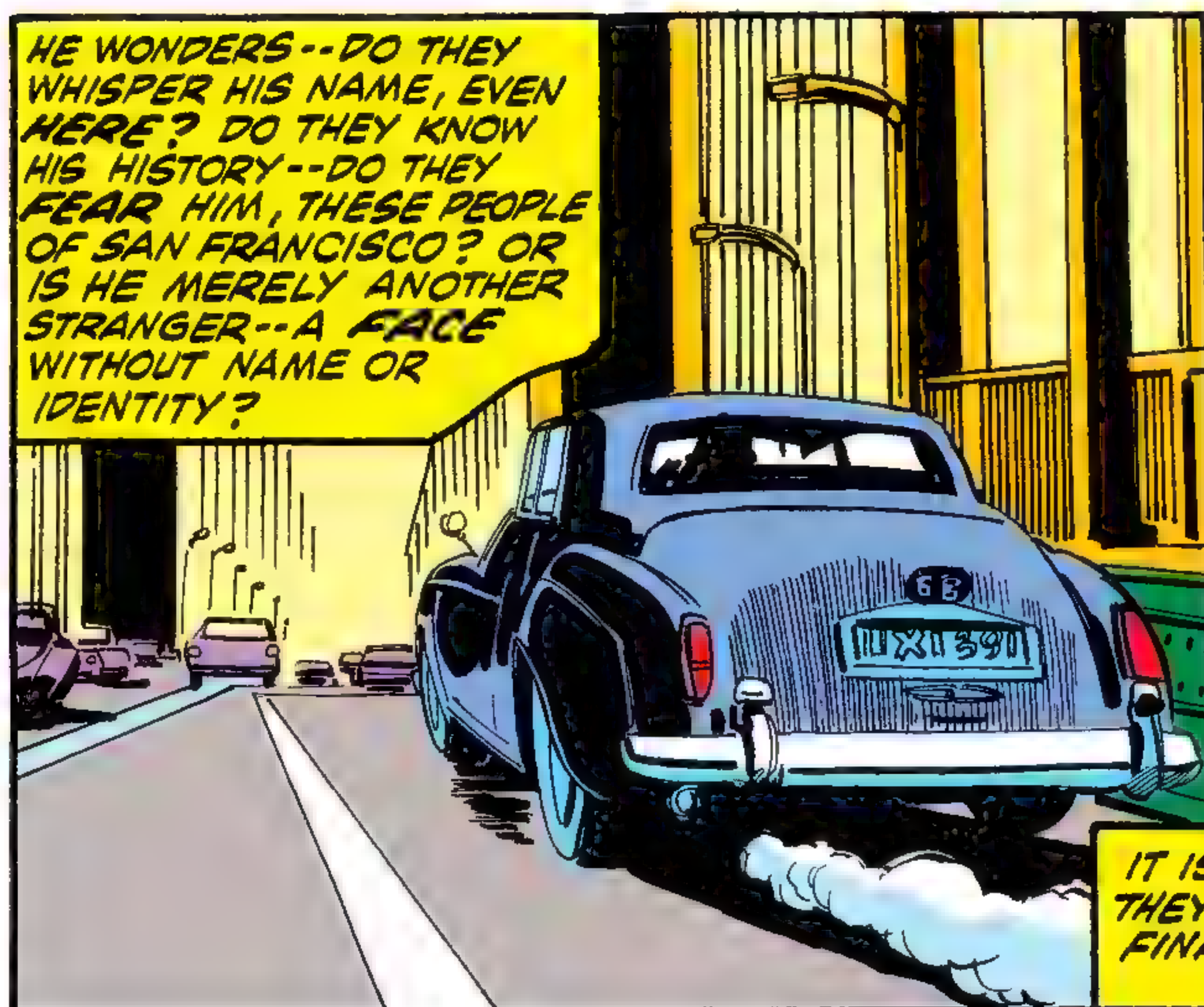
I'VE SEEN ALL I
NEED TO SEE,
WILLIAM.

RETURN
HOME--AT
ONCE.

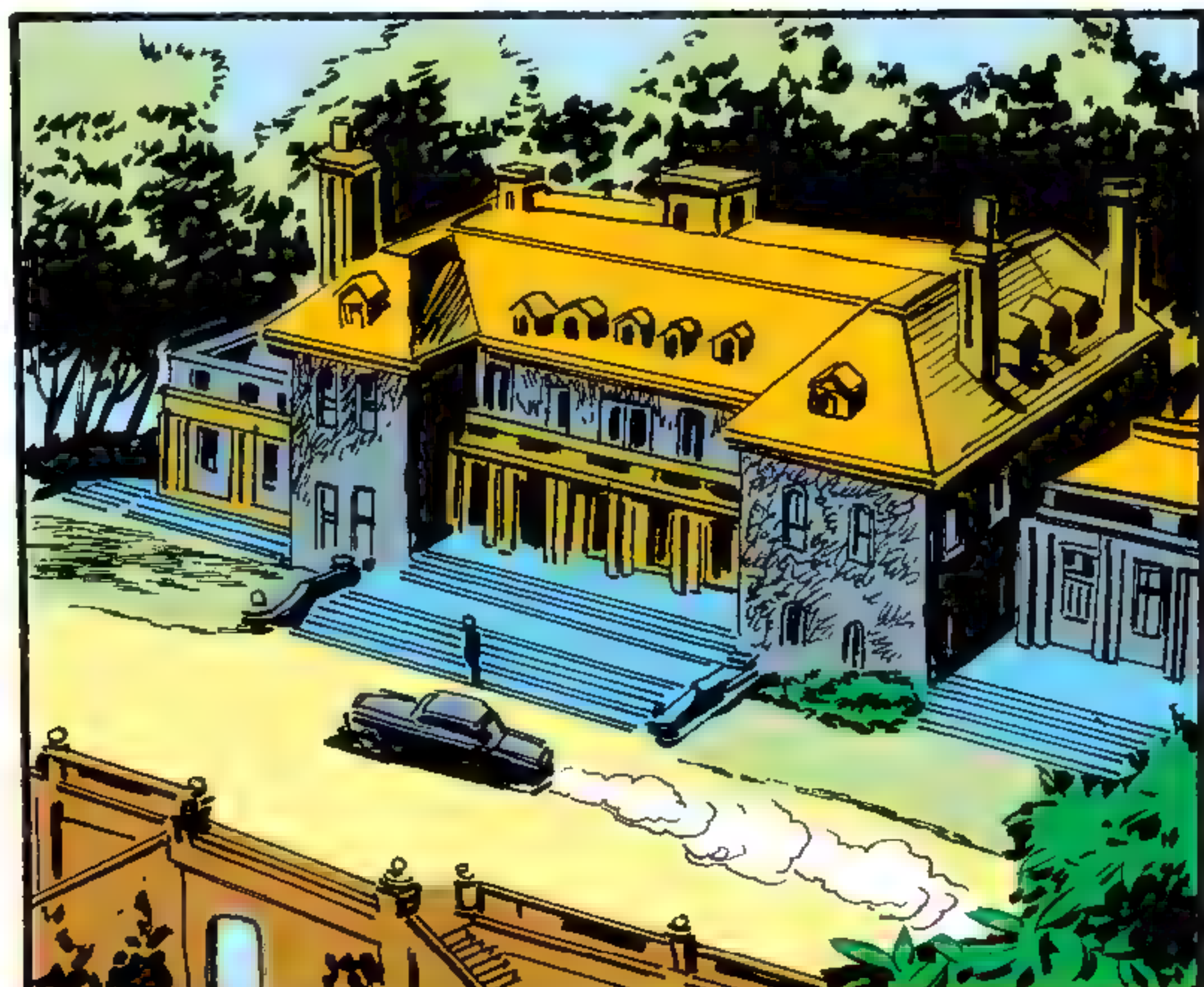
YESSIR,
MR. DRAN.



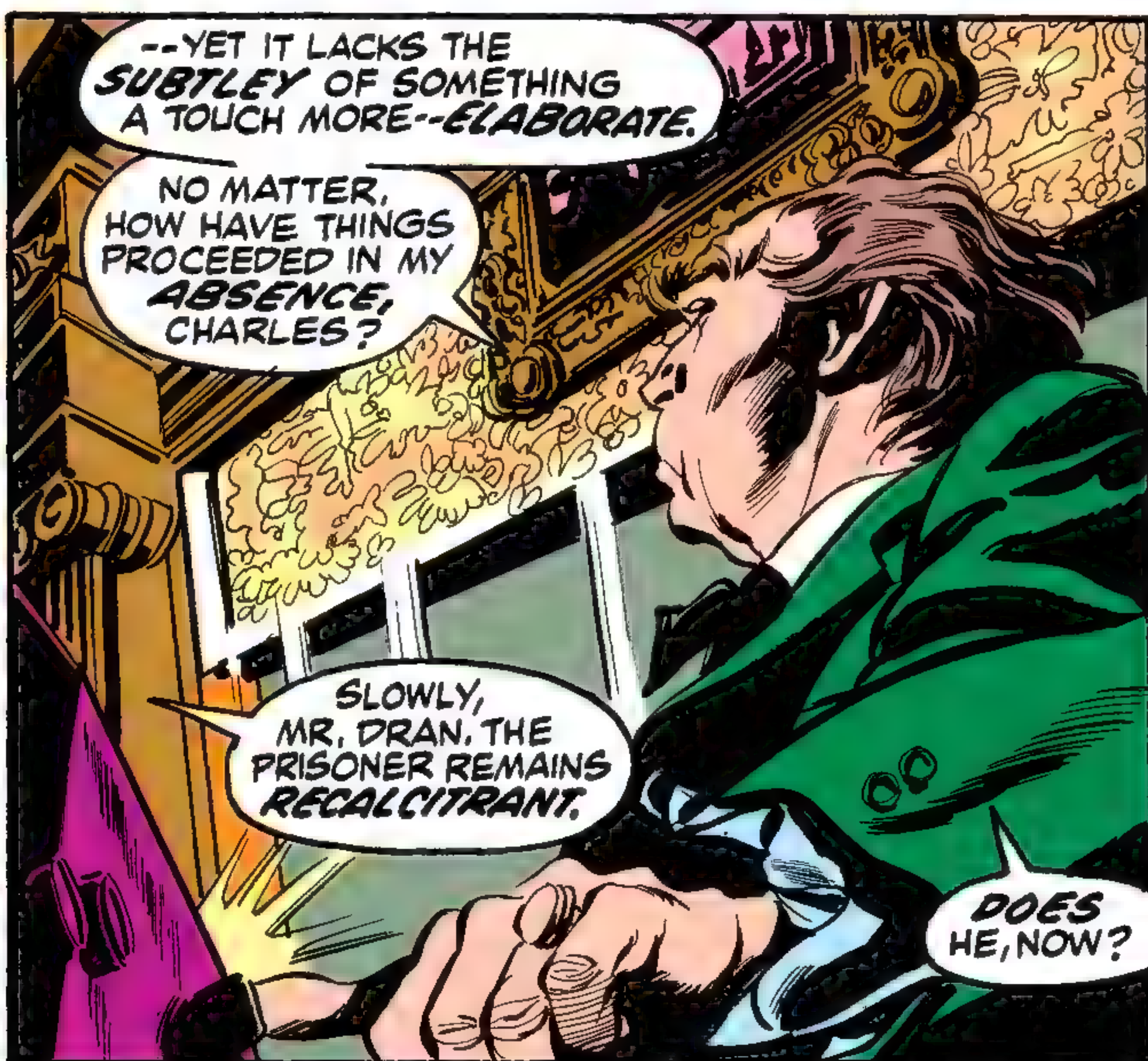
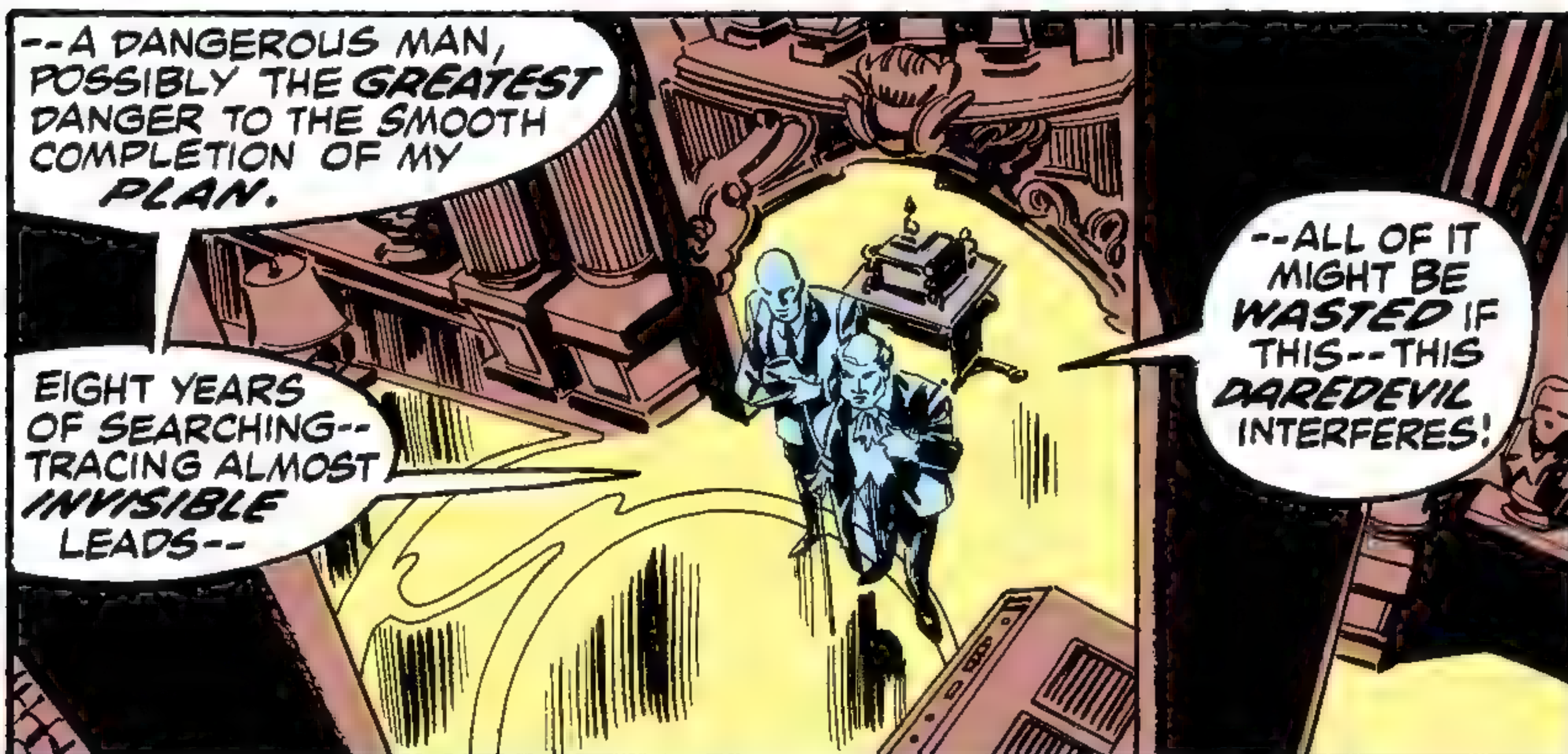
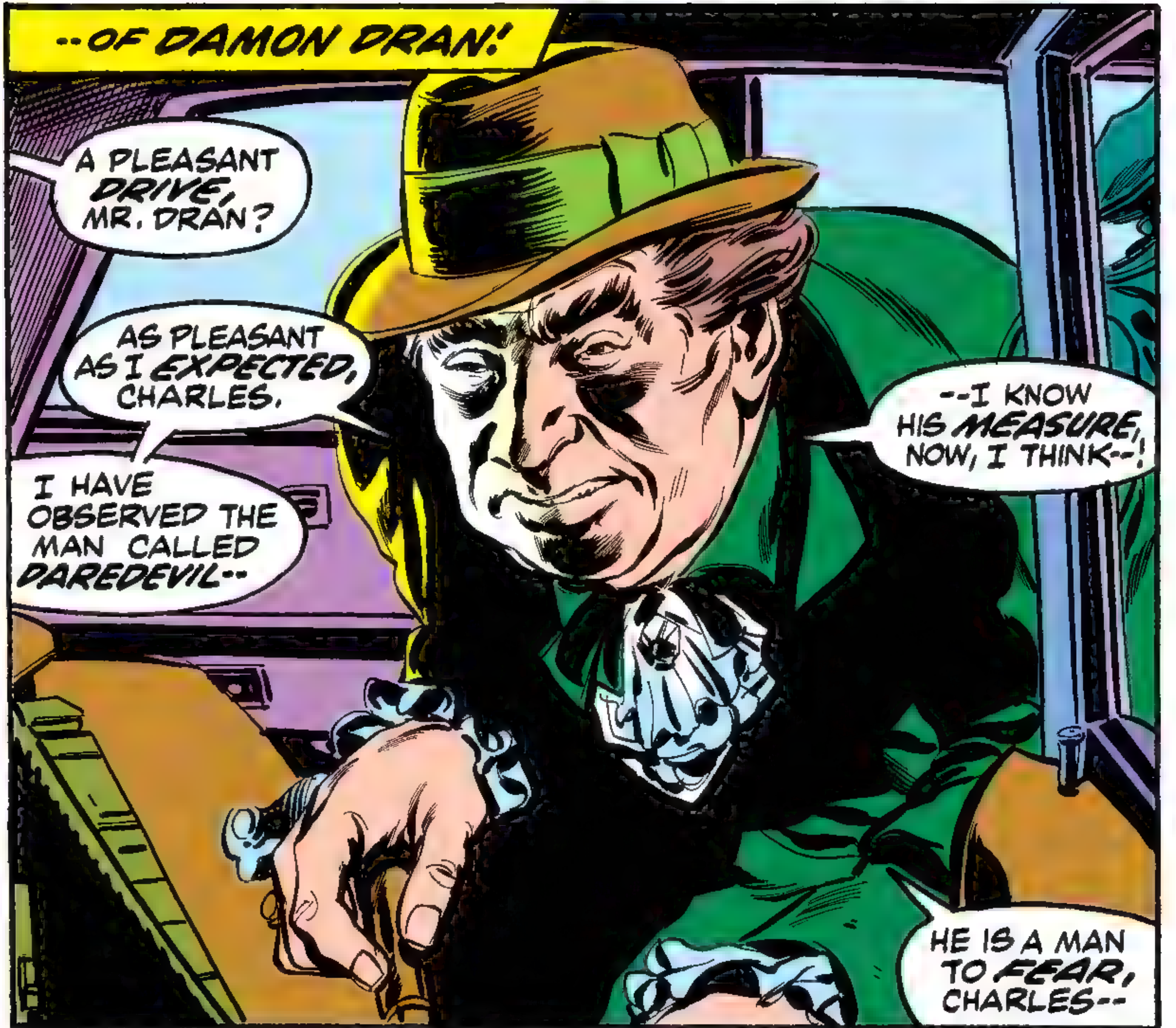
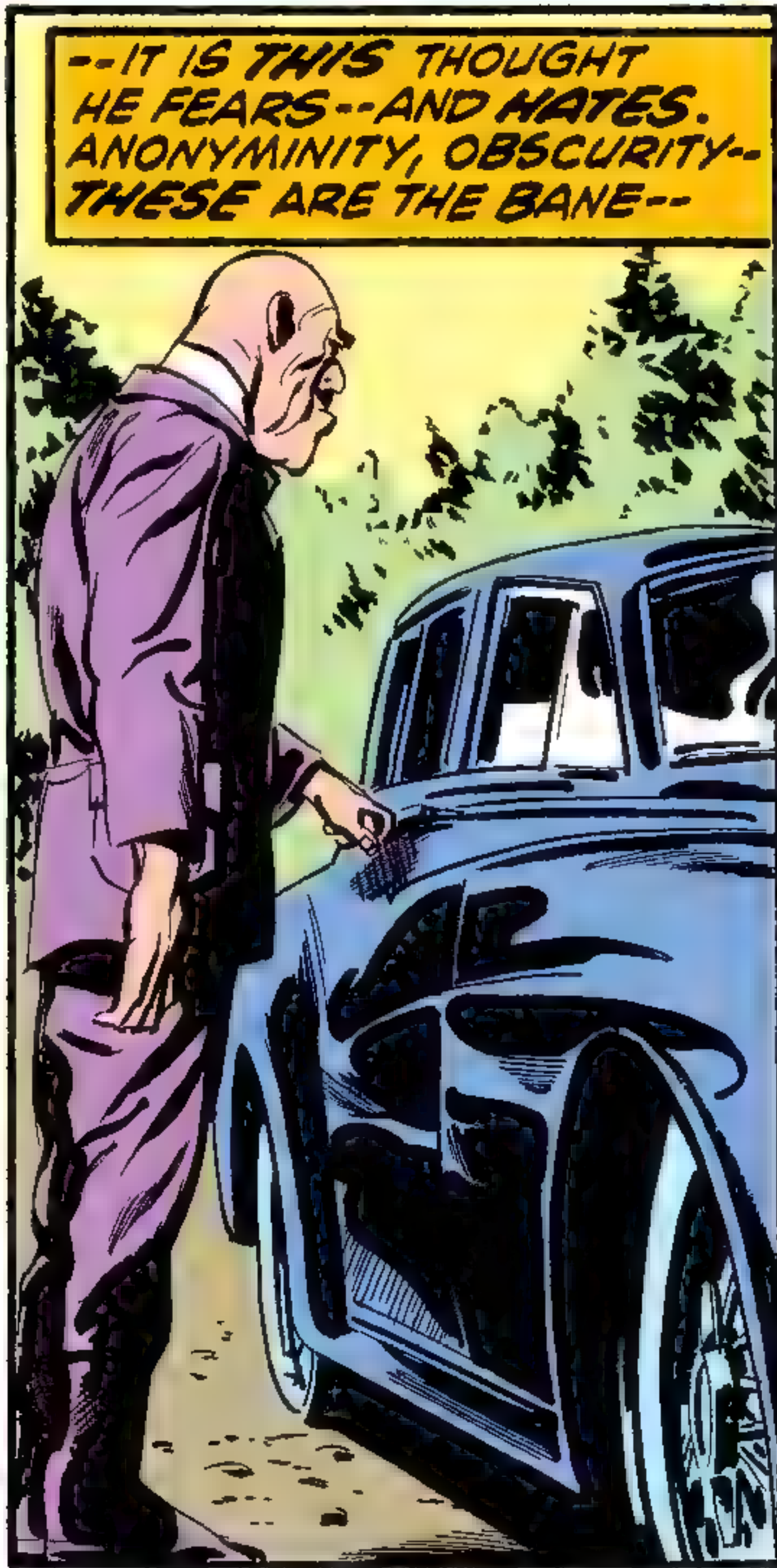
SILENT NOW, THE MAN SEATED IN THE BACK OF
THE GLISTENING ROLLS STARES **MOROSELY**
THROUGH THE TINTED WINDOWS--ALMOST POSSESSIVELY,
HE WATCHES THE STREETS FLICKER PAST, PEOPLE
TURNING NOW AND THEN TO **GAZE** IN HIS DIRECTION--

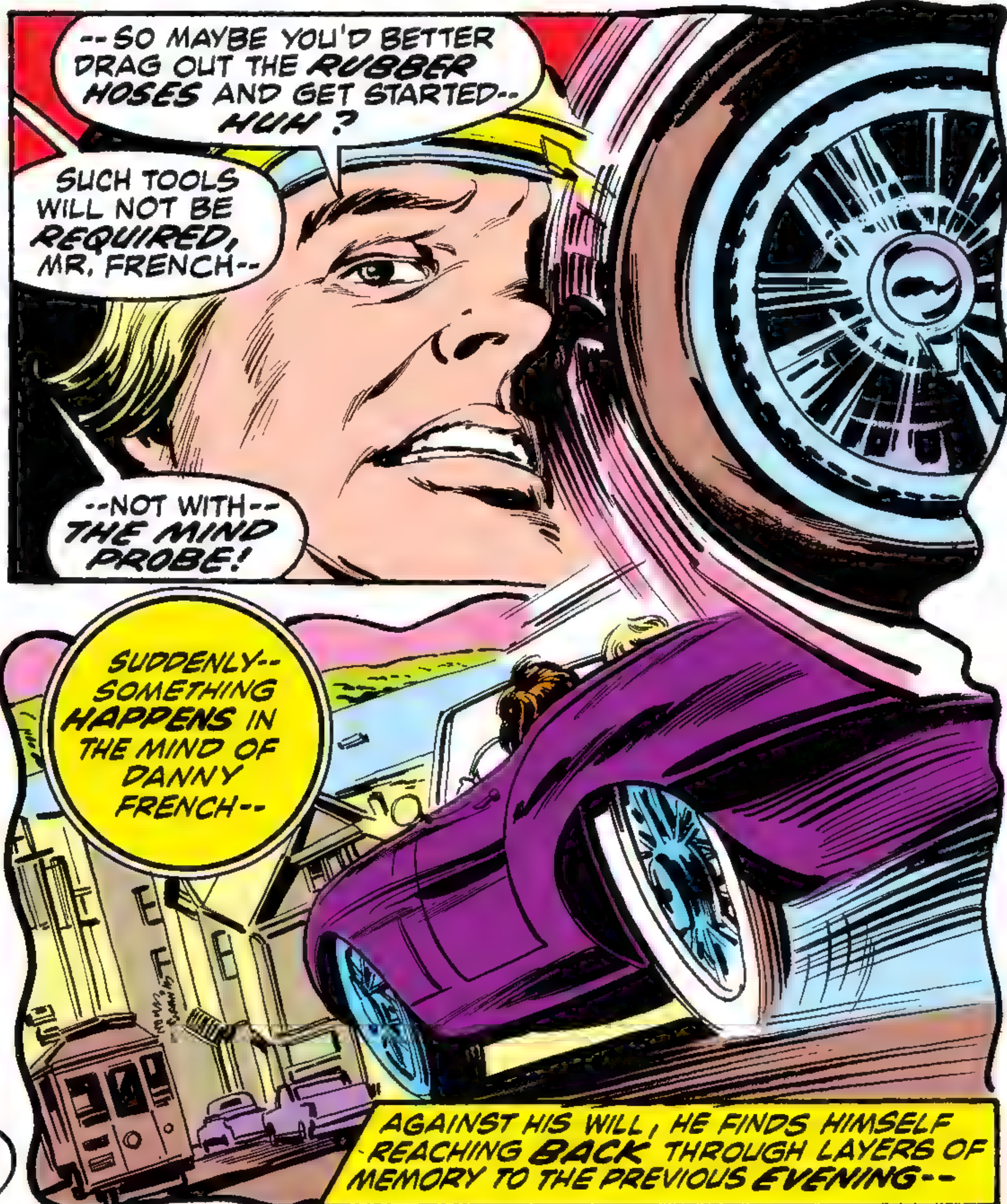
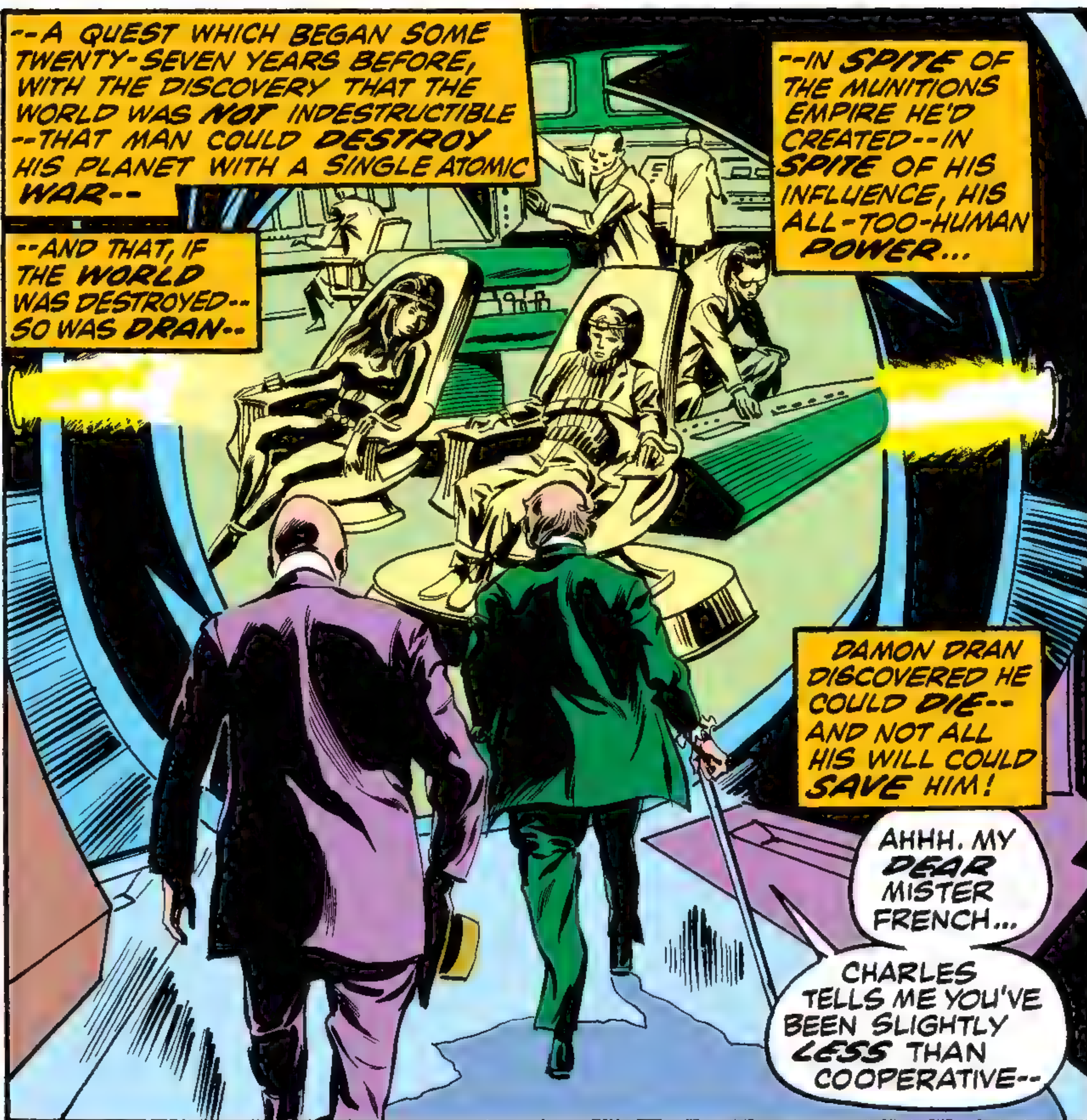


HE WONDERS--DO THEY
WHISPER HIS NAME, EVEN
HERE? DO THEY KNOW
HIS HISTORY--DO THEY
FEAR HIM, THESE PEOPLE
OF SAN FRANCISCO? OR
IS HE MERELY ANOTHER
STRANGER--A **FACE**
WITHOUT NAME OR
IDENTITY?



IT IS **THIS** THOUGHT WHICH PLAGUES HIM, AS
THEY PASS FROM BRIDGE TO PARKWAY-- AND
FINALLY, TO HIS HOME ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF
BERKELEY--





--BACK TO THE SCENE IN DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO, AS HE AND THE EX-RUSSIAN SPY KNOWN AS THE BLACK WIDOW RACED THROUGH GROWING TWILIGHT SHADOWS, ARGUING OVER THE EVENTS OF THE PAST FEW DAYS--

--THEN IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN HUNTING DAREDEVIL AND I-- THEN WHO--? *

Y'GOT ME, LITTLE LADY.

LIKE I SAID-- I NEVER DID FIGURE OUT HOW TO WORK THAT ENERGY GLOBE WE STOLE--

* MISTER FEAR, THAT'S WHO-- AND IT HAPPENED, NATCH, LAST ISSUE! -- ROY.

--AND EVEN IF I HAD, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D--

HOLY COW--

BLAM

--IT'S A BLOWOUT!

SCREEEE

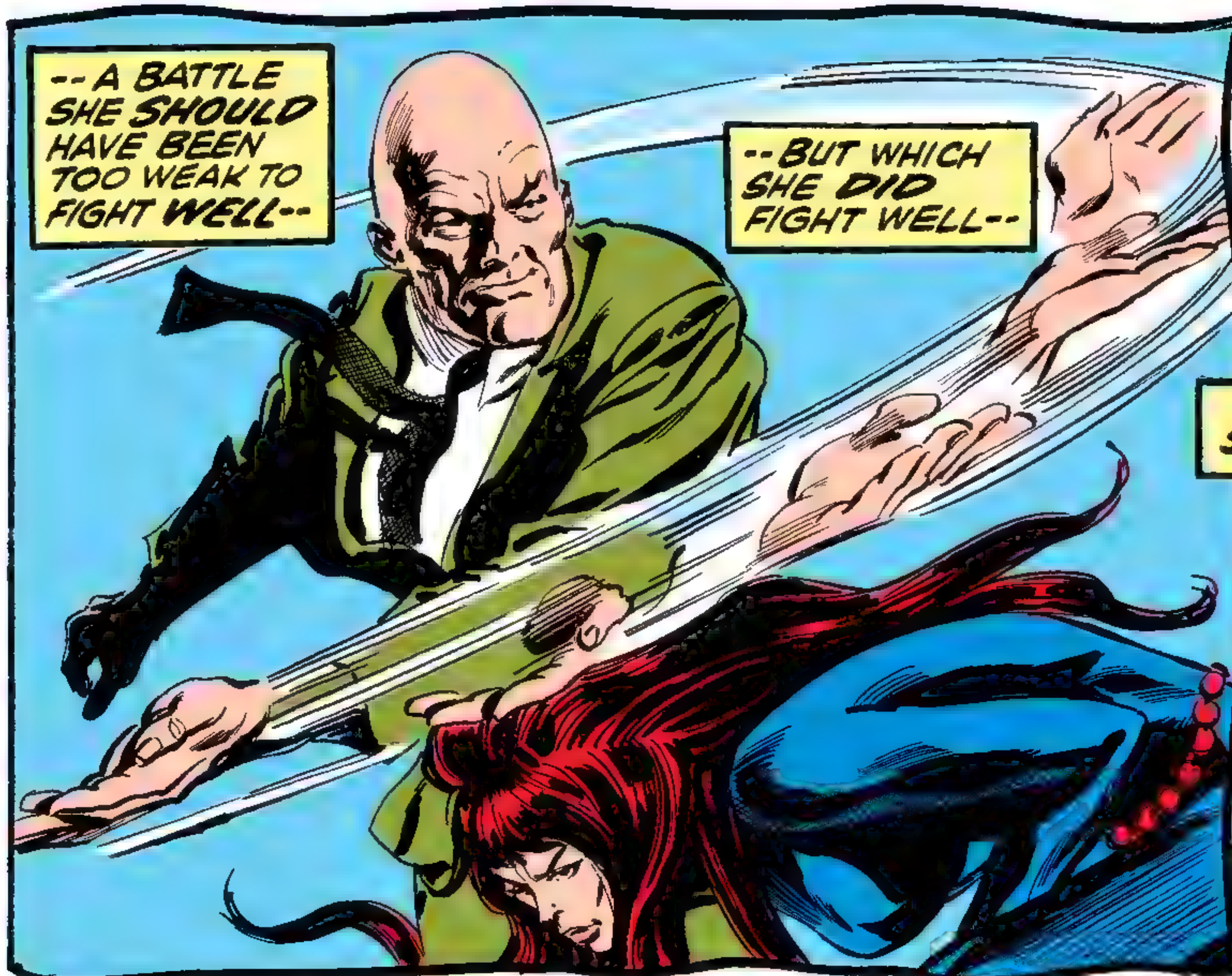
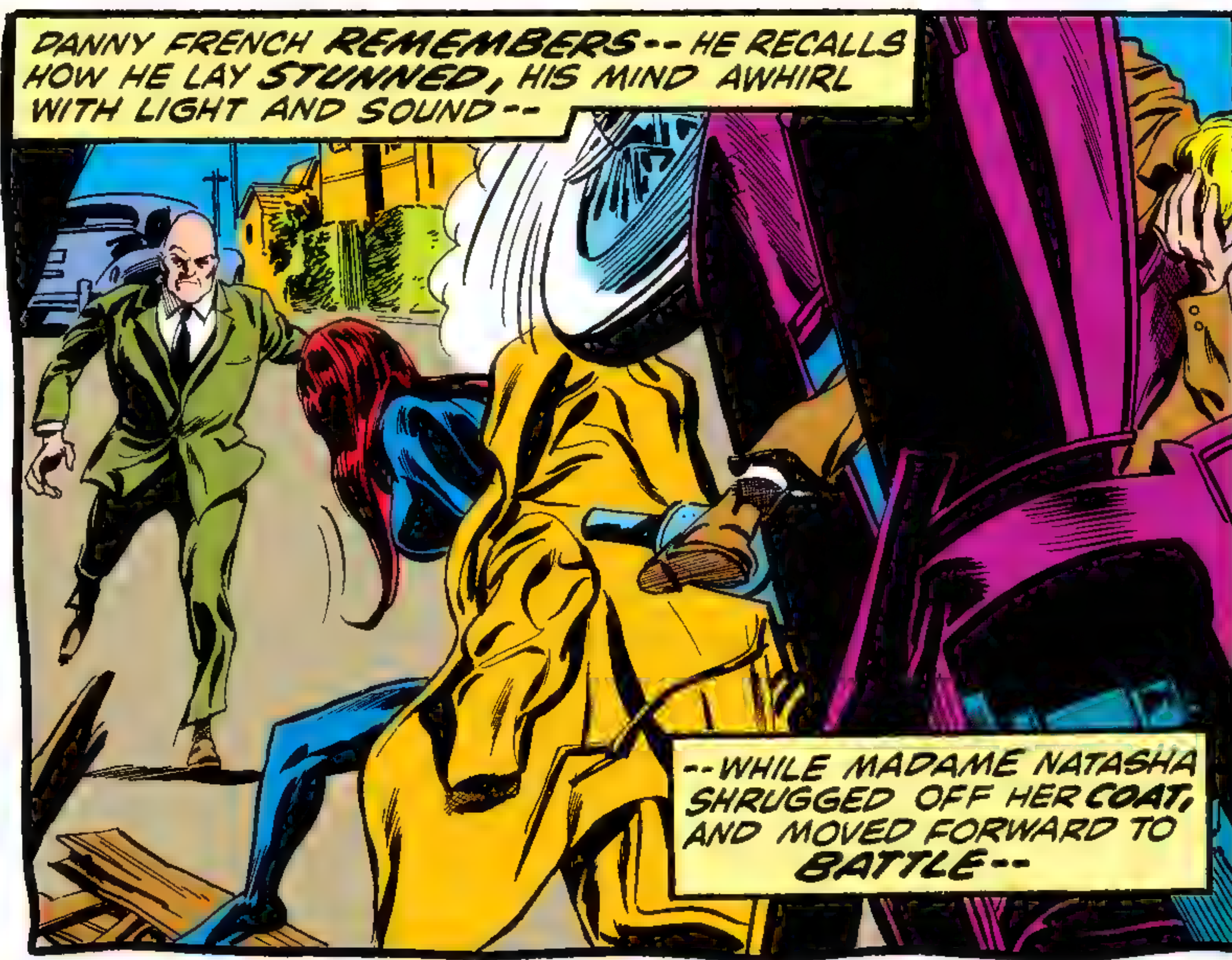
KRAK!

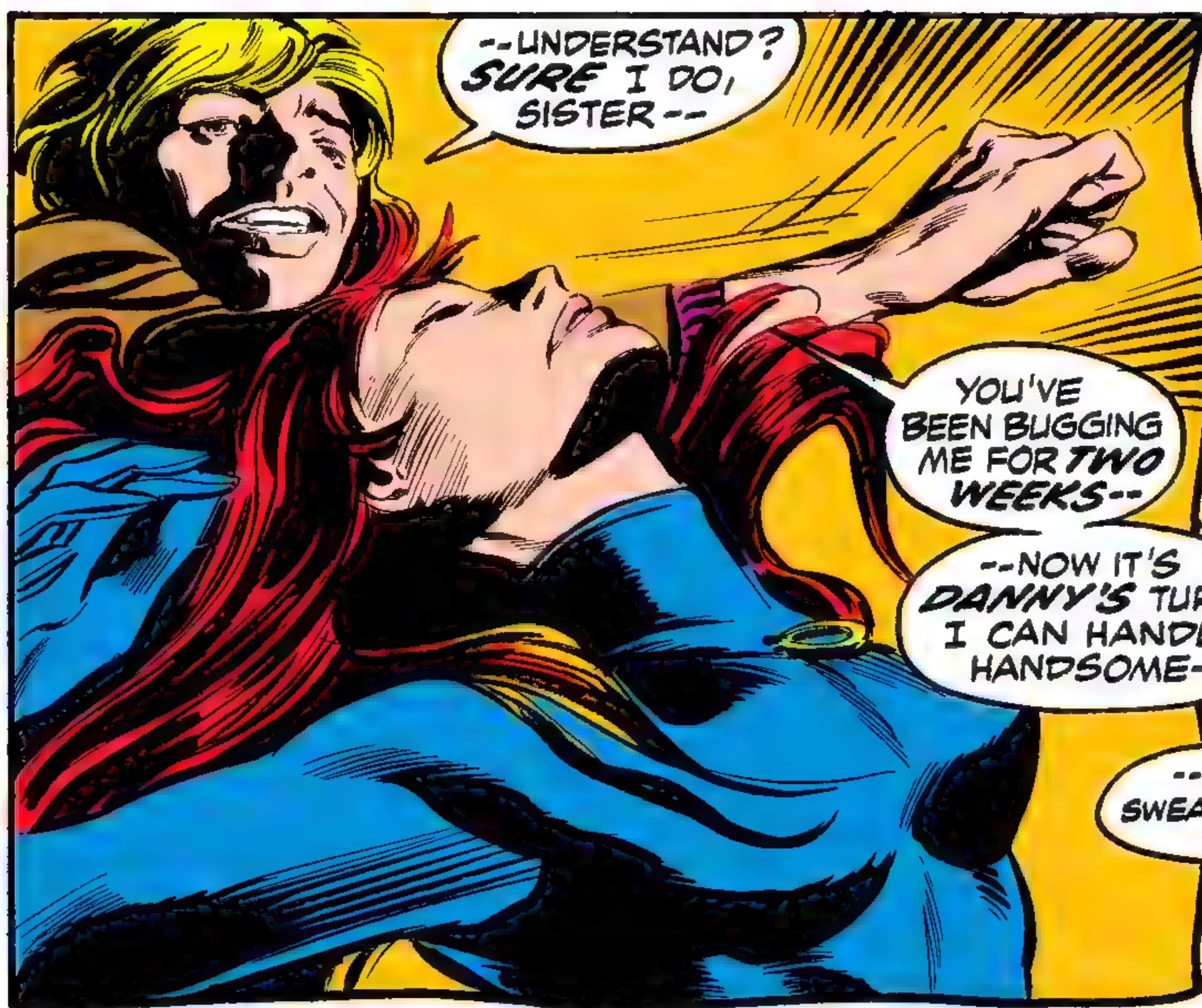
KWHOMP!

SPLOOM!

YET EVEN AS HE FELT THE CAR JERK WILDLY UNDER HIM, DANNY FRENCH REALIZED IT WASN'T A MERE FLAT-- SECONDS BEFORE THE BLOWOUT OCCURED, HE'D HEARD A SHARP CRACK-- THE DISTANT UNFORGETTABLE RETORT OF A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE--

--AND HE KNEW, THAT ONCE AGAIN-- THE HUNTERS HAD BECOME THE HUNTED!





--UNDERSTAND?
SURE I DO,
SISTER--

YOU'VE
BEEN BUGGING
ME FOR **TWO**
WEEKS--

--NOW IT'S
DANNY'S TURN--
I CAN HANDLE
HANDSOME--

-- NO
SWEATTTTUNNNHH



CHUNK!



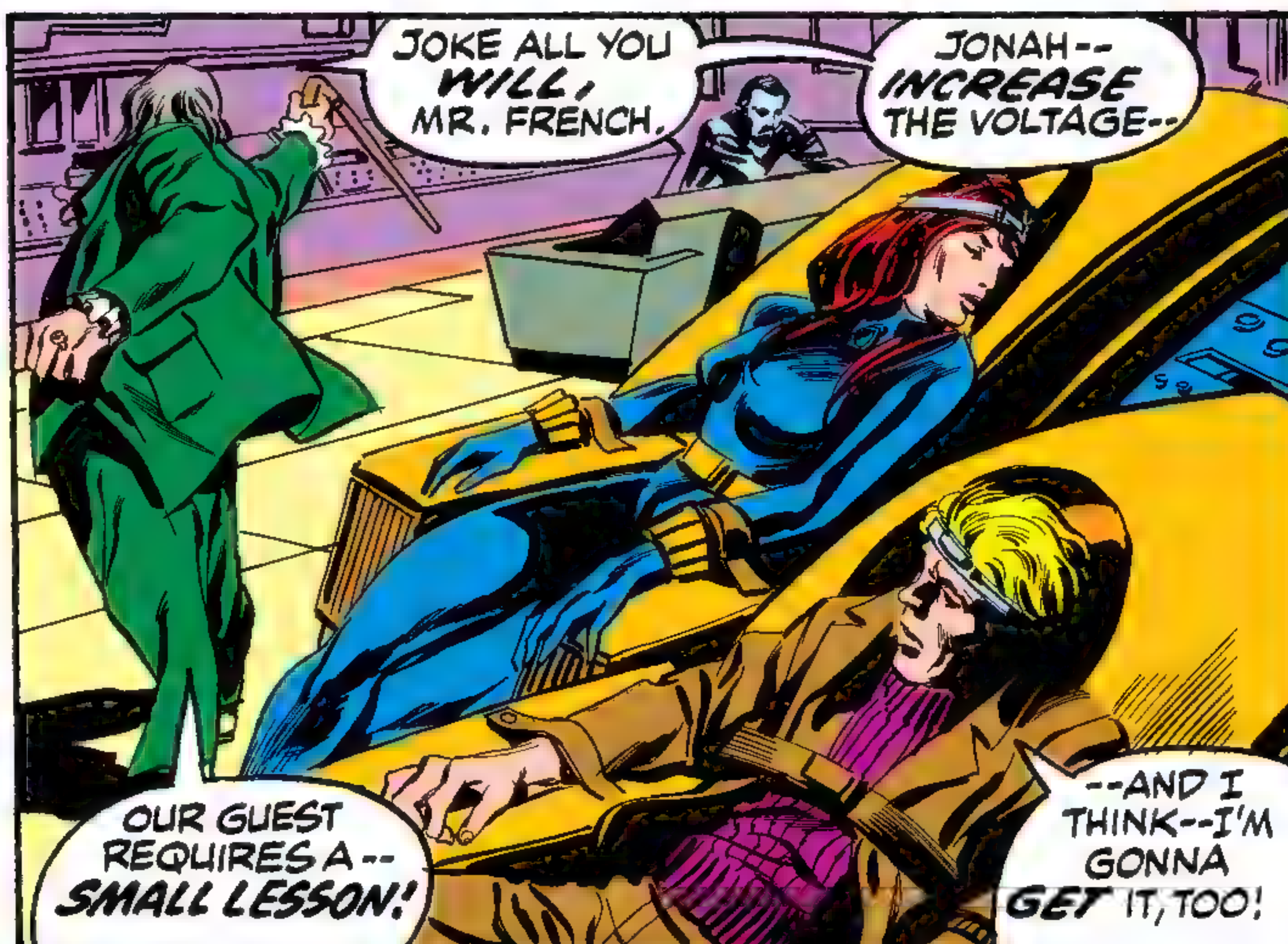
VERY **AMUSING,**
MR. FRENCH--

--BUT NOT
PRECISELY
WHAT I WANT.
YOUR FOOLISH
ERRORS HARDLY
CONCERN ME
NOW,

WE MUST
PROBE
DEEPER--

Y'KNOW
SOME-
THING,
DRAN? I
FINALLY
FIGURED
IT **OUT--**

YOU'RE
A NUTTY
DENTIST.



JOKE ALL YOU
WILL,
MR. FRENCH.

JONAH--
INCREASE
THE VOLTAGE--

OUR GUEST
REQUIRES A--
SMALL LESSON!

--AND I
THINK--I'M
GONNA
GET IT, TOO!



SIX HOURS, FROM MIDNIGHT
TO **DAWN:** AND IN THOSE
HOURS, THE HOURS OF EARLY
MORNING, TWO MEN COVER
MOST OF **SAN FRANCISCO--**
AND FIND--



--NOTHING!

FEEL AS
THOUGH I'VE
PUSHED MY
FACE
THROUGH A
WRINGER--

--AND
WHAT
FOR?
A FEW
LOUSY
LEADS--!



BUT--WHAT AM
I MOANING ABOUT?
AT LEAST I **GOT**
LEADS--

ALL
MURDOCK
GOT WAS A
NIGHT
WITHOUT
SLEEP!



OKAY, MATT--
TIME TO START
BREATHING
AGAIN.

TRY SOME
JAVA, PAL.

WHA--UH,
IVAN--?

OH,
YEAH.



HOW LONG'VE I
BEEN **ASLEEP?**

I GAVE
YOU AN HOUR,
MATT-- IT'S
GETTING ON
SIX-
THIRTY.

YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE LET
ME **DROP**
OFF LIKE
THAT. I'VE--



YOU **NEEDED**
IT, MISTER.

THE WAY YOU'VE
BEEN **DRIVING**
YOURSELF--

AW FORGET IT,
LET'S CATCH THE
NEWS. MAYBE--

--THE BIG
QUESTION
ON THE
COAST
TODAY
IS--



"--WHO IS
DAREDEVIL?"

SEVERAL INTERESTING
COINCIDENCES--THE
APPEARANCE OF
DAREDEVIL AND THE
BLACK WIDOW IN
SAN FRANCISCO--

-- COUPLED
WITH THE
ARRIVAL OF
A CERTAIN
TRIAL LAWYER
KNOWN FOR HIS
RECENT CONNECTION
WITH THAT SAME
INFAMOUS LADY--



--LEADS THIS REPORTER
TO THE CONCLUSION THAT
DAREDEVIL AND MATT
MURDOCK ARE ONE--
AND THE **SAME!**

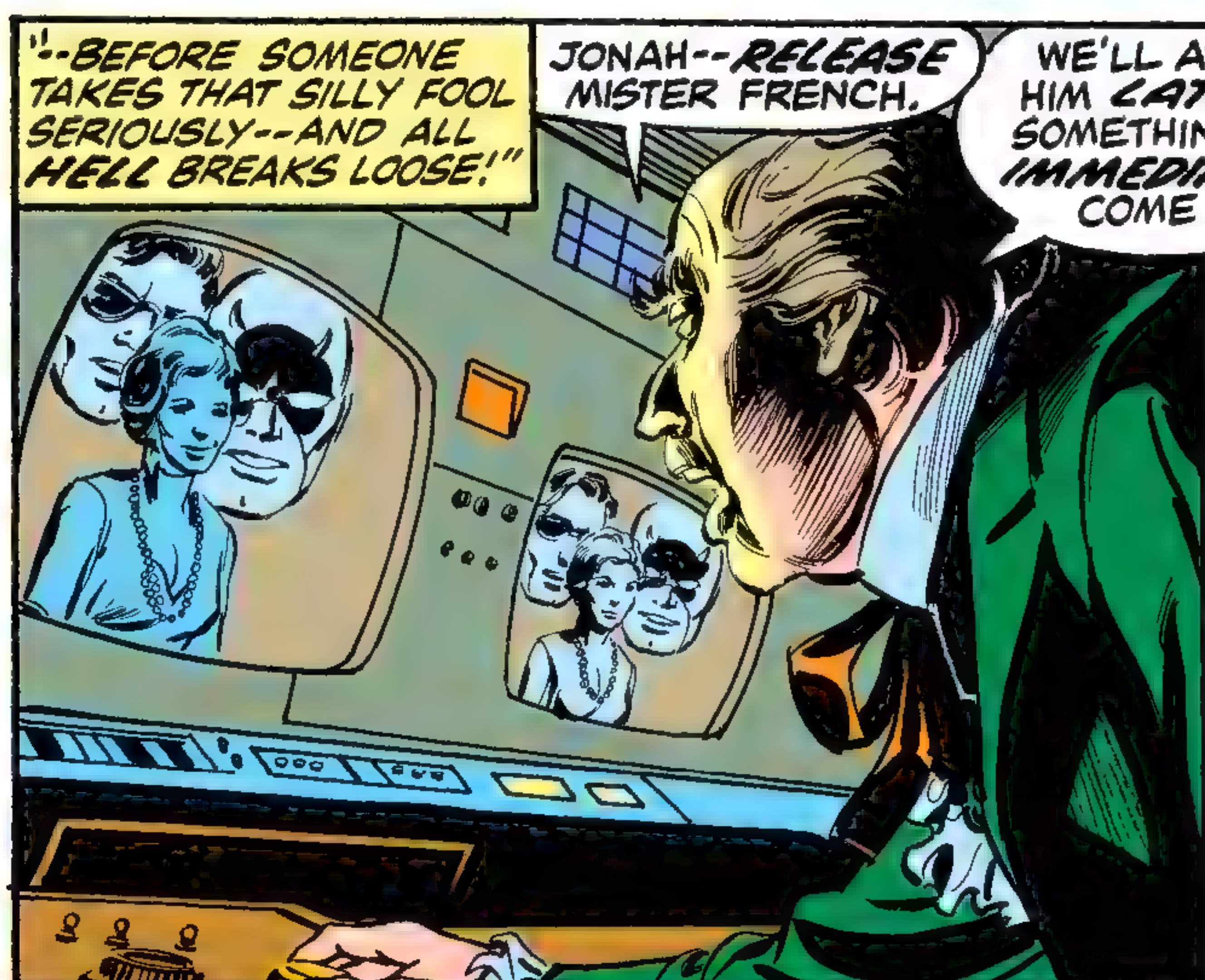
OH, NO--
NO!



HIS FACE CONTORTED WITH A MIX-
TURE OF ANGER AND **FEAR**,
MATT MURDOCK **SLAMS** TO HIS
FEET--

THE IRRESPONSIBLE
IDIOTS! DO THEY
REALIZE WHAT
THEY'VE **DONE?**

THINK, IVAN--
THINK! WE'VE
GOT TO WORK A
WAY OUT OF
THIS--



"--BEFORE SOMEONE
TAKES THAT SILLY FOOL
SERIOUSLY--AND ALL
HELL BREAKS LOOSE!"

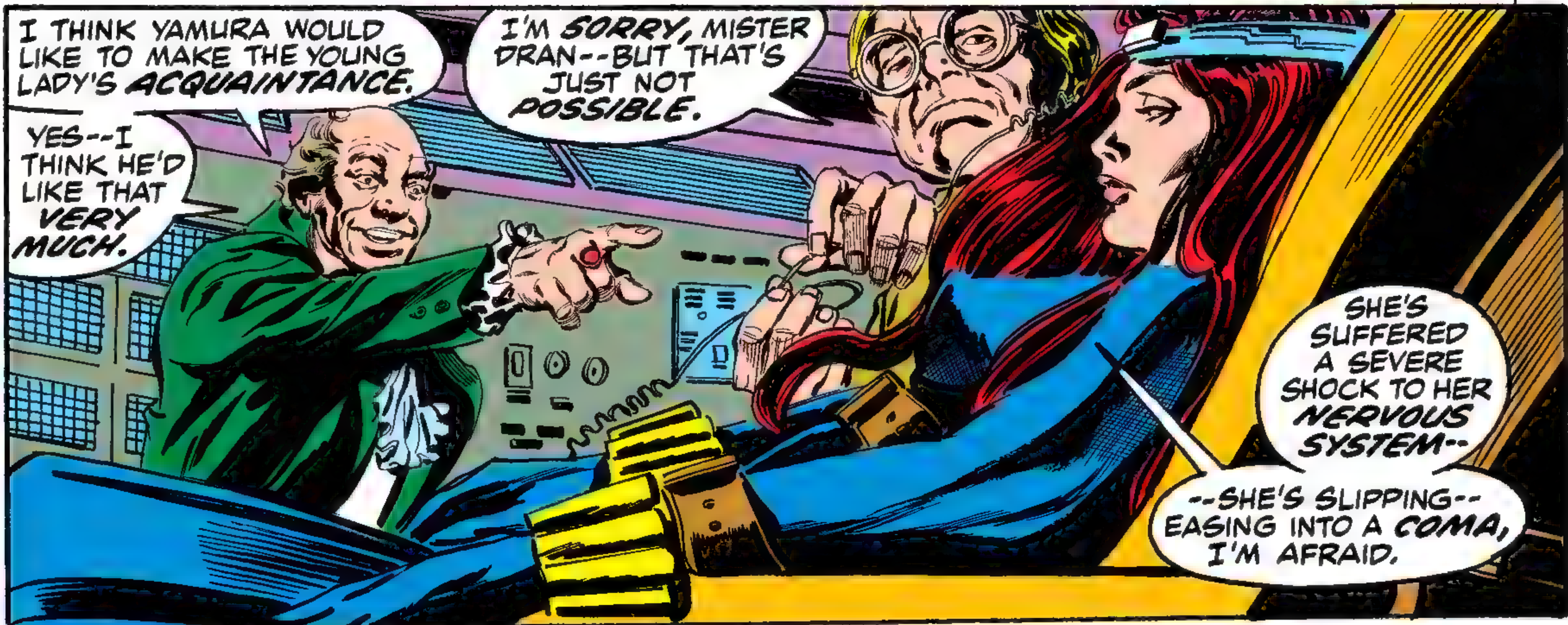
JONAH--**RELEASE**
MISTER FRENCH.

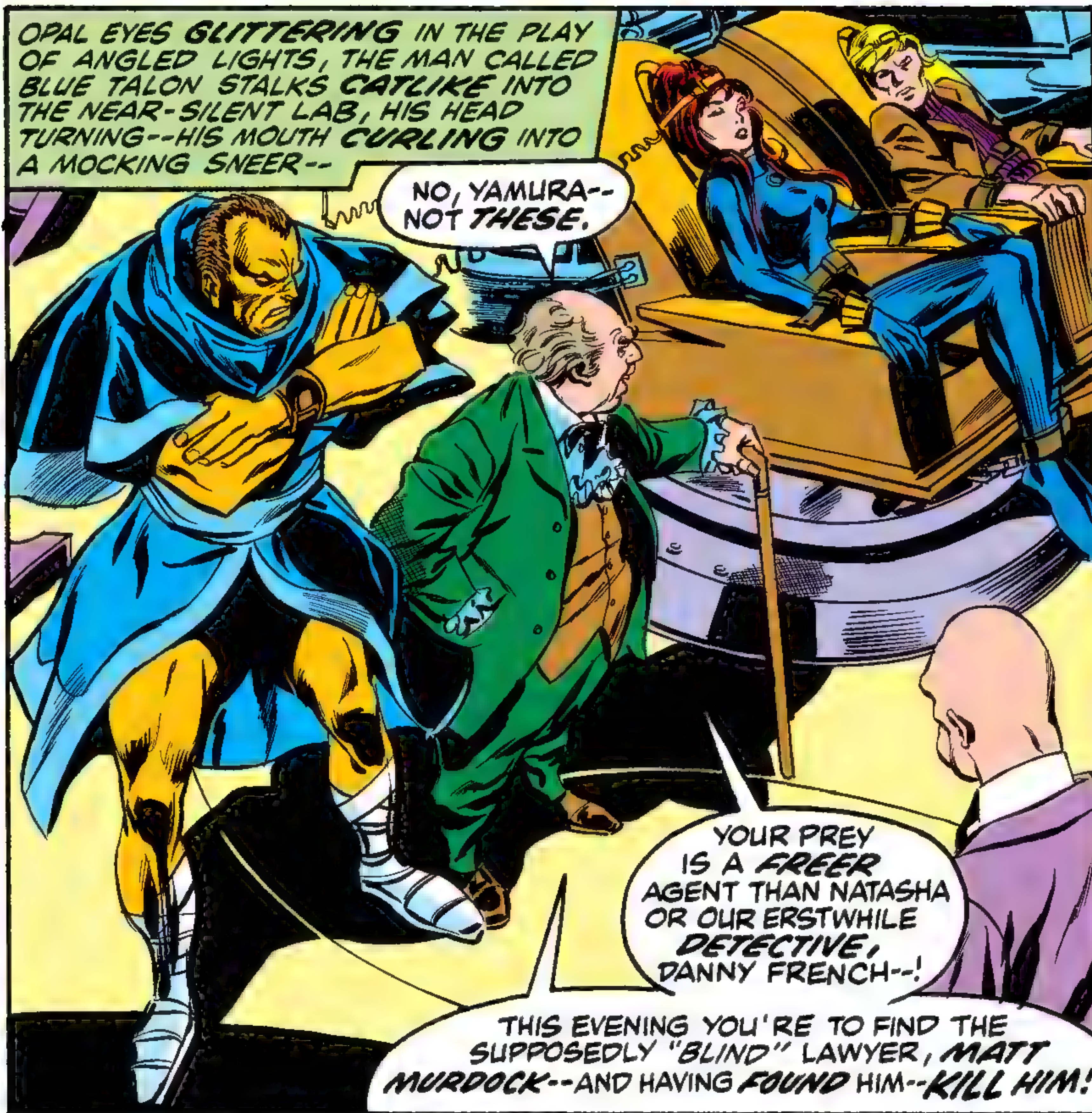
WE'LL ATTEND TO
HIM **LATER--**
SOMETHING MORE
IMMEDIATE HAS
COME UP--



--SOMETHING WHICH
SHOULD **AMUSE** THE
LOVELY **MADAME**
NATASHA.

WAKE
HER,
JONAH--!





OPAL EYES GLITTERING IN THE PLAY OF ANGLED LIGHTS, THE MAN CALLED BLUE TALON STALKS CATLIKE INTO THE NEAR-SILENT LAB, HIS HEAD TURNING--HIS MOUTH CURLING INTO A MOCKING SNEER--

NO, YAMURA--NOT THESE.

YOUR PREY IS A FREER AGENT THAN NATASHA OR OUR ERSTWHILE DETECTIVE, DANNY FRENCH--!

THIS EVENING YOU'RE TO FIND THE SUPPOSEDLY "BLIND" LAWYER, MATT MURDOCK--AND HAVING FOUND HIM--KILL HIM!



--UNLESS IN THE INTERIM, MISTER FRENCH DECIDES TO DEVULGE HIS LITTLE--SECRET?

LET'S NOT KID EACH OTHER, DRAN--

EVEN IF I TOLD YOU, YOU WOULDN'T LET ME'N TASHA GO--

--SO I'M NOT TELLING--NOT NOW, NOT FIVE HOURS FROM NOW--NOT EVER!



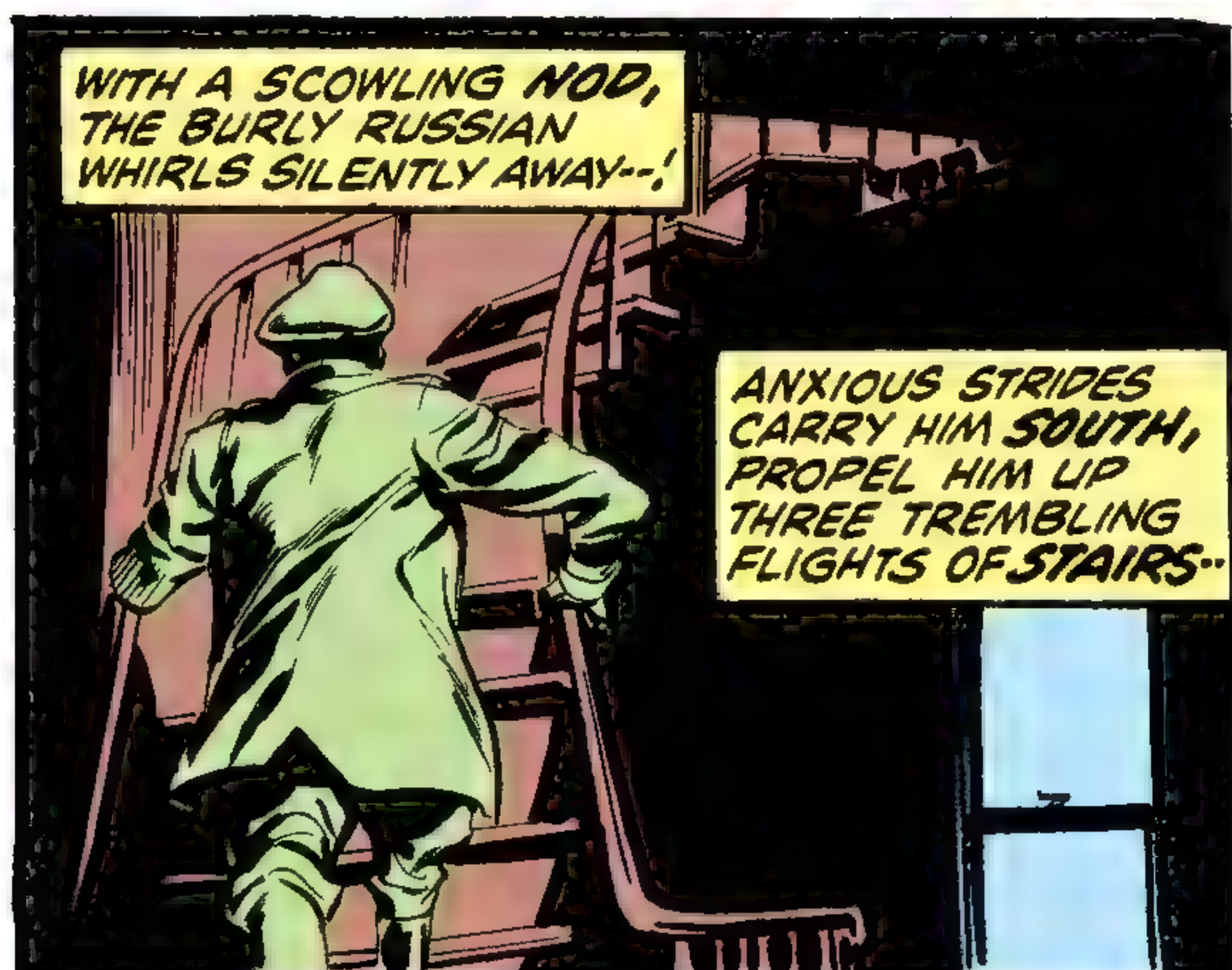
BRAVE SENTIMENTS--AND YET, SUCH DETERMINATION MAY WEAKEN UNDER THE INEXORABLE MIND-PROBE--FOR THE DAY IS LONG, AND WHEN EVENING FINALLY ARRIVES--

--HELP IS STILL MILES DISTANT--!

L-LOOK, MISTER--I TOLDYA EVERYTHING I KNOW!

FRENCH IS SOME SORTA PRIVATE EYE--HE RENTS A STUDIO UP ON CLAYMORE STREET!

CHECK IT FOR YOURSELF!



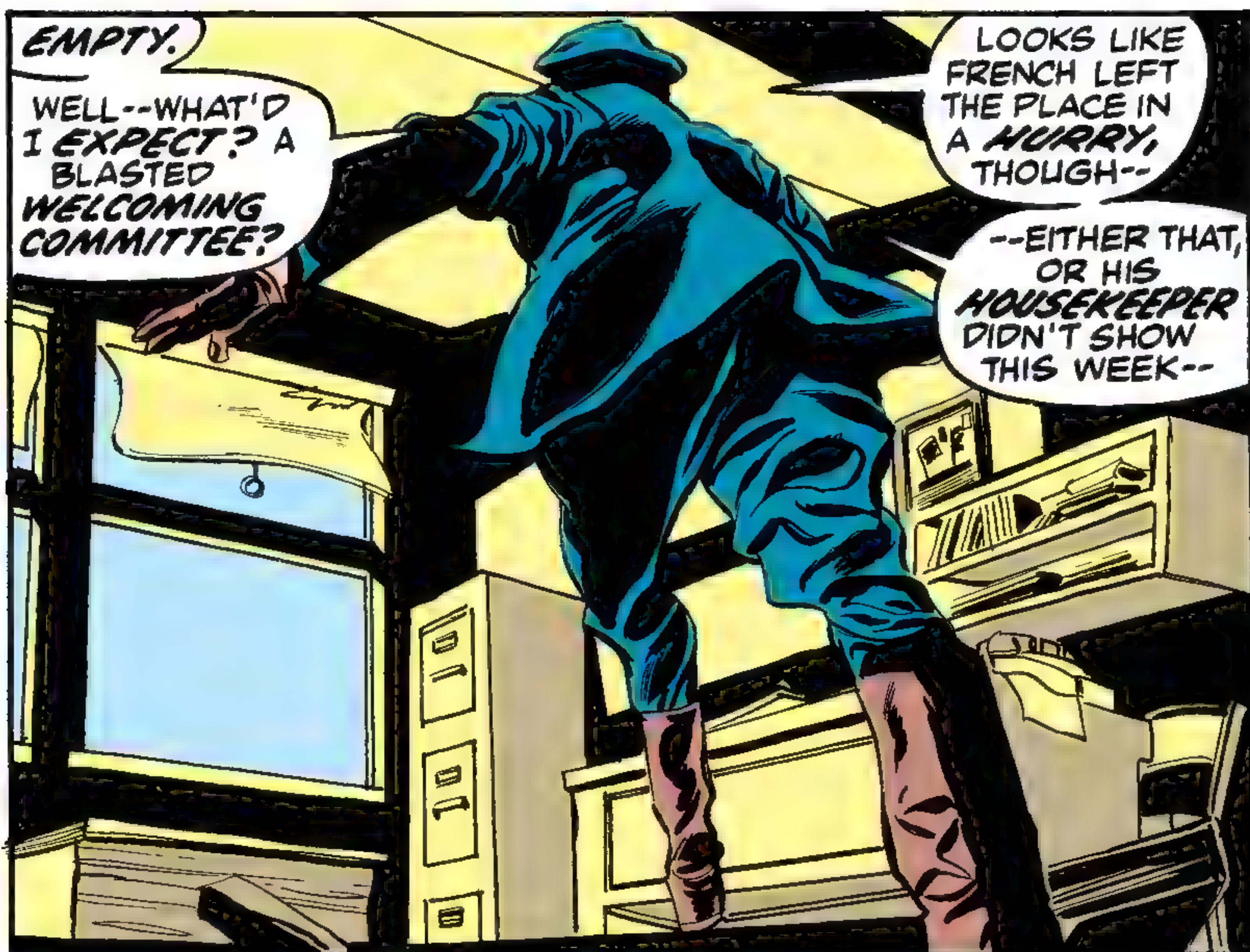
WITH A SCOWLING NOD, THE BURLY RUSSIAN WHIRLS SILENTLY AWAY--!

ANXIOUS STRIDES CARRY HIM SOUTH, PROPEL HIM UP THREE TREMBLING FLIGHTS OF STAIRS--



--AND WORDLESS, THROUGH A TIGHTLY-BOLTED DOOR!

CRASH! SCRASH!



EMPTY.

WELL--WHAT'D I EXPECT? A BLASTED WELCOMING COMMITTEE?

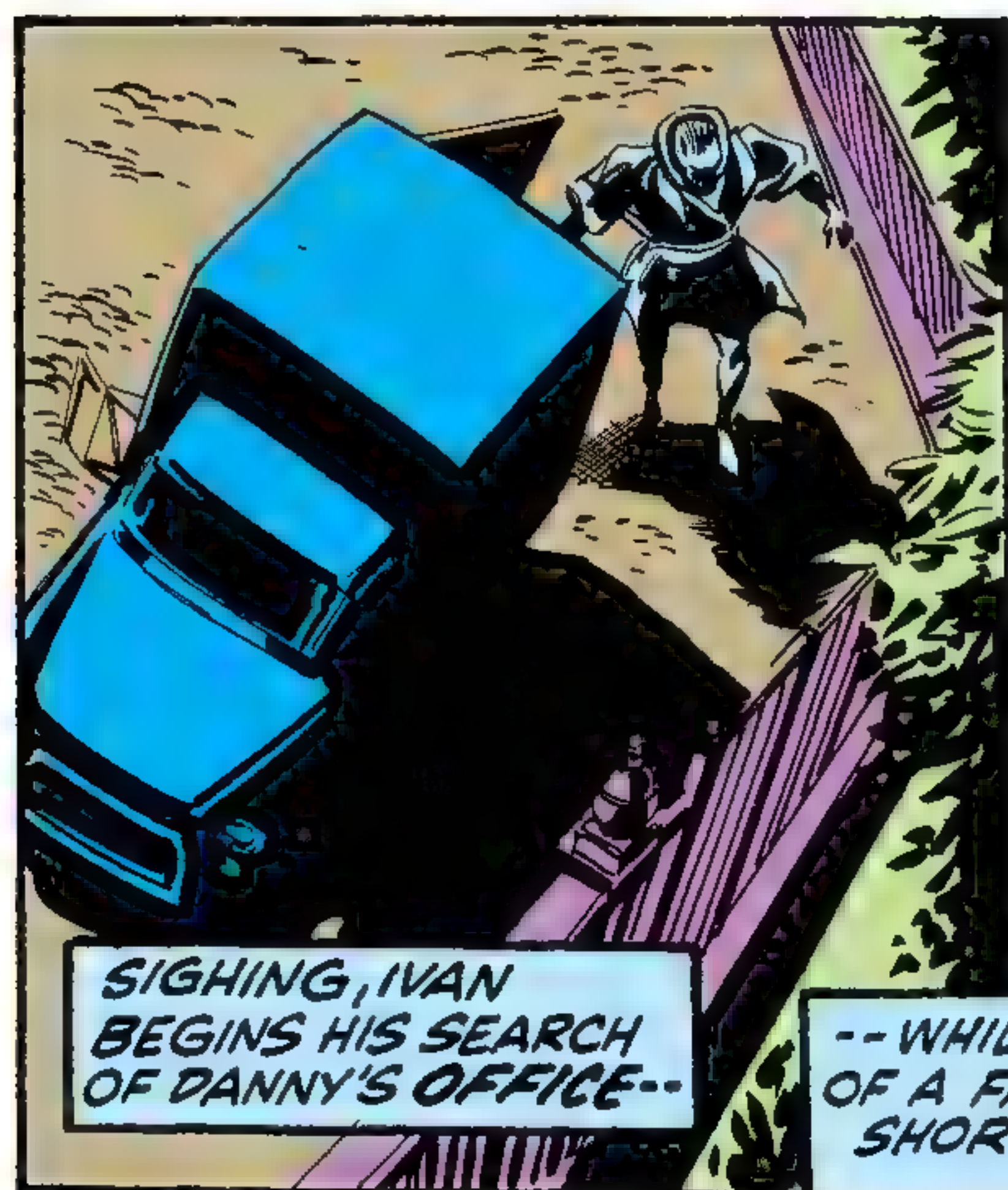
LOOKS LIKE FRENCH LEFT THE PLACE IN A HURRY, THOUGH--

--EITHER THAT, OR HIS HOUSEKEEPER DIDN'T SHOW THIS WEEK--

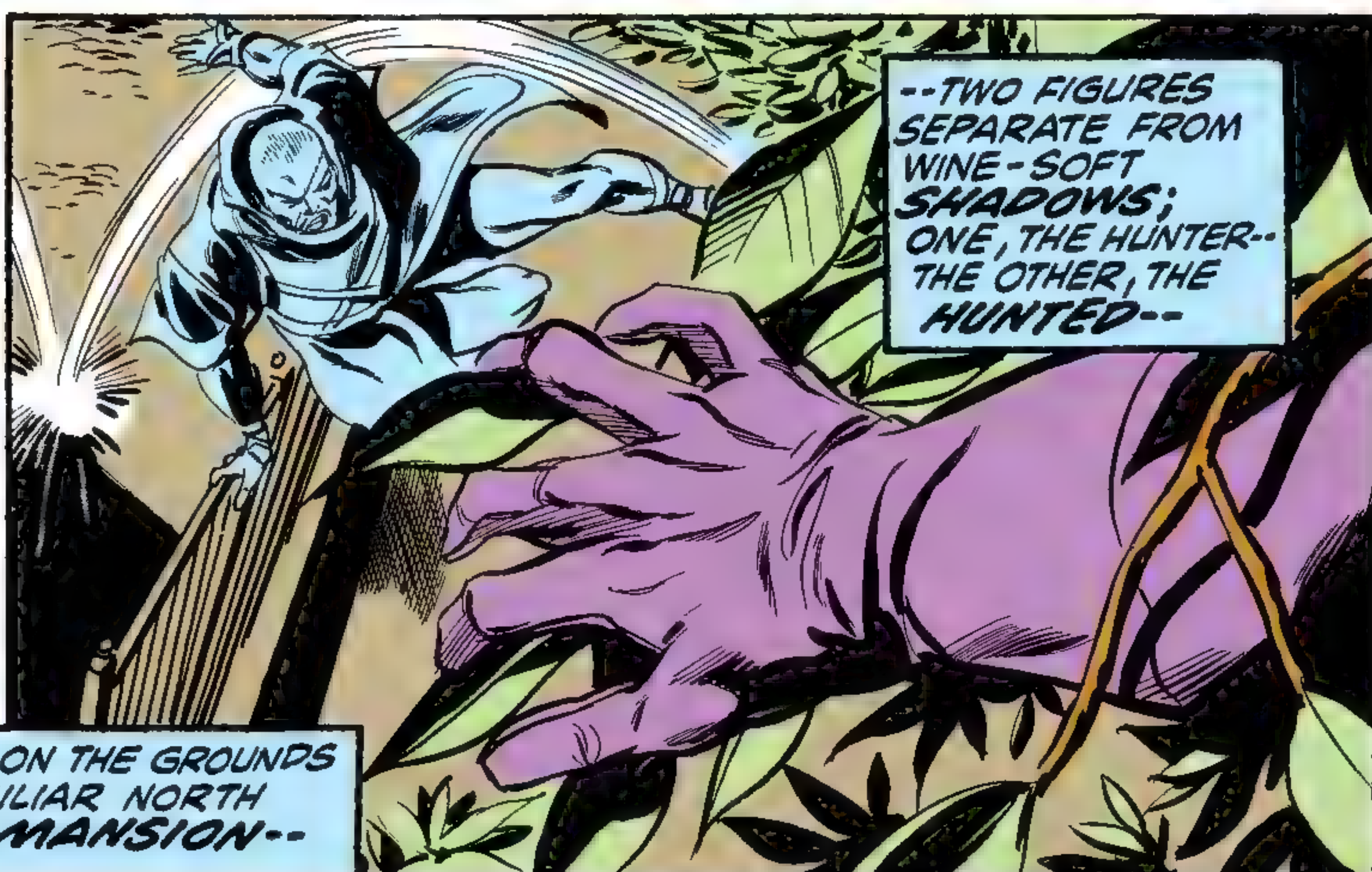


--BUT IN ANY CASE--

--I'VE SURE GOT MY WORK CUT OUT!

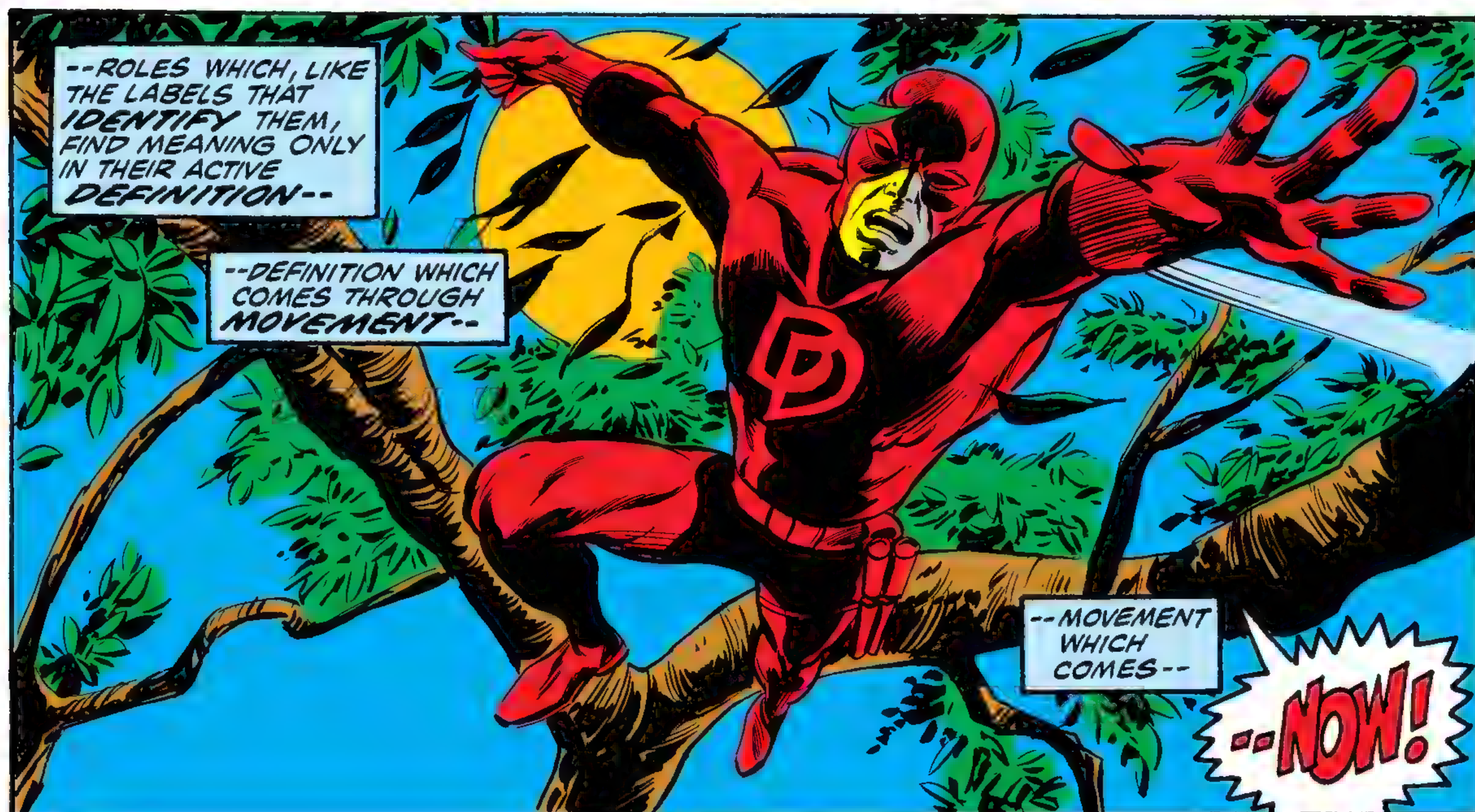


SIGHING, IVAN BEGINS HIS SEARCH OF DANNY'S OFFICE--



--WHILE, ON THE GROUNDS OF A FAMILIAR NORTH SHORE MANSION--

--TWO FIGURES SEPARATE FROM WINE-SOFT SHADOWS; ONE, THE HUNTER--THE OTHER, THE HUNTED--

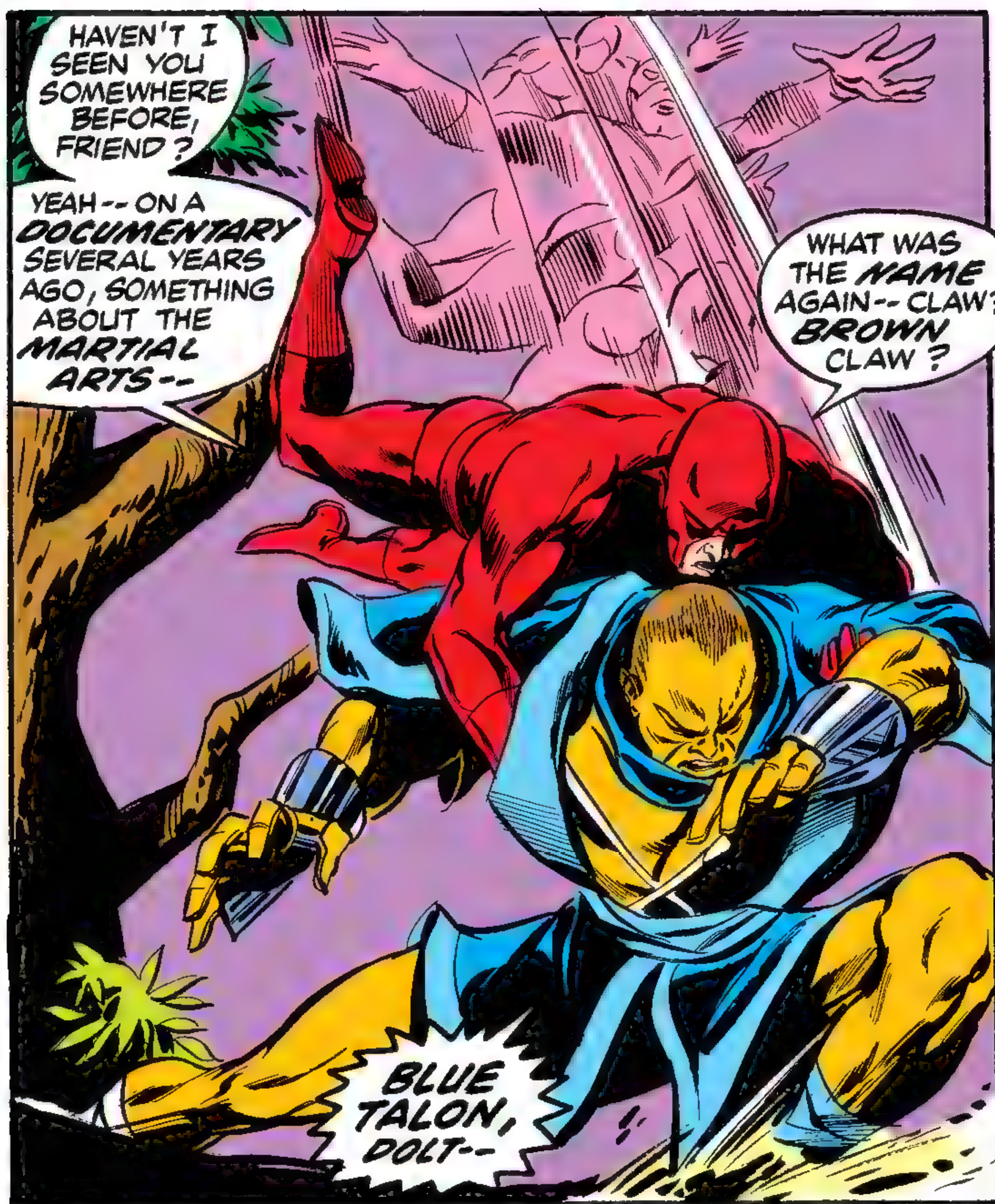


--ROLES WHICH, LIKE THE LABELS THAT IDENTIFY THEM, FIND MEANING ONLY IN THEIR ACTIVE DEFINITION--

--DEFINITION WHICH COMES THROUGH MOVEMENT--

--MOVEMENT WHICH COMES--

..NOW!



HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE, FRIEND?

YEAH-- ON A DOCUMENTARY SEVERAL YEARS AGO, SOMETHING ABOUT THE MARTIAL ARTS--

WHAT WAS THE NAME AGAIN-- CLAW? BROWN CLAW?

BLUE TALON, DOLT--



--A NAME WHICH SHALL CUT YOUR EPITATH!

AH--YOU ARE FAST, AMERICAN-- THIS IS GOOD--

--THIS IS VERY GOOD--!



MANY YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE LAST I FOUND AN OPPONENT WORTHY OF BATTLE--

NOT SINCE I LEFT JAPAN-- AND LOST THE DELICATE USE OF MY HANDS-- HAVE I TRULY RELISHED CONFLICT--



--AND SO I YEARN FOR A MAN OF SKILL-- OF AGILITY--

-- SOMEONE WITH WHOM I MAY TEST MY POWERS--

--BEFORE I AM FORCED TO KILL HIM!

SOUNDS LIKE A WHOLE PASSLE OF FUN, HAWK-NOSE--

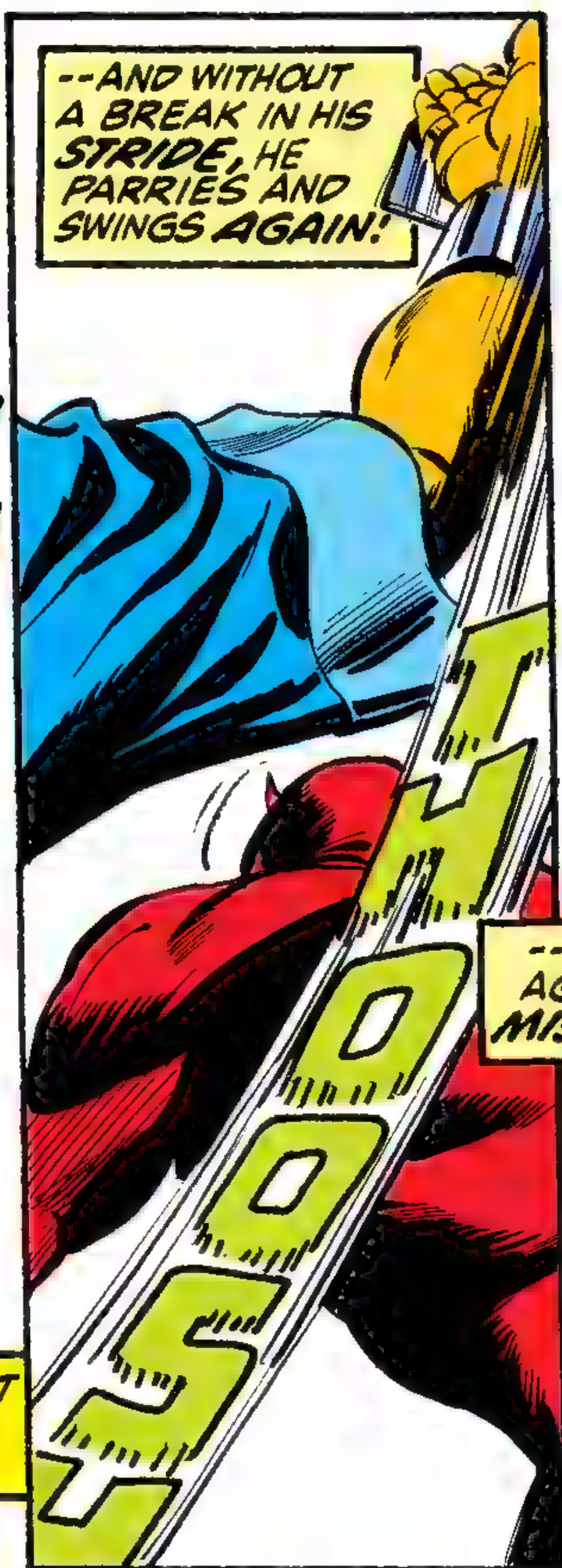
--AND NOW THAT THE PRELIMINARIES ARE OVER--MAYBE IT'S ABOUT TIME WE GOT STARTED!



EYES ABLAZE, A SNARL RUMBLING DEEP IN HIS CHEST, BLUE TALON LUNGES FORWARD, HIS HAND CUTTING IN A SPARKLING ARC ALMOST INVISIBLE IN THE LIGHT OF THE RISING MOON--

SKKRRAK!

BY THE THINNESS OF HAIRS-- HE MISSES--

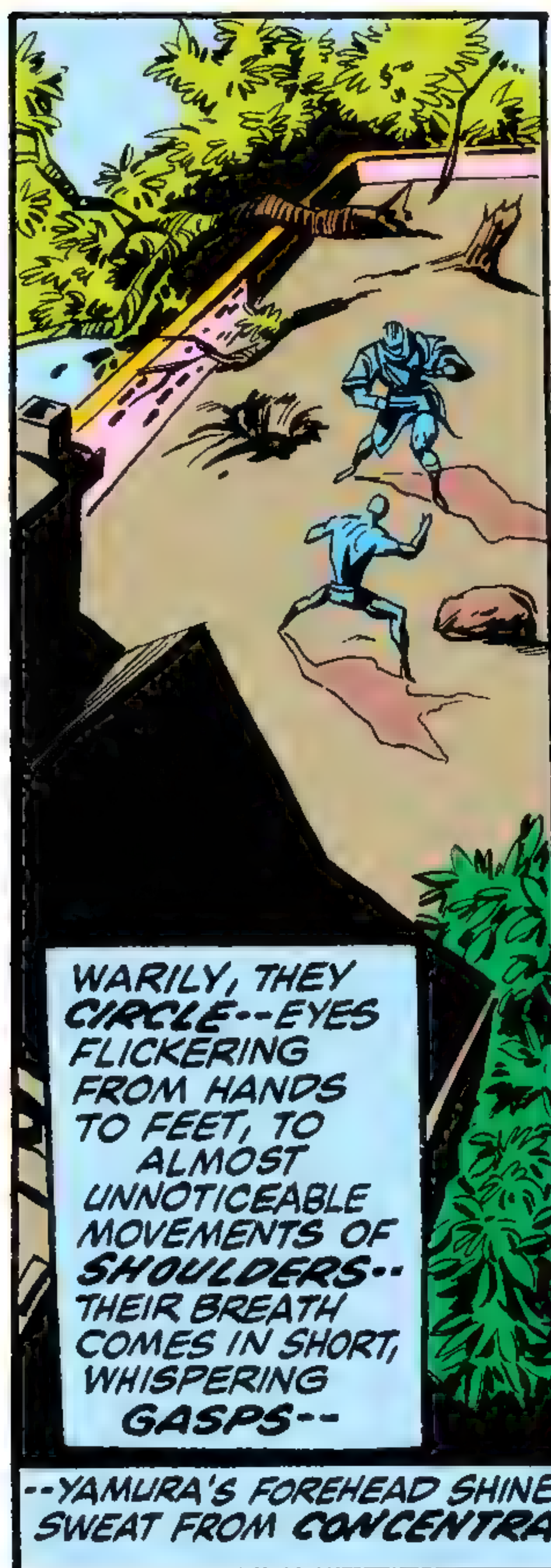


--AND WITHOUT A BREAK IN HIS STRIDE, HE PARRIES AND SWINGS AGAIN!

--AND AGAIN-- MISSES!



THRAK!



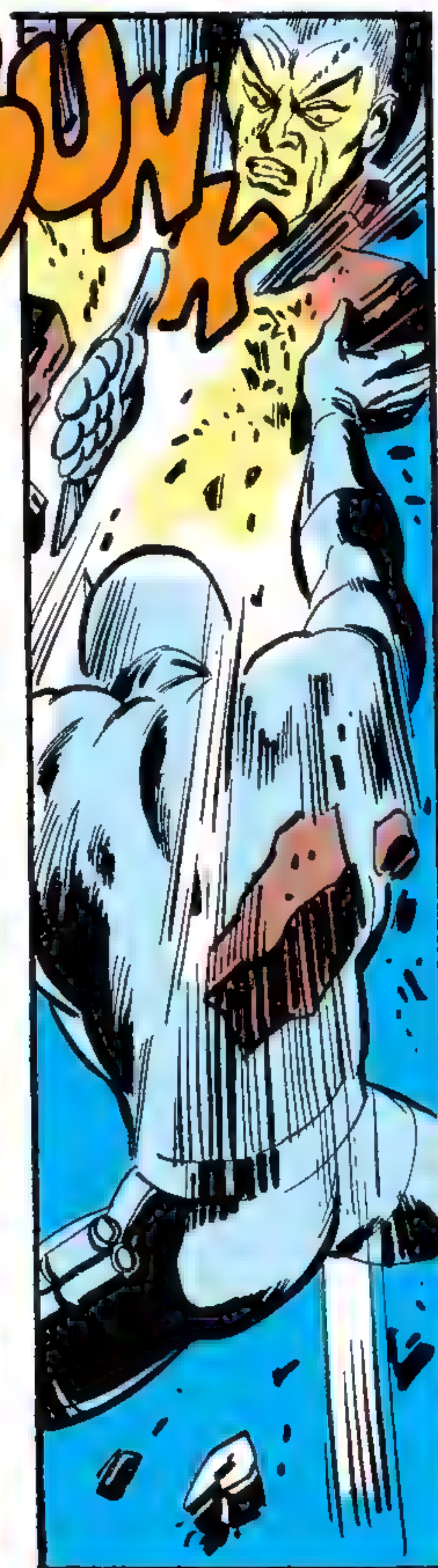
WARILY, THEY CIRCLE--EYES FLICKERING FROM HANDS TO FEET, TO ALMOST UNNOTICEABLE MOVEMENTS OF SHOULDERS-- THEIR BREATH COMES IN SHORT, WHISPERING GASPS--

--YAMURA'S FOREHEAD SHINES WITH SWEAT FROM CONCENTRATION--

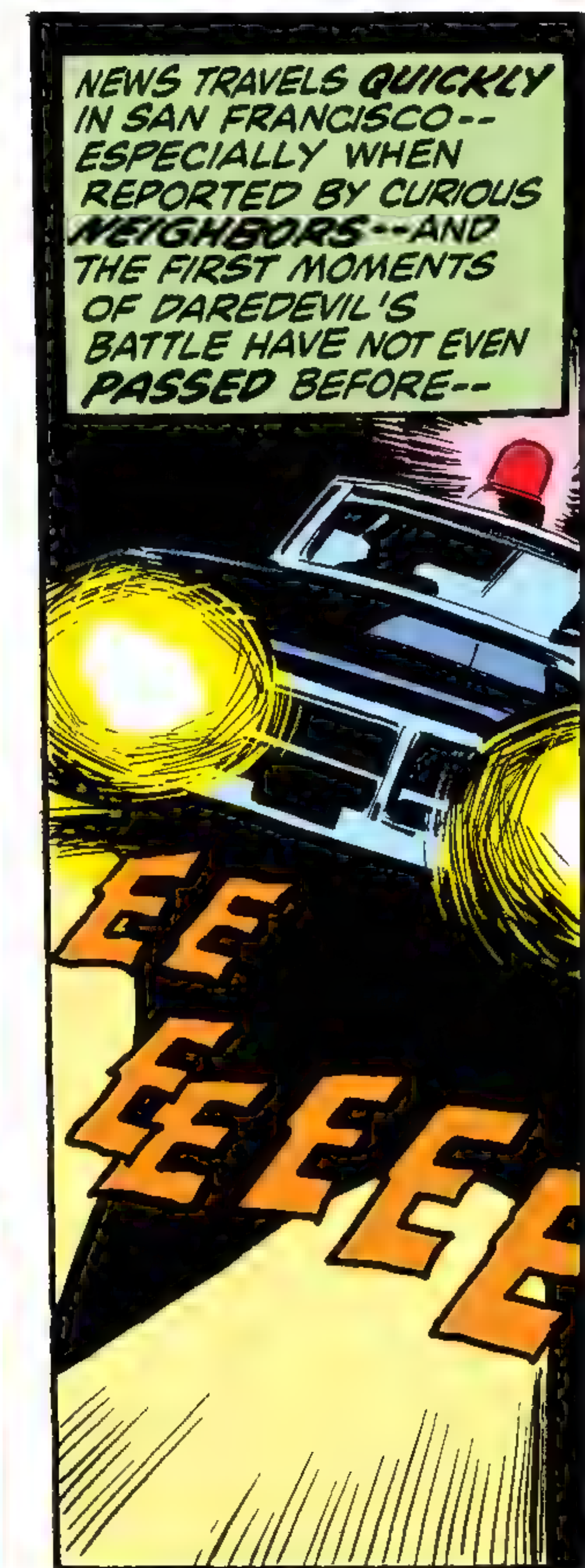


--AND THEN--

-- THE BLUE TALON STRIKES!

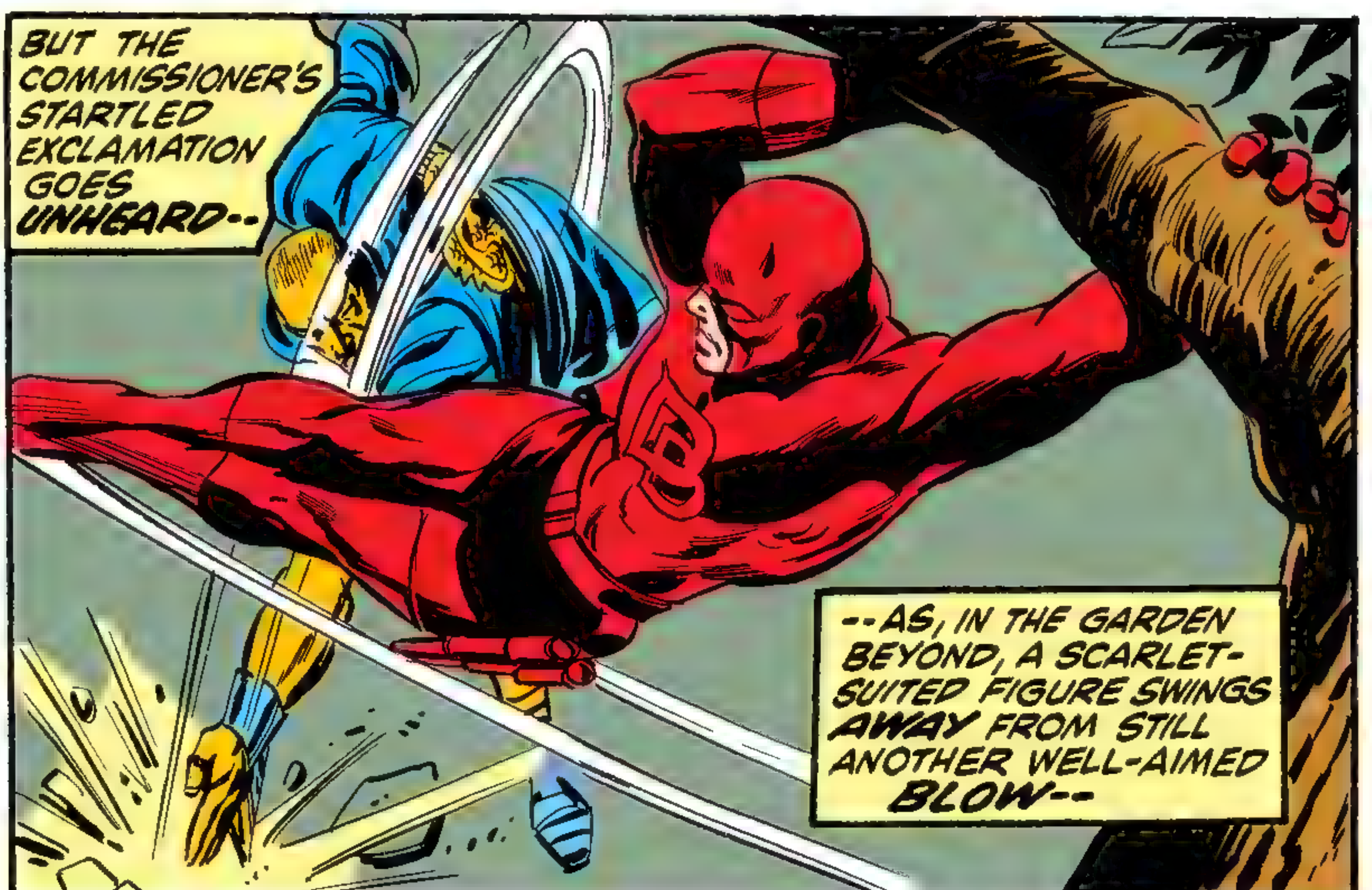
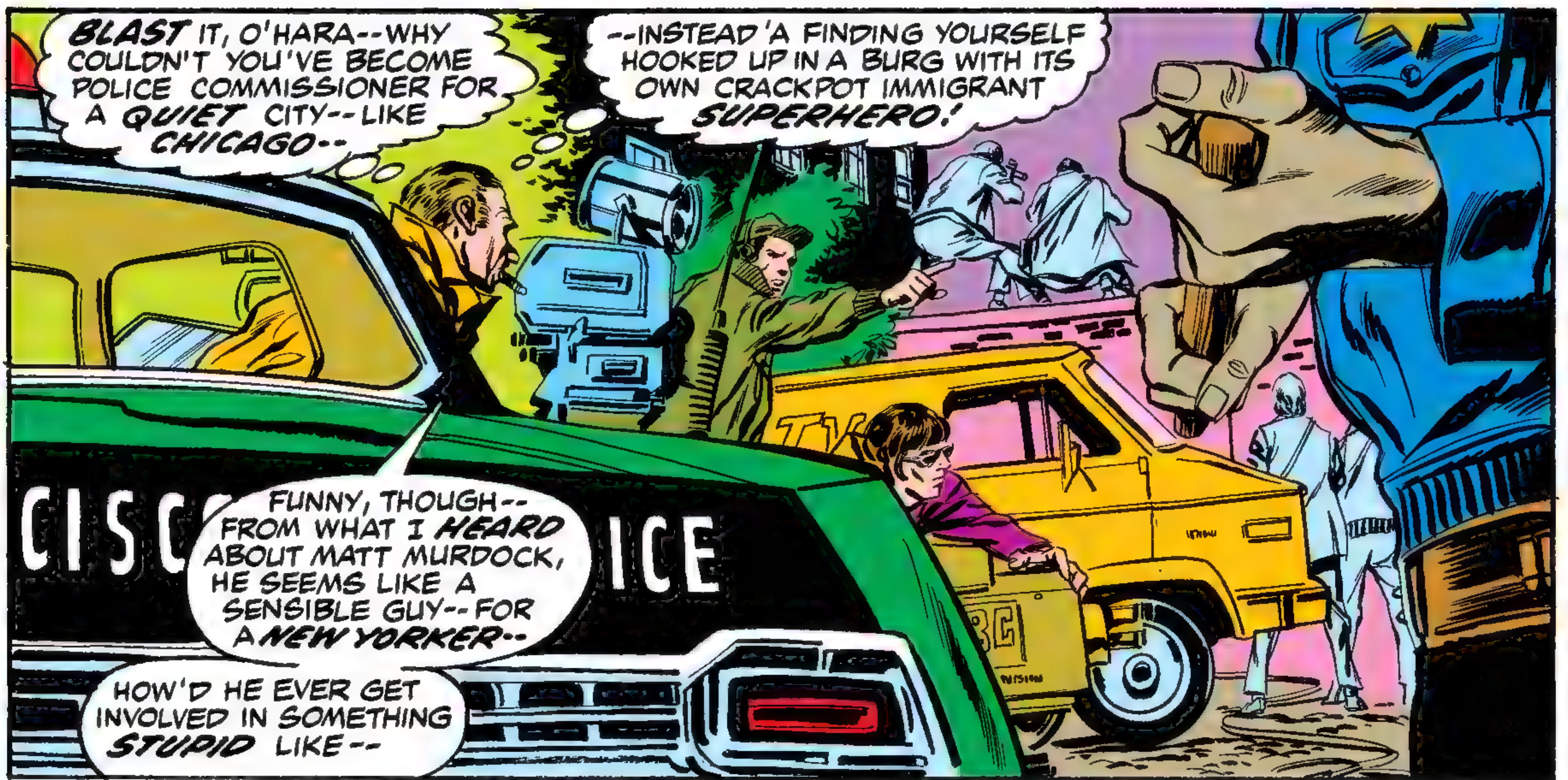


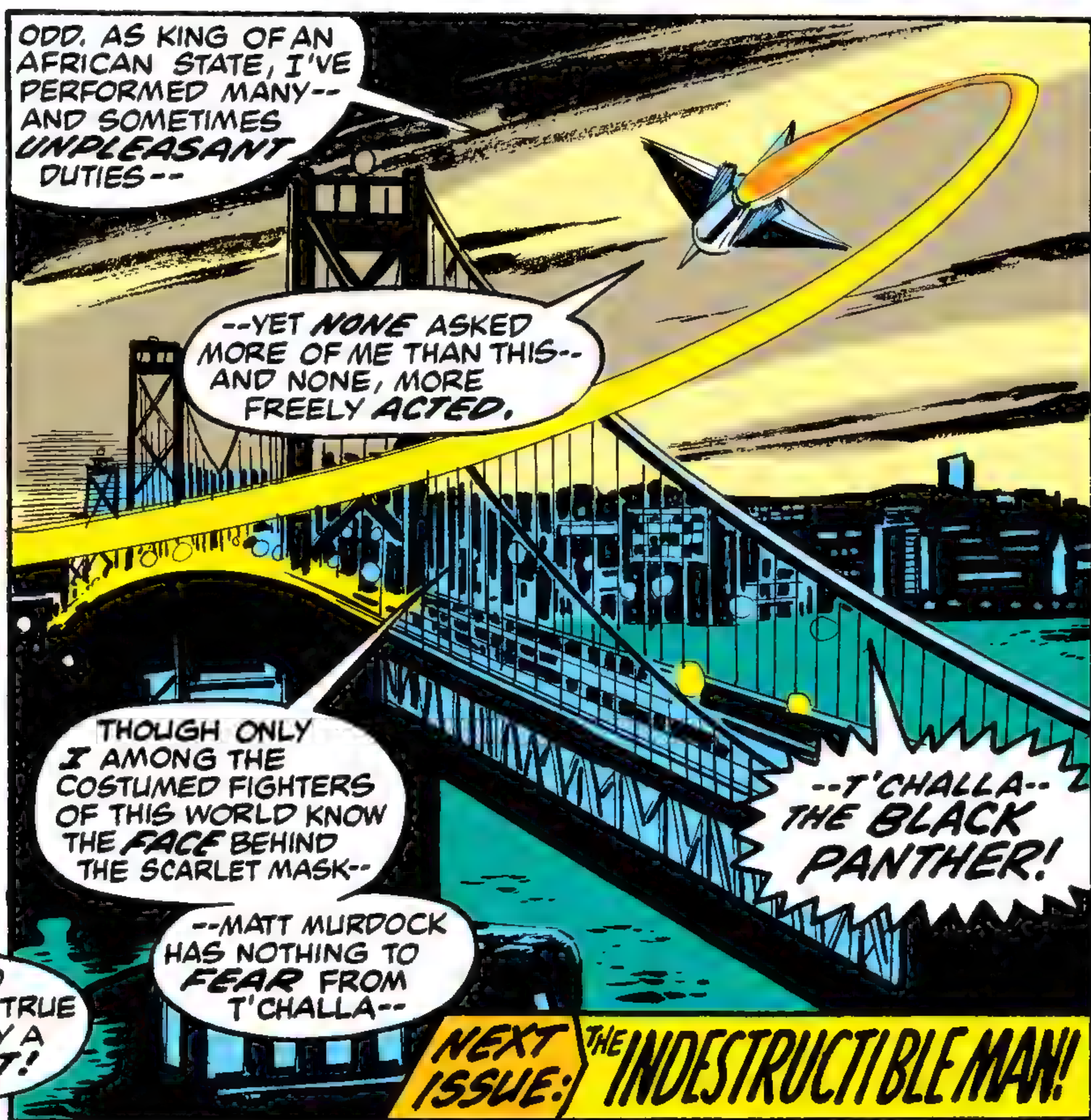
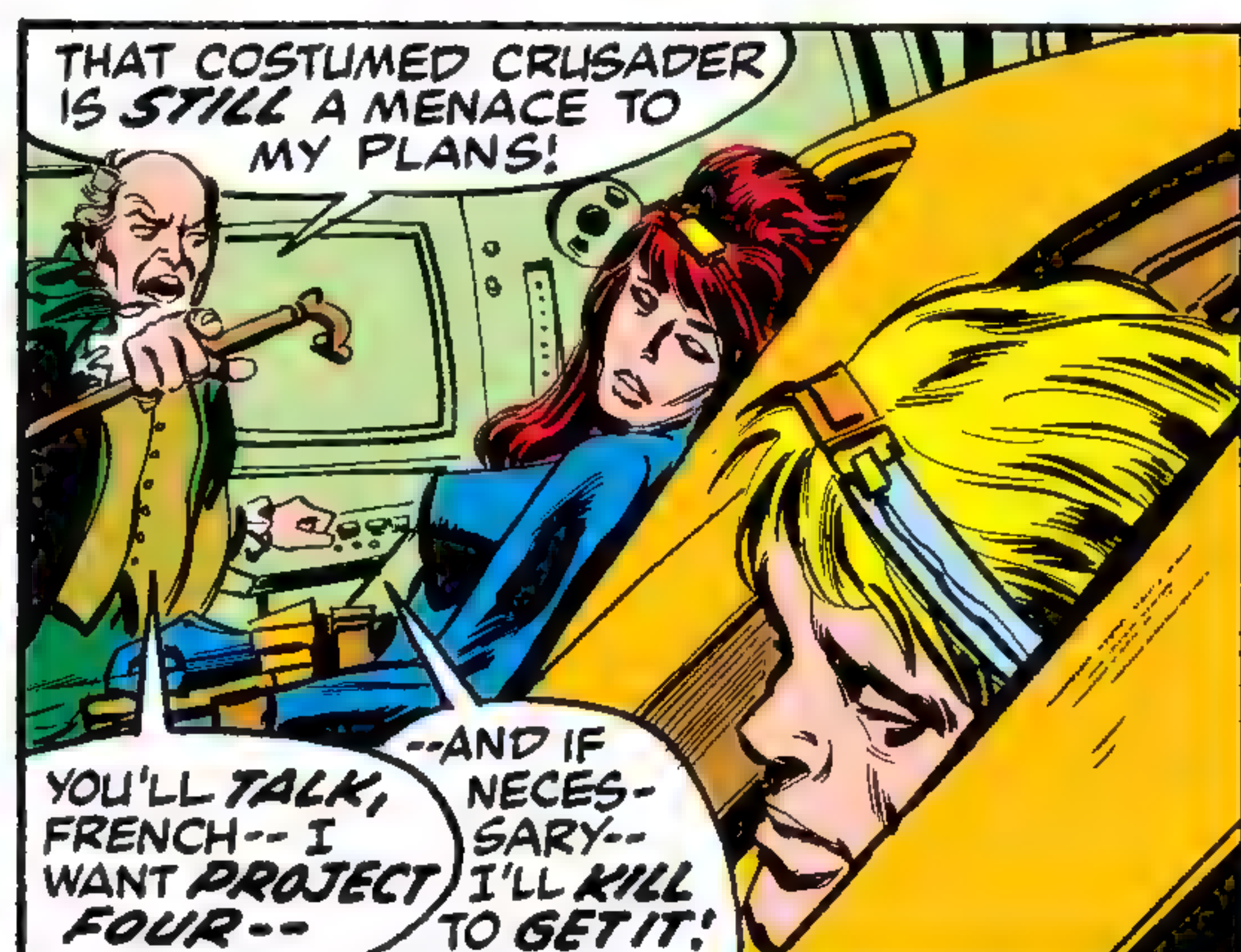
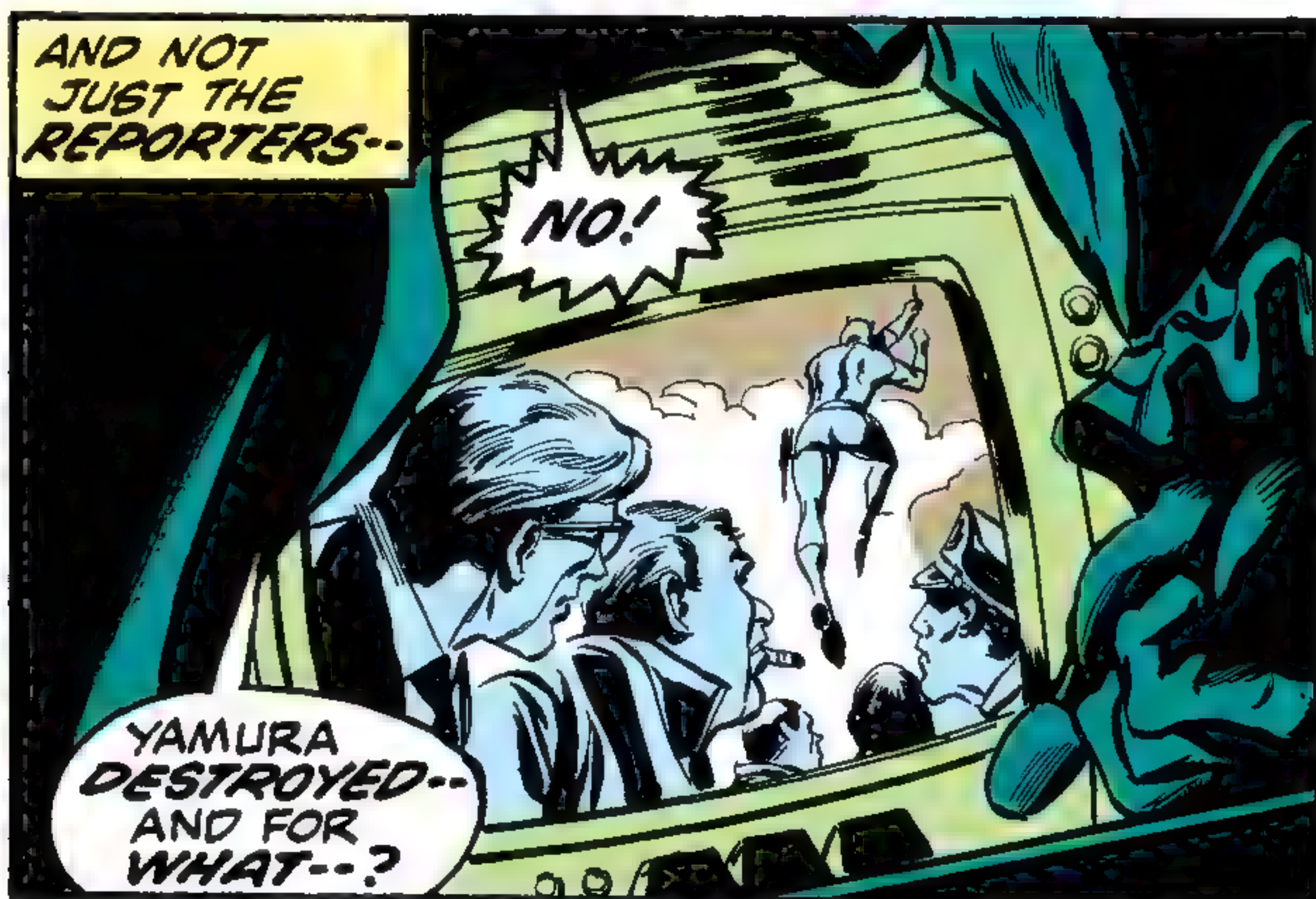
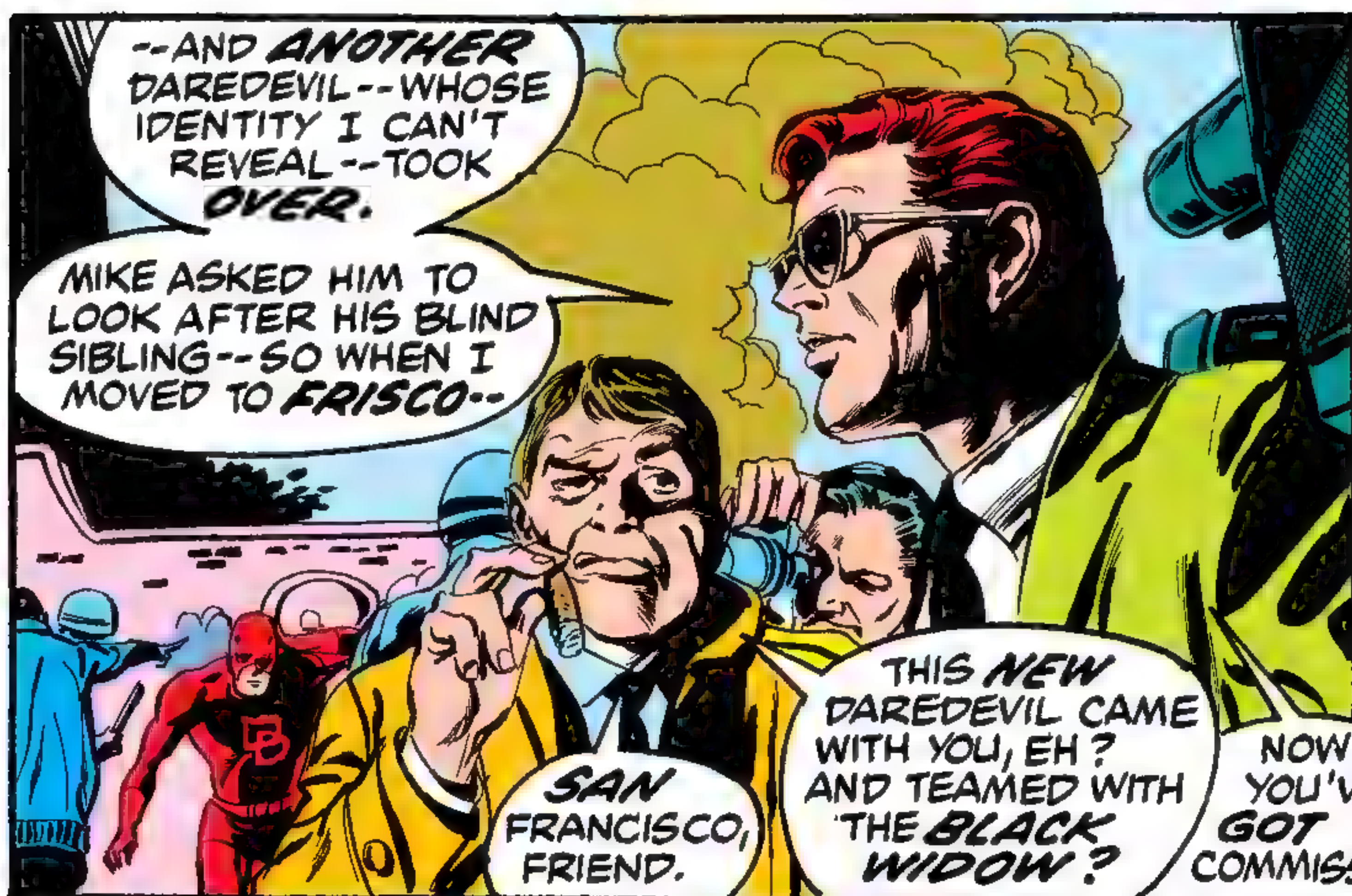
BUNK!



NEWS TRAVELS QUICKLY IN SAN FRANCISCO-- ESPECIALLY WHEN REPORTED BY CURIOUS NEIGHBORS--AND THE FIRST MOMENTS OF DAREDEVIL'S BATTLE HAVE NOT EVEN PASSED BEFORE--

EEEEEE





DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

20¢

93
NOV
02459

DAREDEVIL[®]

AND THE

BLACK WIDOW

THAT WOULD-
BE KILLER IS
DOWN--BENEATH
TONS OF
RUBBLE!

GUESS
THAT'S
THE *LAST*
WE'LL SEE
OF *HIM!*

DON'T LOOK NOW, DD--BUT THAT "WOULD-BE KILLER" IS ALSO KNOWN AS--

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN!

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

SOFT WINDS OFF THE SEA: A BREEZE JUST THE SLIGHTEST BIT COOL FOR THIS WARM AUGUST EVENING, CARRYING, PERHAPS, A HINT OF COMING RAIN--

--CARRYING OTHER THINGS AS WELL--SUCH AS TWO ARCING FIGURES, ONE STALKING--THE OTHER, STALKED--

--CARRYING THEM BOTH--UNTIL A WIRE IS RELEASED--A BODY FALLS--

STARLITE
ROOF

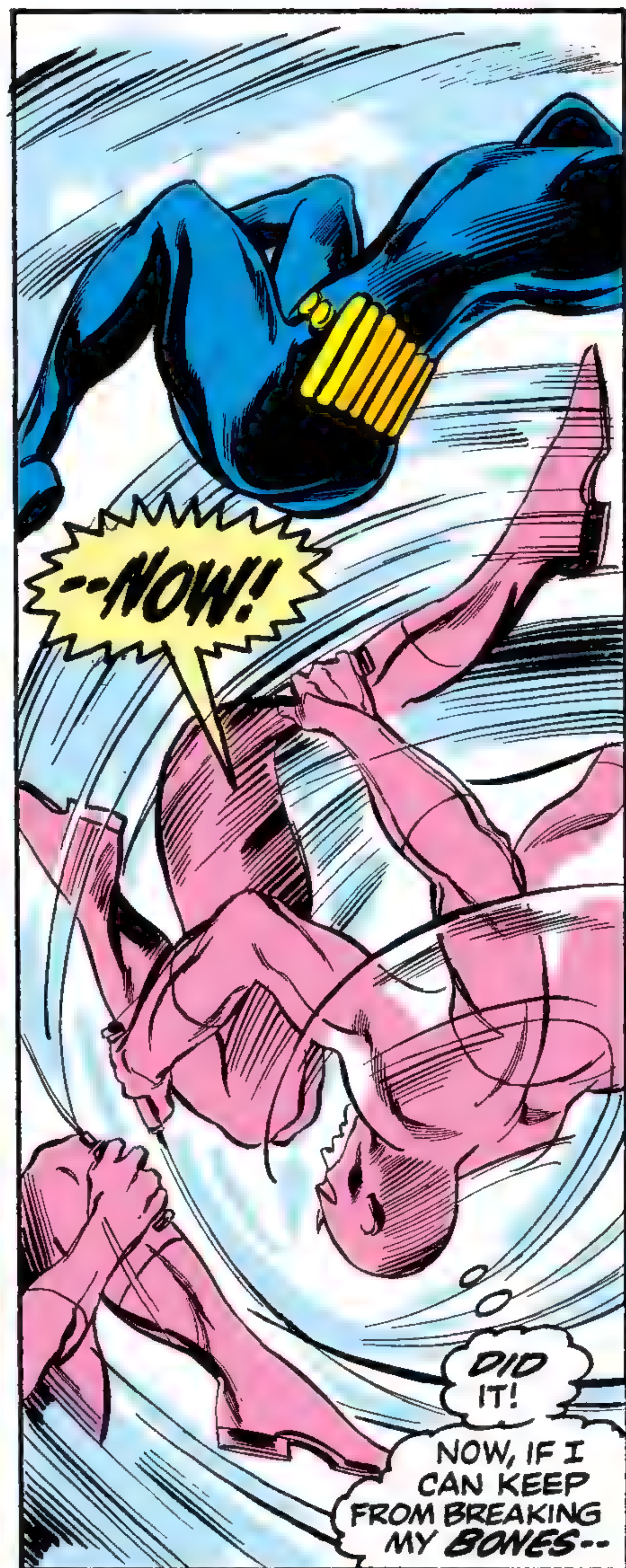
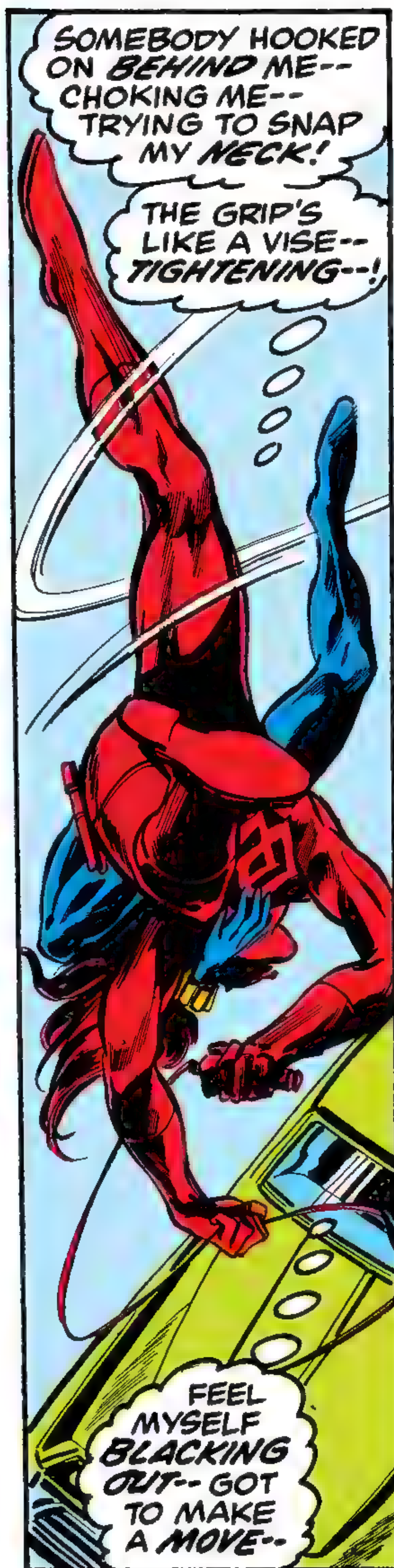
--AND
A DEADLY
BATTLE
BEGINS!

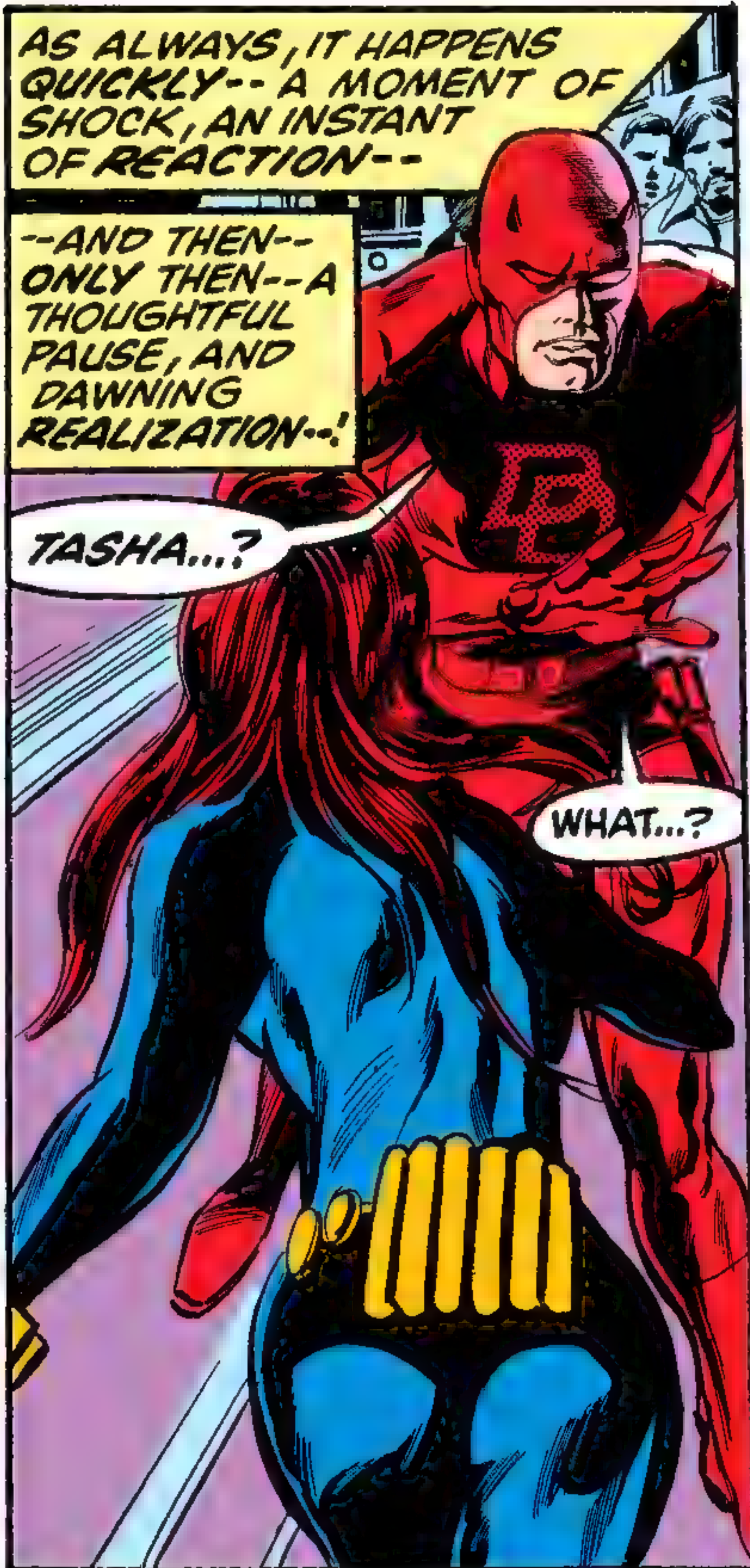
A POWER
CORRUPT!

STAN
LEE
PRESENTS:

GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER
GENE COLAN, ARTIST

TOM PALMER, INKER
JOHN COSTANZA, LETTERER
ROY THOMAS, EDITOR





AS ALWAYS, IT HAPPENS QUICKLY-- A MOMENT OF SHOCK, AN INSTANT OF REACTION--

--AND THEN-- ONLY THEN-- A THOUGHTFUL PAUSE, AND DAWNING REALIZATION--!

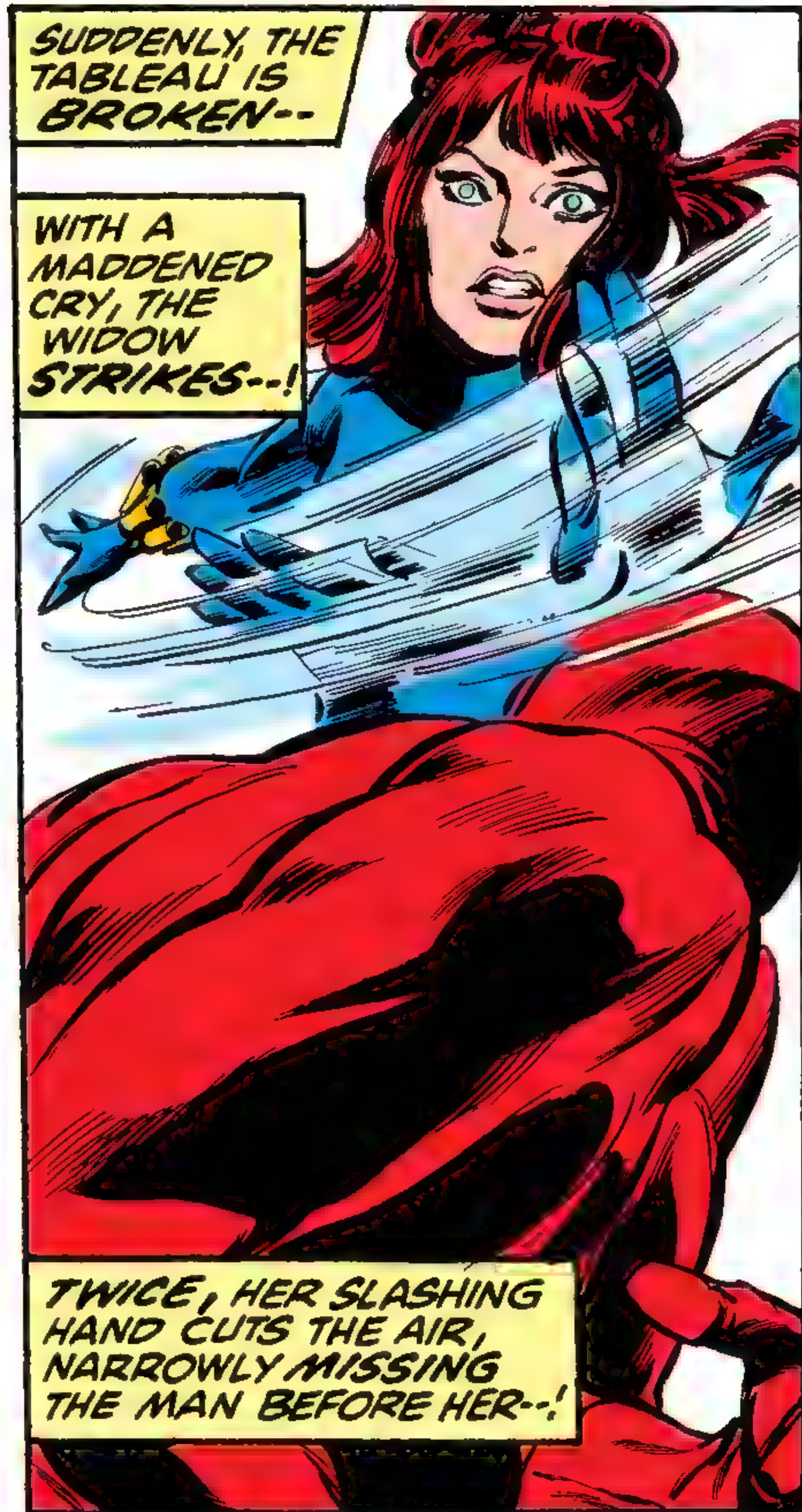
TASHA...?

WHAT...?



THERE'S NO ANSWER. IN THE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWS, THE MAN KNOWN AS DAREDEVIL GROWS UNNATURALLY GRIM--

HIS JAW FIRMS-- AND IF HIS SIGHT-LESS EYES COULD BE SEEN, AN OBSERVER WOULD FIND THEM COLD-- AND HARD--!



SUDDENLY, THE TABLEAU IS BROKEN--

WITH A MADDENED CRY, THE WIDOW STRIKES--!

TWICE, HER SLASHING HAND CUTS THE AIR, NARROWLY MISSING THE MAN BEFORE HER--!



TWICE, HE TWISTS ASIDE--

--UNTIL FINALLY, MUSCLES RIPPLING LITHELY UNDER A SKINTIGHT COSTUME--



--HE MOVES--

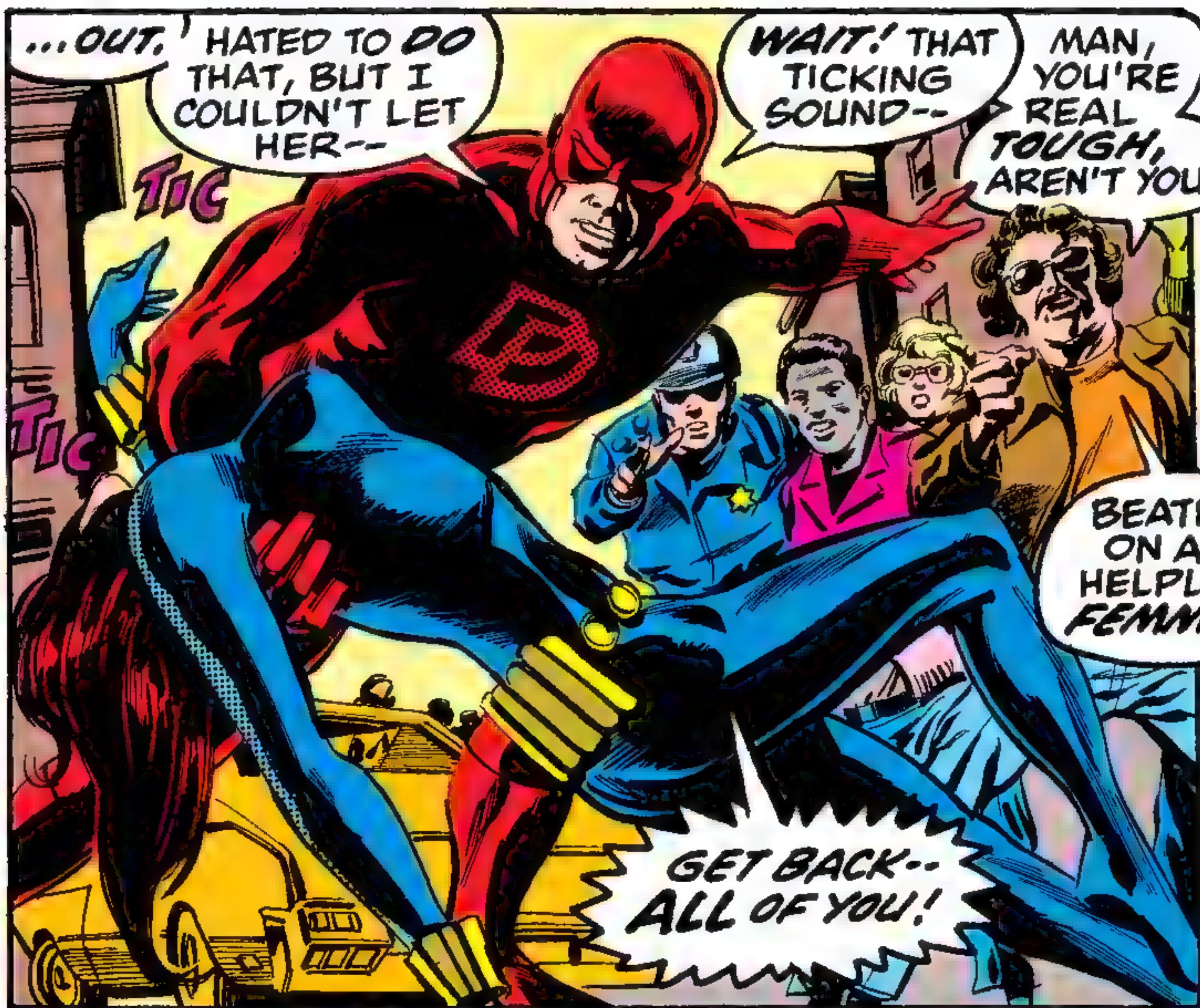
--HESITATING ONCE TO CHECK FEMINE FEATURES, ASSURING HIMSELF COMPLETELY OF HIS ATTACKER'S IDENTITY--



--AND THEN HESITATING-- NO MORE!

SORRY, NATASHA... LATER, WE'LL HAVE A LONG TALK...

...BUT FOR NOW...



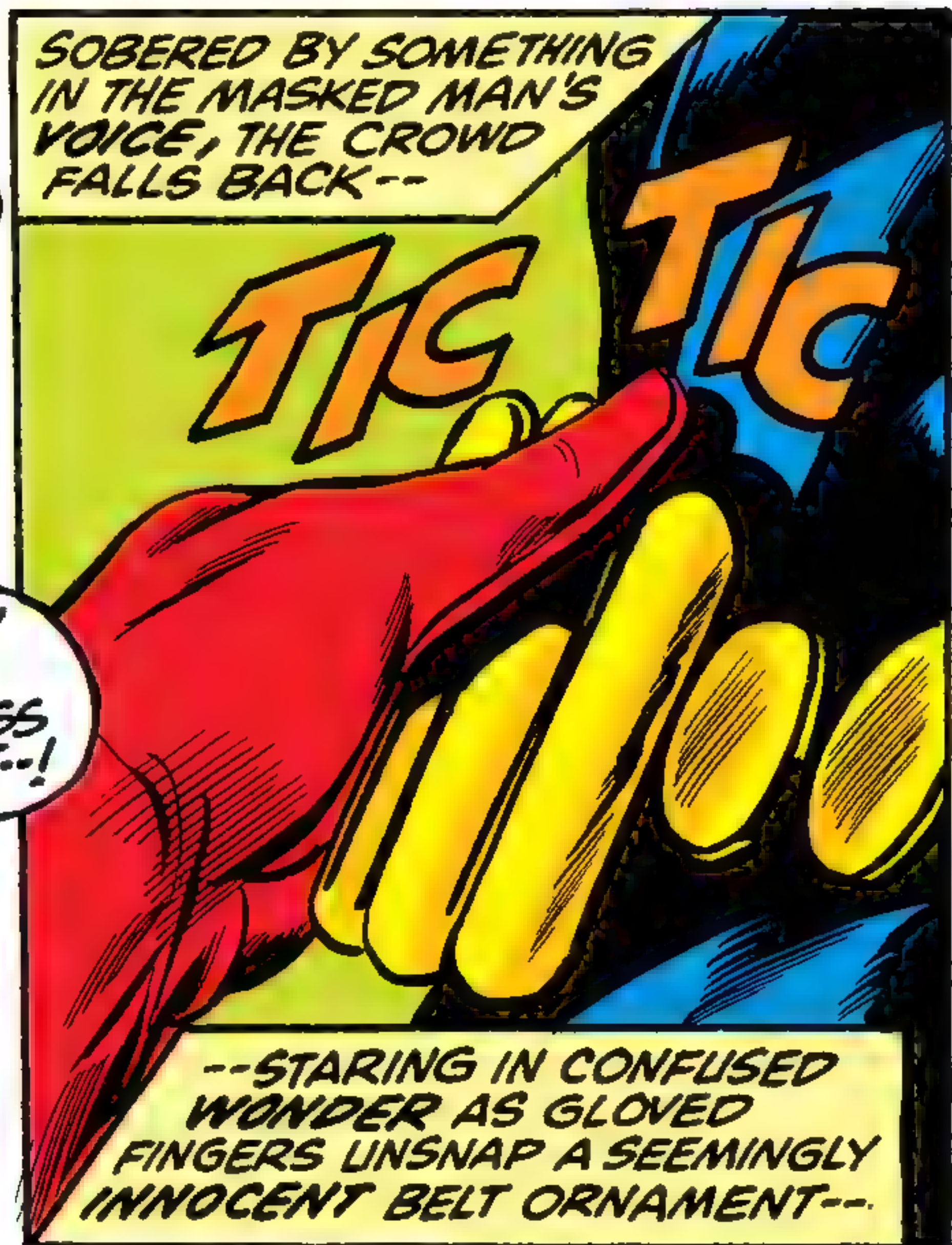
...OUT, I HATED TO DO THAT, BUT I COULDN'T LET HER--

WAIT! THAT TICKING SOUND--

MAN, YOU'RE REAL TOUGH, AREN'T YOU?

BEATIN' ON A HELPLESS FEMME--!

GET BACK-- ALL OF YOU!



SOBERED BY SOMETHING IN THE MASKED MAN'S VOICE, THE CROWD FALLS BACK--

--STARING IN CONFUSED WONDER AS GLOVED FINGERS UNSNAP A SEEMINGLY INNOCENT BELT ORNAMENT--



--AND WITH ONE TREMENDOUS HEAVE--

--HURL THAT ORNAMENT HIGH INTO THE DUSK-DARKENED SKY!



IN THE ENSUING CONFUSION, TWO SHADOWS VANISH--

--AND BECOME ONE WITH THE TWILIGHT DARKNESS.



SOON, ON THE NORTH SHORE...

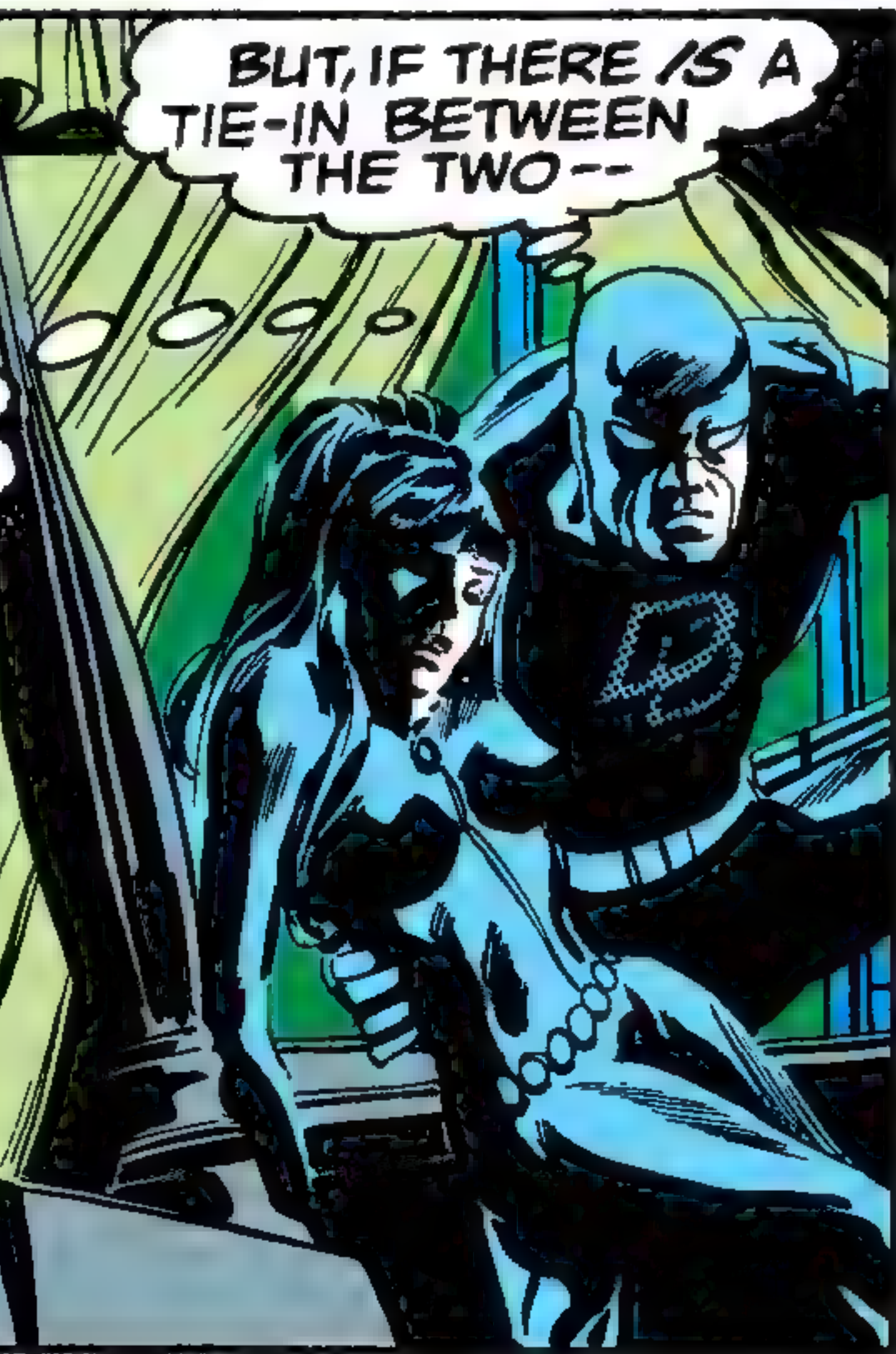
I WONDER... COULD THERE BE A CONNECTION BETWEEN WHAT HAPPENED HERE YESTERDAY...

...AND TASHA'S ATTACKING ME TODAY?

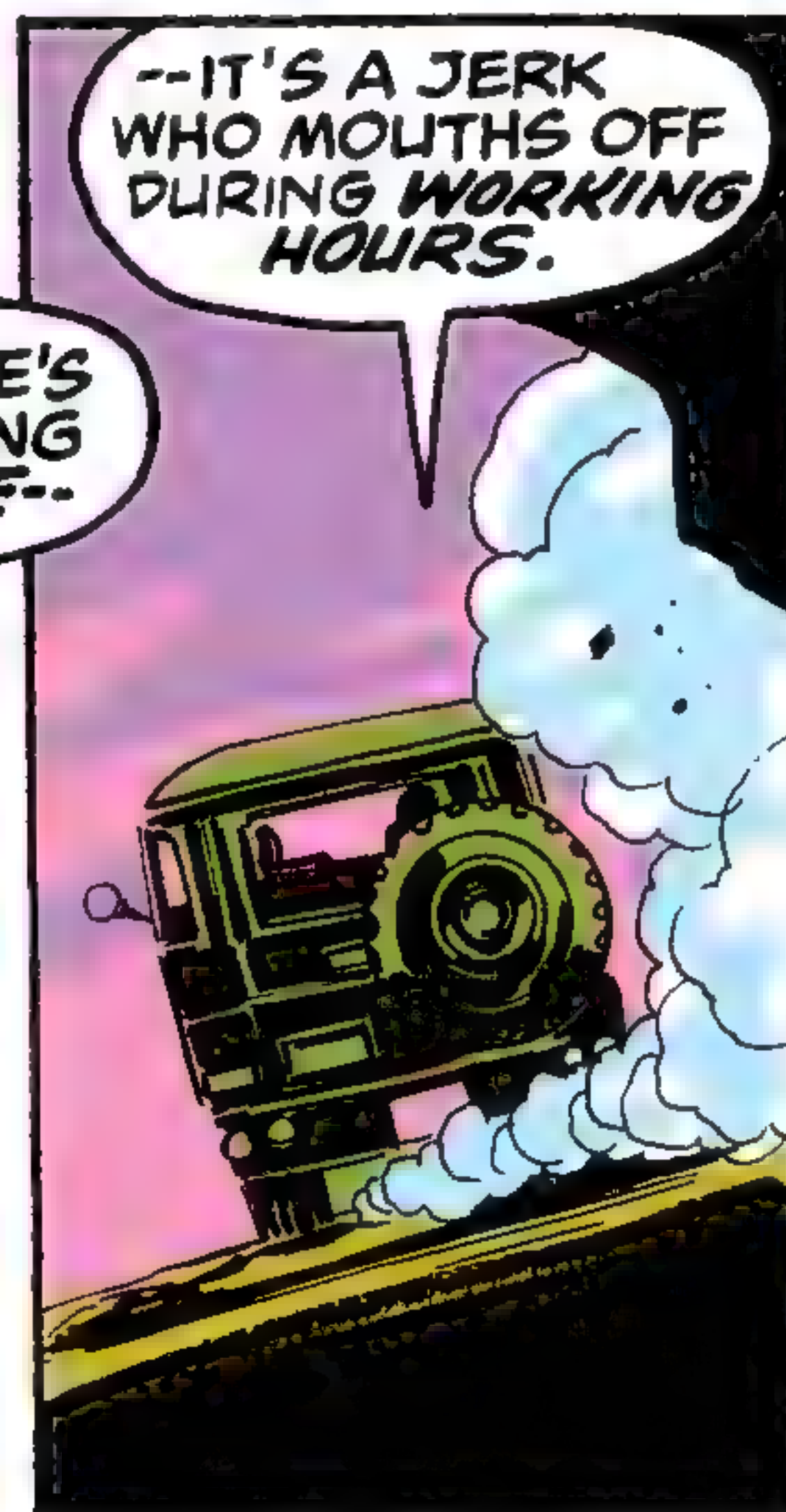
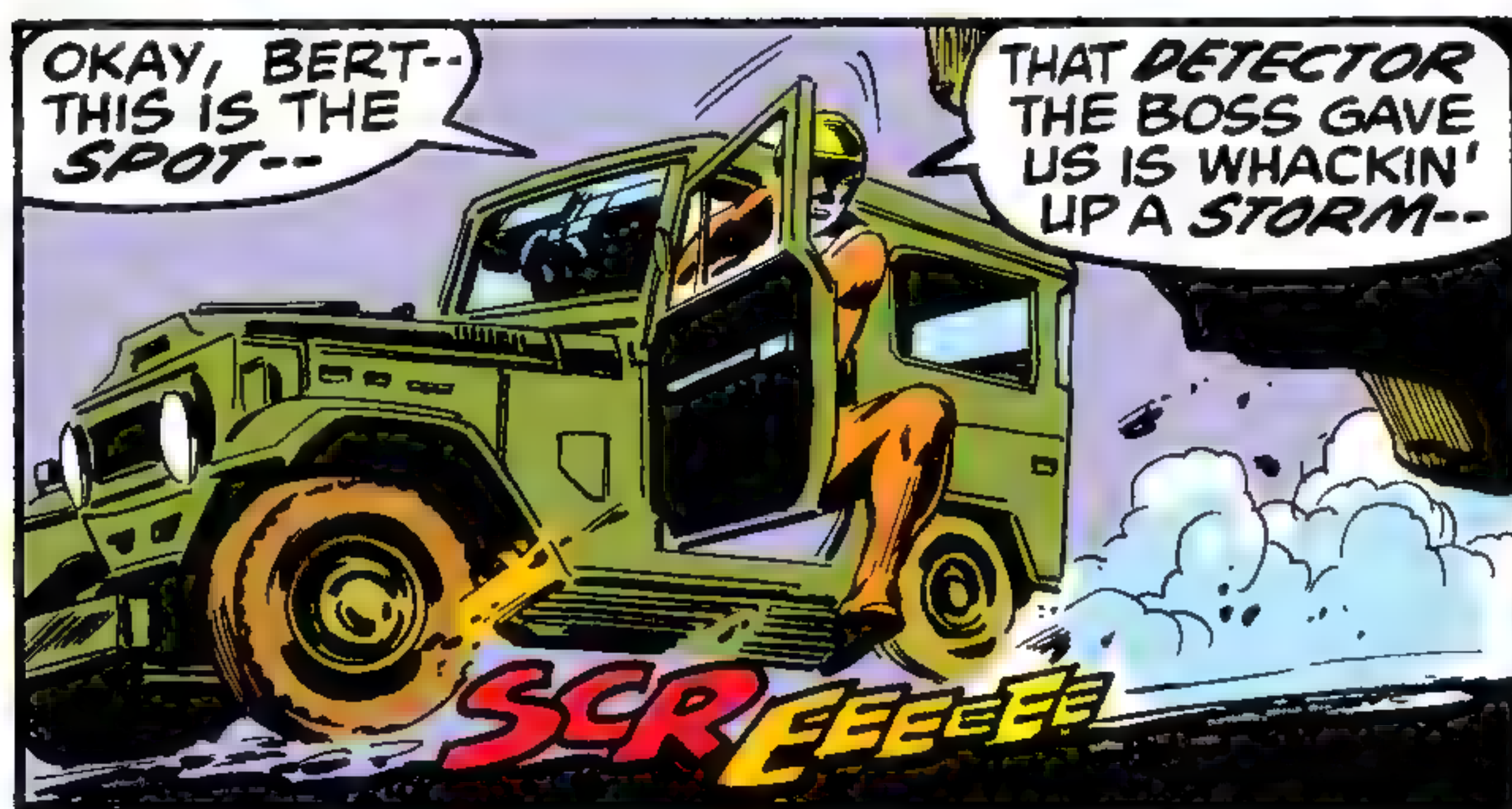
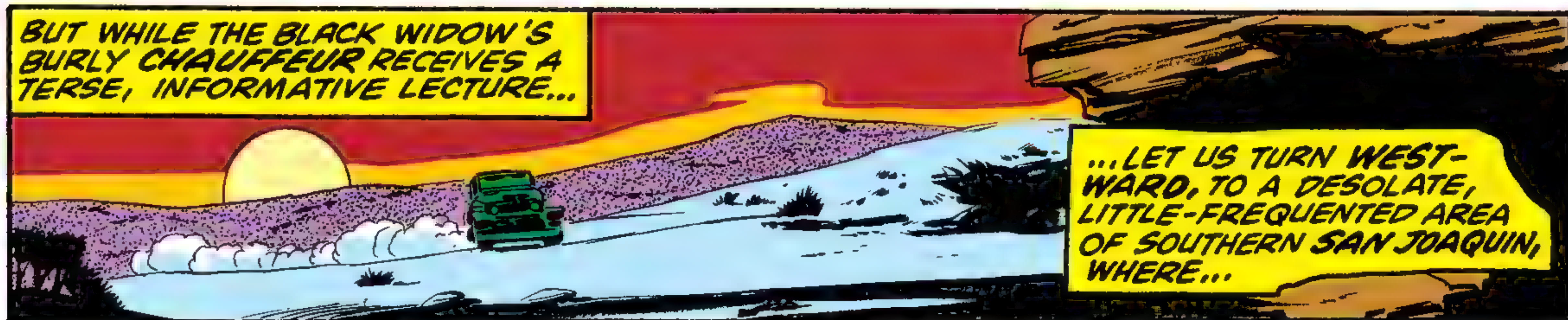
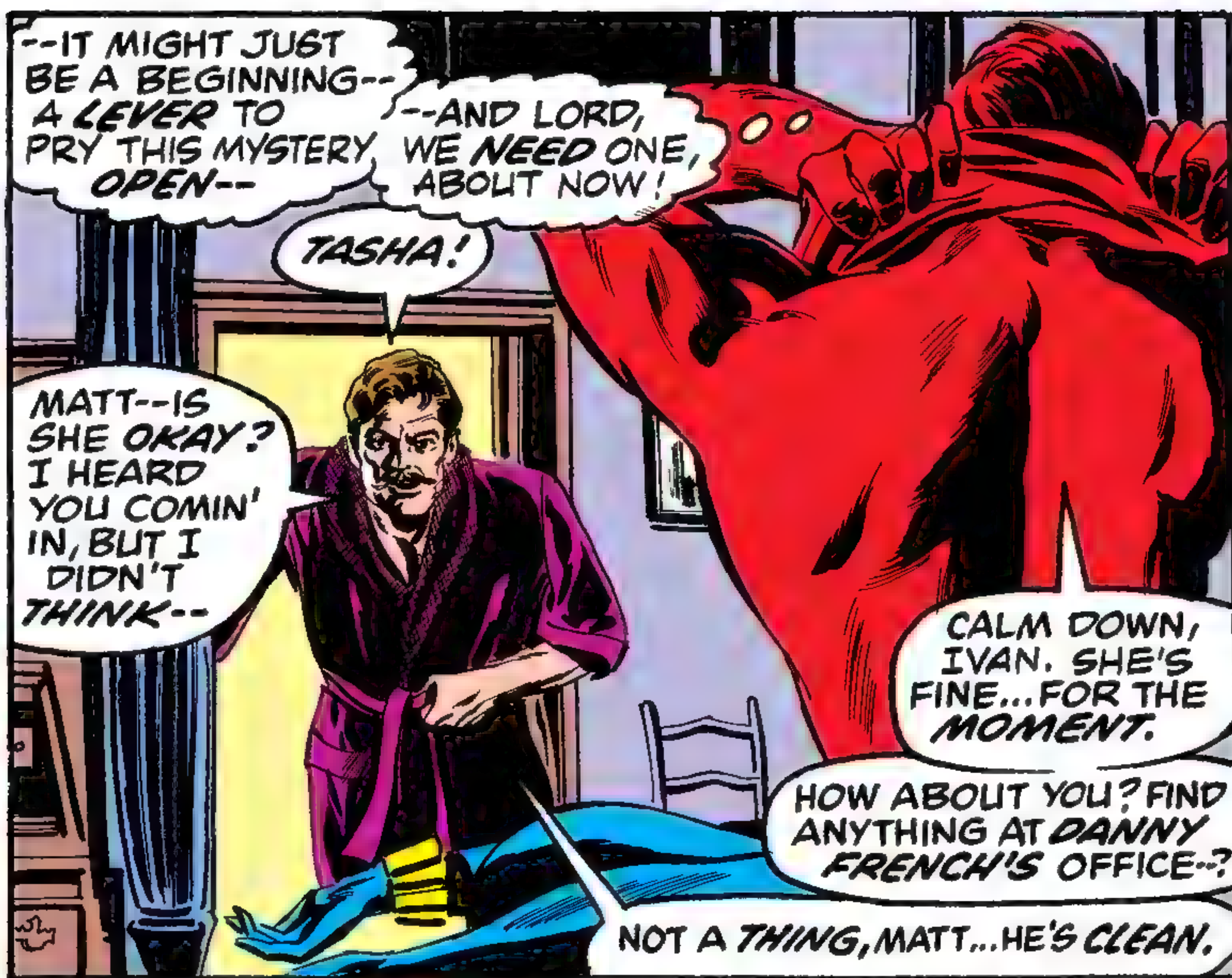


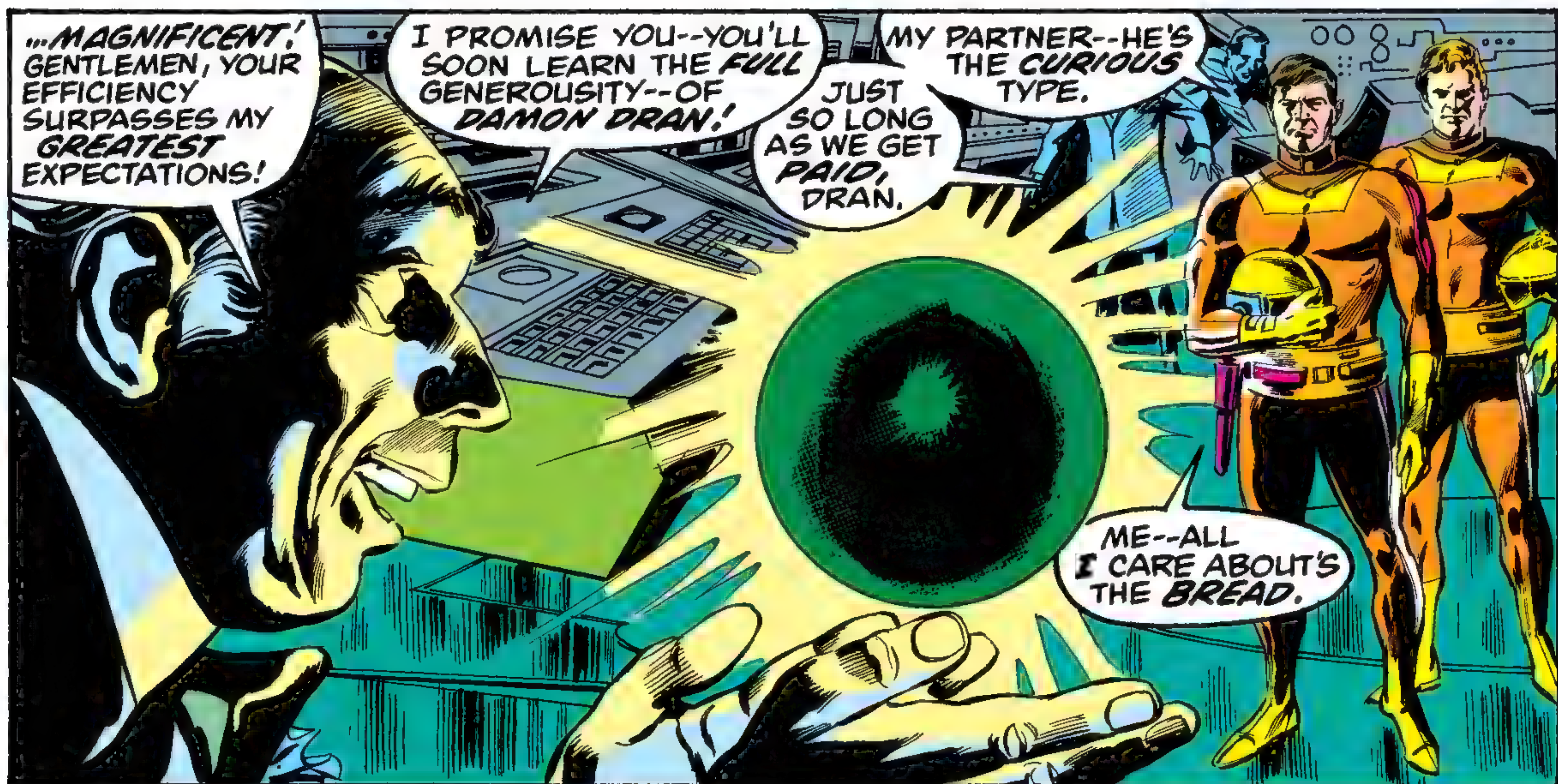
AFTER ALL, I STILL DON'T KNOW WHERE THE GUY CALLED "BLUE TALON" CAME FROM--

--AND WHAT WITH LOOKING FOR NATASHA THESE PAST THIRTY-ODD HOURS, I HAVEN'T MANAGED TO GIVE IT MUCH THOUGHT.



BUT, IF THERE IS A TIE-IN BETWEEN THE TWO--





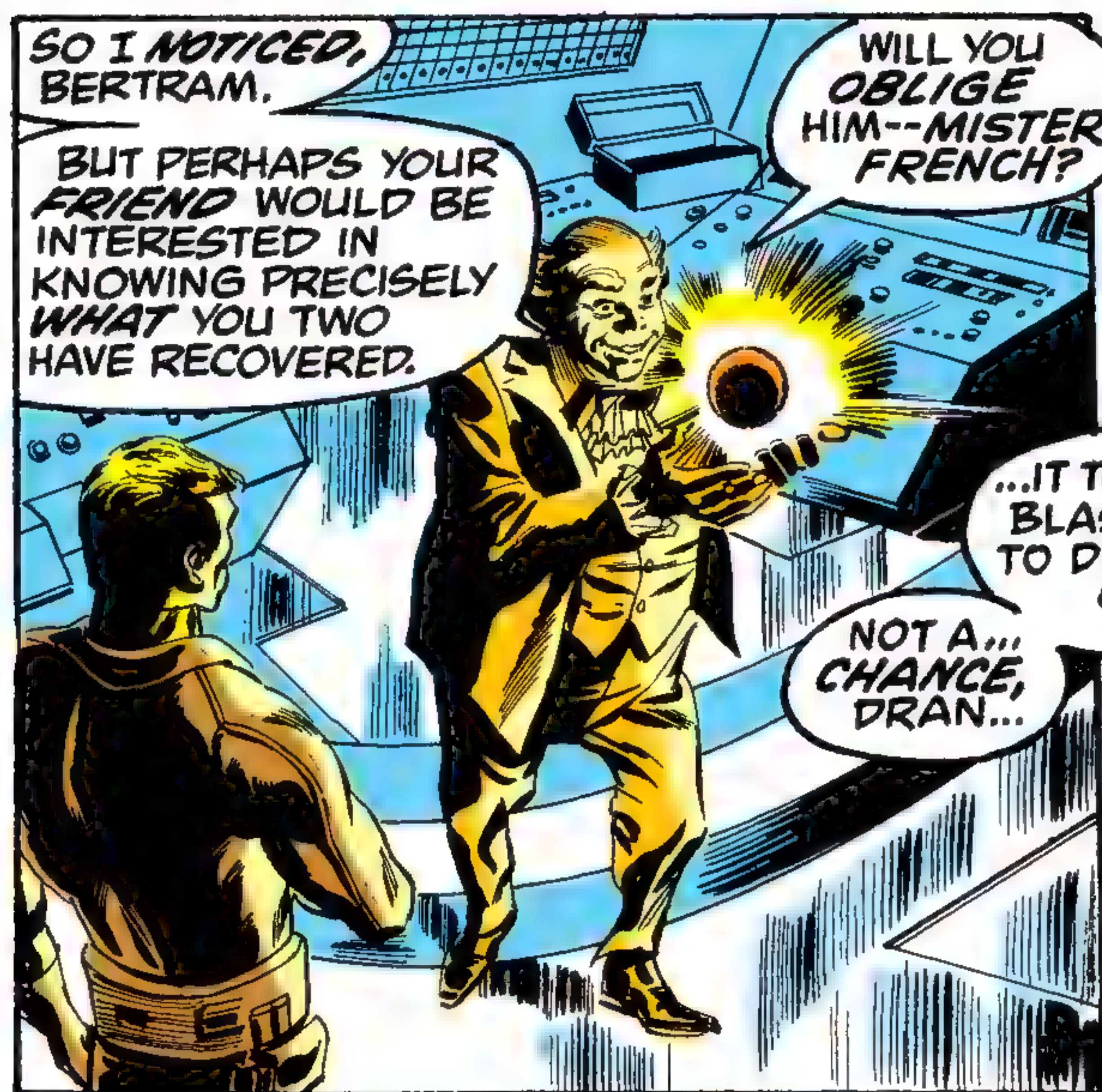
"...MAGNIFICENT! GENTLEMEN, YOUR EFFICIENCY SURPASSES MY GREATEST EXPECTATIONS!"

I PROMISE YOU--YOU'LL SOON LEARN THE FULL GENEROUSITY--OF DAMON DRAN!

MY PARTNER--HE'S THE CURIOUS TYPE.

JUST SO LONG AS WE GET PAID, DRAN.

ME--ALL I CARE ABOUT'S THE BREAD.



SO I NOTICED, BERTRAM.

BUT PERHAPS YOUR FRIEND WOULD BE INTERESTED IN KNOWING PRECISELY WHAT YOU TWO HAVE RECOVERED.

WILL YOU OBLIGE HIM--MISTER FRENCH?

...IT TOOK ALL YOUR BLASTED MACHINES... TO DRAG THE LOCATION OUT OF ME!

NOT A... CHANCE, DRAN...



IF YOU WANT YOUR GOONS TO TO KNOW... YOU TELL 'EM.

YOU'RE NOT TURNING ME... INTO A FAWNING ROBOT--

--LIKE YOU DID... WITH THE BLACK WIDOW!



TUT, TUT, DANIEL... SUCH BITTERNESS.

NEED I REMIND YOU THAT YOURS WAS THE HAND WHICH FIRST STOLE YONDER ENERGY GLOBE--

-- A HAND WHICH DROPPED GAS CYLINDERS INTO A ROOM FILLED WITH HELPLESS SCIENTISTS--

--AND SO DESTROYED PROJECT FOUR?

BLAST YOU-- I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE POISON.

QUITE SO. BUT THE EFFECT REMAINS THE SAME.

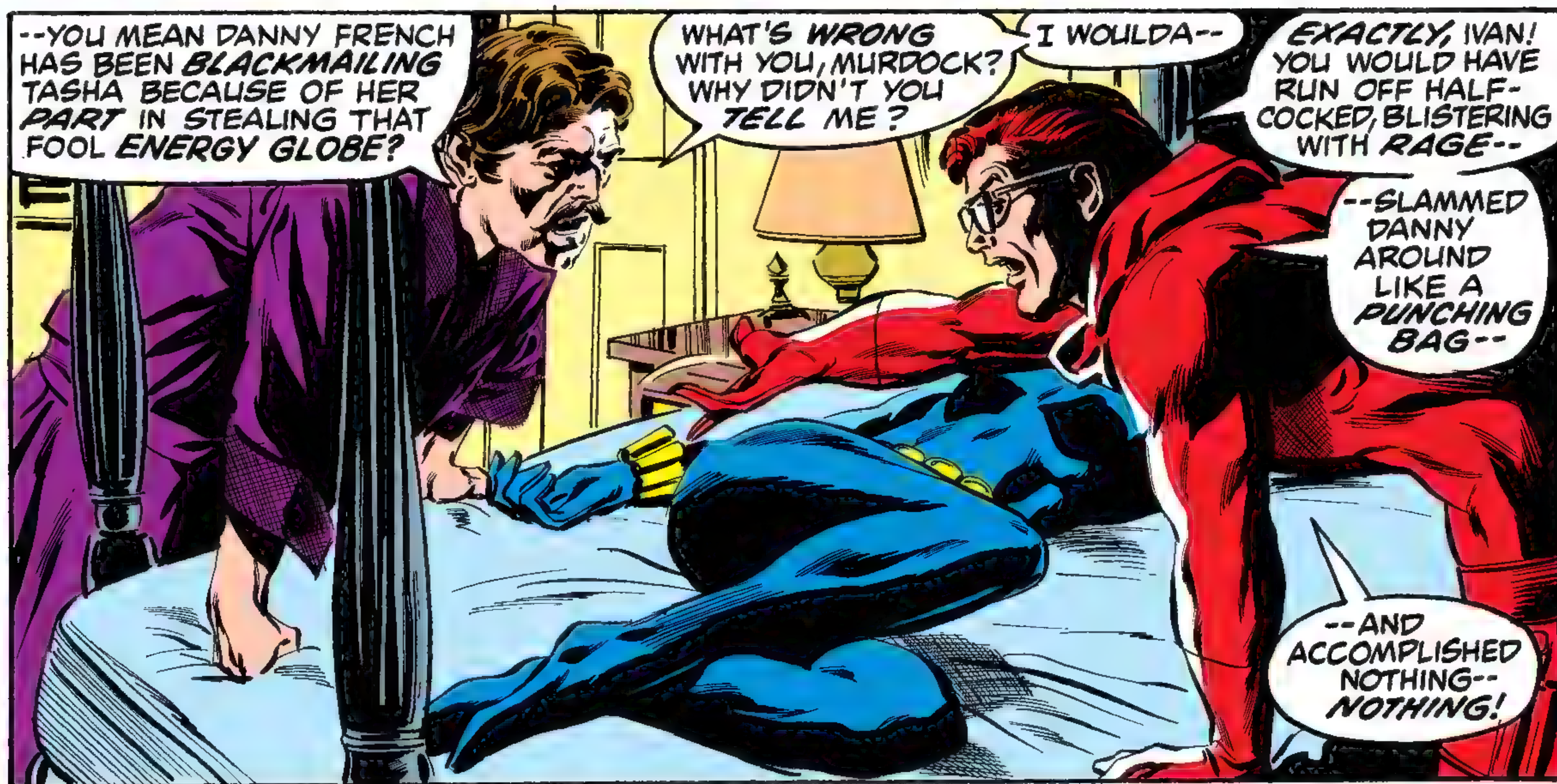
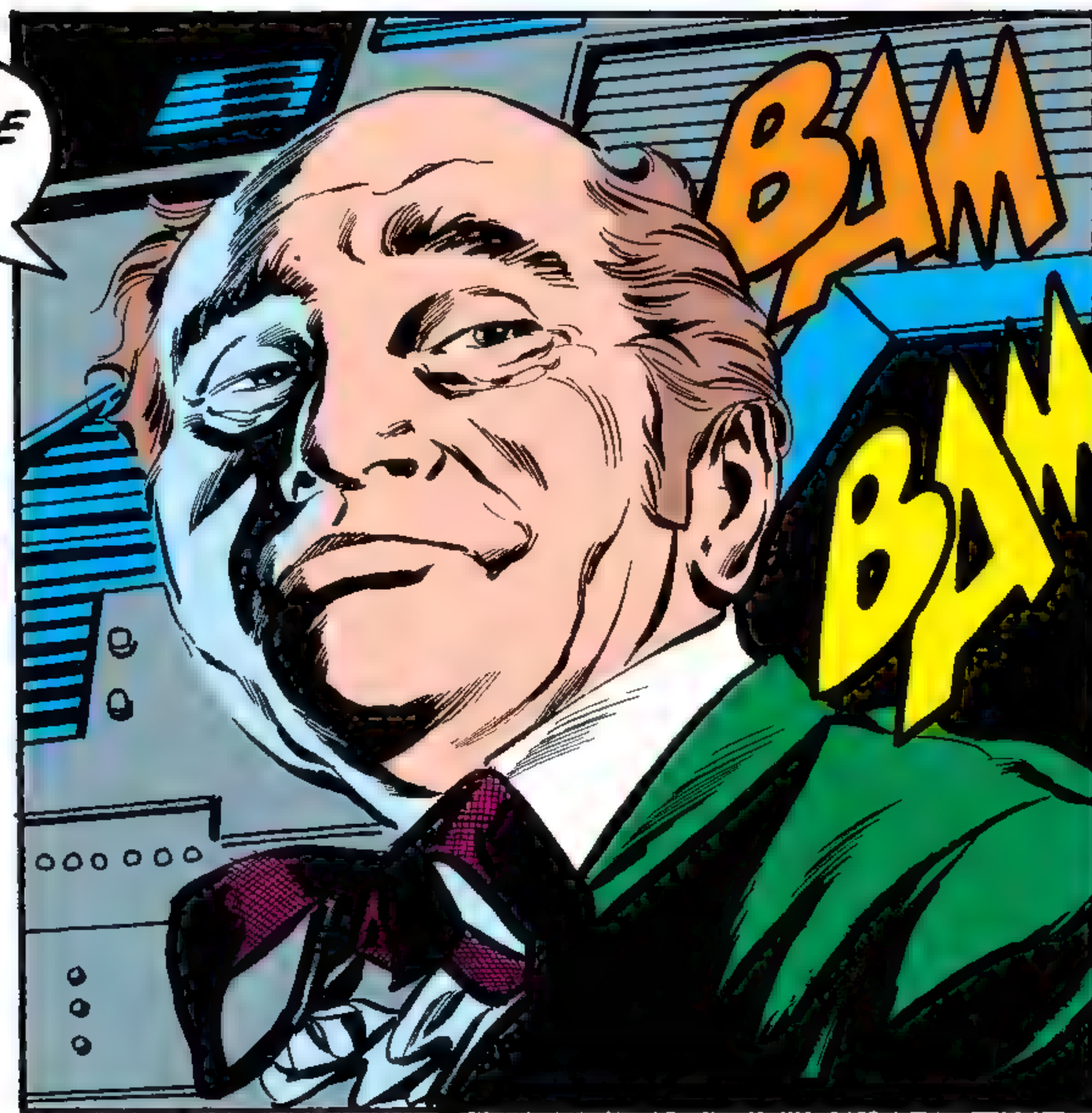
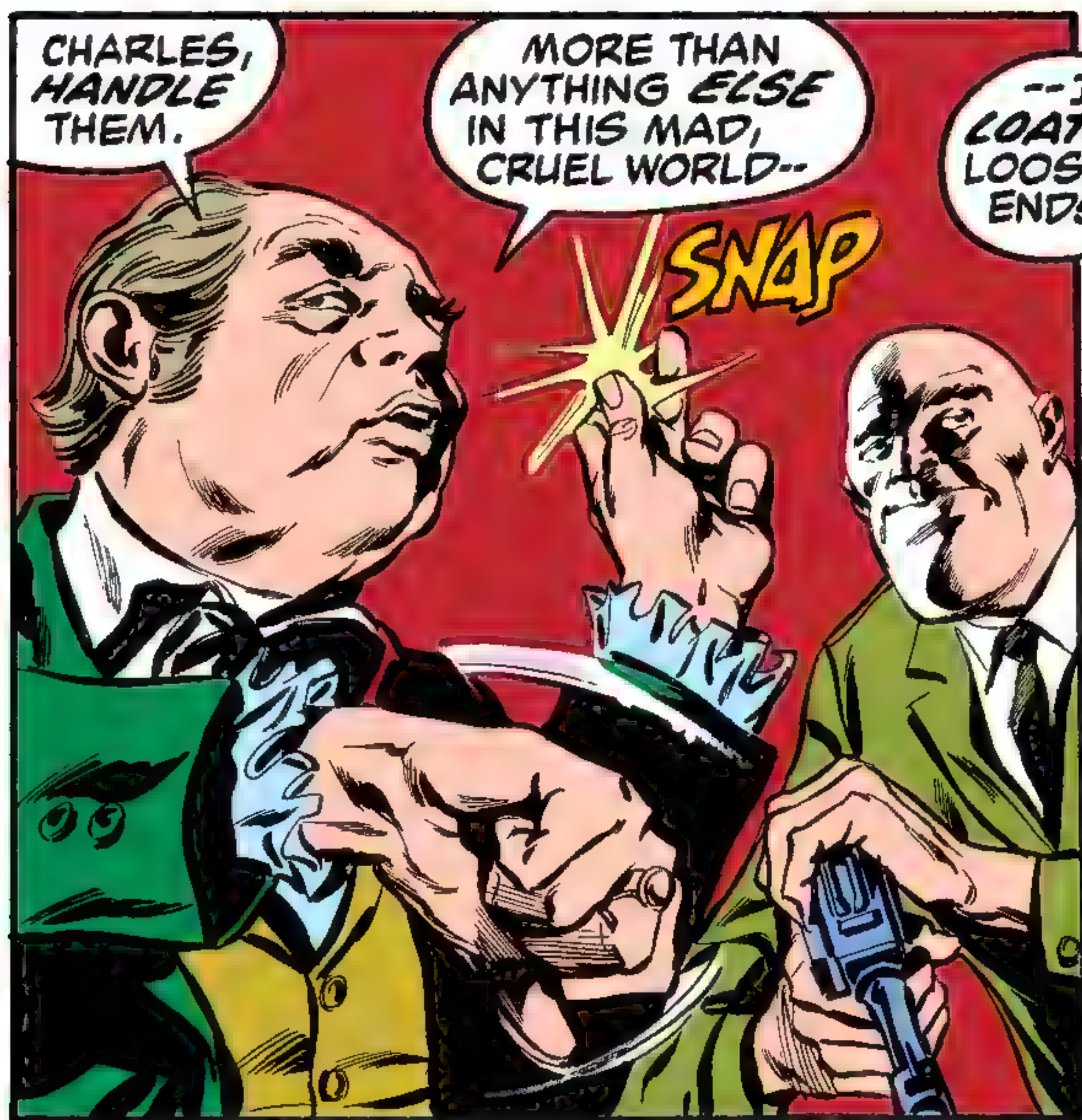
YET, I'M AFRAID I BORE OUR GUESTS--



GENTLEMEN, IF YOU'LL WAIT OUTSIDE...

...I'LL SEE TO YOUR... REWARD.

GREAT,





SLAM!

AT THE SOUND OF THE SLAMMING DOOR, AND THE SUBSEQUENT ECHO OF RECEDING FOOTSTEPS, MATT MURDOCK WINCES--AND ALMOST, HE LEANS FORWARD, WAVERING--

BUT NO; PRIDE TAKES PRECEDENCE OVER FRIENDSHIP, AND--

--WHICH MEANS I'M A THREAT TO SOMEONE'S PLANS.

WHOEVER PUT THAT BOMB IN TASHA'S BELT PACK WANTED US BOTH DEAD--



AND EVEN THOUGH THAT'S FLATTERING, IN AN UNNERVING SORT OF WAY--

--IT MAKES ME HIGHLY CURIOUS! AND WHEN MATTHEW'S CURIOUS--

--HE TAKES ALL KINDS OF RISKS--



--EVEN GOING SO FAR AS WAKING A HYPNOTIZED WILDCAT CALLED THE BLACK WIDOW!

NATASHA, I--
UNNNHH!



YOU--
MUST--
DIE!

THE
MASTER--
COMMANDS
IT!



SO NOW
YOU'RE
TALKING,
EH, LADY?

THAK!

YOU KNOW--
I ALMOST
LIKED IT
BETTER
WHEN YOU
WERE PLAYING
DUMB--
AT LEAST THEN I
COULD PRETEND--



--I COULD ALMOST FOOL
MYSELF YOU WEREN'T
THE WOMAN I LOVED--

-- BUT
NOT
NOW--

--WHICH
MAKES WHAT
I'VE GOT TO
DO VERY
DIFFICULT--

-- BUT
FORTUNATELY
FOR US BOTH--
NOT QUITE
IMPOSSIBLE!

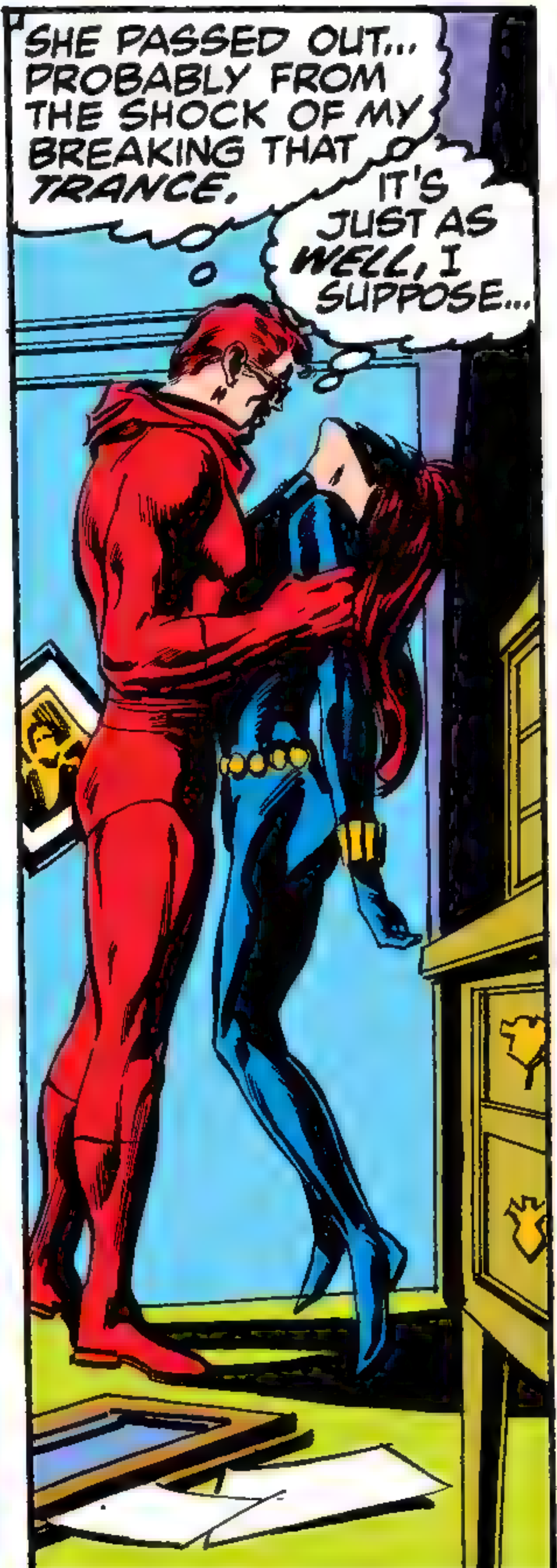
BAK!

STUNNED, THE WIDOW SEEMS TO SHIVER--HER
EYES FLICKER AND FOCUS, AND SOMETHING
ADJUSTS IN THE COLOR OF IRIS--



THEN...
MATT--?

MATT--
I-I'M--
SORRY..!



SHE PASSED OUT...
PROBABLY FROM
THE SHOCK OF MY
BREAKING THAT
TRANCE.

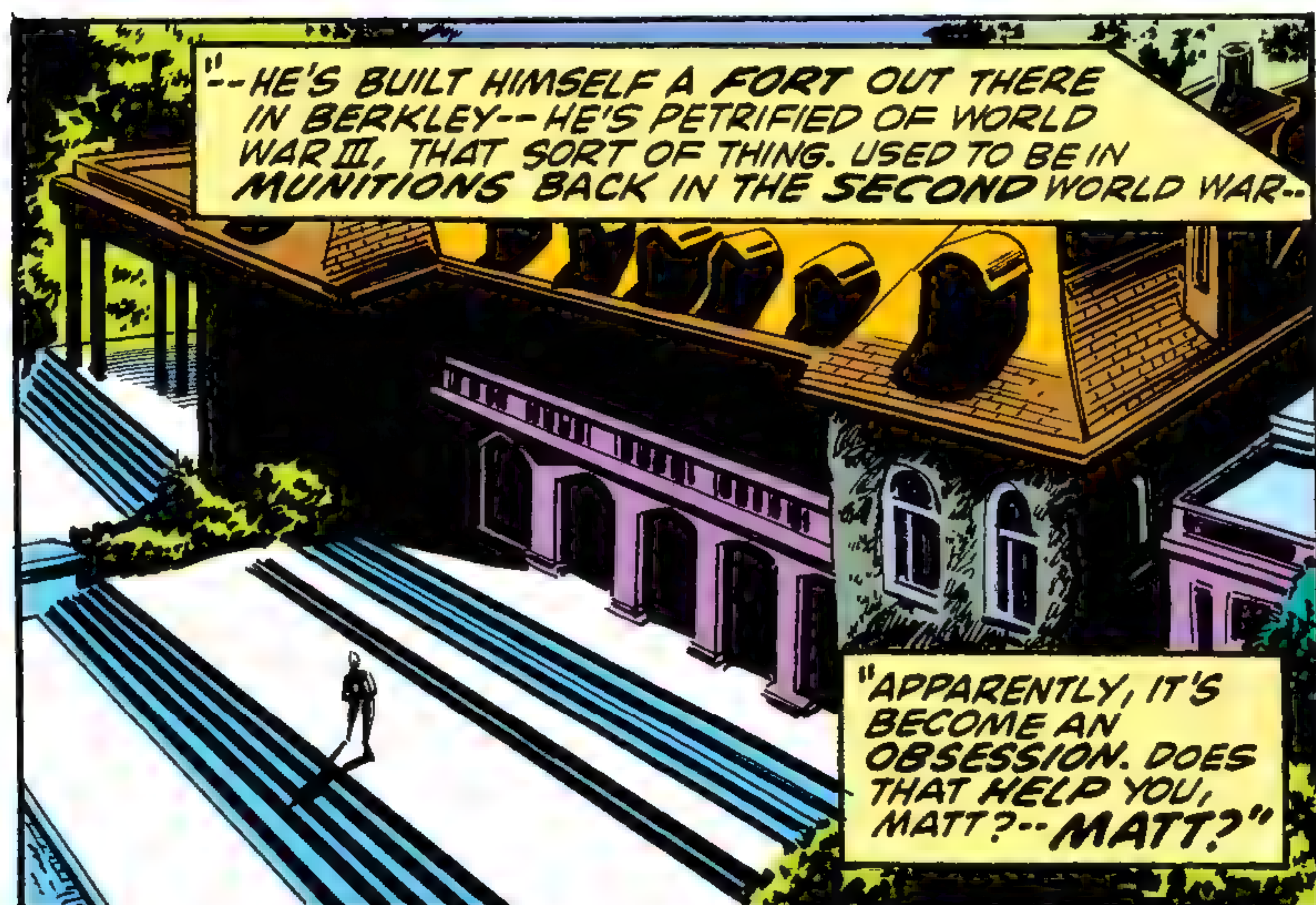
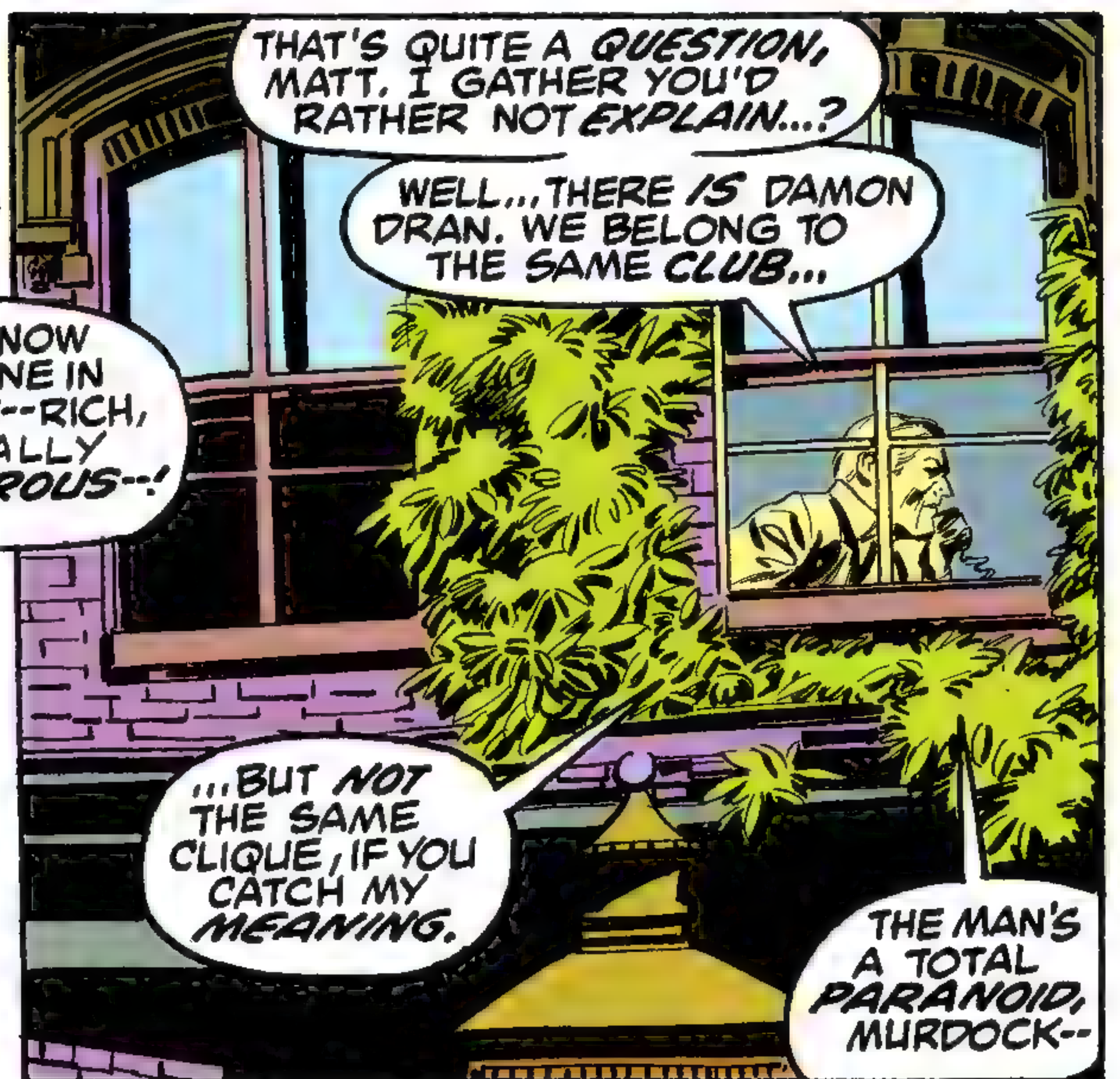
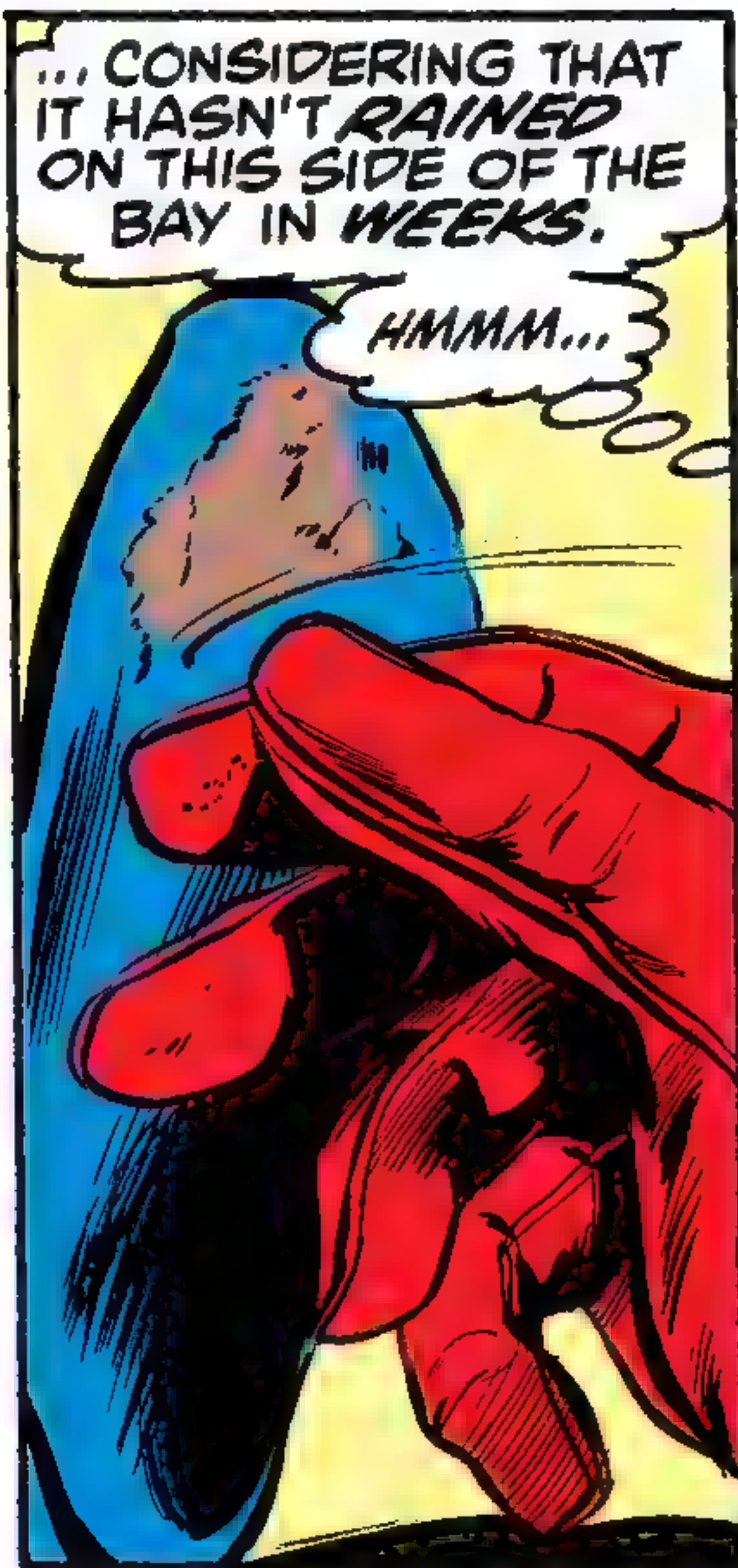
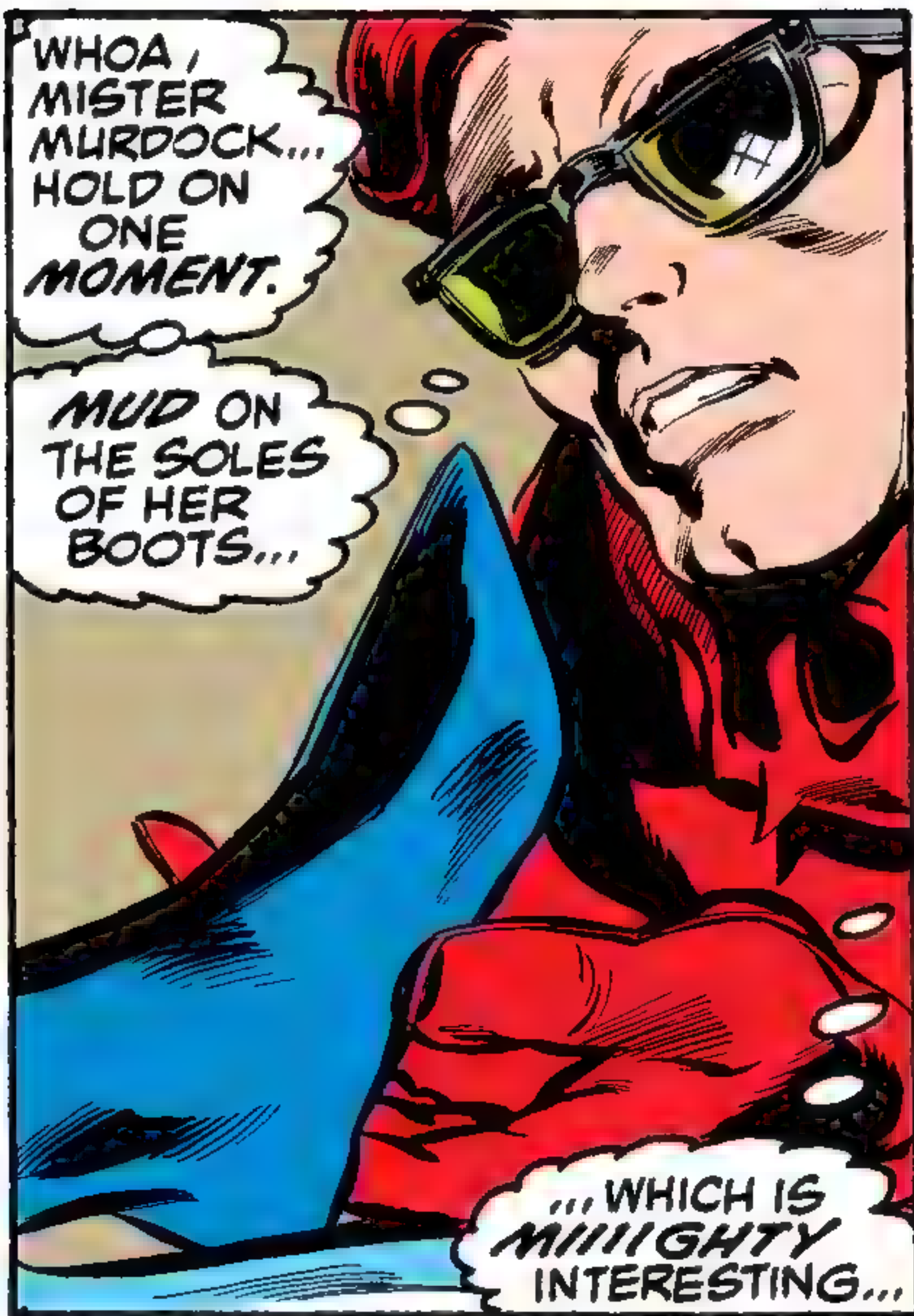
IT'S
JUST AS
WELL, I
SUPPOSE...



MAYBE AFTER
SHE'S RESTED,
SHE'LL FEEL
UP TO
TALKING.

IT CAN
WAIT...

... I
HOPE.



REACTORS ONE
AND TWO... ON!

WE'RE DRAWING QUITE
A BIT OF *POWER*, MISTER
DRAN... I WOULDN'T BE
SURPRISED IF WE BLACK
OUT THE ENTIRE *COAST*.

YOU'RE
NOT PAID TO
SPECULATE,
JOHNSON. JUST
KEEP THIS MON-
STROUSITY
FUNCTIONING...
AND I ASSURE
YOU, I WILL BE
MORE THAN
SATISFIED!

THE SUIT *SEEMS*
TO BE HOLDING UP,
SIR--YET, IT'S HARD
TO BE *SURE*.

--LORD ONLY
KNOWS WHAT
POWER IT
CONCEALS--!

WE HAVEN'T *BEGUN*
TO TAP THE FULL
RESOURCES OF THE
GLOBE--

QUIET,
MAC ELROY--
WE'LL SOON
DISCOVER THE
LIMITS OF THAT
POWER--

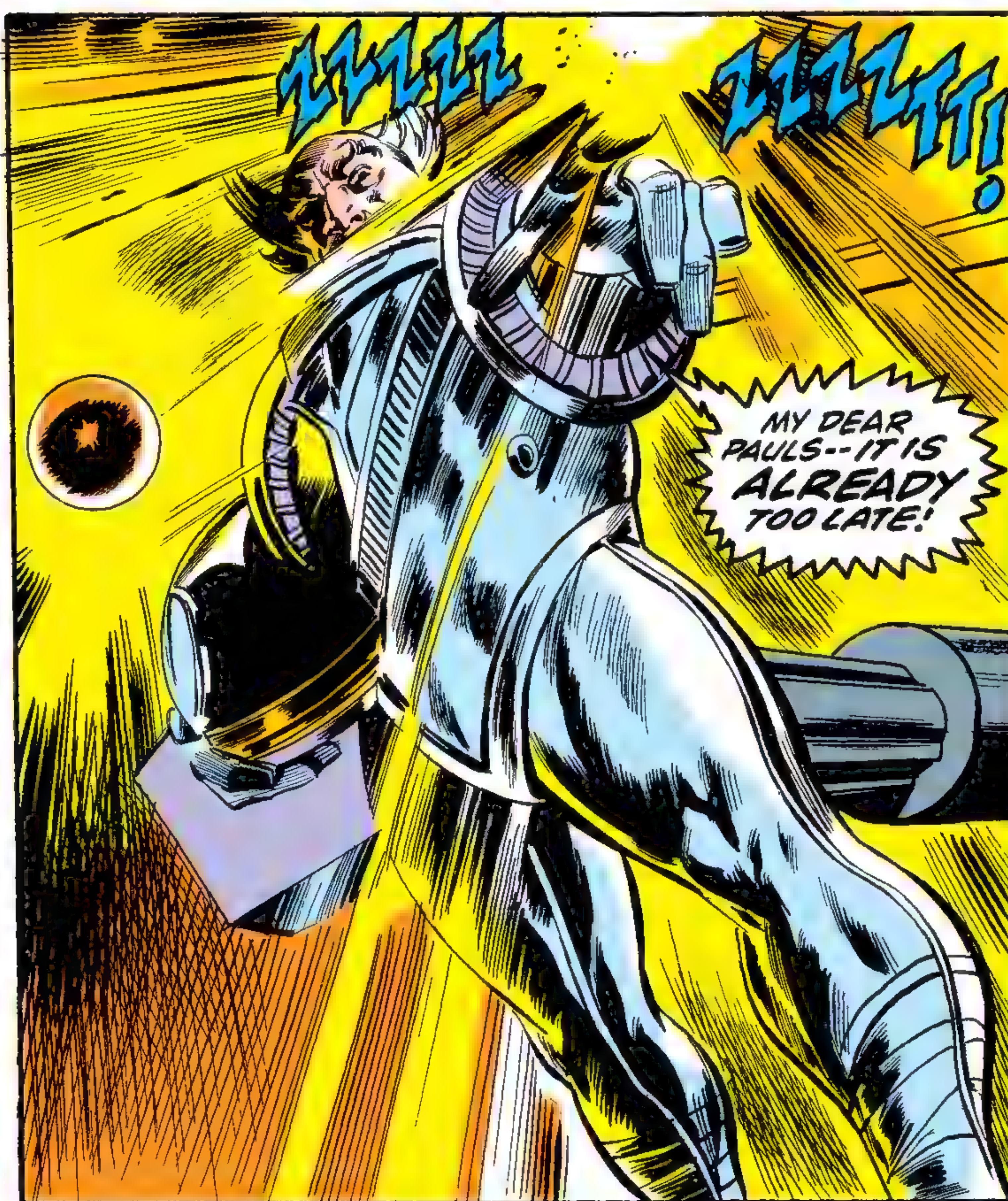
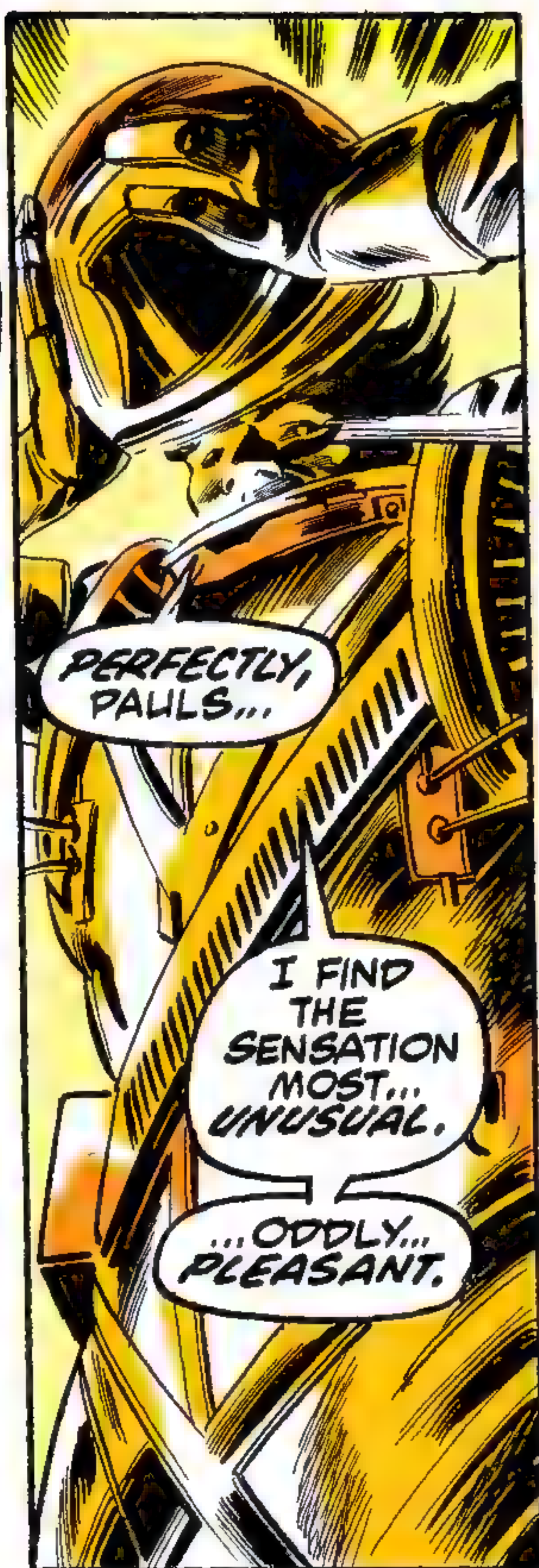
--THAT IS,
IF MISTER
DRAN REMAINS
FIRM IN HIS
RESOLVE TO
PROCEED--!

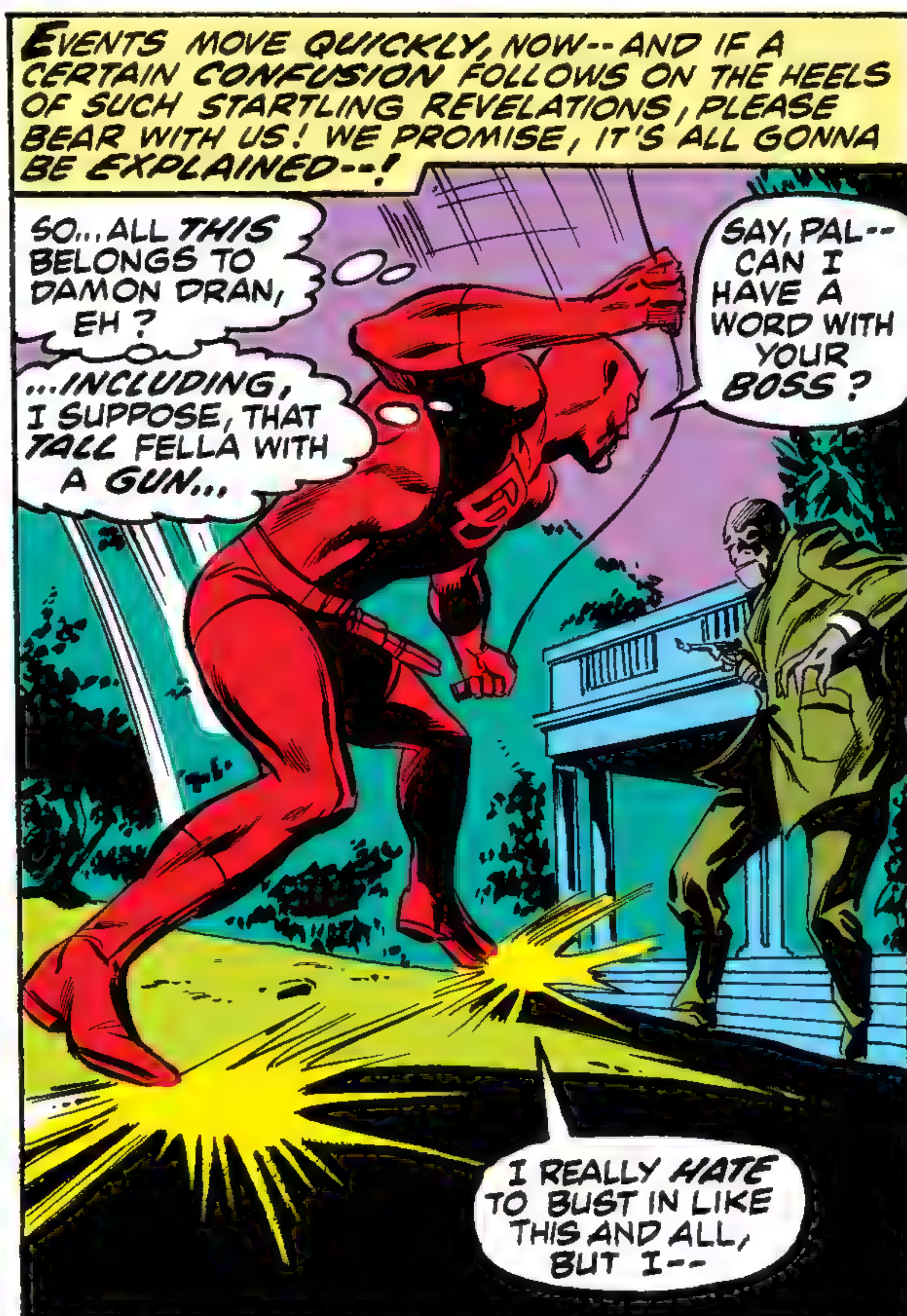
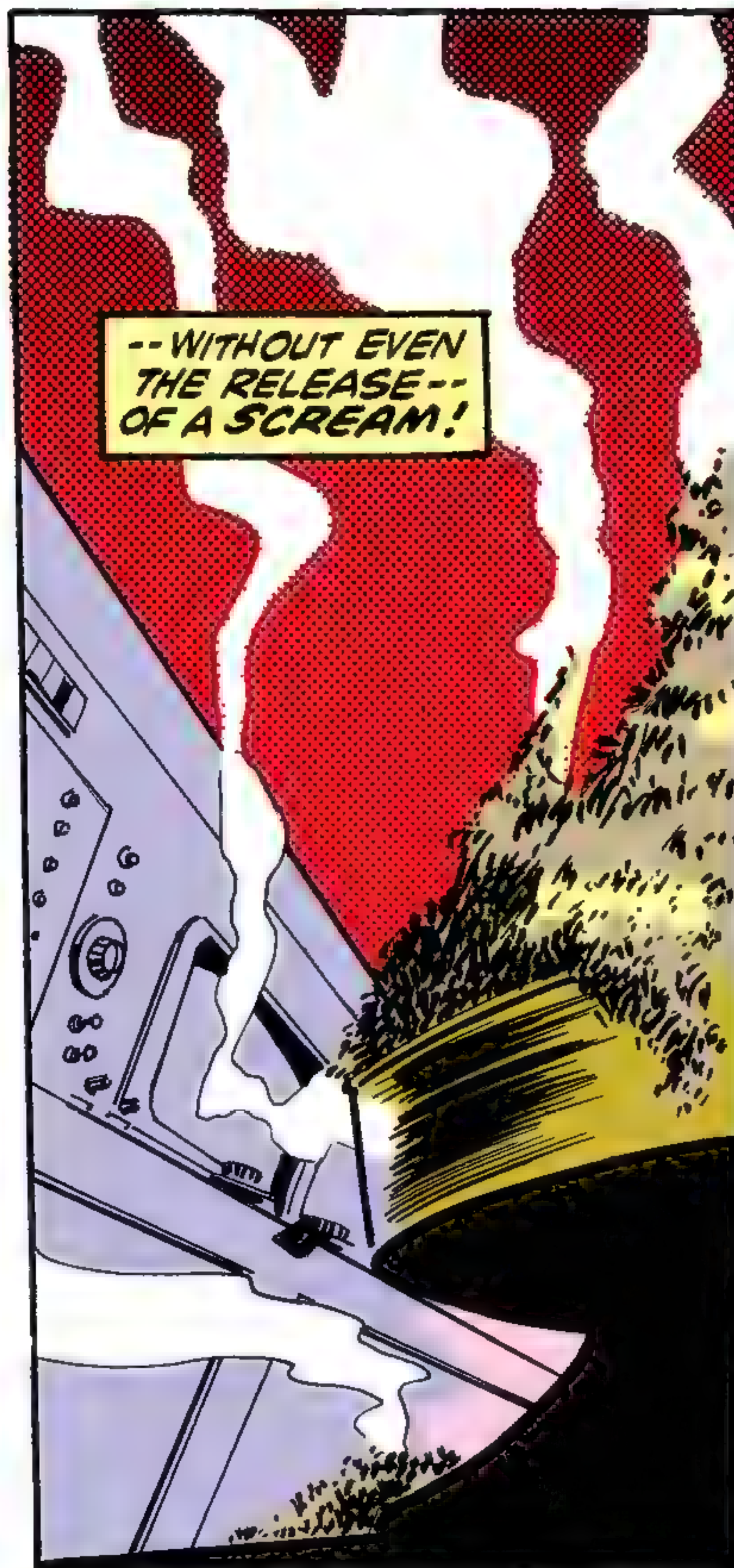
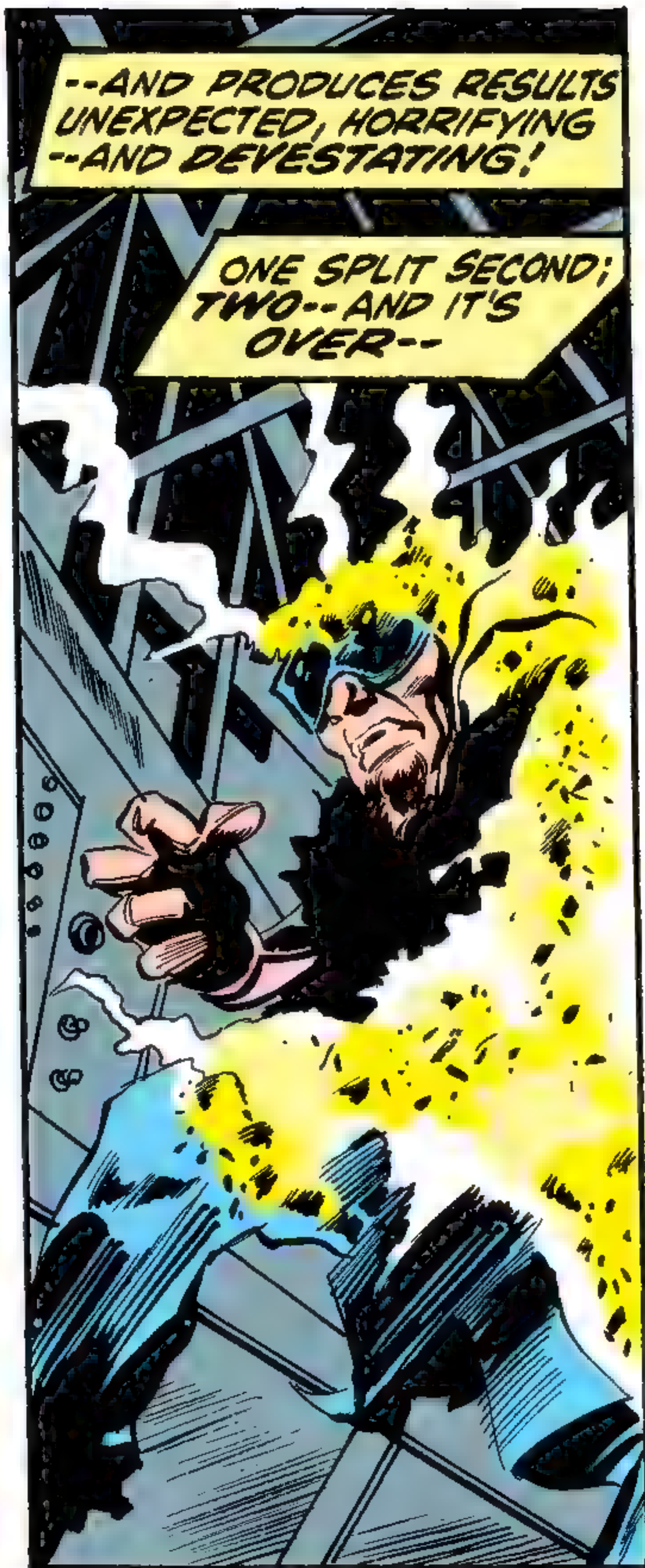
OF *COURSE*,
YOU IDIOT--YOU
THINK I'VE COME
THIS FAR, TO
TURN BACK NOW?

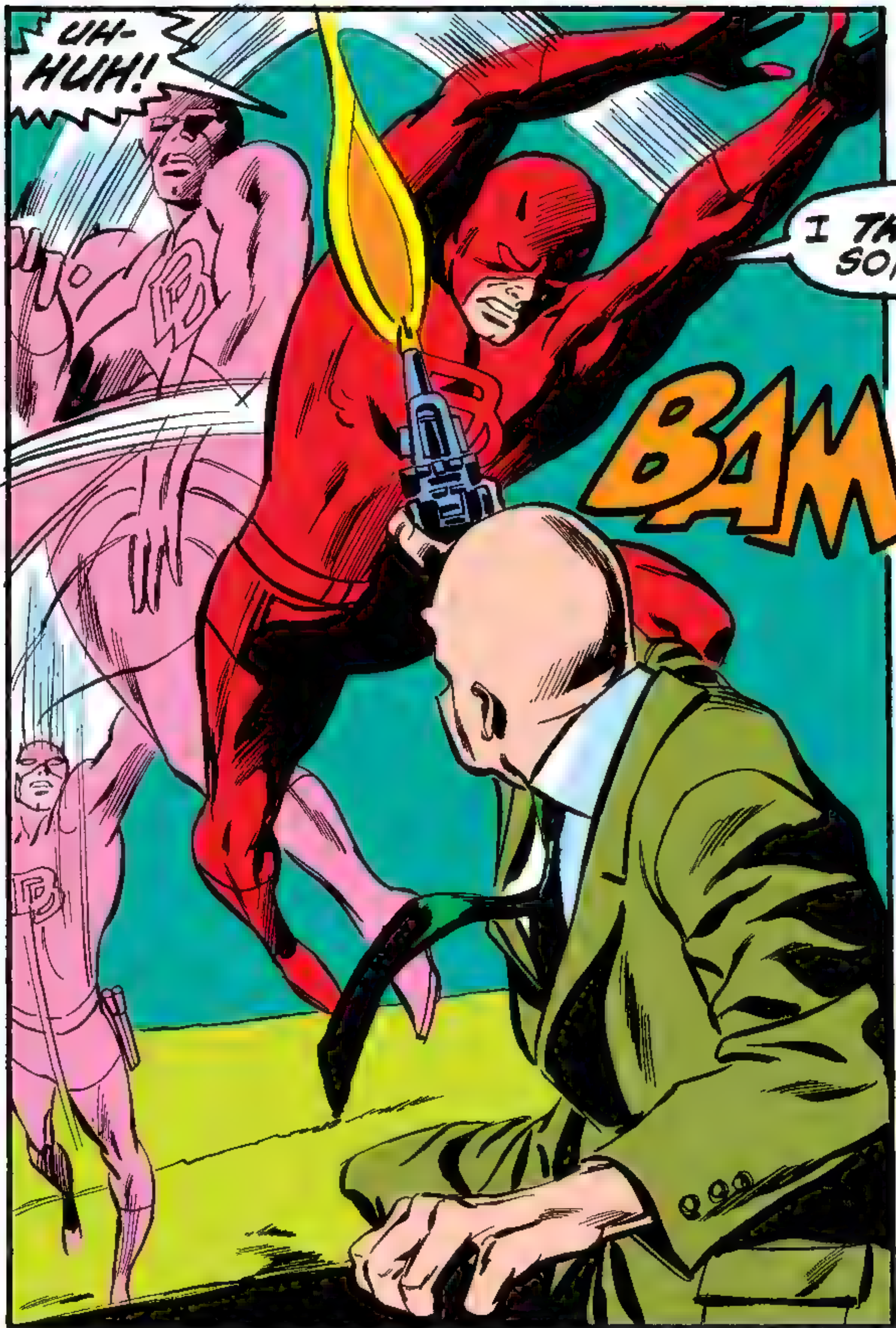
AGAINST THE
FORCE THIS *GLOBE*
WILL GIVE ME--
NOTHING CAN
PREVAIL--

--NOT EVEN
A *NUCLEAR*
BOMB!

**PROCEED--
AT ONCE!**



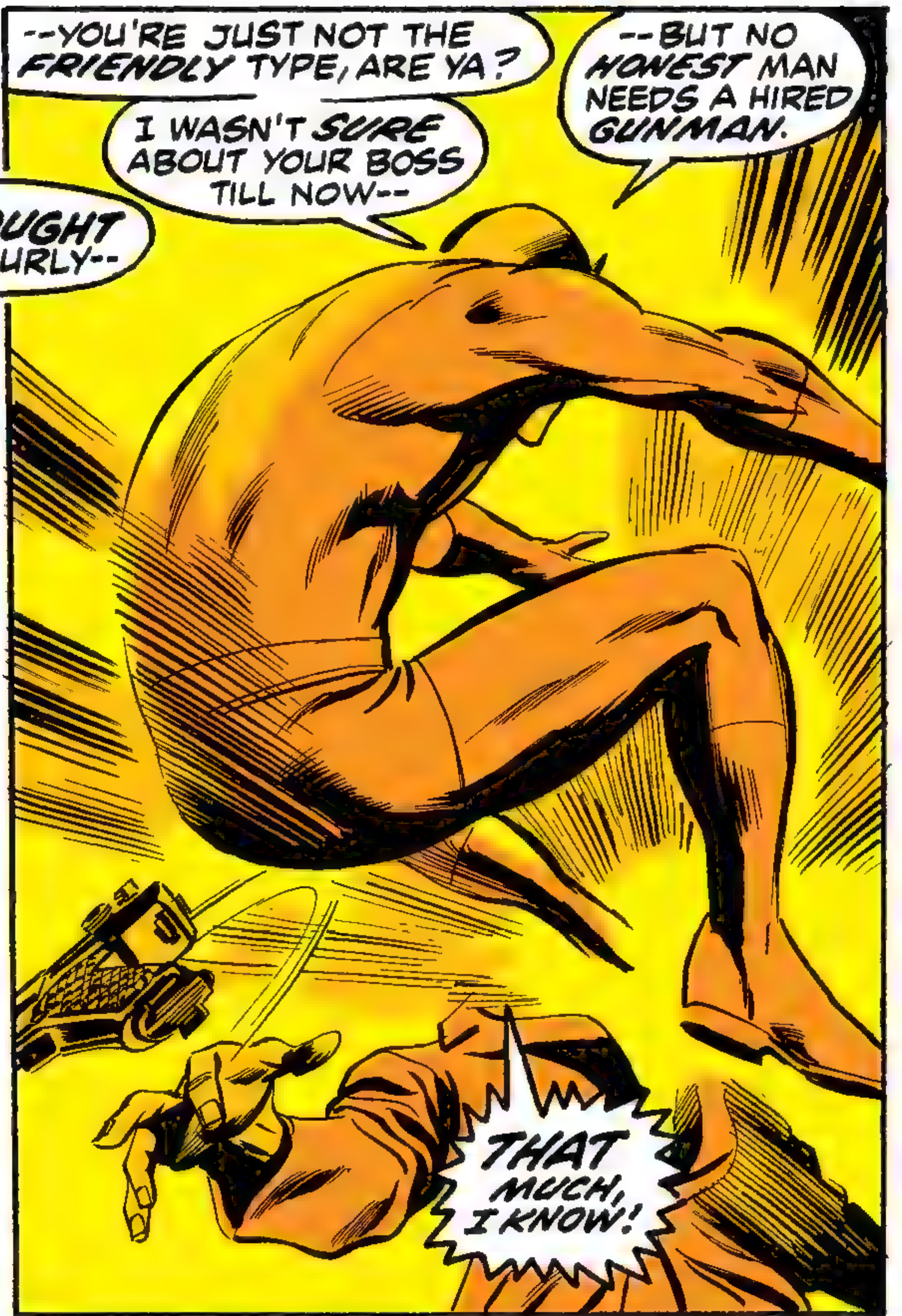




UH-HUH!

I THOUGHT SO, CURLY--

BAM



--YOU'RE JUST NOT THE FRIENDLY TYPE, ARE YA?

I WASN'T SURE ABOUT YOUR BOSS TILL NOW--

--BUT NO HONEST MAN NEEDS A HIRED GUNMAN.

THAT MUCH, I KNOW!



I DO NOT WANT TO KILL YOU, MY FRIEND... BUT I HAVE ORDERS WHICH ARE MOST EXPLICIT. NO ONE ENTERS THE HOUSE... NO ONE!

I AM PAID AN APPRECIABLE SUM TO OBEY THOSE ORDERS.

IT IS NOT A PERSONAL MATTER, YOU UNDERSTAND.

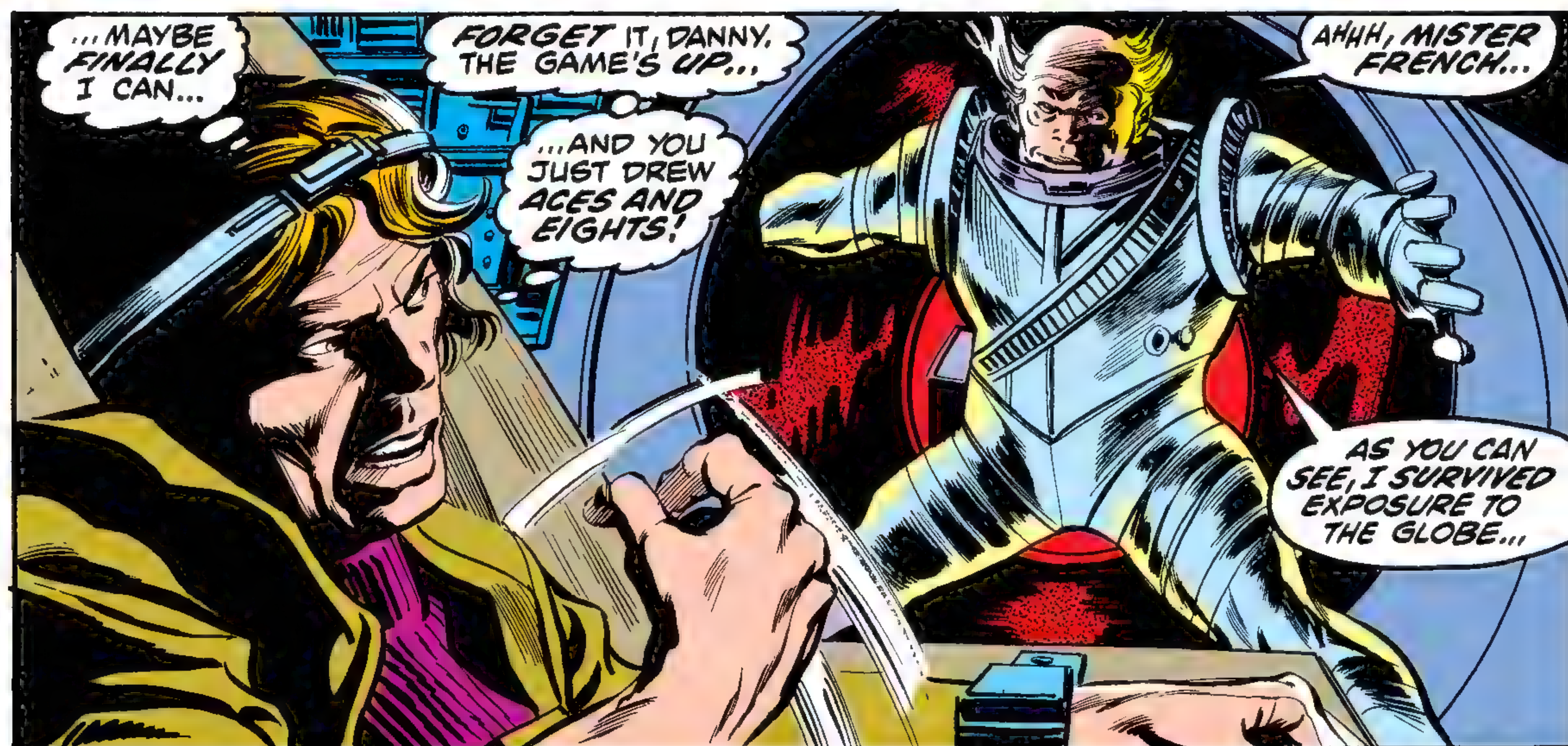
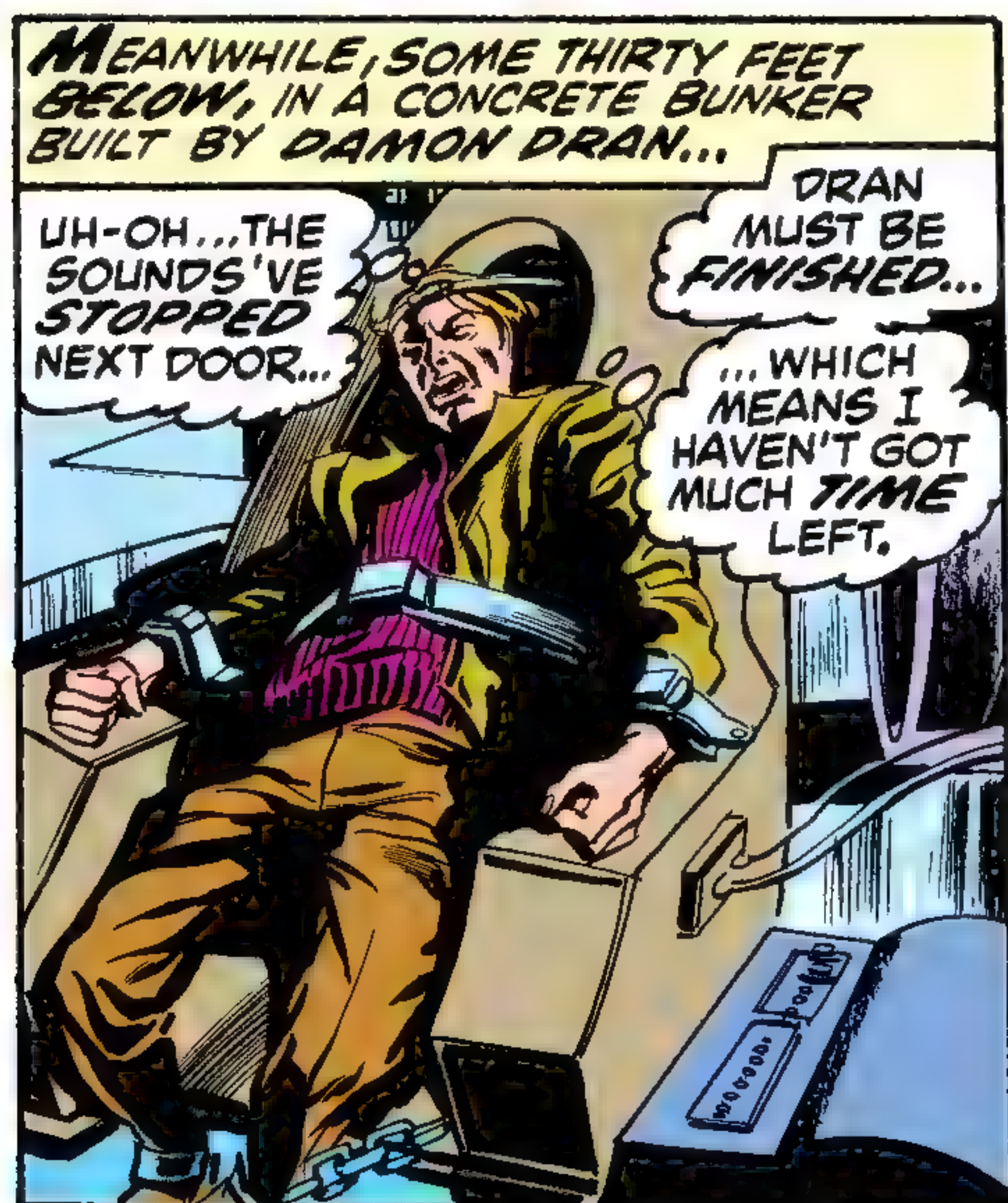
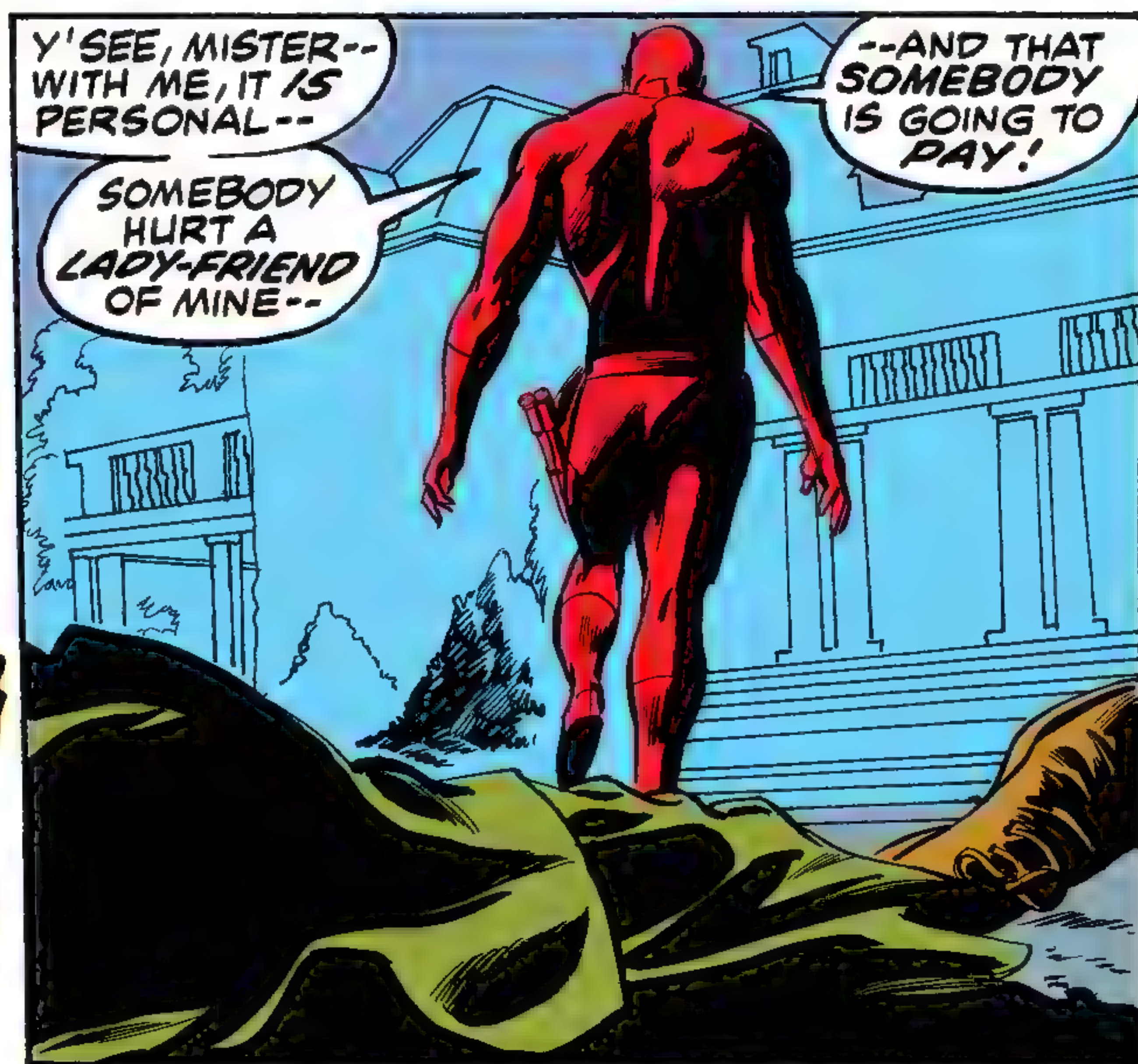
SURE, BUBLA--

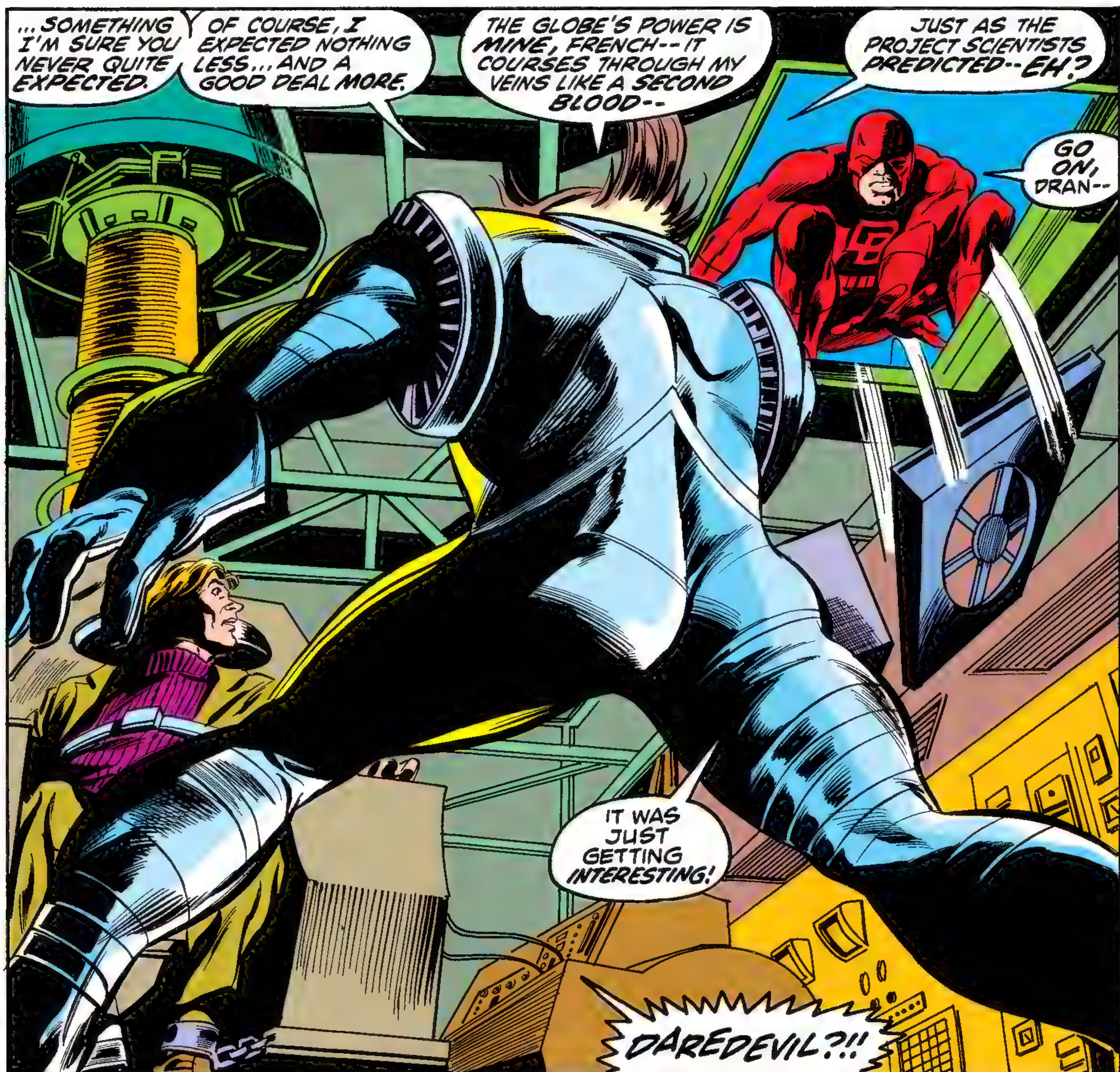


I UNDERSTAND!

THE QUESTION IS--

WHAK!





...SOMETHING I'M SURE YOU NEVER QUITE EXPECTED.

OF COURSE, I EXPECTED NOTHING LESS... AND A GOOD DEAL MORE.

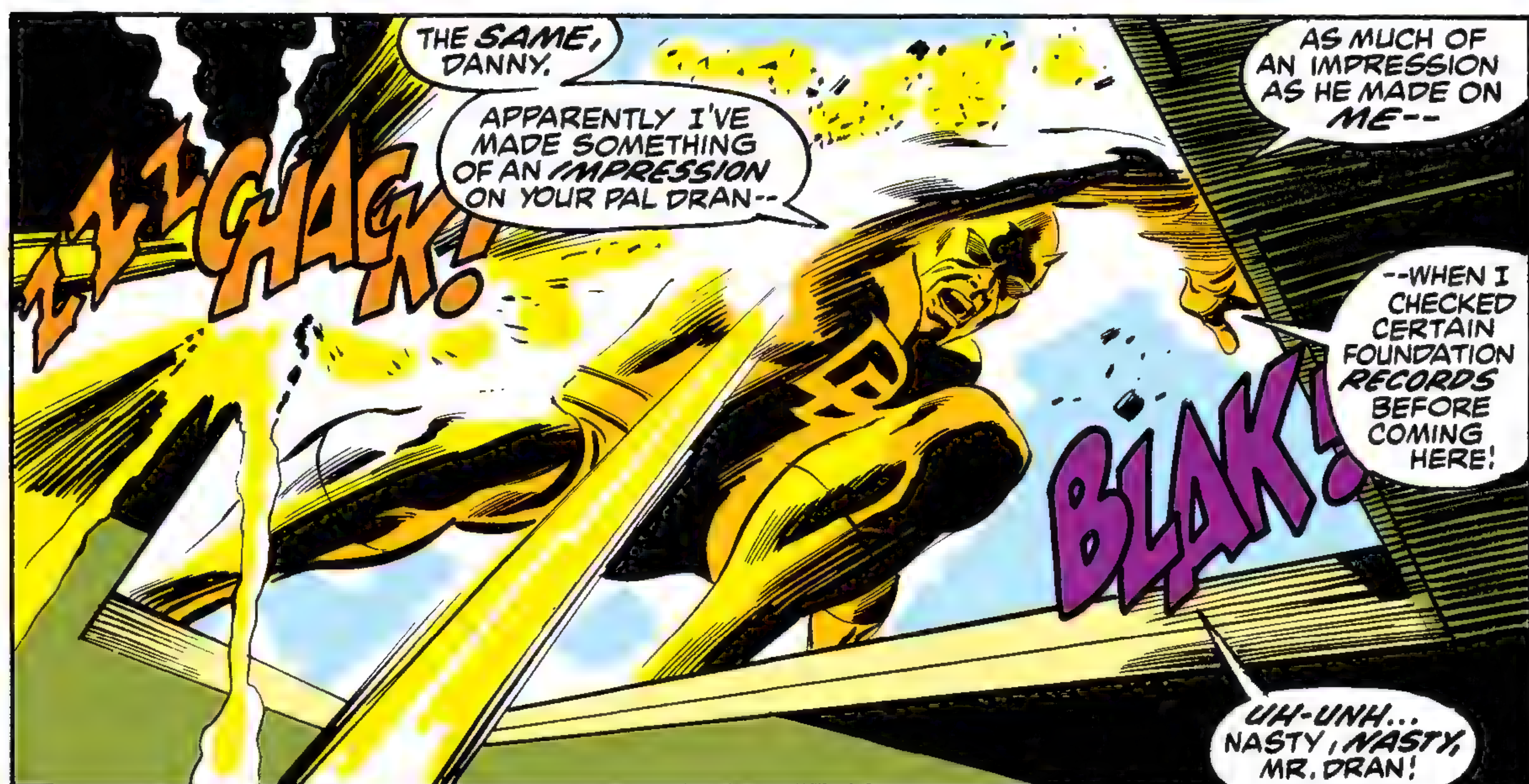
THE GLOBE'S POWER IS MINE, FRENCH-- IT COURSES THROUGH MY VEINS LIKE A SECOND BLOOD--

JUST AS THE PROJECT SCIENTISTS PREDICTED-- EH?

GO ON, DRAN--

IT WAS JUST GETTING INTERESTING!

DAREDEVIL?!!



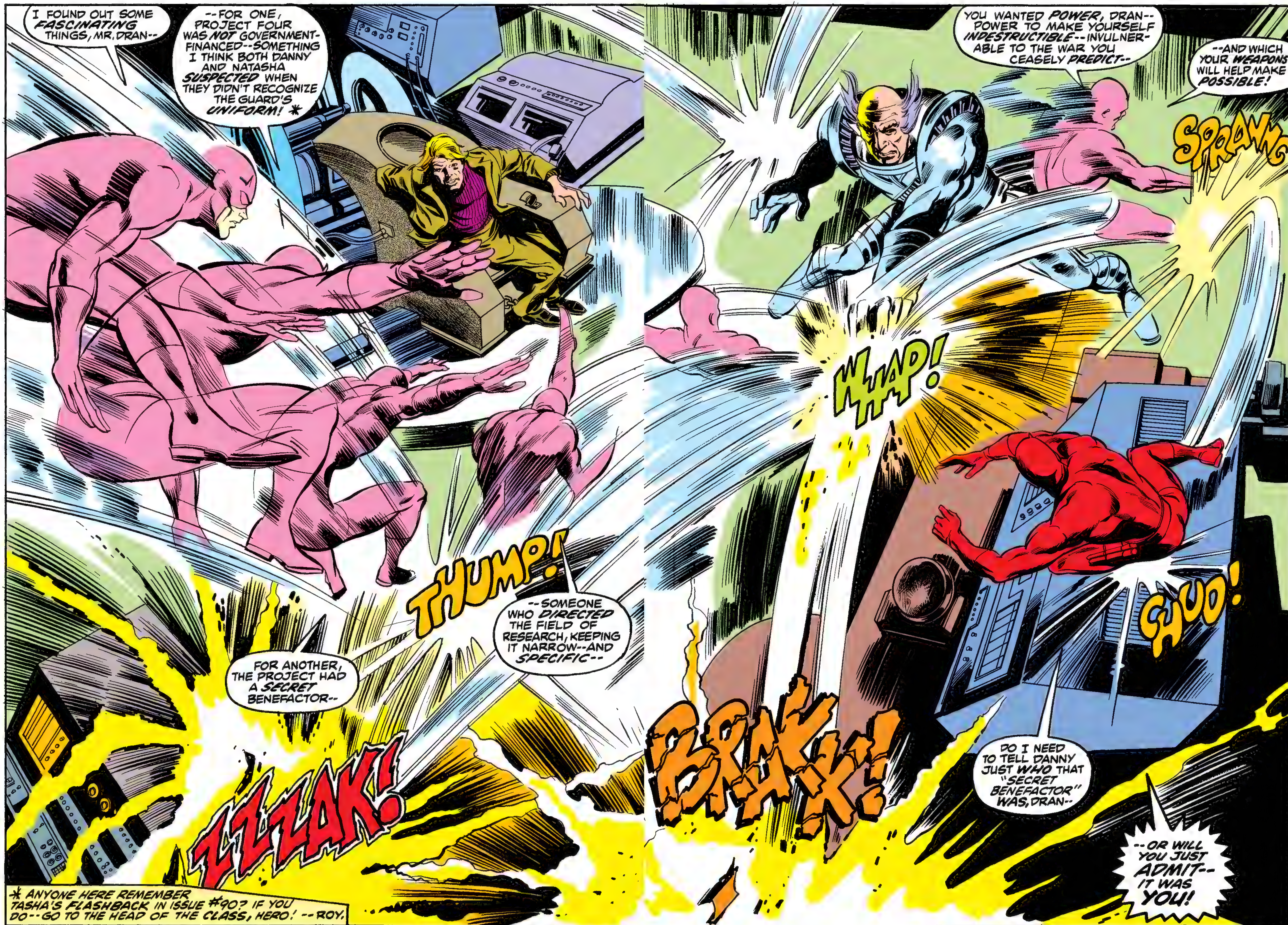
THE SAME, DANNY.

APPARENTLY I'VE MADE SOMETHING OF AN IMPRESSION ON YOUR PAL DRAN--

AS MUCH OF AN IMPRESSION AS HE MADE ON ME--

--WHEN I CHECKED CERTAIN FOUNDATION RECORDS BEFORE COMING HERE!

UH-UH... NASTY, NASTY, MR. DRAN!



I FOUND OUT SOME FASCINATING THINGS, MR. DRAN--

--FOR ONE, PROJECT FOUR WAS NOT GOVERNMENT-FINANCED--SOMETHING I THINK BOTH DANNY AND NATASHA SUSPECTED WHEN THEY DIDN'T RECOGNIZE THE GUARD'S UNIFORM! *

YOU WANTED POWER, DRAN-- POWER TO MAKE YOURSELF INDESTRUCTIBLE--INVULNERABLE TO THE WAR YOU CEASELY PREDICT--

--AND WHICH YOUR WEAPONS WILL HELP MAKE POSSIBLE!

THUMP!

--SOMEONE WHO DIRECTED THE FIELD OF RESEARCH, KEEPING IT NARROW--AND SPECIFIC--

FOR ANOTHER, THE PROJECT HAD A SECRET BENEFACITOR--

ZZZAK!

WHAP!

GHO!

DO I NEED TO TELL DANNY JUST WHO THAT "SECRET BENEFACITOR" WAS, DRAN--

--OR WILL YOU JUST ADMIT-- IT WAS YOU!

* ANYONE HERE REMEMBER TASHA'S FLASHBACK IN ISSUE #90? IF YOU DO--GO TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS, HERO! --ROY.

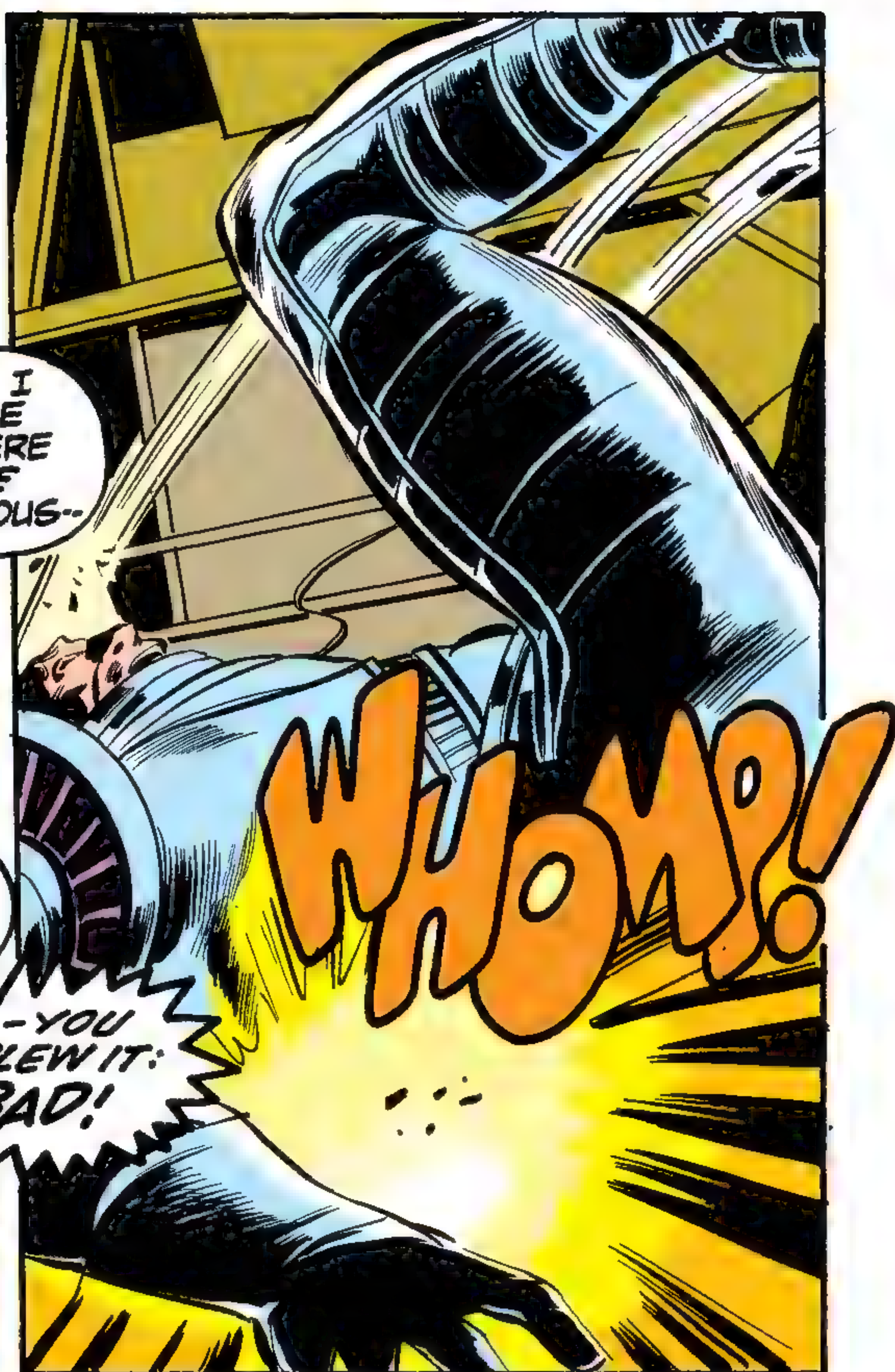


FACE IT, DRAN--
WHATEVER
YOUR PLANS
WERE--

--AND I
IMAGINE
THEY WERE
QUITE
INGENIOUS--

--WHEN YOU
MESSED WITH
A LADY NAMED
NATASHA--

--YOU
BLEW IT:
BAD!



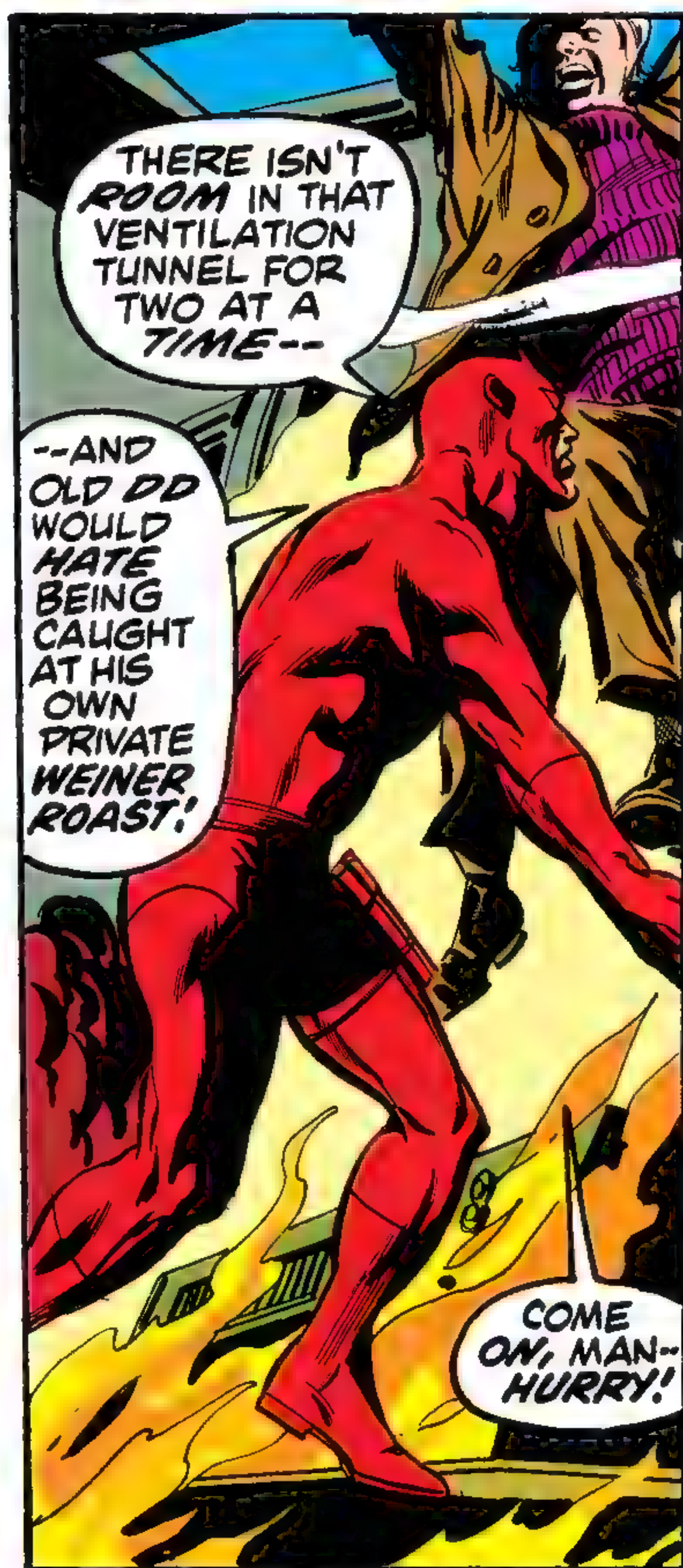
WHOMP!

THE MAN CALLED DAMON DRAN DOESN'T ANSWER--INSTEAD,
HIS GLOVED FINGERS SCRAMBLE AT A DETACHED WIRE LIKE
A DIVER AT A MISPLACED AIR HOSE--



--AND AS HIS MOVEMENTS
BECOME MORE FRANTIC,
AND THE FIRE FROM THE
DEMOLISHED MACHINERY
BURNS MORE HOTLY--

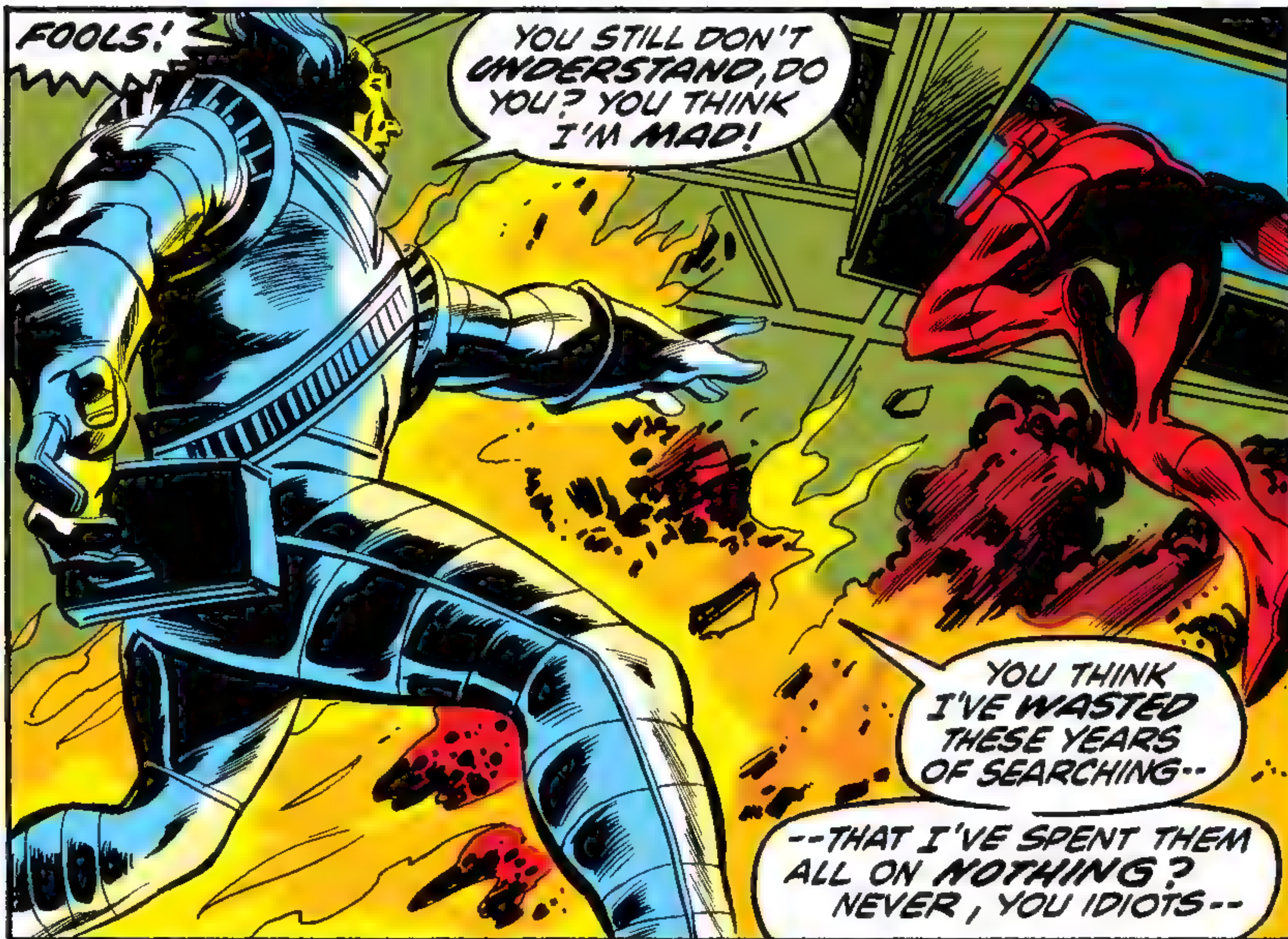
MOVE,
DANNY--



THERE ISN'T
ROOM IN THAT
VENTILATION
TUNNEL FOR
TWO AT A
TIME--

--AND
OLD DD
WOULD
HATE
BEING
CAUGHT
AT HIS
OWN
PRIVATE
WEINER
ROAST!

COME
ON, MAN--
HURRY!



FOOLS!

YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND, DO YOU? YOU THINK I'M MAD!

YOU THINK I'VE WASTED THESE YEARS OF SEARCHING--

--THAT I'VE SPENT THEM ALL ON NOTHING? NEVER, YOU IDIOTS--



NEVER!

KKKKKKSTT

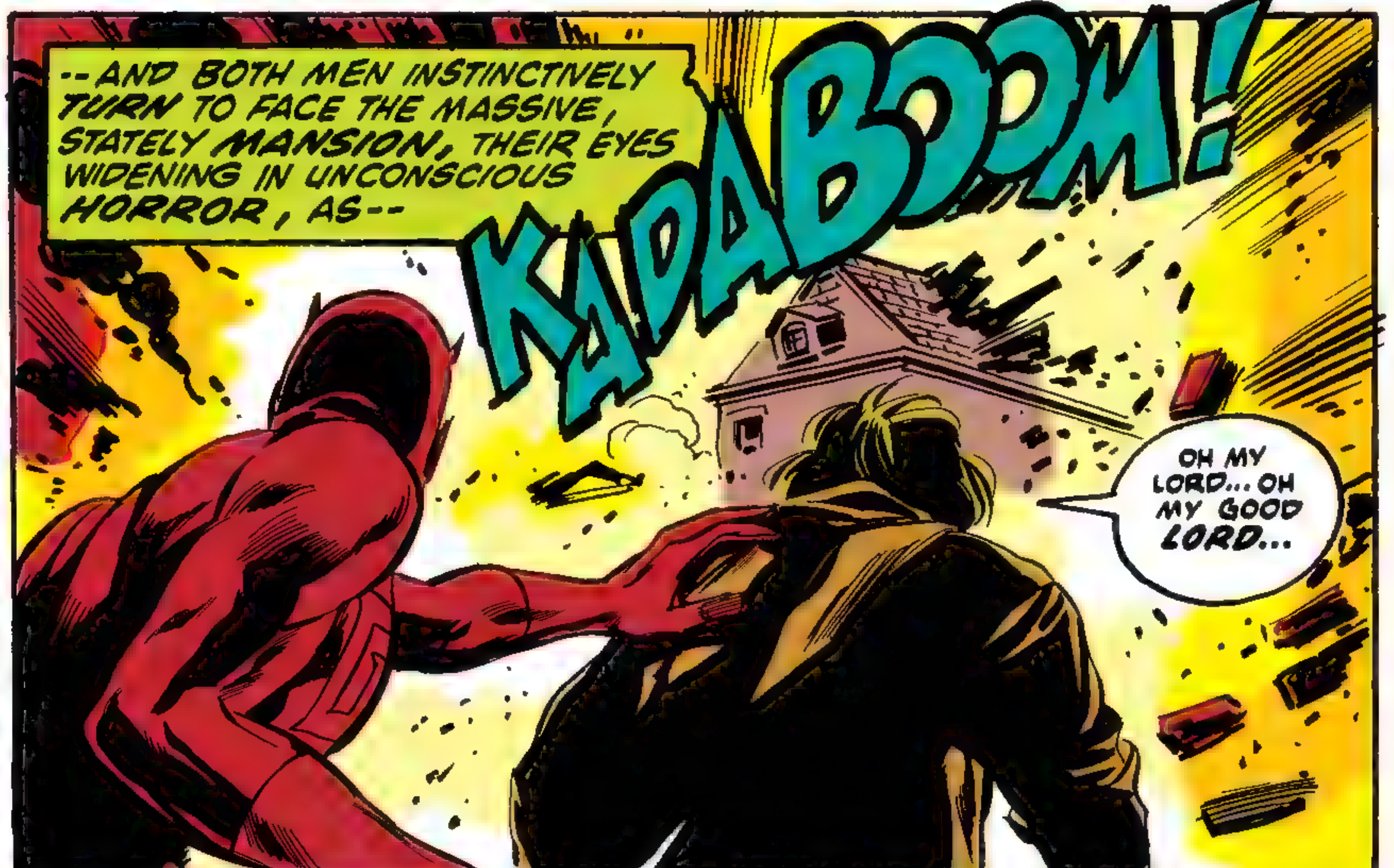
SCREAMING, HIS EYES BULGING WITH INSANE RAGE, DAMON DRAN FIRES A LAST, BLIND BLAST--

--A BLAST WHICH STRIKES HIDDEN GENERATORS--



--AND FOR ONE FATAL MOMENT, TIME SEEMS TO HALT--

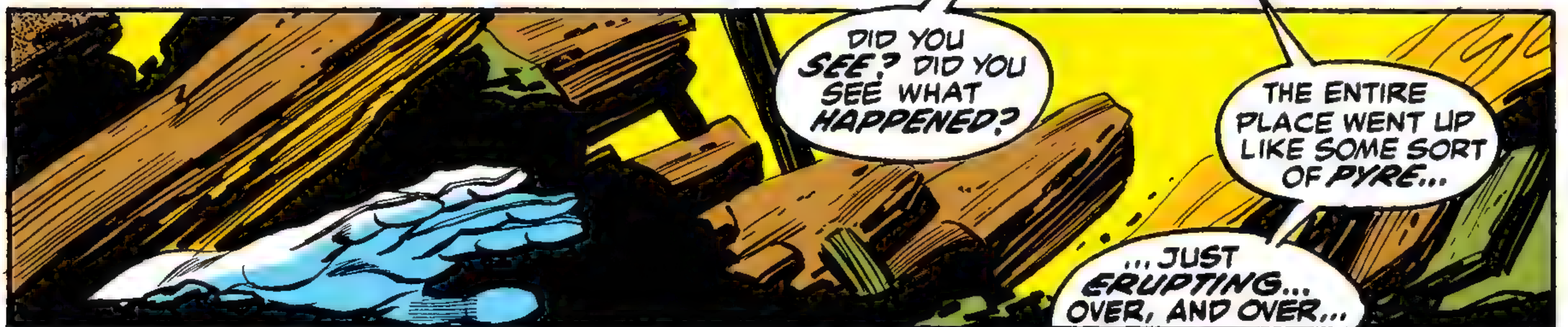
--THE STRAIN OF RUNNING SEEMS TO FADE--



--AND BOTH MEN INSTINCTIVELY TURN TO FACE THE MASSIVE, STATELY MANSION, THEIR EYES WIDENING IN UNCONSCIOUS HORROR, AS--

KADABOOM!

OH MY LORD... OH MY GOOD LORD...



DID YOU SEE? DID YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENED?

THE ENTIRE PLACE WENT UP LIKE SOME SORT OF PYRE...

...JUST ERUPTING... OVER, AND OVER...



NOTHING HUMAN COULD LIVE THROUGH SOMETHING LIKE THAT--

--NOT EVEN A MAN-- LIKE DAMON DRAN!

NOTHING HUMAN, DANNY? THEN HOW ABOUT--THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN?!

TO BE CONTINUED!

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



20¢

94
DEC

02459

DAREDEVIL

AND THE

BLACK WIDOW



I AM
BACK, AGAIN--
BIGGER--
STRONGER
THAN EVER!

AND
THIS TIME
NOTHING
CAN STOP
ME!

RE-ENTER--THE
INDESTRUCTIBLE
MAN!

HE COULD CRUSH THE WORLD!

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

MOMENTS AGO, THEY LEFT HIM FOR **DEAD**-- FOR SURELY NO LIVING MAN COULD SURVIVE SUCH A **DEVASTATING** EXPLOSION.

MOMENTS AGO, THEY THOUGHT OF HIM **ONLY** AS DAMON DRAN-- A MANIACAL MUNITIONS EXPERT, A **GENIUS** AT ORGANIZATION--

-- A **GENIUS**, IT SEEMS, AT **OTHER** THINGS, AS WELL!

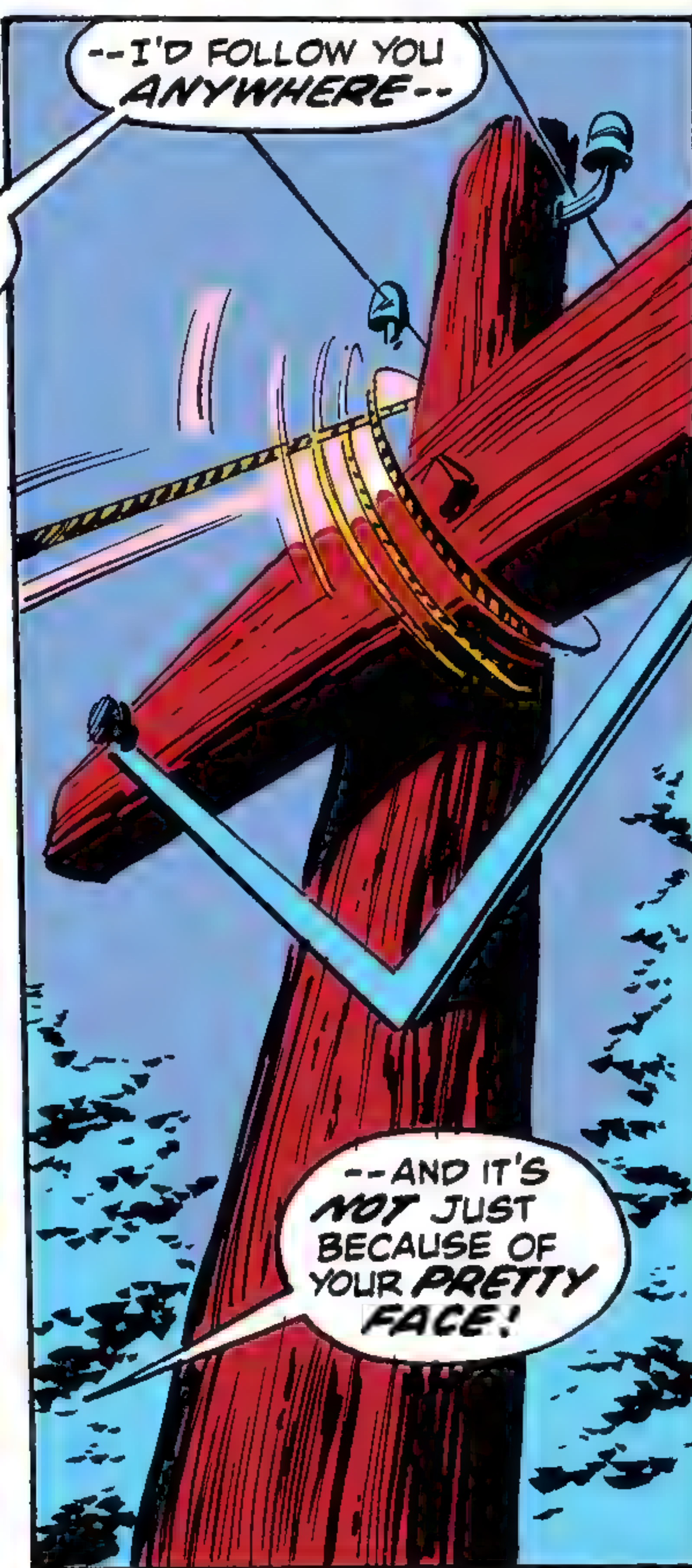
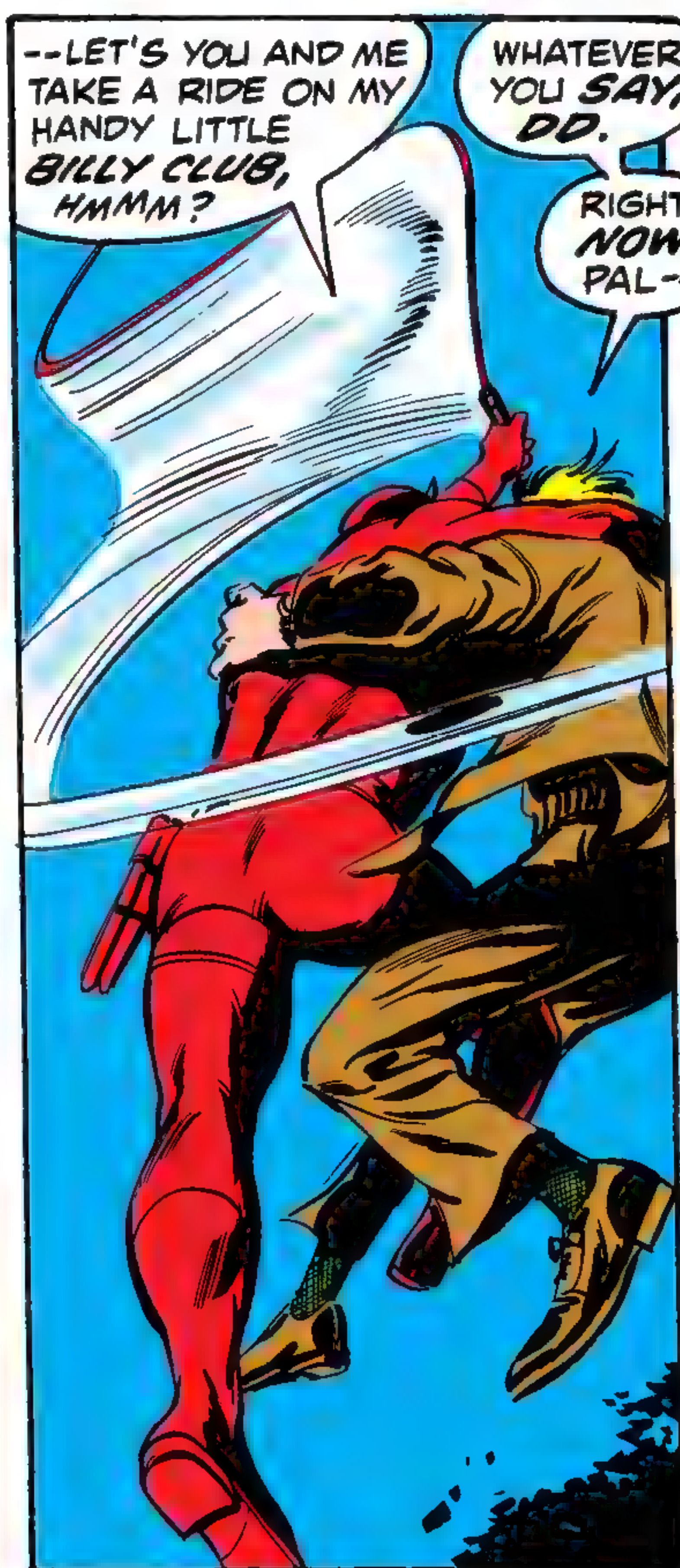
DAREDEVIL!
IT--IT ISN'T POSSIBLE--BUT IT'S **TRUE!**

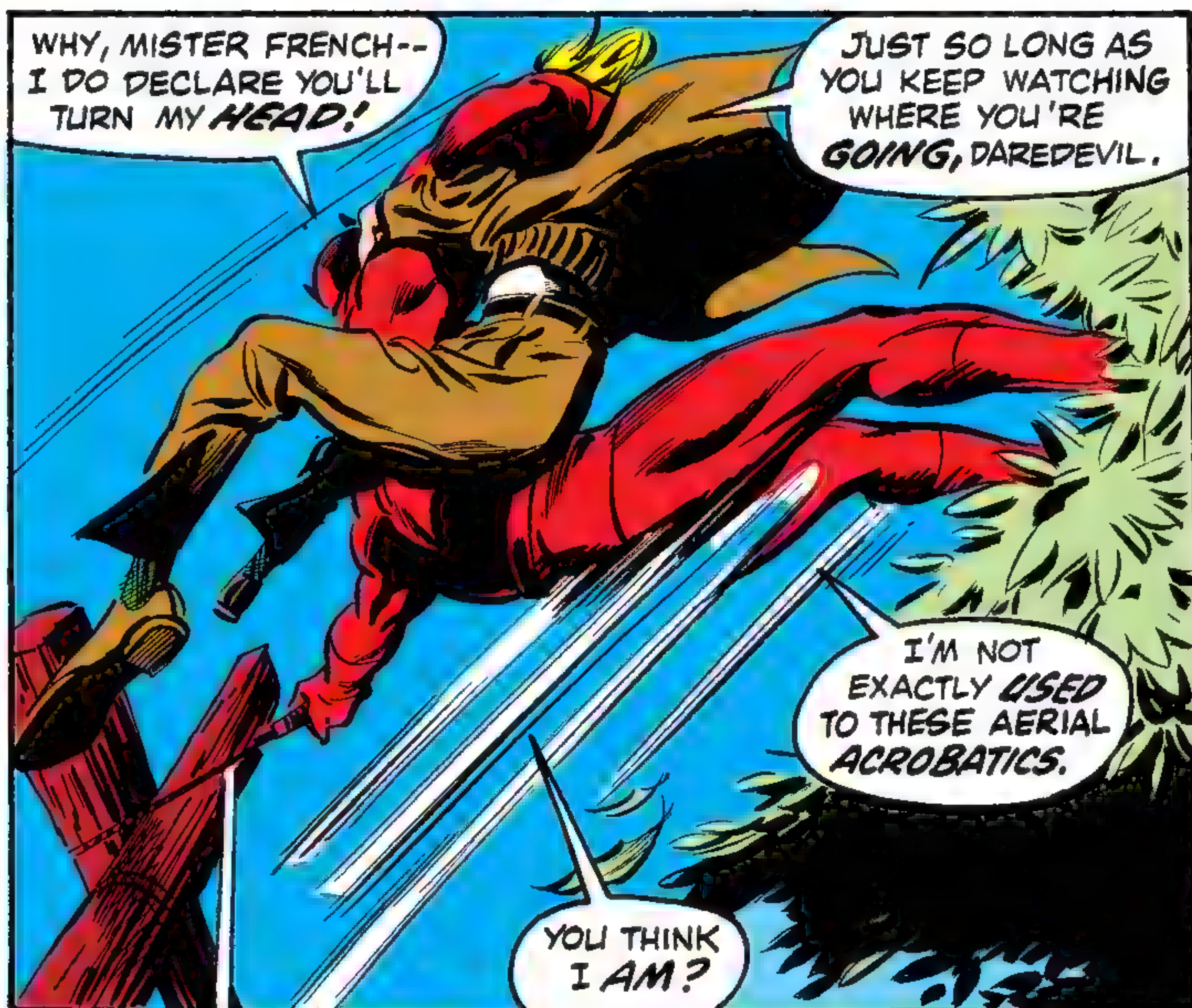
SOMEHOW DRAN'S MADE HIMSELF TOTALLY **INVULNERABLE**-- NOTHING CAN STOP HIM-- NOTHING CAN SLOW HIM **DOWN!**

HE'S THE **INDESTRUCTIBLE** MAN--AND...

HE CAN CRUSH THE WORLD!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER / GENE COLAN, ARTIST / TOM PALMER, EMBELLISHER / JOHN COSTANZA, LETTERER / ROY THOMAS, EDITOR





WHY, MISTER FRENCH--
I DO DECLARE YOU'LL
TURN MY **HEAD!**

JUST SO LONG AS
YOU KEEP WATCHING
WHERE YOU'RE
GOING, DAREDEVIL.

I'M NOT
EXACTLY *USED*
TO THESE AERIAL
ACROBATICS.

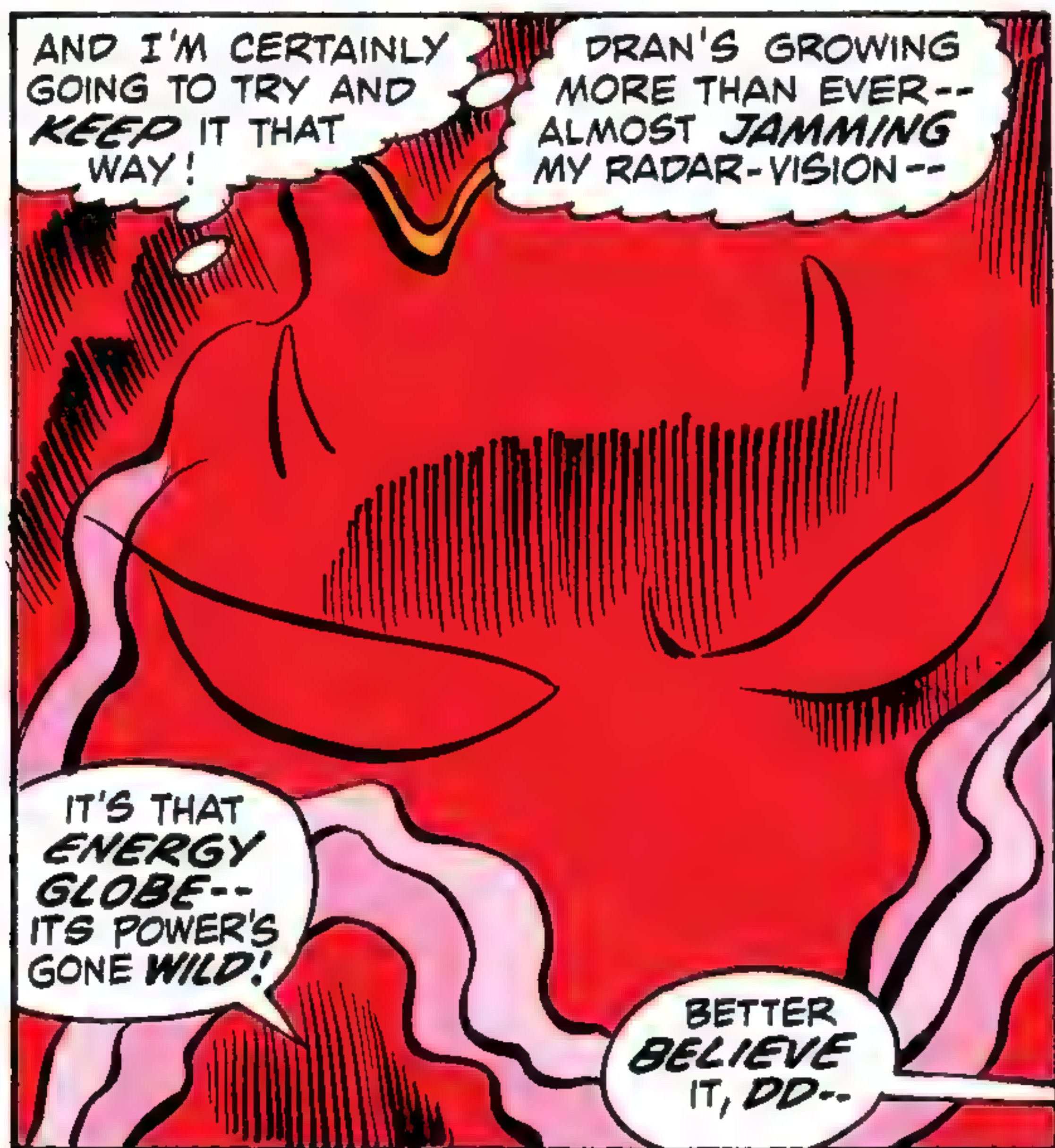
YOU THINK
I AM?



UH-OH...WE'D BETTER
CUT DOWN ON THE
FLIPPANCY, FRENCH.

DRAN LOOKS
KINDA **MAD--**

GUESS HE
DIDN'T SEE WHERE
WE **WENT.**



AND I'M CERTAINLY
GOING TO TRY AND
KEEP IT THAT
WAY!

DRAN'S GROWING
MORE THAN EVER--
ALMOST **JAMMING**
MY RADAR-VISION--

IT'S THAT
ENERGY
GLOBE--
ITS POWER'S
GONE **WILD!**

BETTER
BELIEVE
IT, DD--



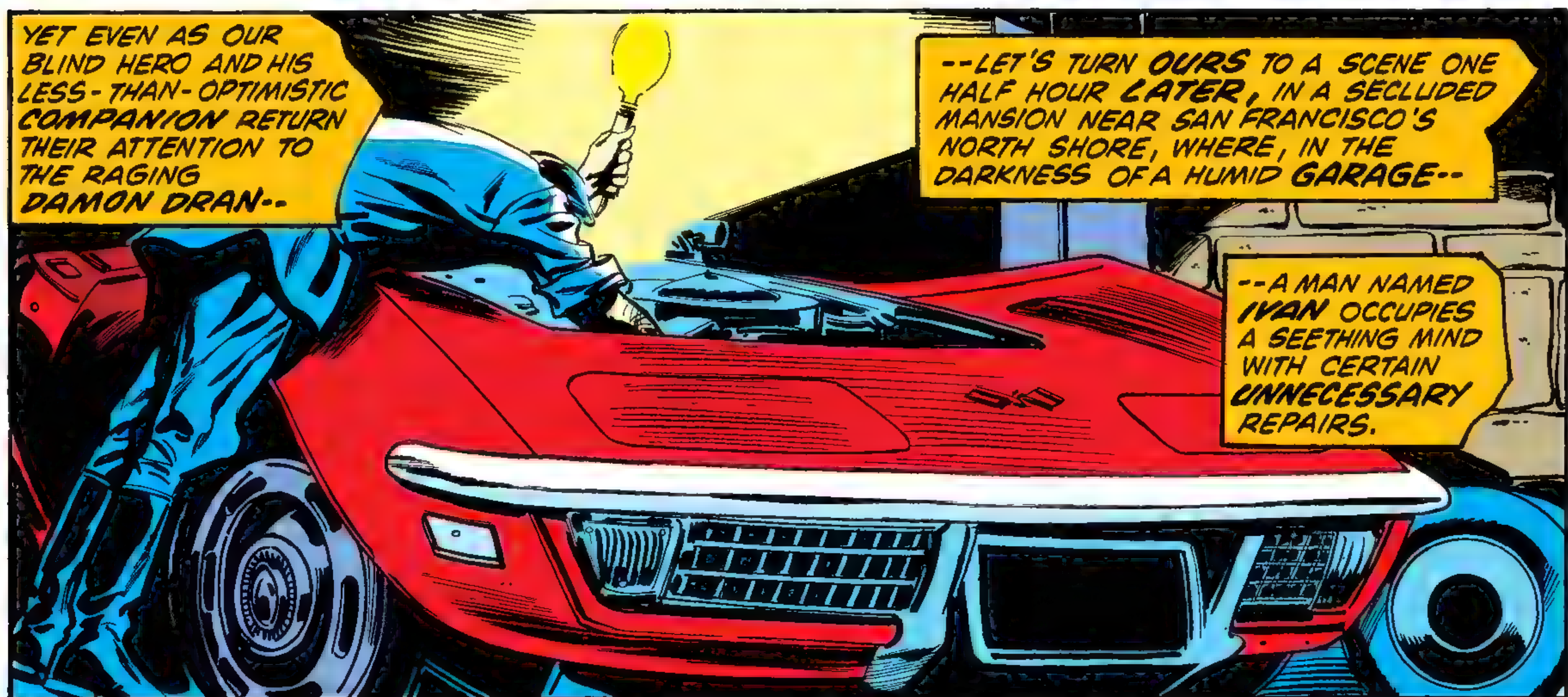
NOW THAT DRAN'S
HARNESSED THE
SECRET OF
PROJECT
FOUR--

--HE'S
GONNA
KEEP ON
GETTING
STRONGER--



--AND **NOBODY'S**
GONNA BE ABLE
TO STOP HIM--

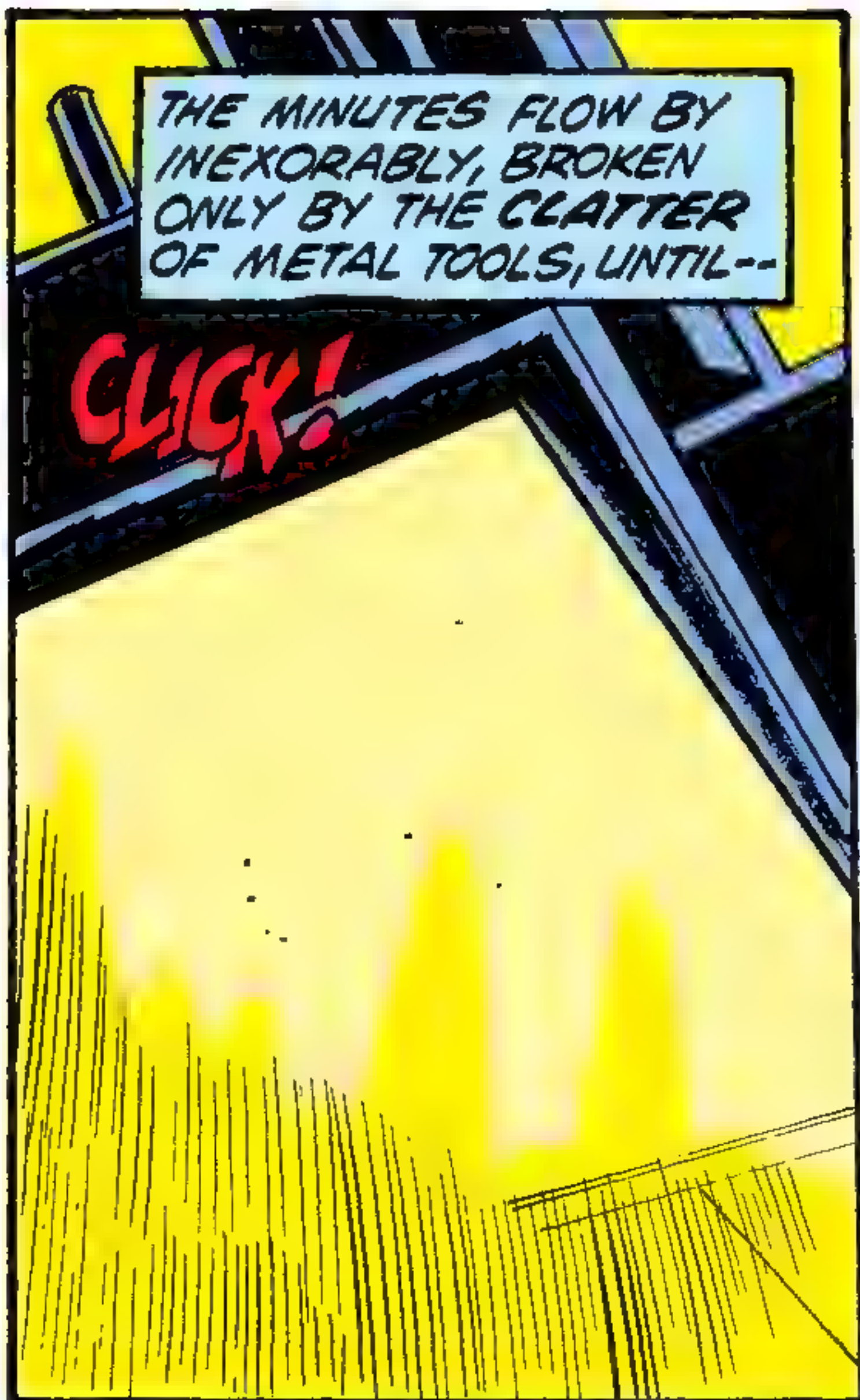
NOT NOW--
NOT
EVER!



YET EVEN AS OUR
BLIND HERO AND HIS
LESS-THAN-OPTIMISTIC
COMPANION RETURN
THEIR ATTENTION TO
THE RAGING
DAMON DRAN--

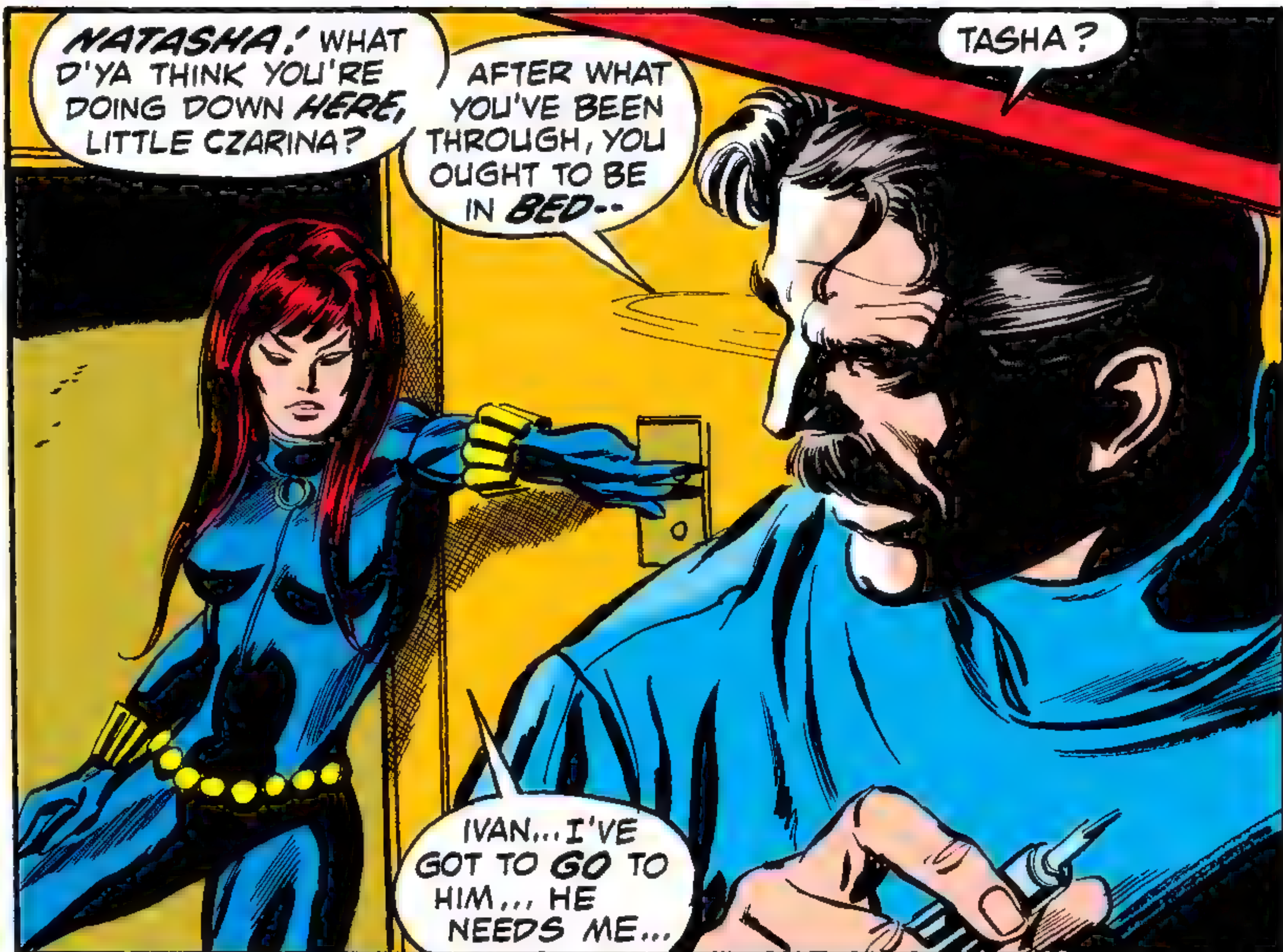
--LET'S TURN OURS TO A SCENE ONE
HALF HOUR LATER, IN A SECLUDED
MANSION NEAR SAN FRANCISCO'S
NORTH SHORE, WHERE, IN THE
DARKNESS OF A HUMID GARAGE--

--A MAN NAMED
IVAN OCCUPIES
A SEETHING MIND
WITH CERTAIN
UNNECESSARY
REPAIRS.



THE MINUTES FLOW BY
INEXORABLY, BROKEN
ONLY BY THE CLATTER
OF METAL TOOLS, UNTIL--

CLICK!

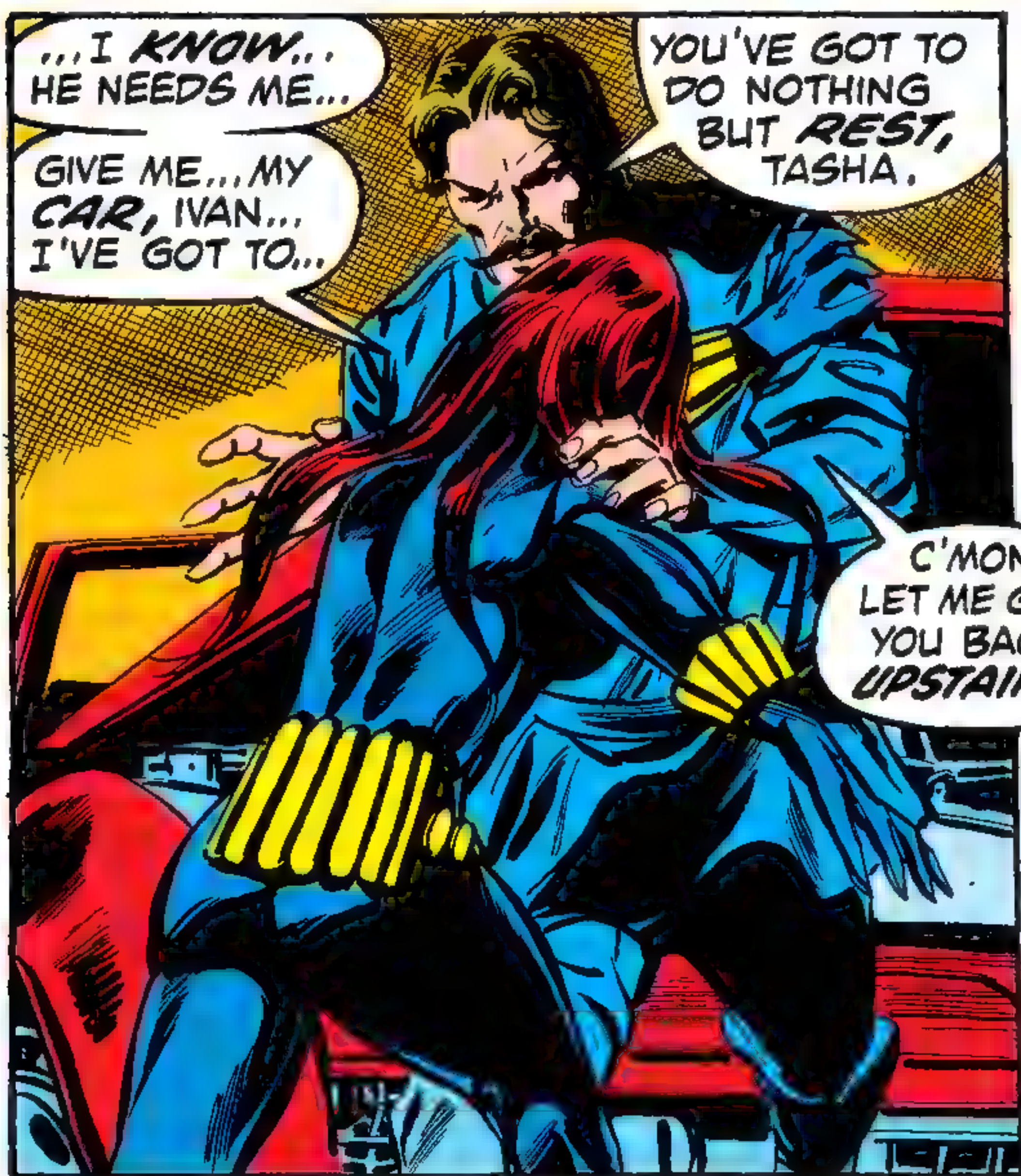


NATASHA! WHAT
D'YA THINK YOU'RE
DOING DOWN *HERE*,
LITTLE CZARINA?

AFTER WHAT
YOU'VE BEEN
THROUGH, YOU
OUGHT TO BE
IN *BED*--

TASHA?

IVAN... I'VE
GOT TO GO TO
HIM... HE
NEEDS ME...



...I *KNOW*...
HE NEEDS ME...

GIVE ME... MY
CAR, IVAN...
I'VE GOT TO...

YOU'VE GOT TO
DO NOTHING
BUT *REST*,
TASHA.

C'MON,
LET ME GET
YOU BACK
UPSTAIRS.



NO, IVAN, I'M...
ALL RIGHT, NOW.

YOU *MUST*
LET ME-- THAT
SOUND--

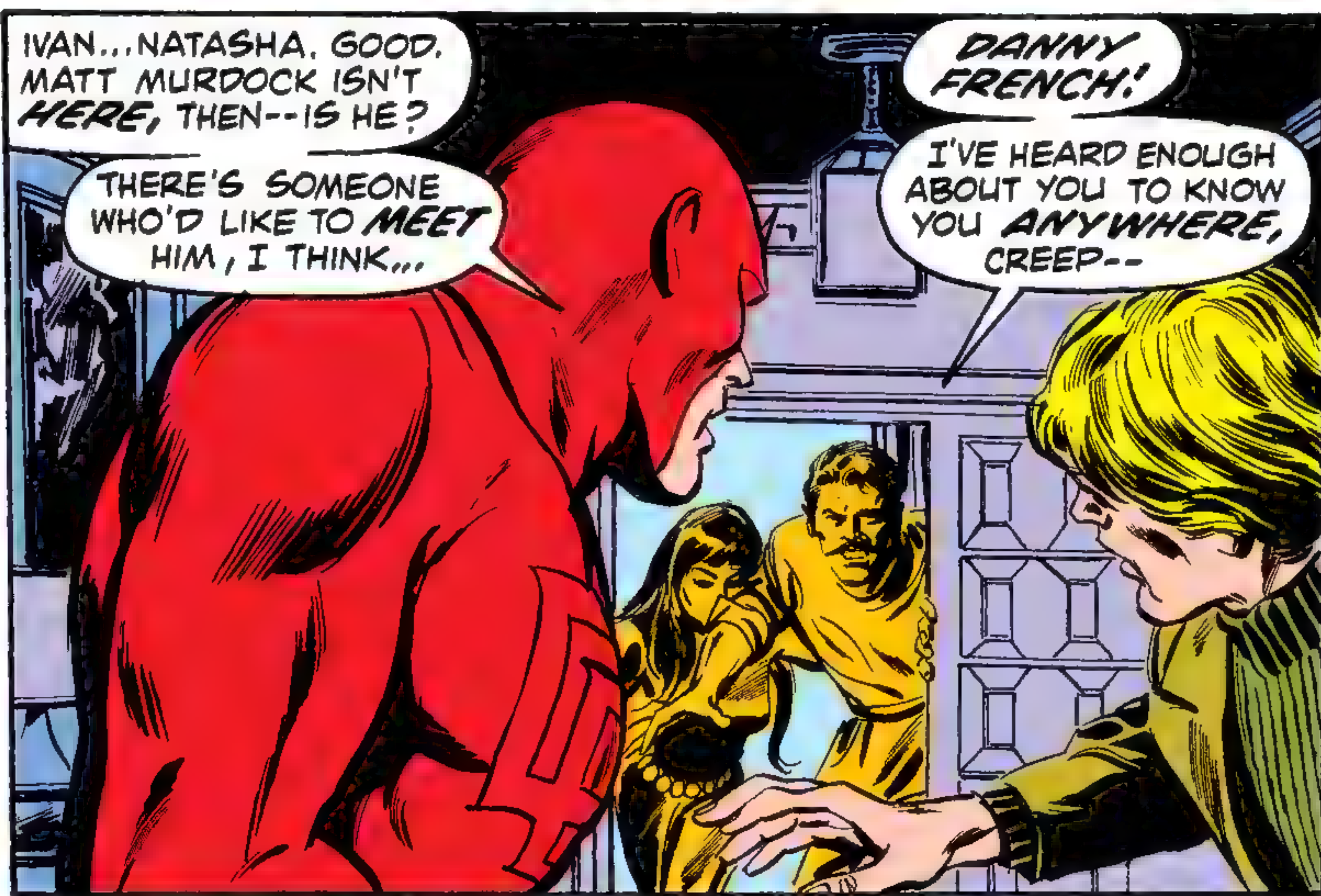
SOMEBODY'S IN THE
LIVING ROOM.

BUMP! THUMP!

MAYBE WE'D
BETTER *POSTPONE*
THIS DISCUSSION
FOR *LATER*,
SISTER--



-- 'CAUSE I'VE GOT A
FEELIN' YOUR BLASTED
HERO'S ALREADY *HOME*.

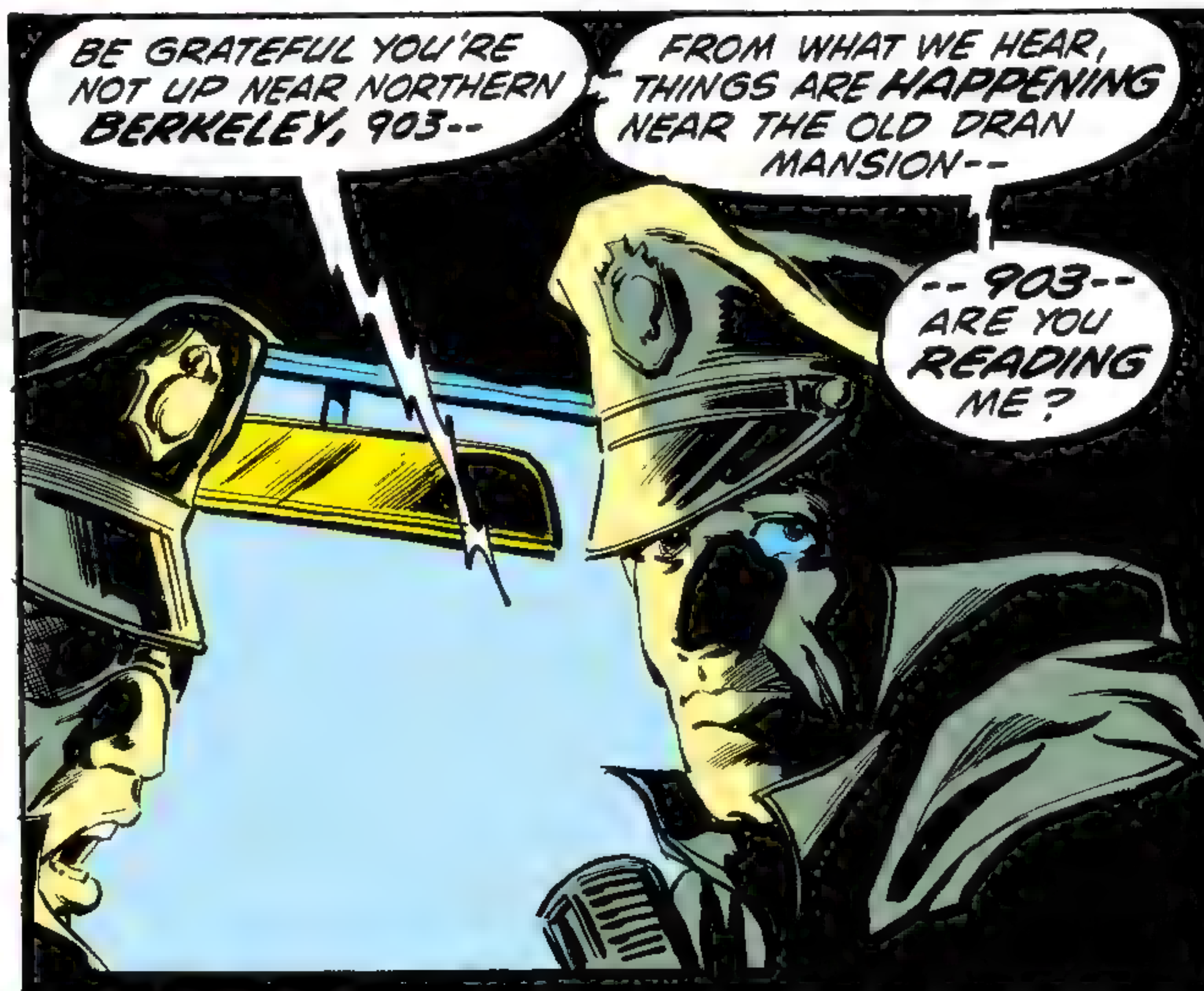


IVAN... NATASHA. GOOD.
MATT MURDOCK ISN'T
HERE, THEN-- IS HE?

THERE'S SOMEONE
WHO'D LIKE TO *MEET*
HIM, I THINK...

**DANNY
FRENCH!**

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH
ABOUT YOU TO KNOW
YOU *ANYWHERE*,
CREEP--



NO, SERGEANT, THEY
AREN'T READING YOU.

THEIR THOUGHTS ARE SOMEWHAT
DISTRACTED, AT THE MOMENT--
OCCUPIED WITH SHOCKED
AMAZEMENT AT THE SCENE
FORMING BUT A HUNDRED YARDS
BEHIND THEIR PARKED PATROL
CAR--

-- A SCENE OUT
OF SOME MAD-
MAN'S CONCEPTION
OF HELL--



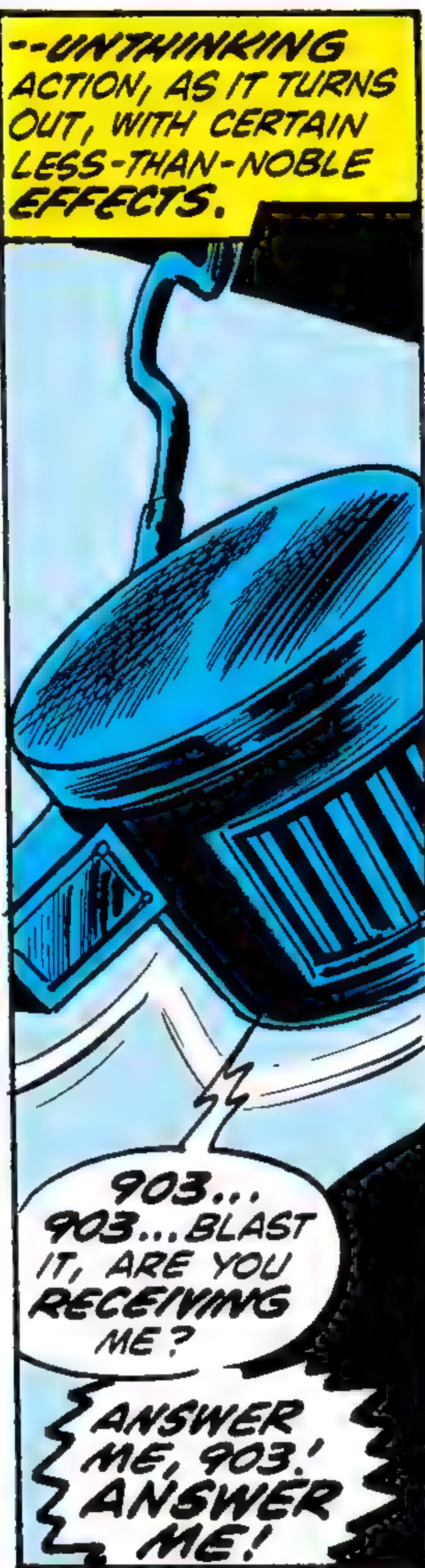
-- A VISION WHICH MAKES
ONE MAN CRY OUT IN
HELPLESS CONSTERNATION--

--AND THE OTHER REMAIN
WORDLESS-- FROZEN WITH
FEAR!



THEN, SUDDENLY,
THEIR REFLEXES
TAKE COMMAND--

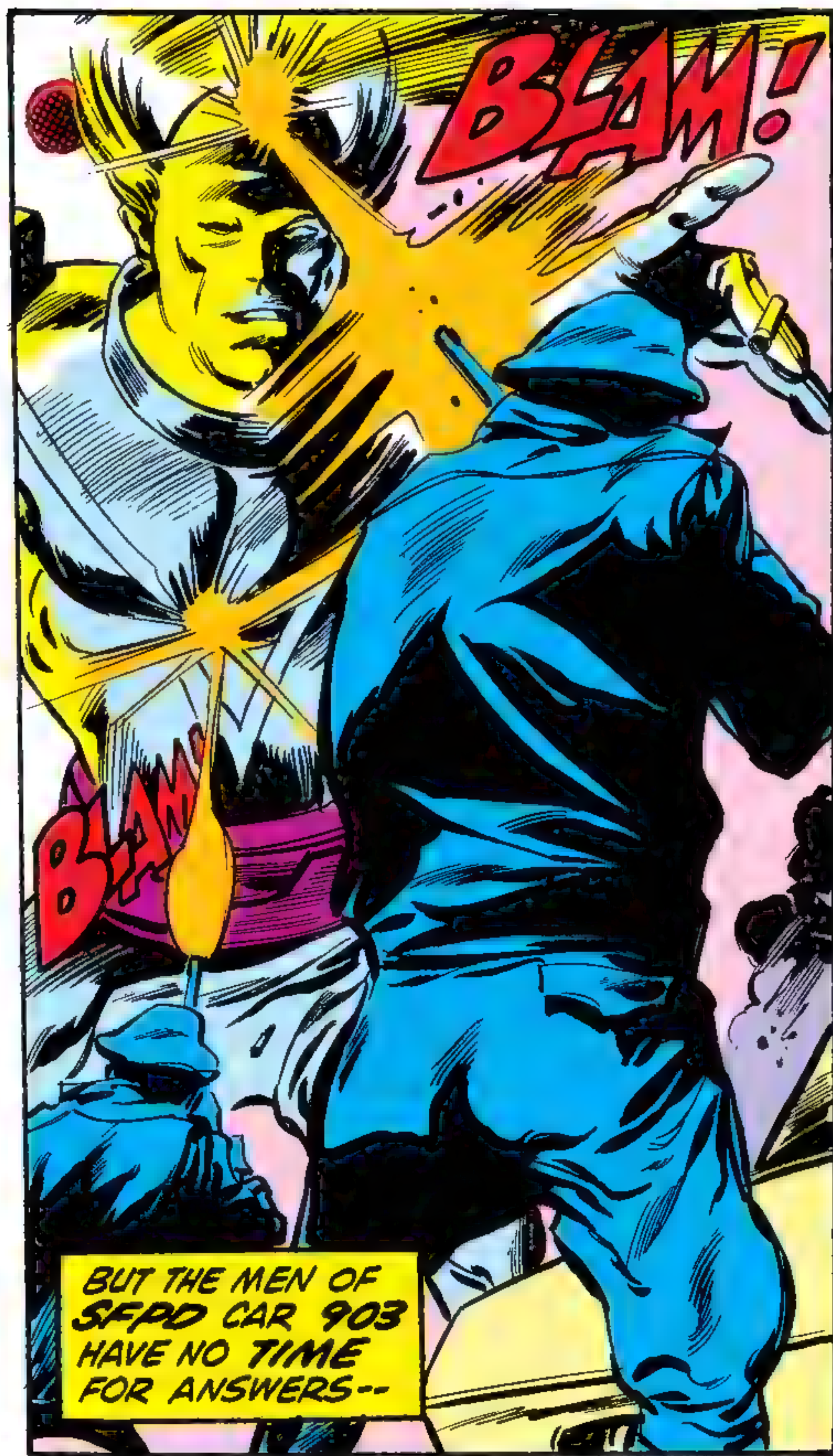
ALL REMAINING
HESITATION
DISSOLVED, AND
THEY LEAP INTO
SILENT ACTION--



--UNTHINKING
ACTION, AS IT TURNS
OUT, WITH CERTAIN
LESS-THAN-NOBLE
EFFECTS.

903...
903... BLAST
IT, ARE YOU
RECEIVING
ME?

ANSWER
ME, 903!
ANSWER
ME!



BLAM!

BLAM!

BUT THE MEN OF
SFPD CAR 903
HAVE NO TIME
FOR ANSWERS--



BARAAM!

--THEY HAVE TIME ONLY TO
FIGHT--AS BEST THEY CAN--

--AND TO WONDER--WHAT
INSANITY HAVE THEY
STUMBLER INTO?

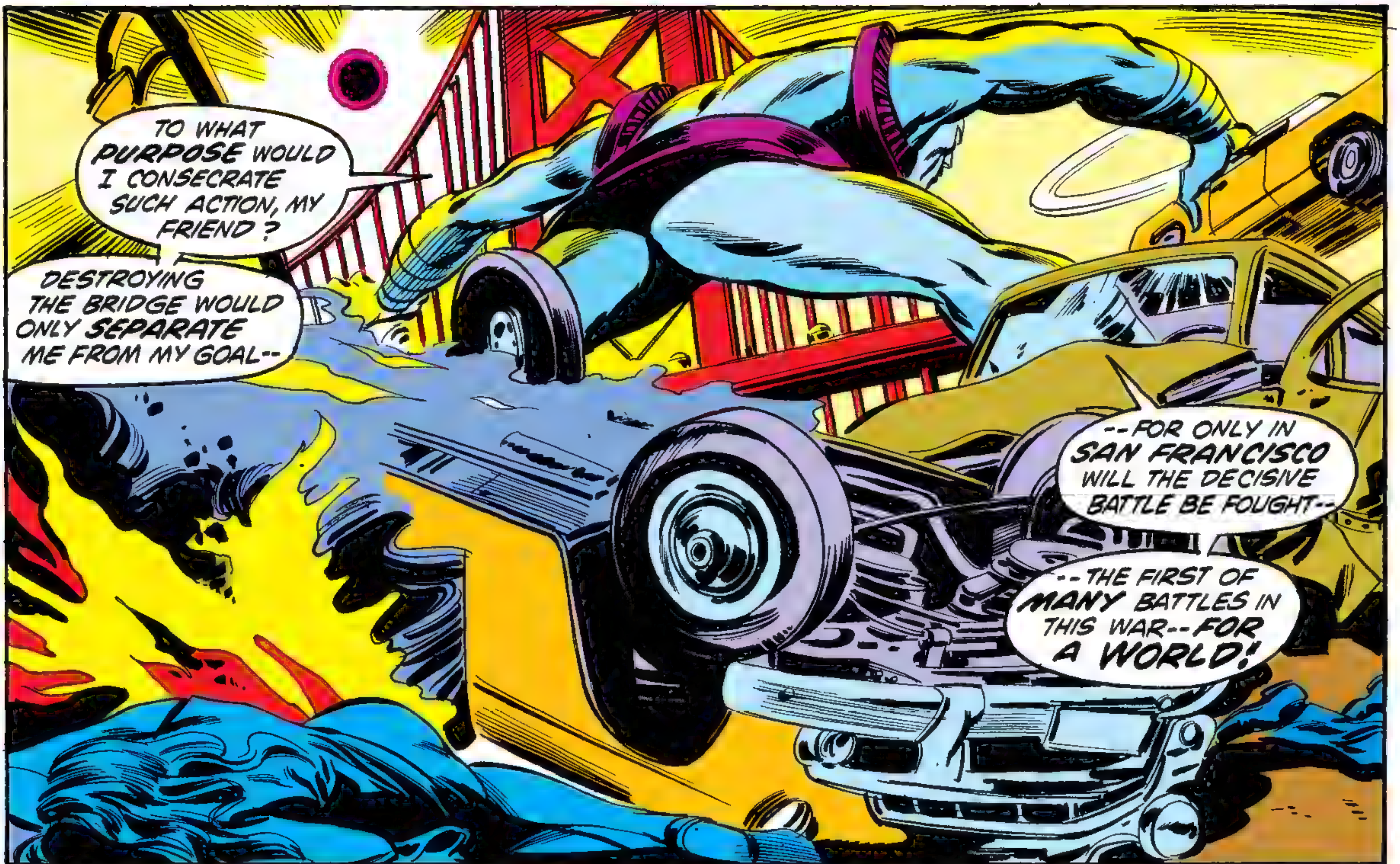


GREG--KEEP
THAT HEAD DOWN,
MAN!

WHATEVER
THAT BLASTED THING
IS--IT'S GOT SOME
SORT OF ENERGY-
WEAPON--

--AN' IT'S
POWERFUL
ENOUGH TO
DESTROY THE
ENTIRE OAK-
LAND BAY
BRIDGE!

STAY LOW,
MISTER--STAY
LOW!



TO WHAT
PURPOSE WOULD
I CONSECRATE
SUCH ACTION, MY
FRIEND?

DESTROYING
THE BRIDGE WOULD
ONLY SEPARATE
ME FROM MY GOAL--

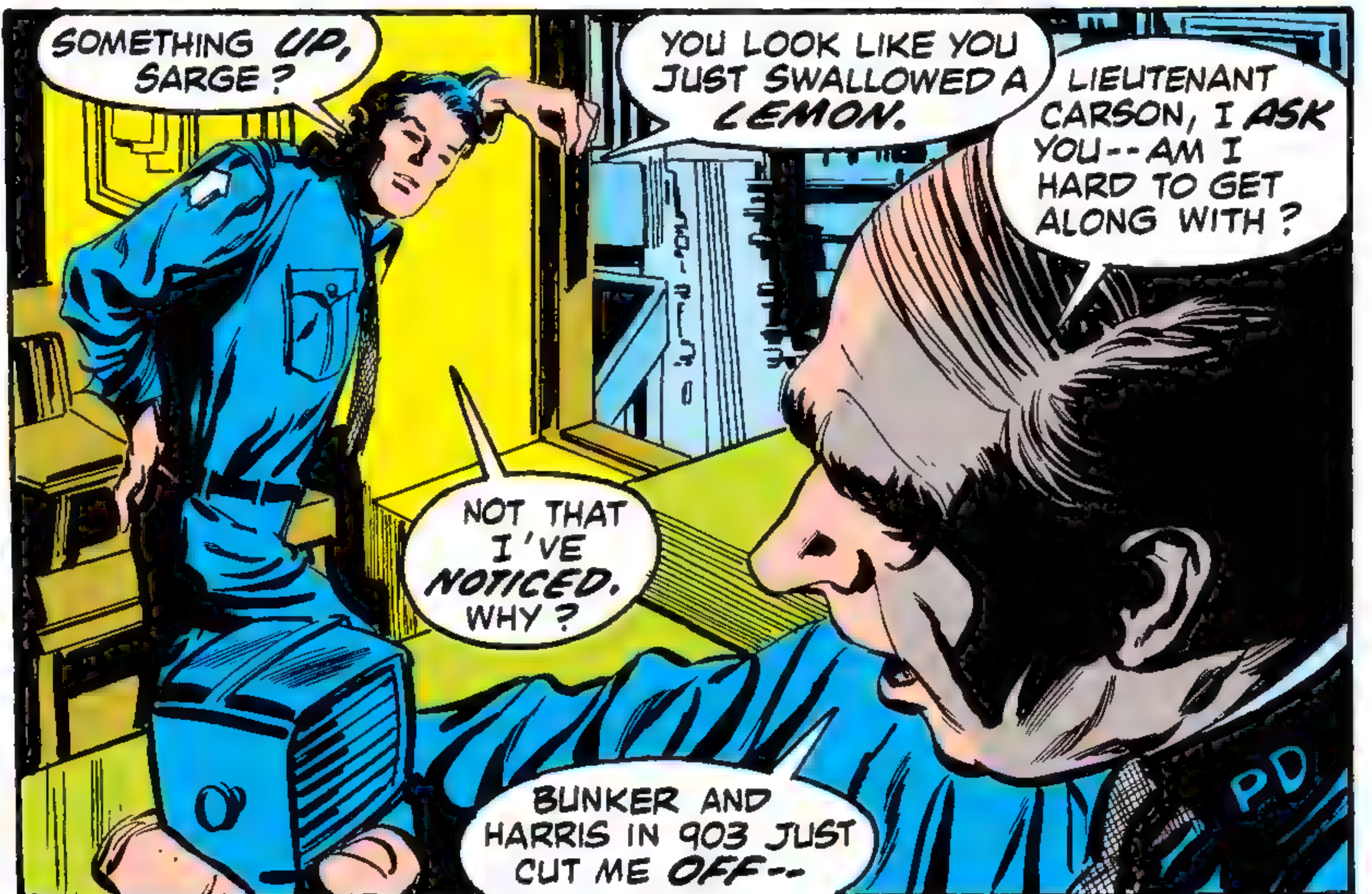
--FOR ONLY IN
SAN FRANCISCO
WILL THE DECISIVE
BATTLE BE FOUGHT--

--THE FIRST OF
MANY BATTLES IN
THIS WAR--FOR
A WORLD!



YOU WERE SAYIN'
SOMETHIN' ABOUT
DULL, GREG?

DON'T REMIND
ME, FRED... PLEASE,
JUST DON'T
REMIND ME.



SOMETHING UP,
SARGE?

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU
JUST SWALLOWED A
LEMON.

LIEUTENANT
CARSON, I ASK
YOU--AM I
HARD TO GET
ALONG WITH?

NOT THAT
I'VE
NOTICED.
WHY?

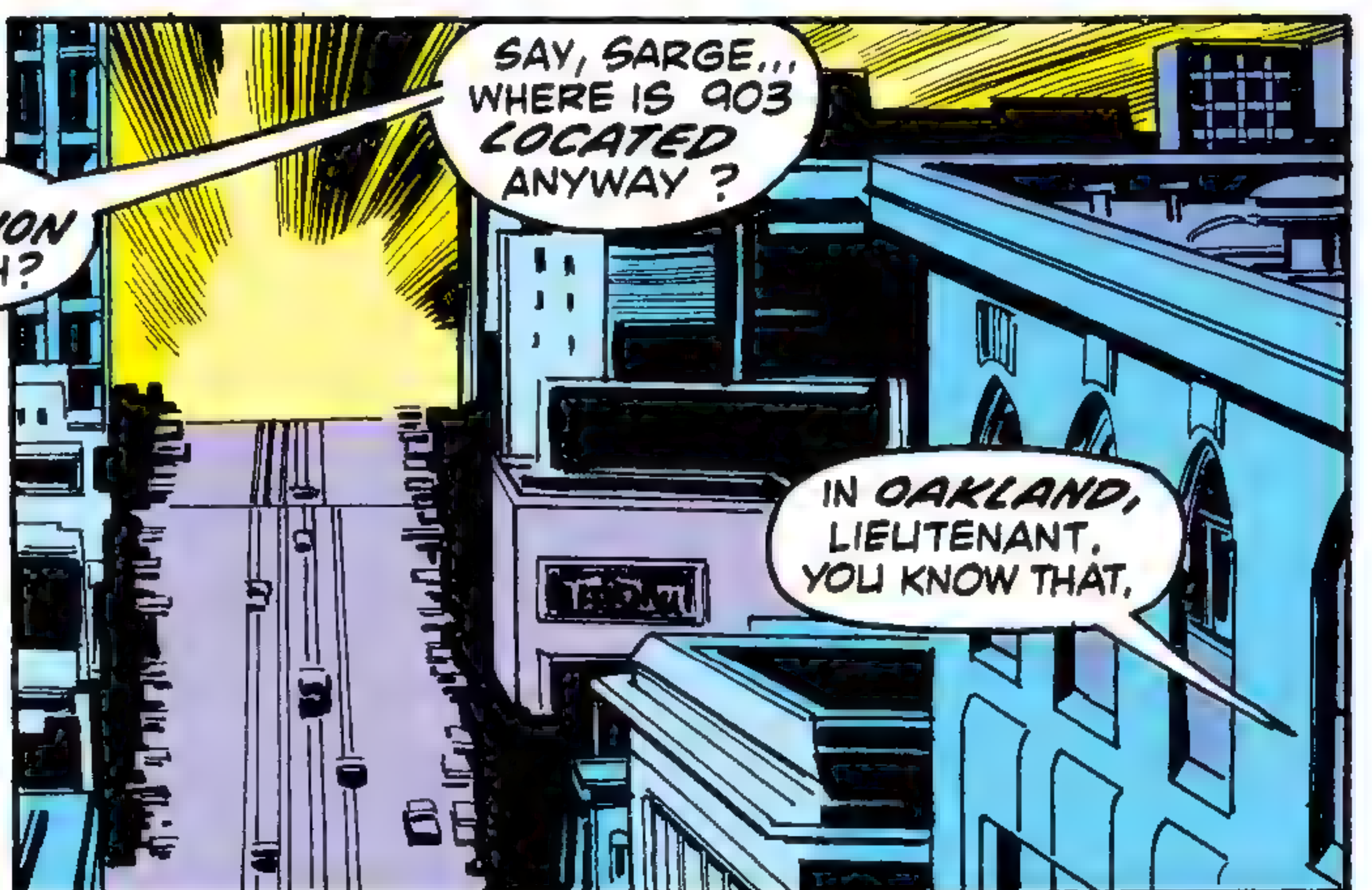
BUNKER AND
HARRIS IN 903 JUST
CUT ME OFF--



AND I'M THINKING:
MAYBE I SAID
SOMETHING TO MAKE
THEM ANGRY--

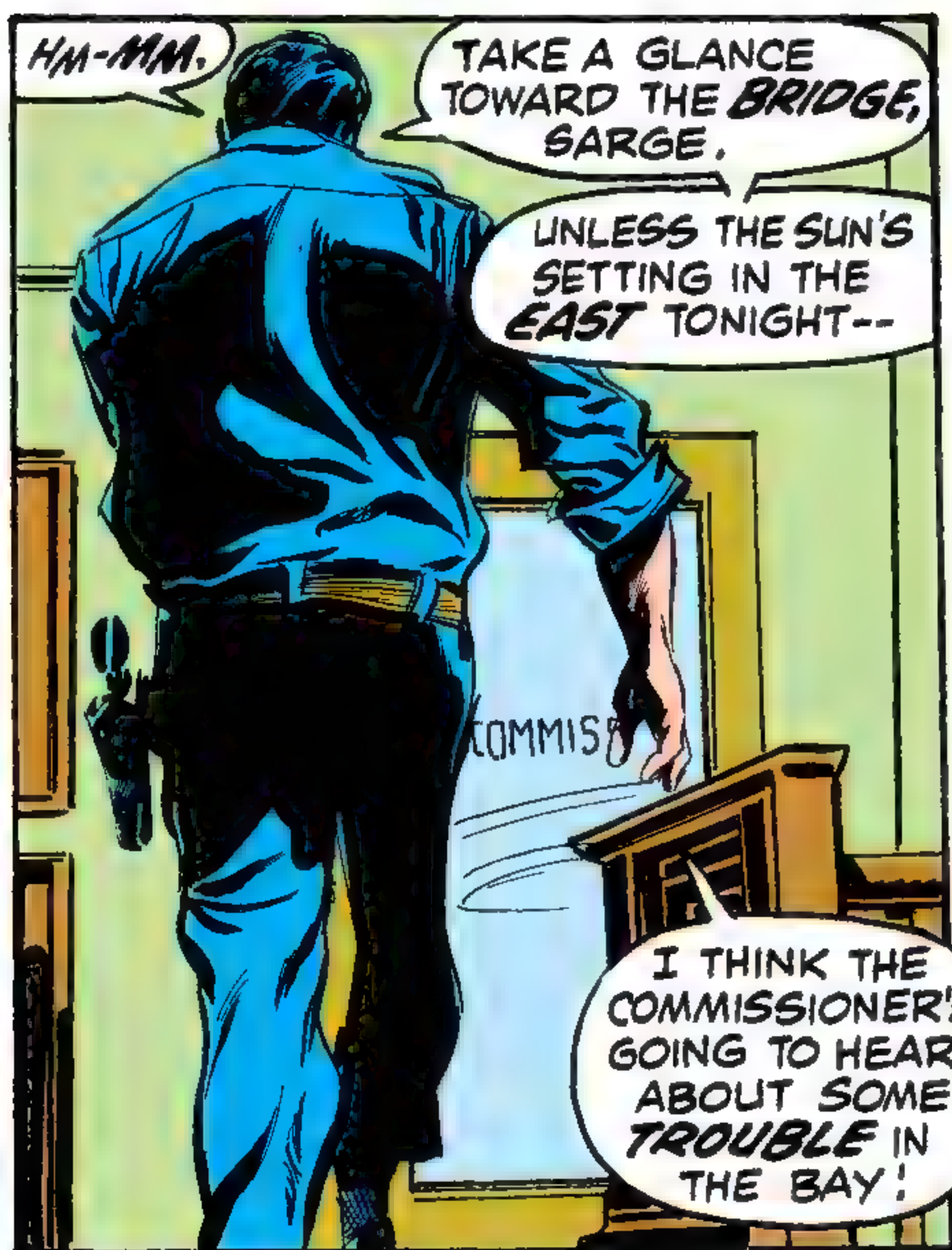
I DOUBT IT,
SARGE.

IT'S PROBABLY
JUST A MALFUNCTION
OF SOME SORT--EH?



SAY, SARGE...
WHERE IS 903
LOCATED
ANYWAY?

IN OAKLAND,
LIEUTENANT.
YOU KNOW THAT.

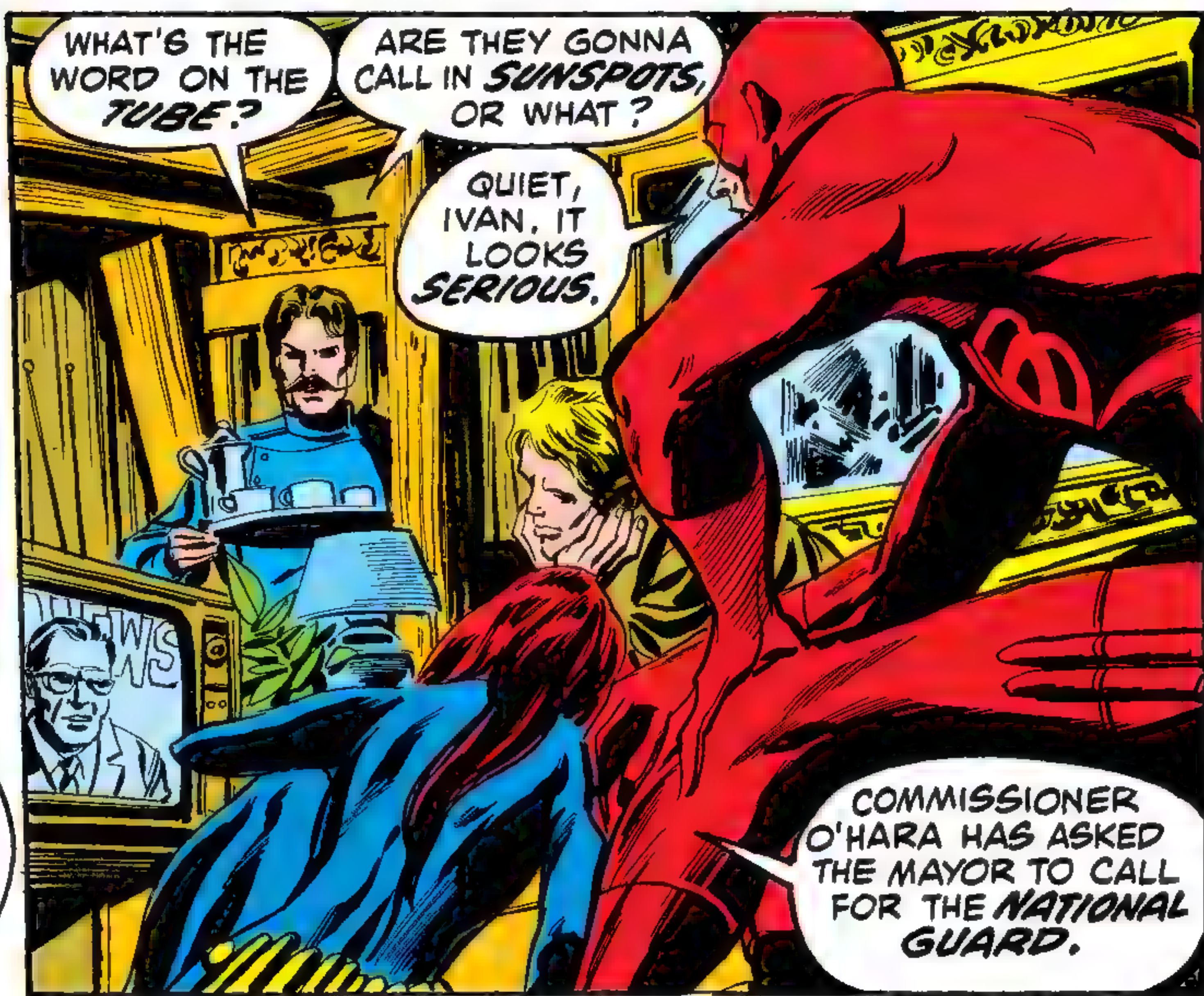


HM-MM.

TAKE A GLANCE
TOWARD THE **BRIDGE**,
SARGE.

UNLESS THE SUN'S
SETTING IN THE
EAST TONIGHT--

I THINK THE
COMMISSIONER'S
GOING TO HEAR
ABOUT SOME
TROUBLE IN
THE BAY!



WHAT'S THE
WORD ON THE
TUBE?

ARE THEY GONNA
CALL IN **SUNSPOTS**,
OR WHAT?

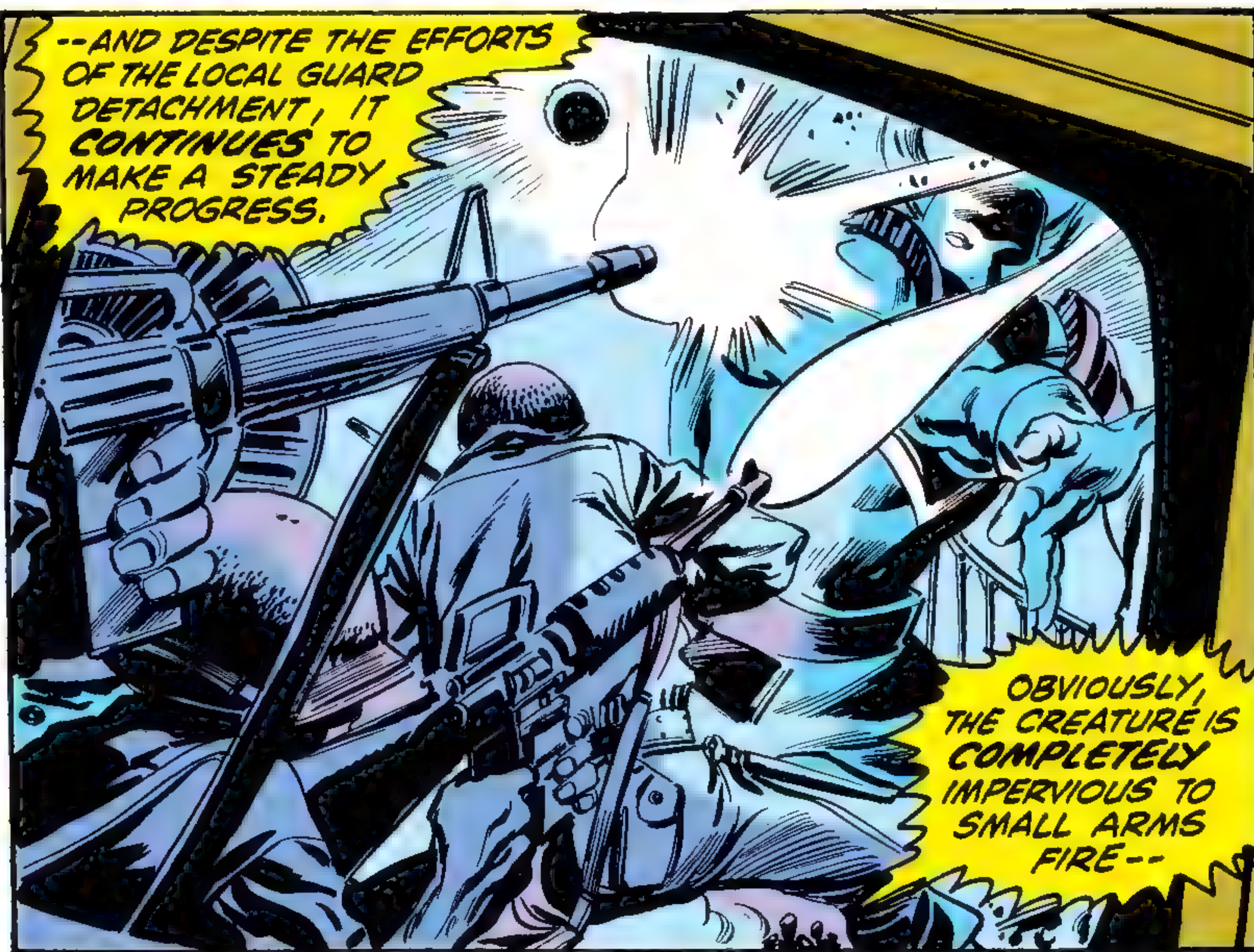
QUIET,
IVAN, IT
LOOKS
SERIOUS.

COMMISSIONER
O'HARA HAS ASKED
THE MAYOR TO CALL
FOR THE **NATIONAL
GUARD**.



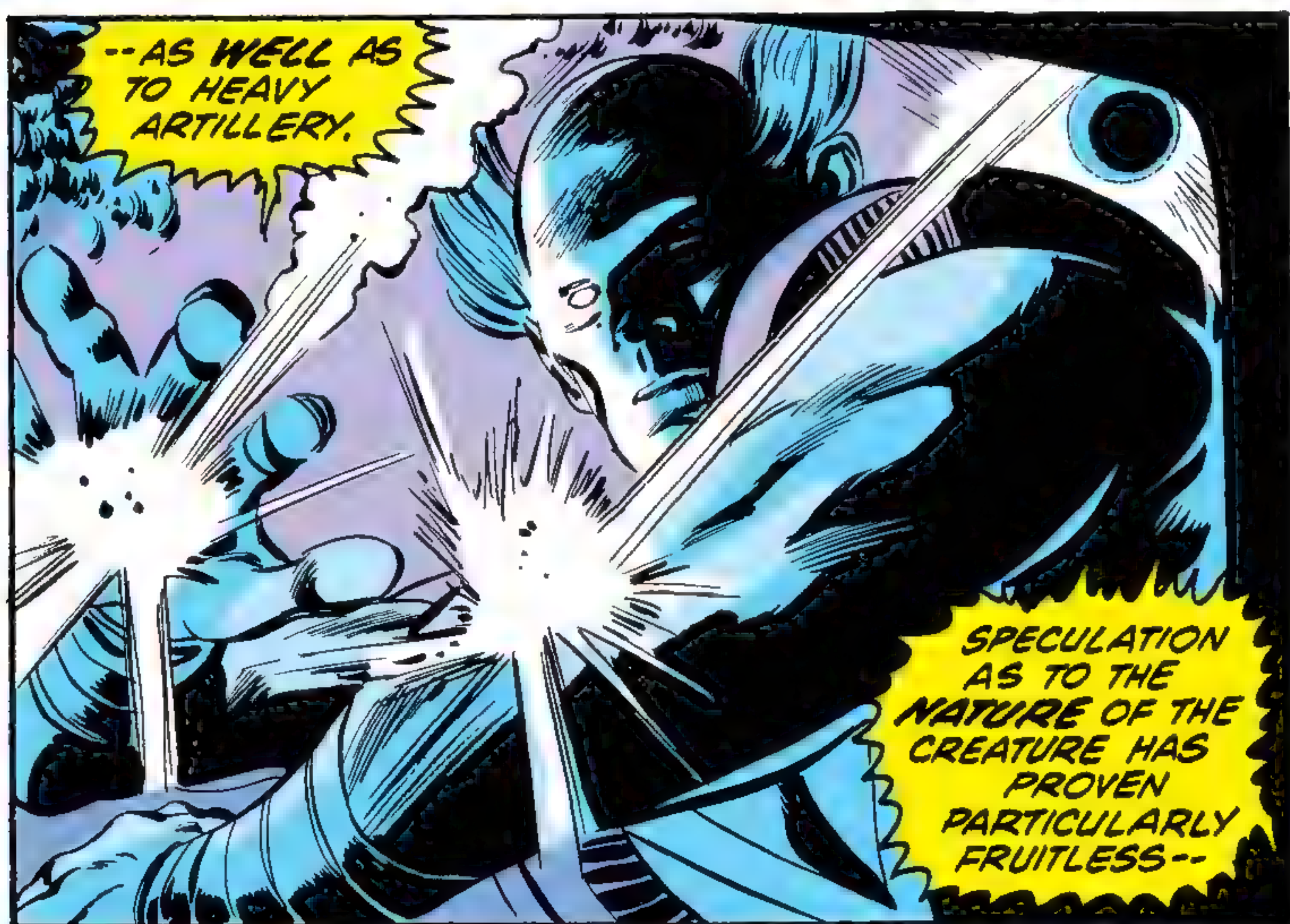
--TO NO
APPARENT
EFFECT.

IN THE PAST
HOUR, THE
CREATURE HAS
PASSED
THE **MIDPOINT**
OF THE BAY
BRIDGE--



--AND DESPITE THE EFFORTS
OF THE LOCAL GUARD
DETACHMENT, IT
CONTINUES TO
MAKE A STEADY
PROGRESS.

OBVIOUSLY,
THE CREATURE IS
COMPLETELY
IMPERVIOUS TO
SMALL ARMS
FIRE--



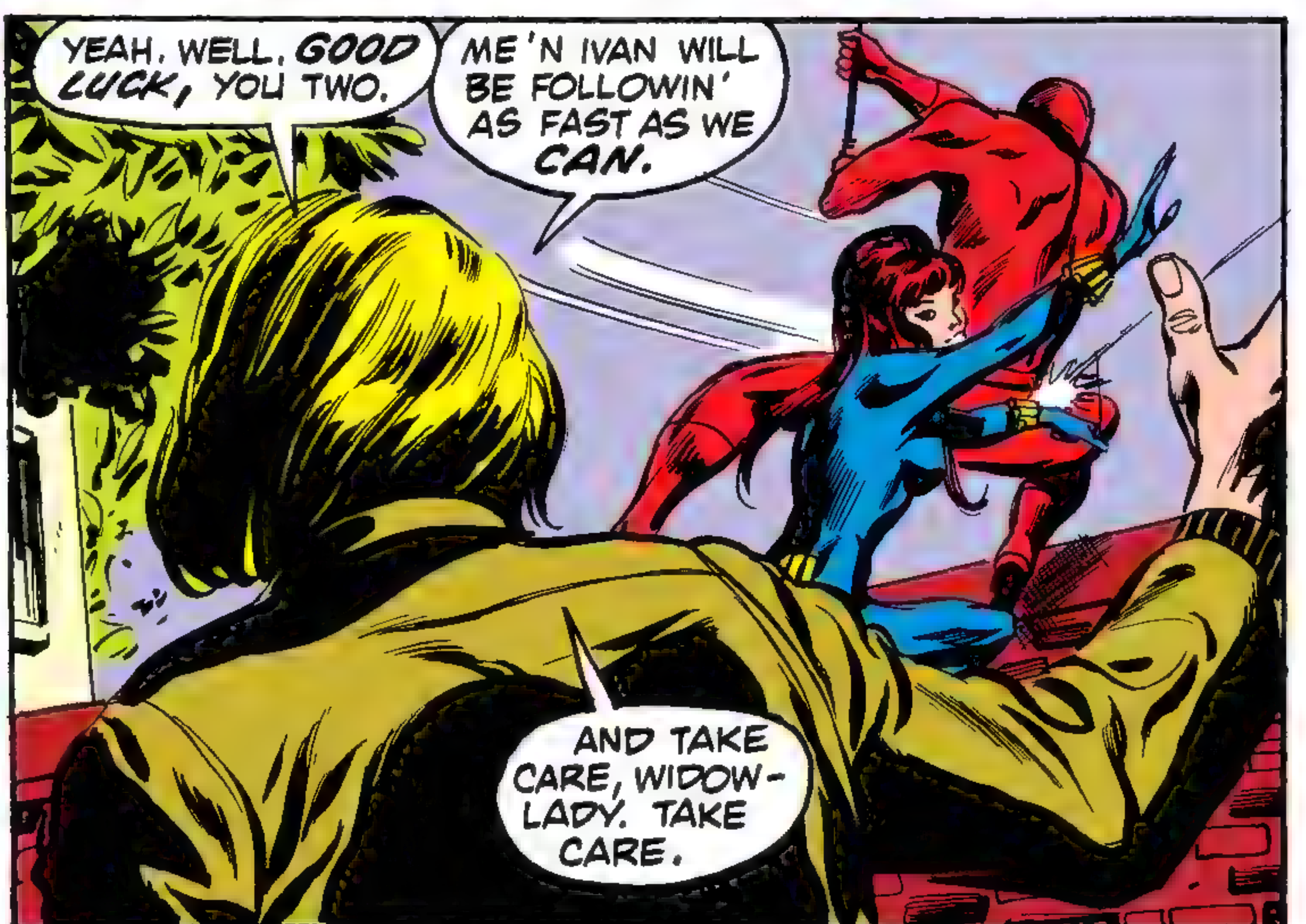
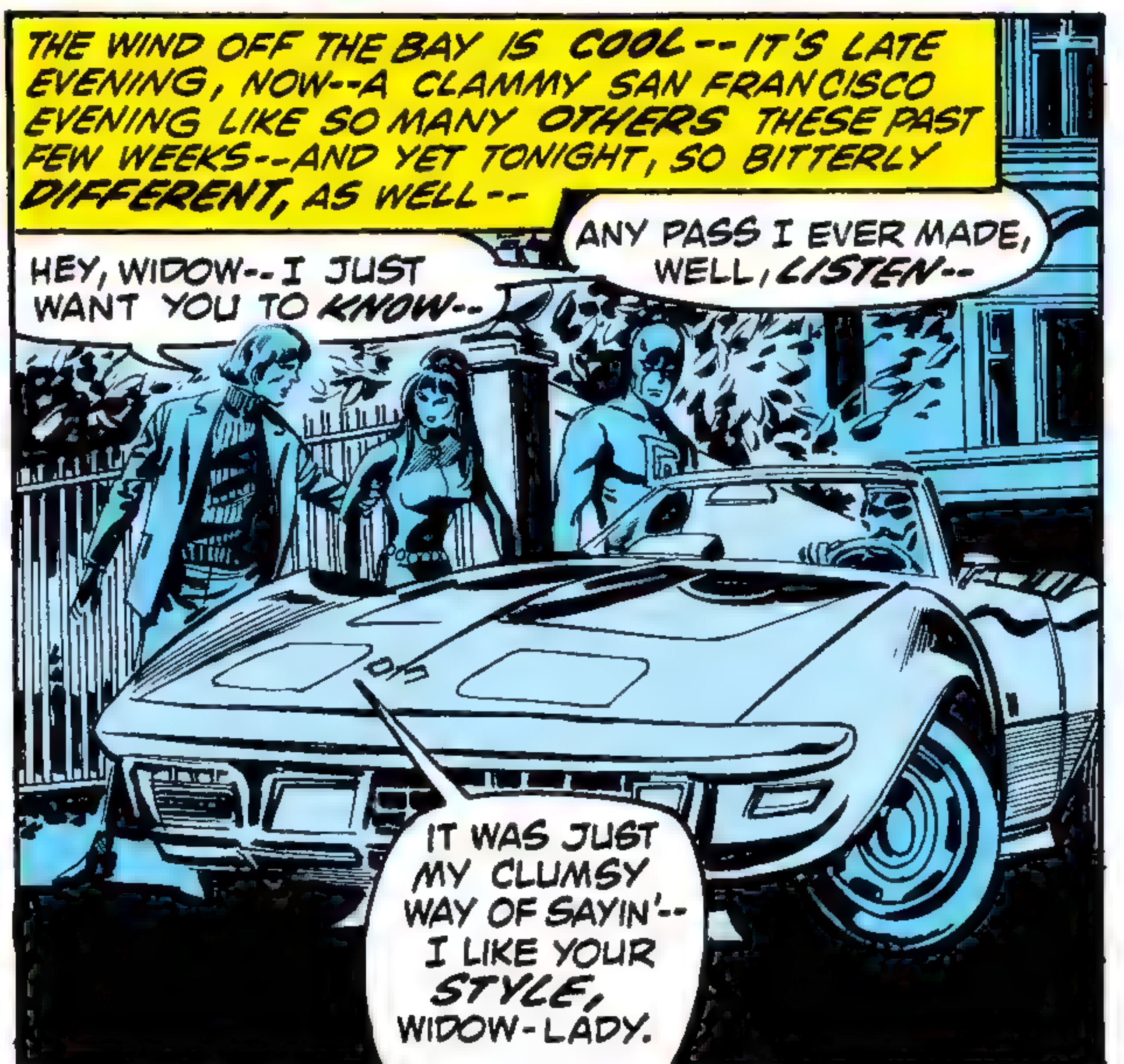
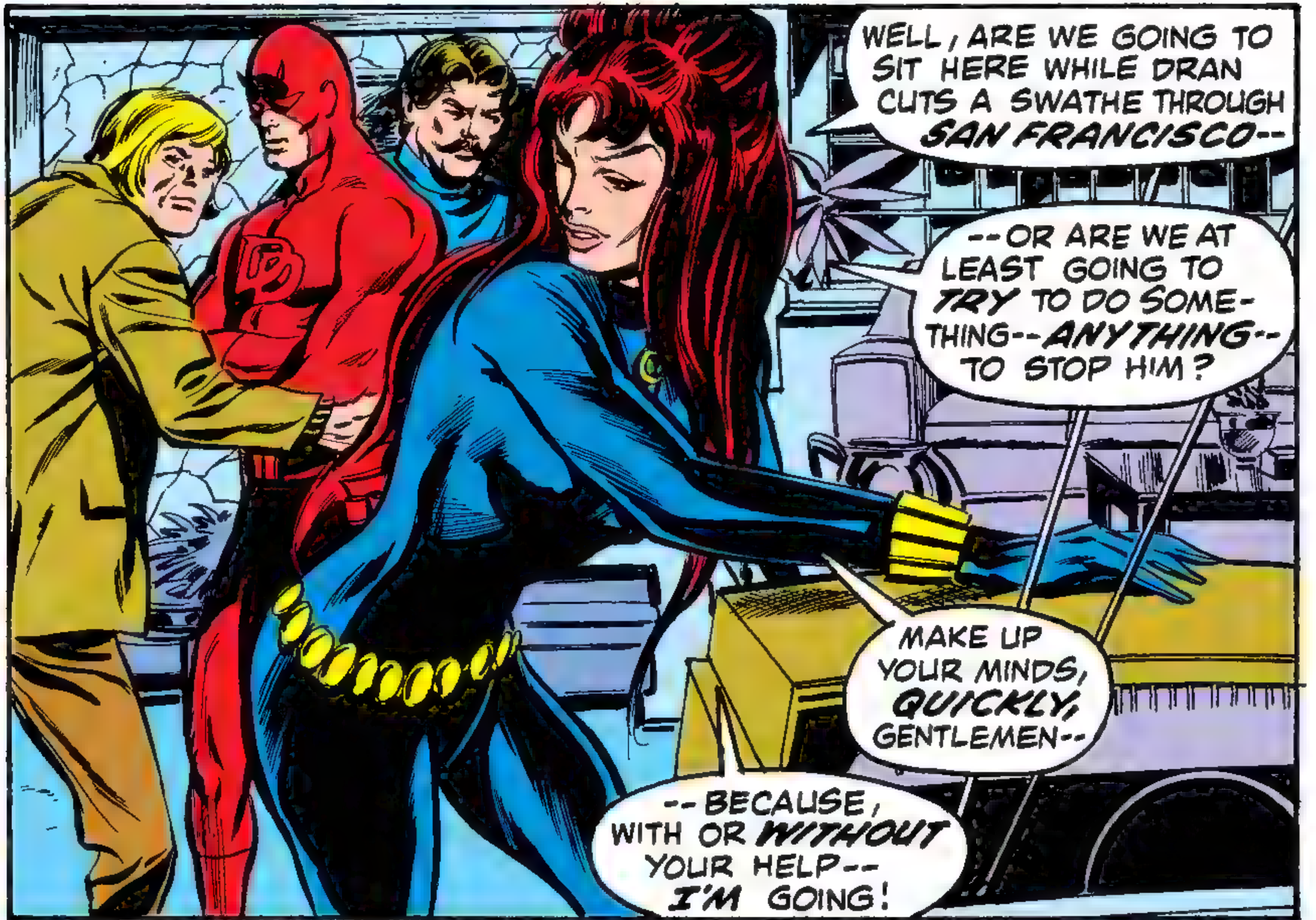
--AS WELL AS
TO HEAVY
ARTILLERY.

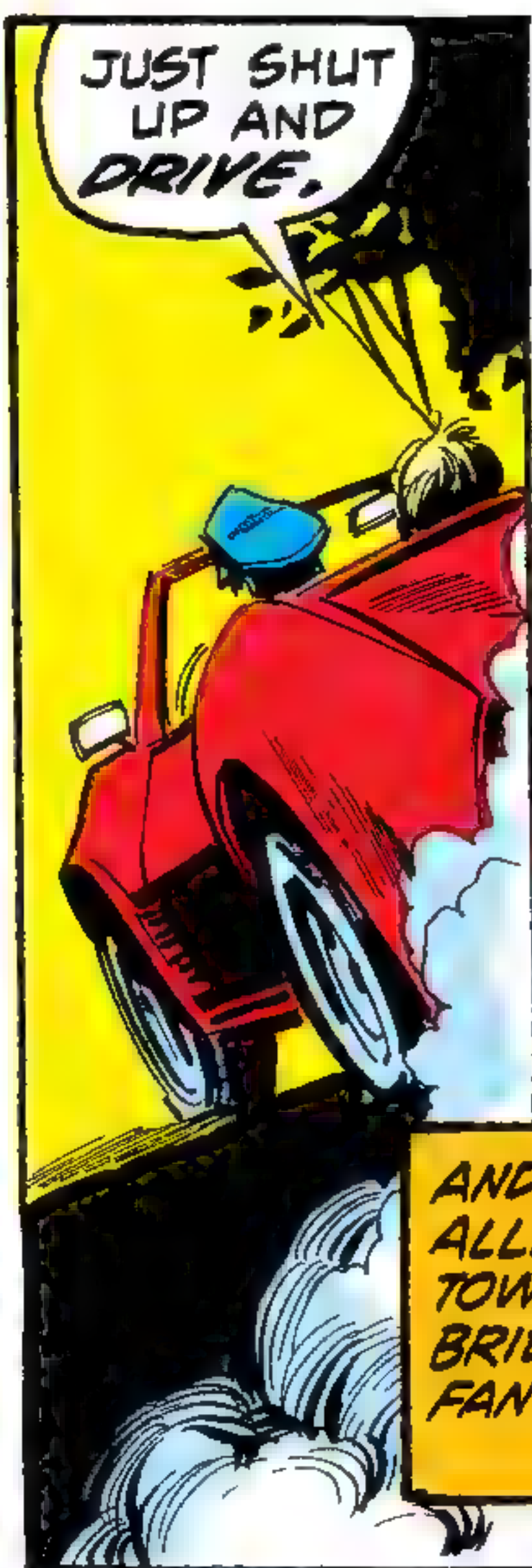
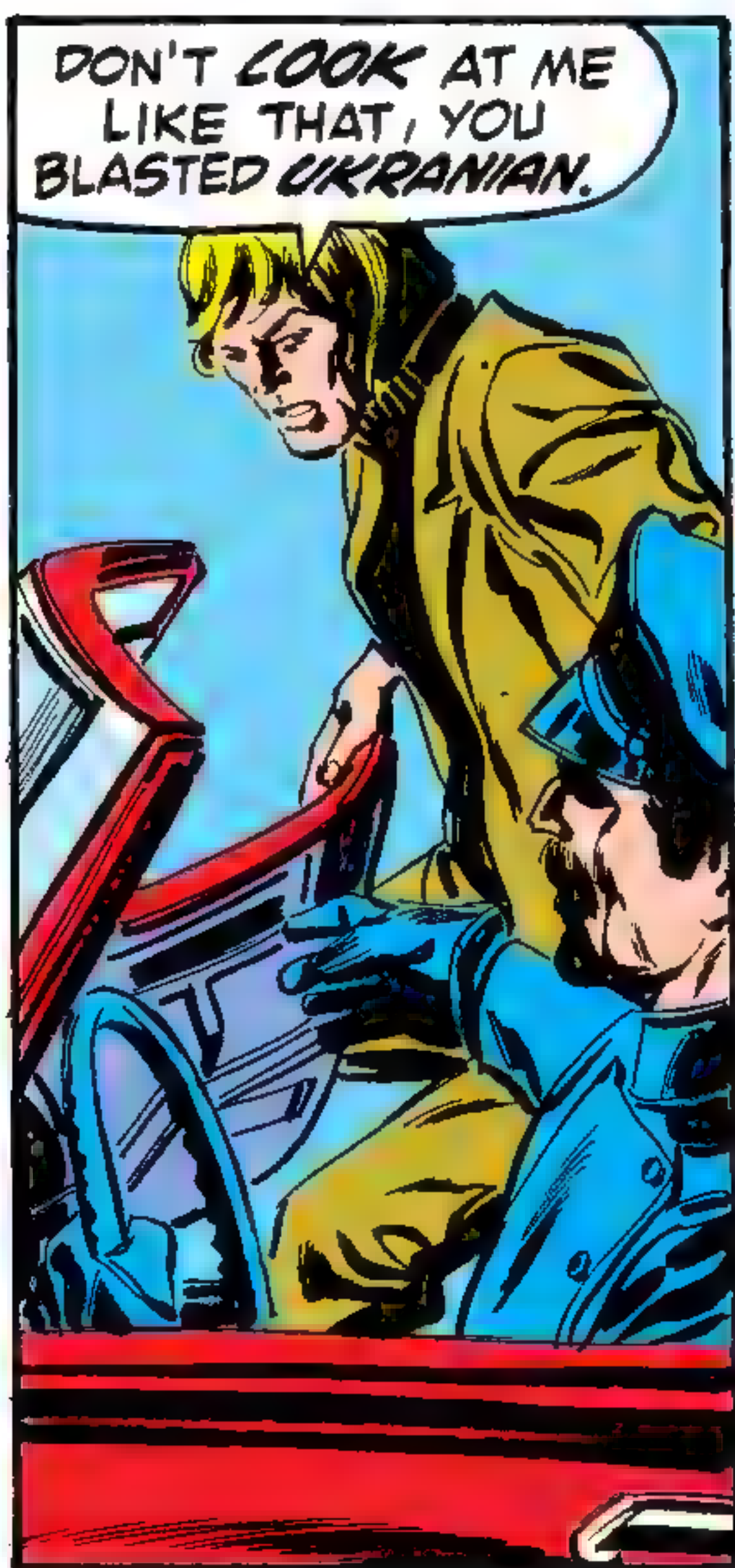
SPECULATION
AS TO THE
NATURE OF THE
CREATURE HAS
PROVEN
PARTICULARLY
FRUITLESS--



--ALTHOUGH A CONNECTION
HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED
BETWEEN THIS
APPARITION--

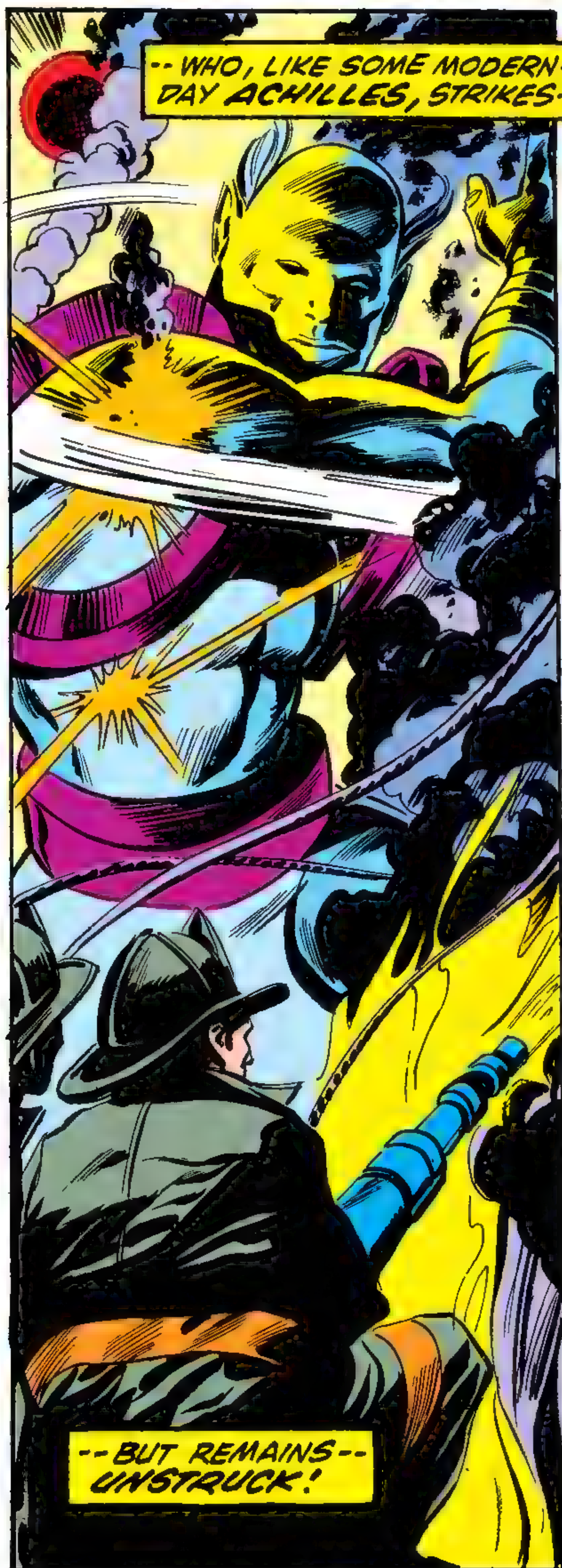
--AND THE
EXPLOSIONS AT
THE HOME OF
MULTI-BILLION
DOLLAR MUNITIONS
ENTREPRENEUR,
DAMON DRAN.



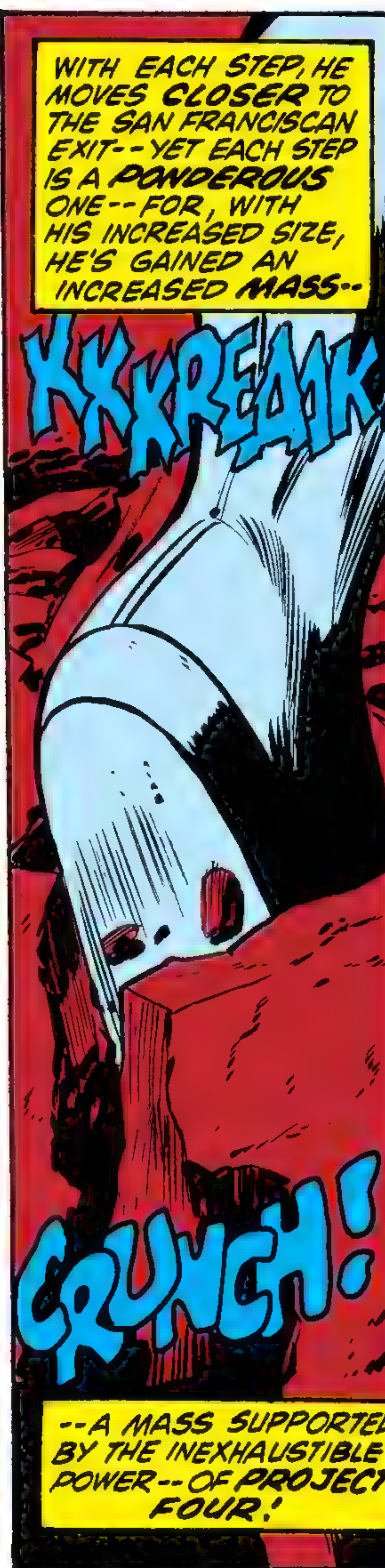


AND AS THE TWO FORCED ALLIES HEAD SOUTH TOWARD THE BESIEGED BRIDGE, LET'S TAKE A FANCIFUL LEAP AHEAD OF THEM--

--TO THE TRANSFORMED GIANT ONCE CALLED DAMON DRAN--



-- WHO, LIKE SOME MODERN-DAY ACHILLES, STRIKES--



WITH EACH STEP, HE MOVES CLOSER TO THE SAN FRANCISCAN EXIT-- YET EACH STEP IS A PONDEROUS ONE-- FOR, WITH HIS INCREASED SIZE, HE'S GAINED AN INCREASED MASS--

KKKREAAK!

CRUNCH!

--A MASS SUPPORTED BY THE INEXHAUSTIBLE POWER-- OF PROJECT FOUR!



CARSON, LOOKS LIKE YOU WEREN'T KIDDING WHEN YOU TOLD ME WE HAD SOME TROUBLE OUT HERE

KEE-RIPE... WILL YOU LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT THING?

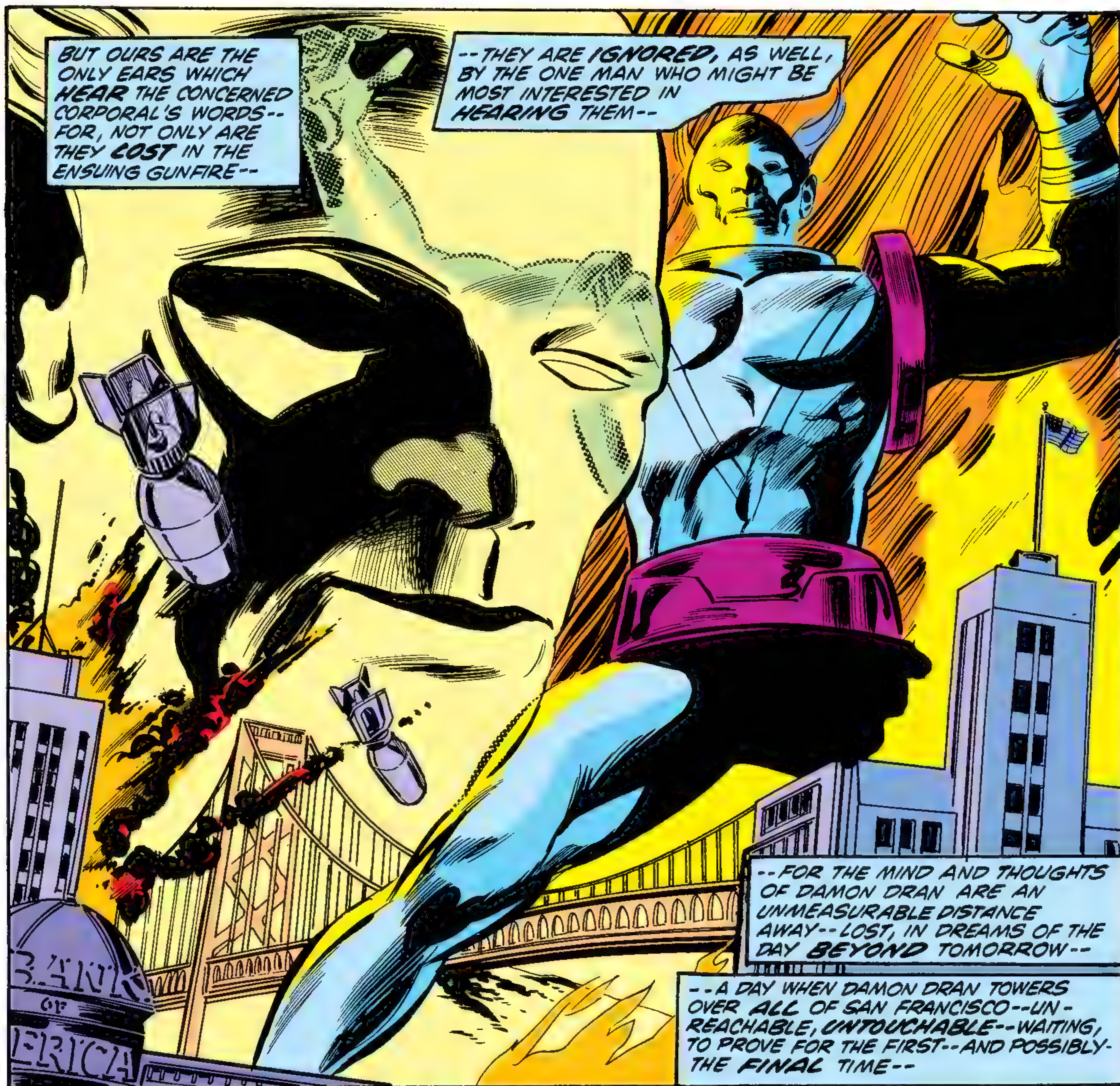
STILL THINK YOUR MEN CAN HANDLE IT, SOLDIER?

DO WE HAVE A CHOICE, COMMISSIONER?



TANKS SIX AND NINE... MOVE FORWARD ONE HUNDRED FEET...

...AND ON MY COMMAND...





--NOTHING CAN STOP--
THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN!

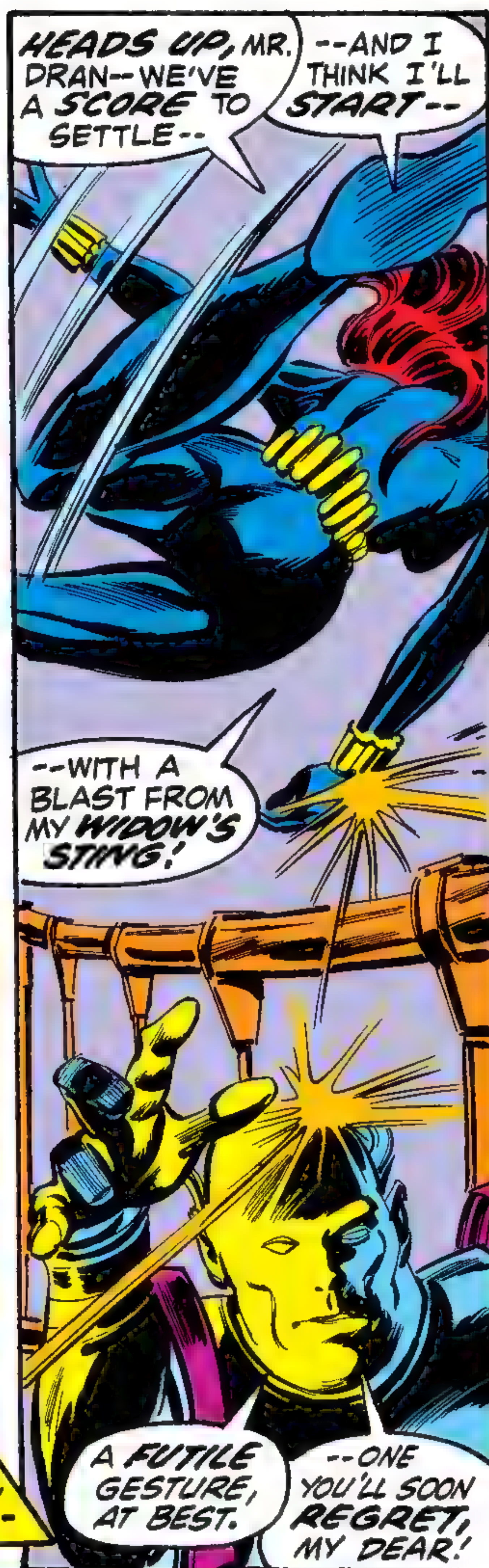
FROM THIS THOUGHT, HIS
MIND LEAPS TO OTHER
THINGS-- TO THE POWER
THAT SOON WILL BE HIS--
CONTROL HE'S ALWAYS
CRAVED, BUT WHICH
NEVER SEEMED POSSIBLE
BEFORE--

--AND NOW EVERYTHING
IS POSSIBLE--



EVERY-
THING.

SUDDENLY, HIS
THOUGHTS ARE
DISTURBED BY A
SOUND--A FAMILIAR,
STARTLING VOICE--



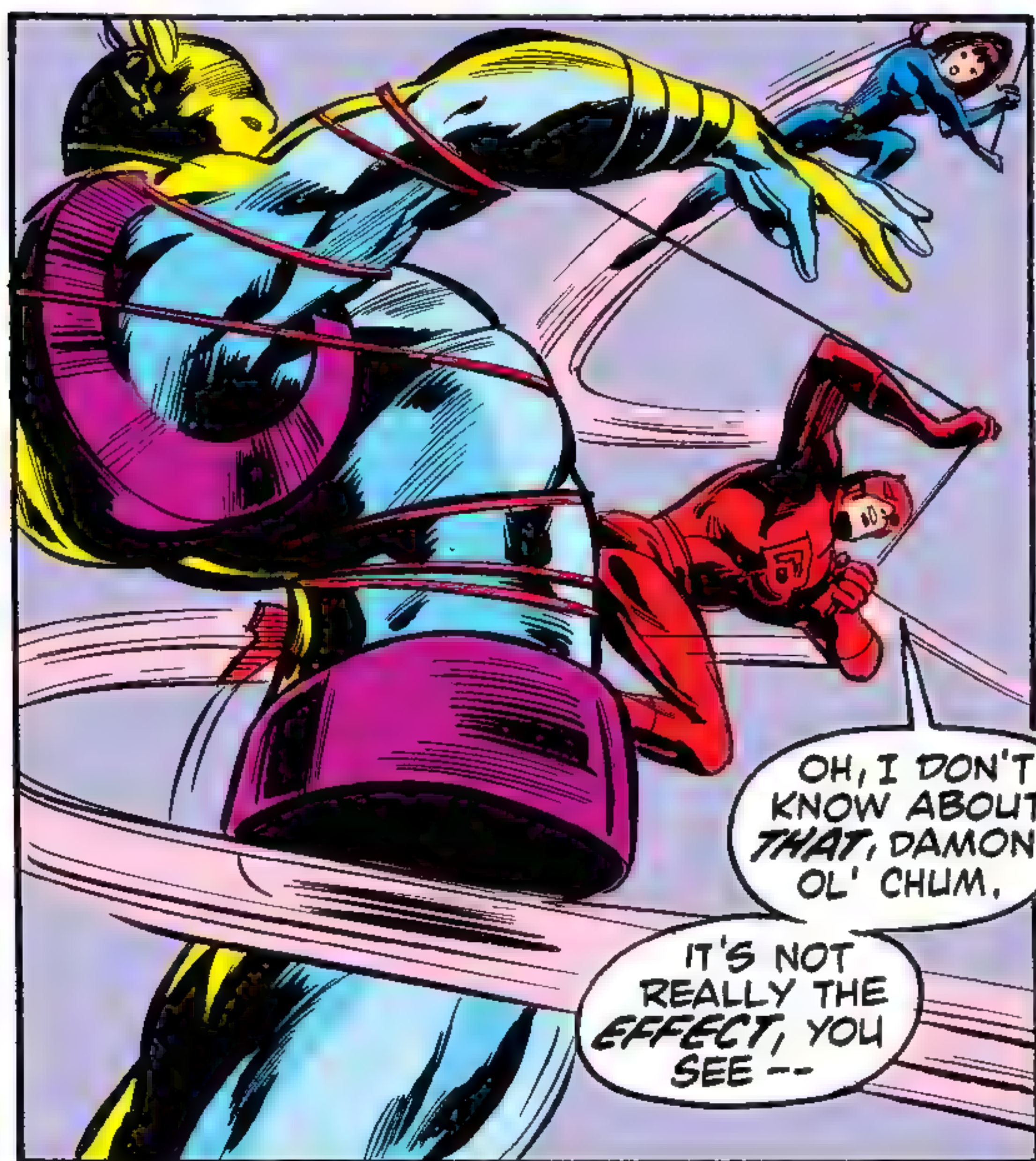
HEADS UP, MR.
DRAN--WE'VE
A SCORE TO
SETTLE--

--AND I
THINK I'LL
START--

--WITH A
BLAST FROM
MY WIDOW'S
STING!

A FUTILE
GESTURE,
AT BEST.

--ONE
YOU'LL SOON
REGRET,
MY DEAR!



OH, I DON'T
KNOW ABOUT
THAT, DAMON
OL' CHUM.

IT'S NOT
REALLY THE
EFFECT, YOU
SEE --

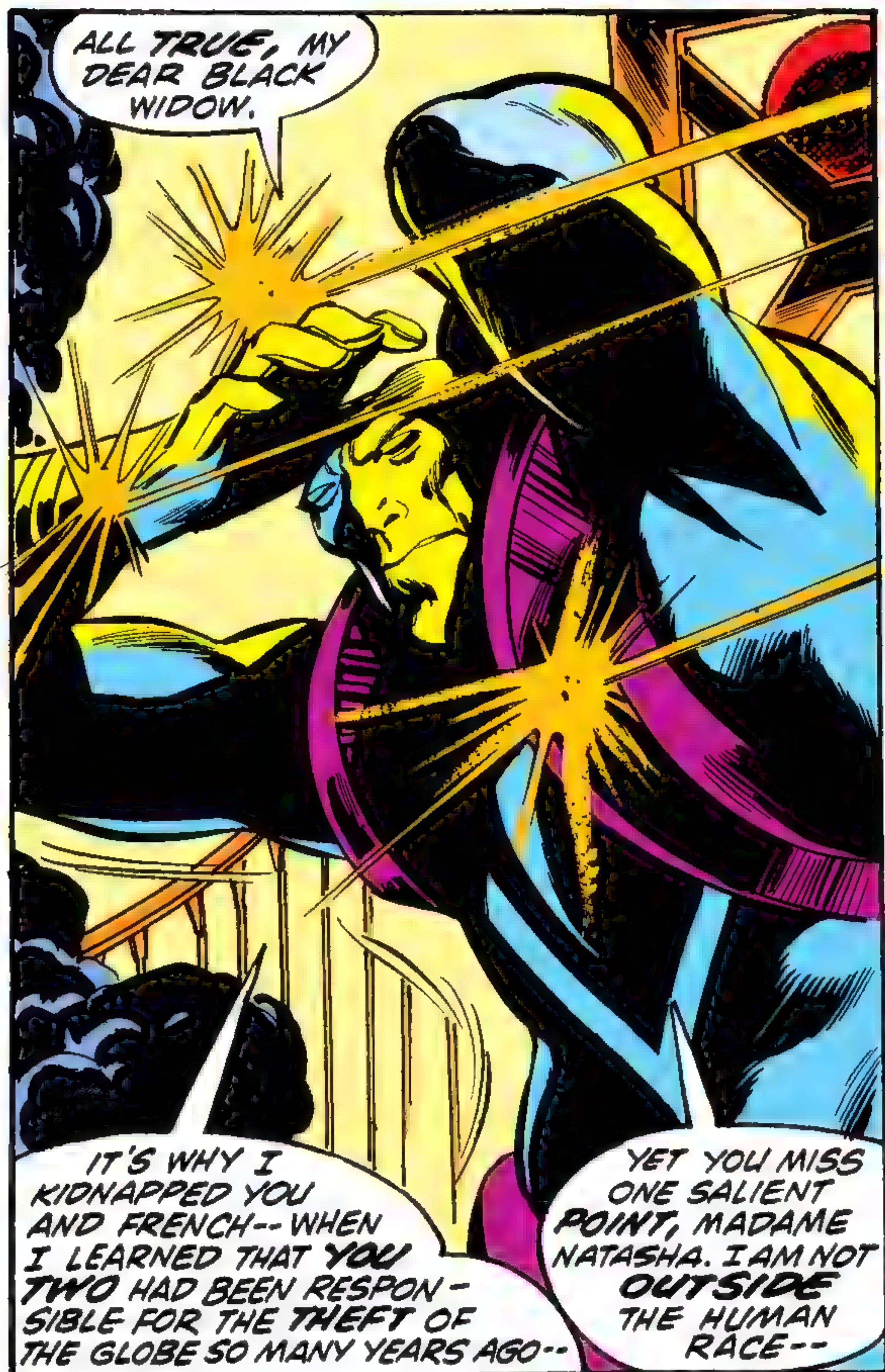
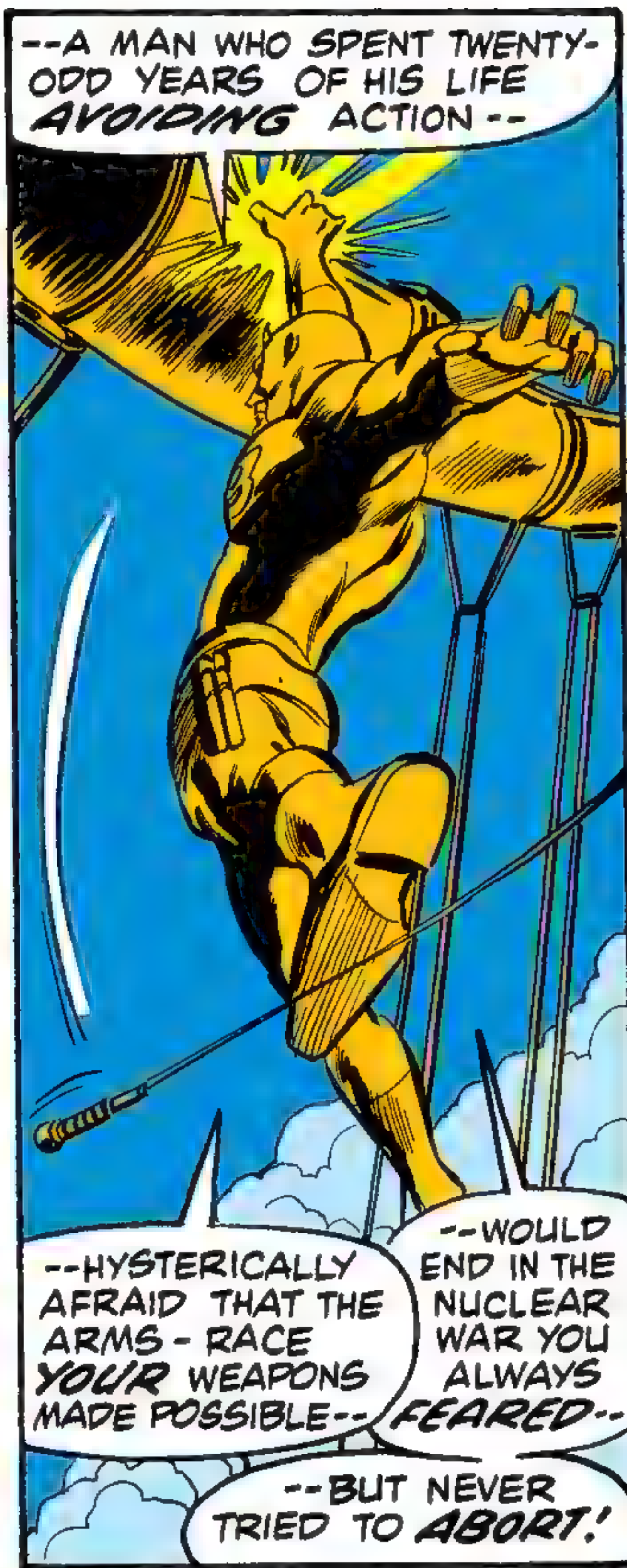
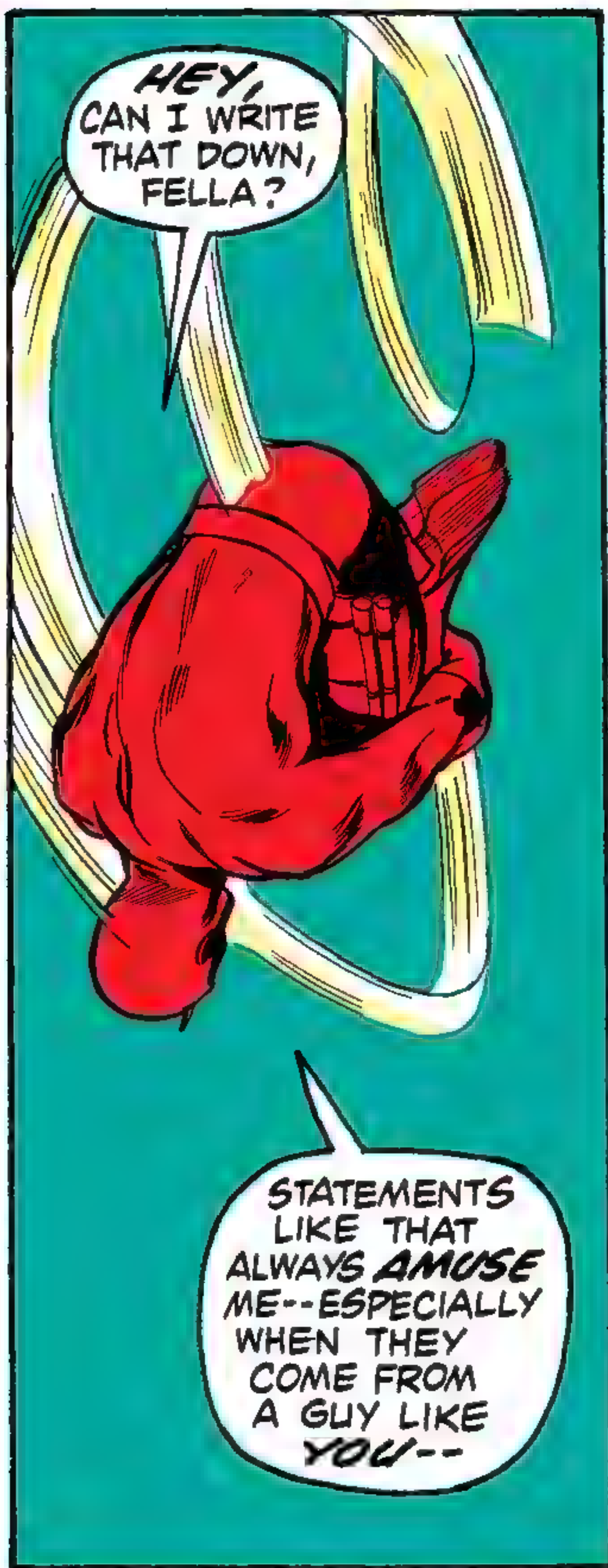


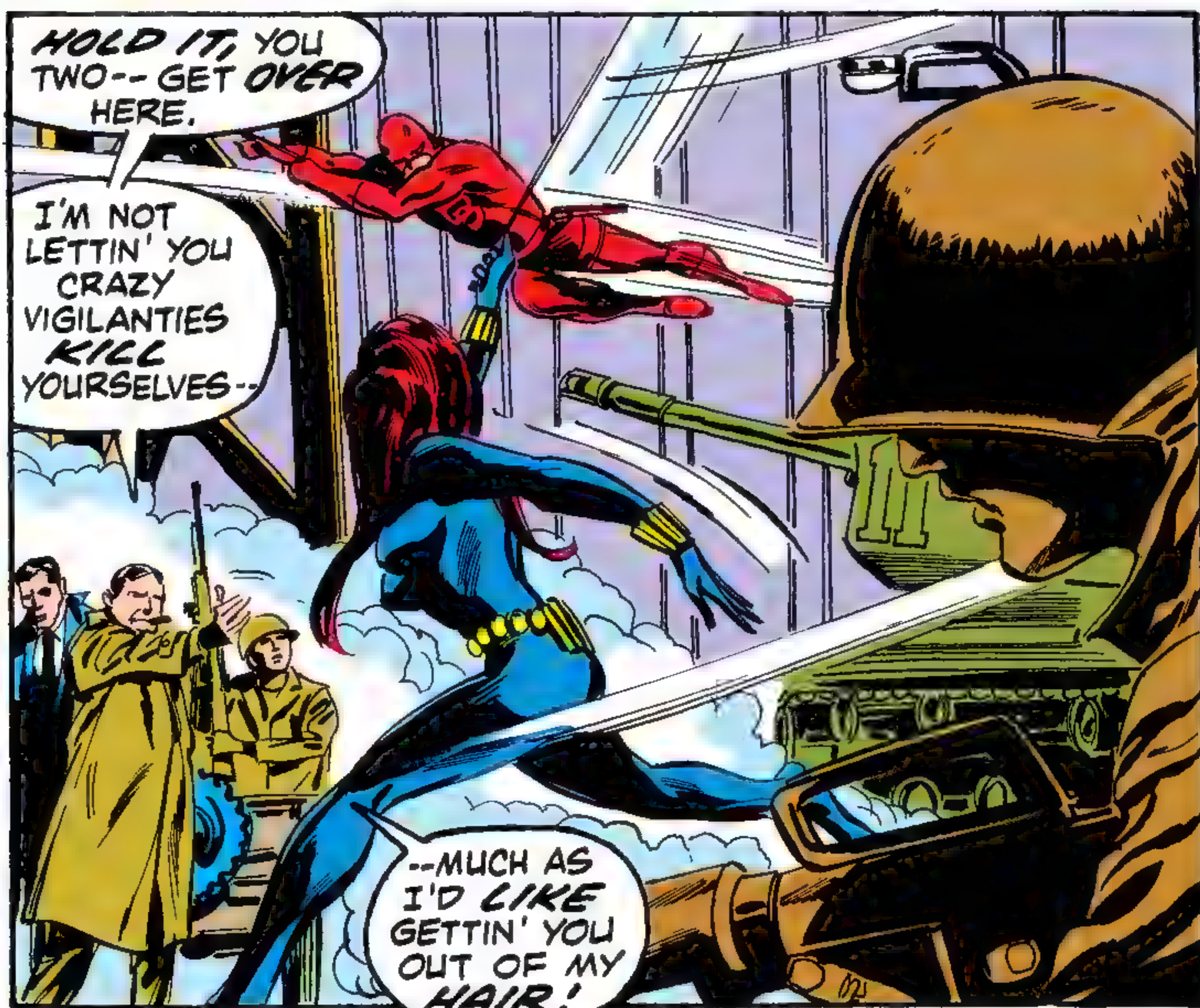
CHUNK!

--IT'S THE
BLASTED
PRINCIPLE
OF THE
THINNINNGH!

FOOL!
PRINCIPLES
ARE USEFUL
ONLY FOR
EPITHETS--

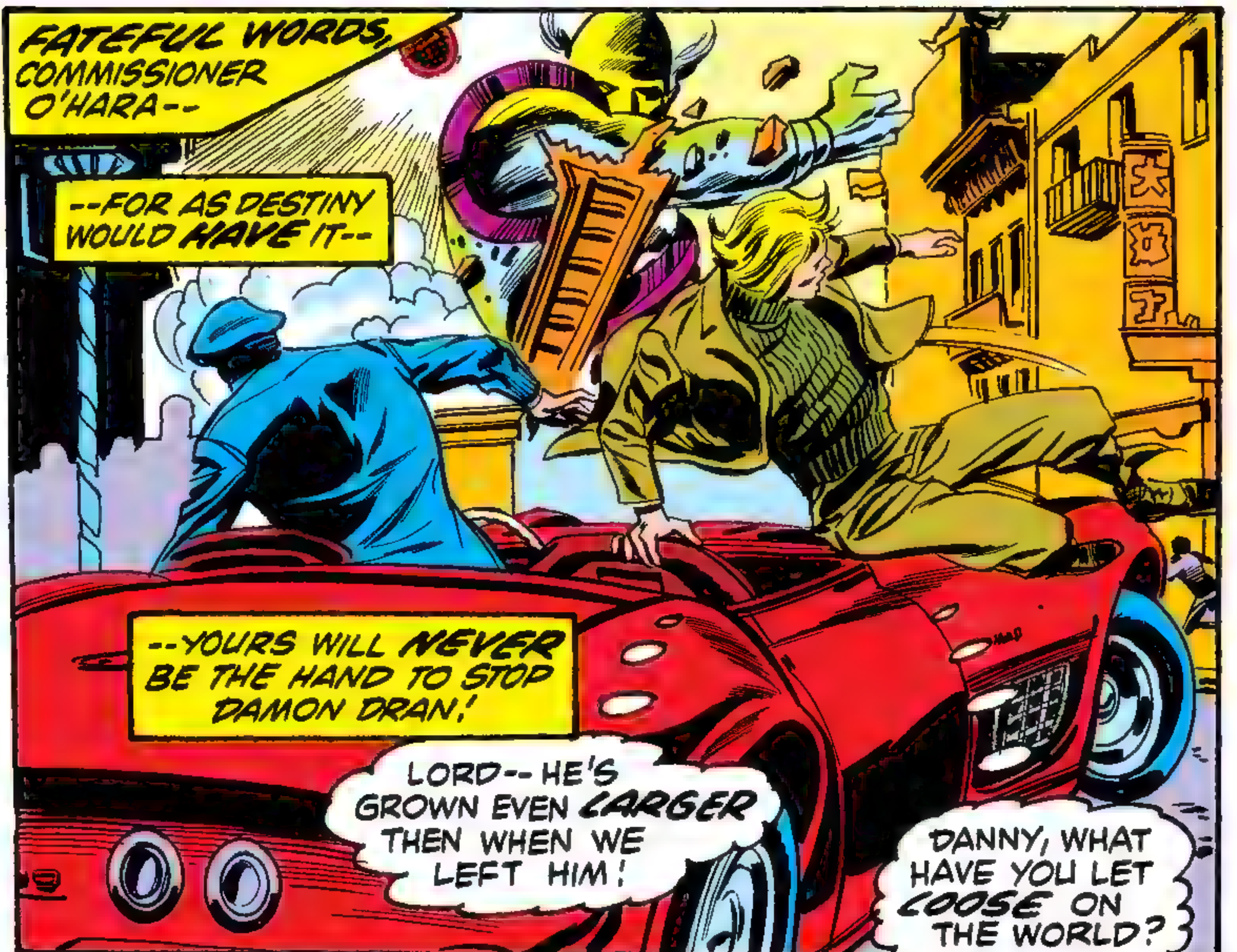
BUT ACTIONS, MY
FRIEND--ACTIONS
COMMAND!







--MAYBE WE NEVER WILL!



FATEFUL WORDS, COMMISSIONER O'HARA--

--FOR AS DESTINY WOULD HAVE IT--

--YOURS WILL NEVER BE THE HAND TO STOP DAMON DRAN!

LORD-- HE'S GROWN EVEN LARGER THEN WHEN WE LEFT HIM!

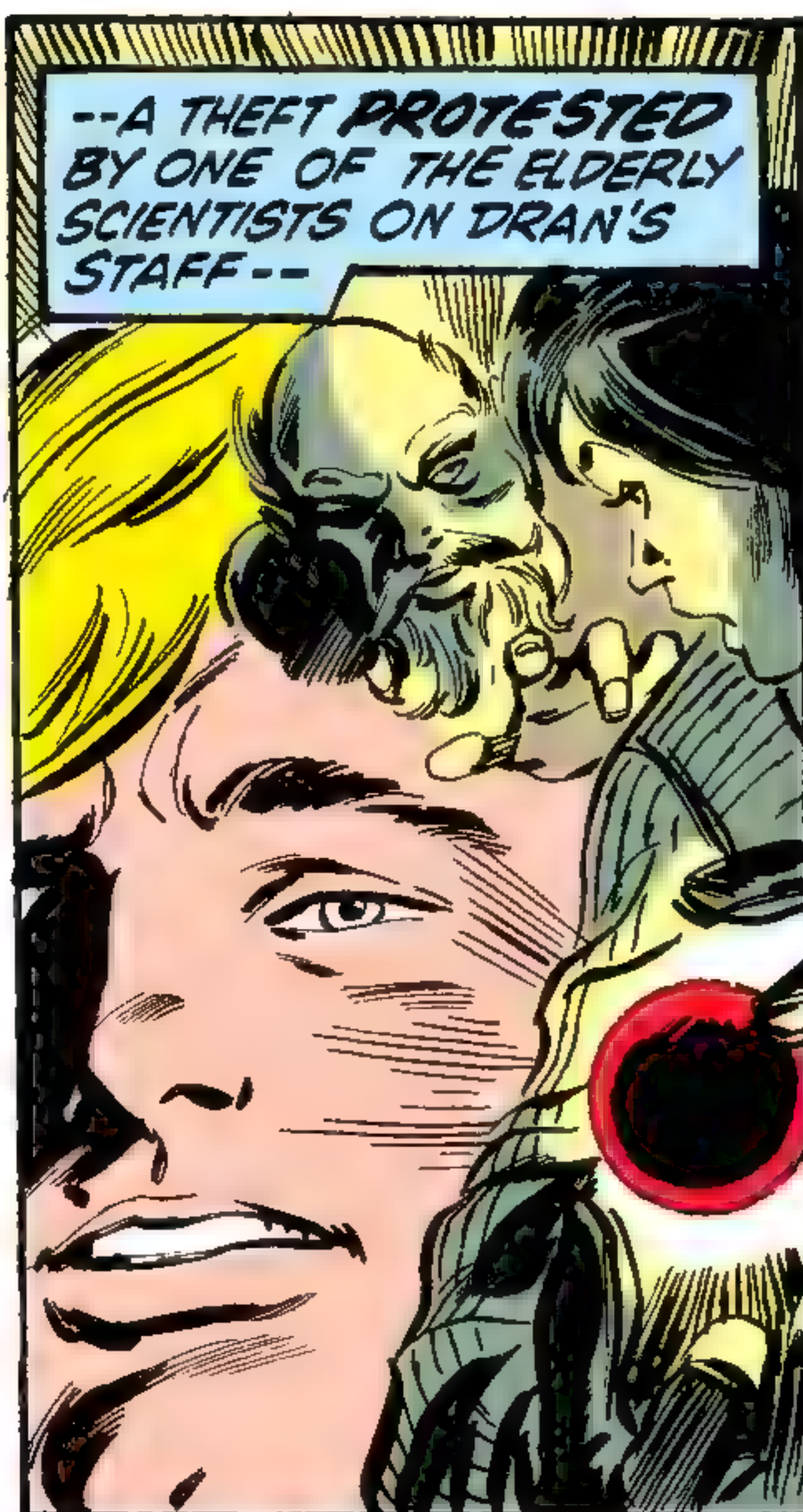
DANNY, WHAT HAVE YOU LET COOSE ON THE WORLD?



DIZZILY, HIS THOUGHTS DIVE BACK-- BACK, TO A DAY IN 1964, WHEN HE AND THE NEW RUSSIAN AGENT CODE-NAMED THE BLACK WIDOW FIRST MET--

--AND TEAMED ON THE THEFT OF THE DAMON DRAN'S PROJECT FOUR.

* SHOWN IN DD# 90. --ROY.



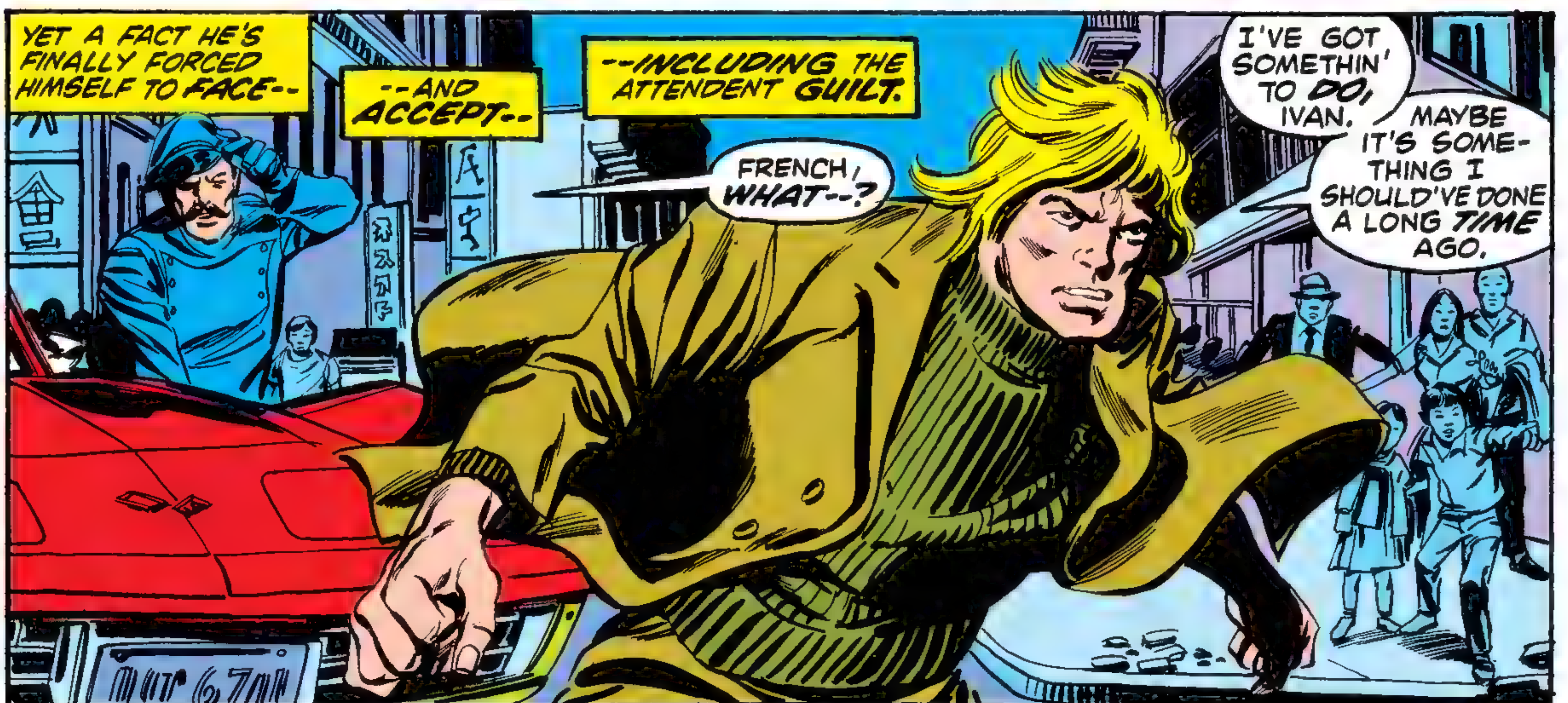
--A THEFT PROTESTED BY ONE OF THE ELDERLY SCIENTISTS ON DRAN'S STAFF--



--A PROTEST QUICKLY QUELLED--

FIRST, WITH A RUDE BLOW-- THEN WITH GAS--

--POISON GAS... A FACT-- THEN-- CONCEALED FROM THE YOUNG DANNY FRENCH.



YET A FACT HE'S FINALLY FORCED HIMSELF TO FACE--

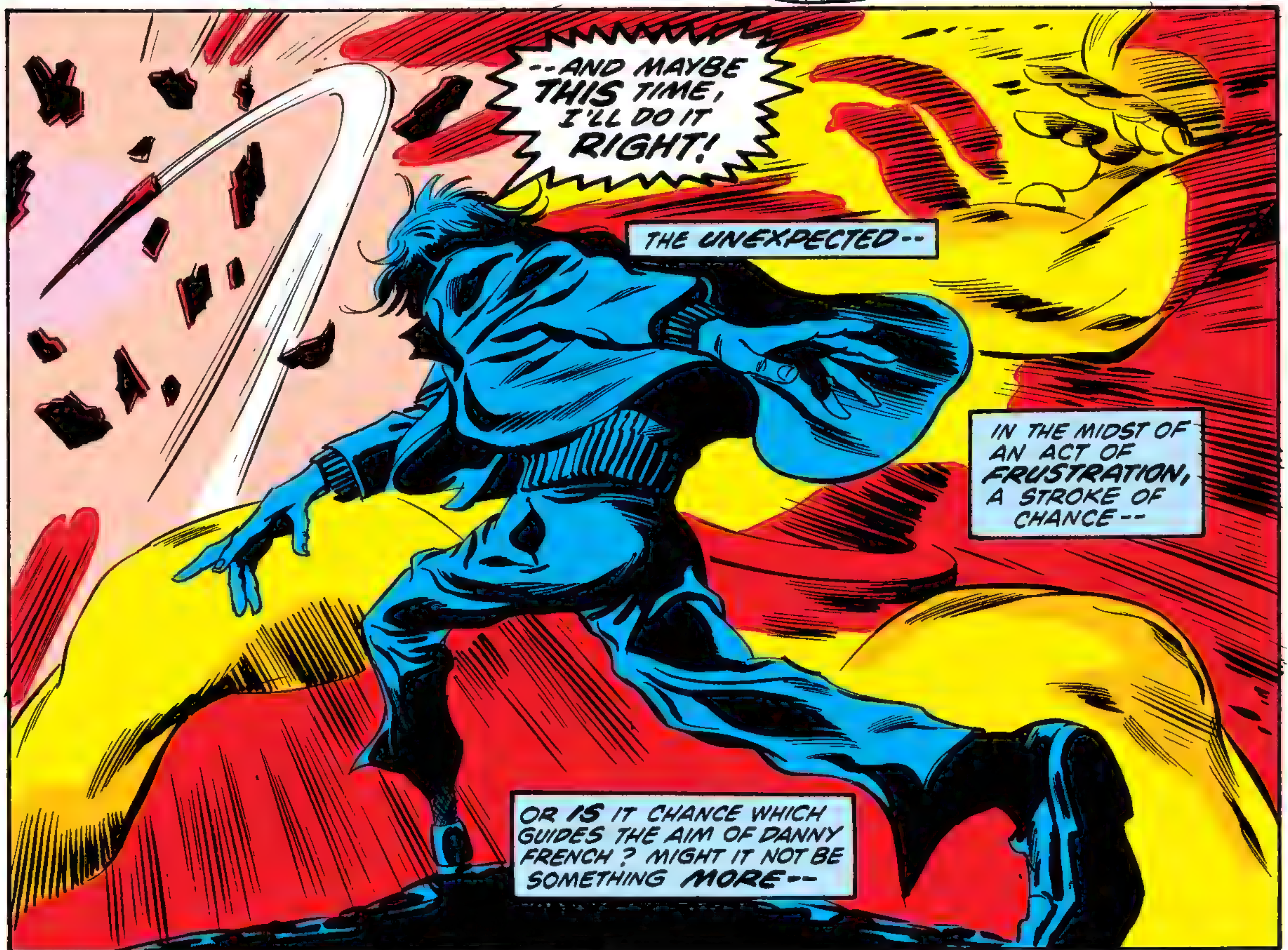
--AND ACCEPT--

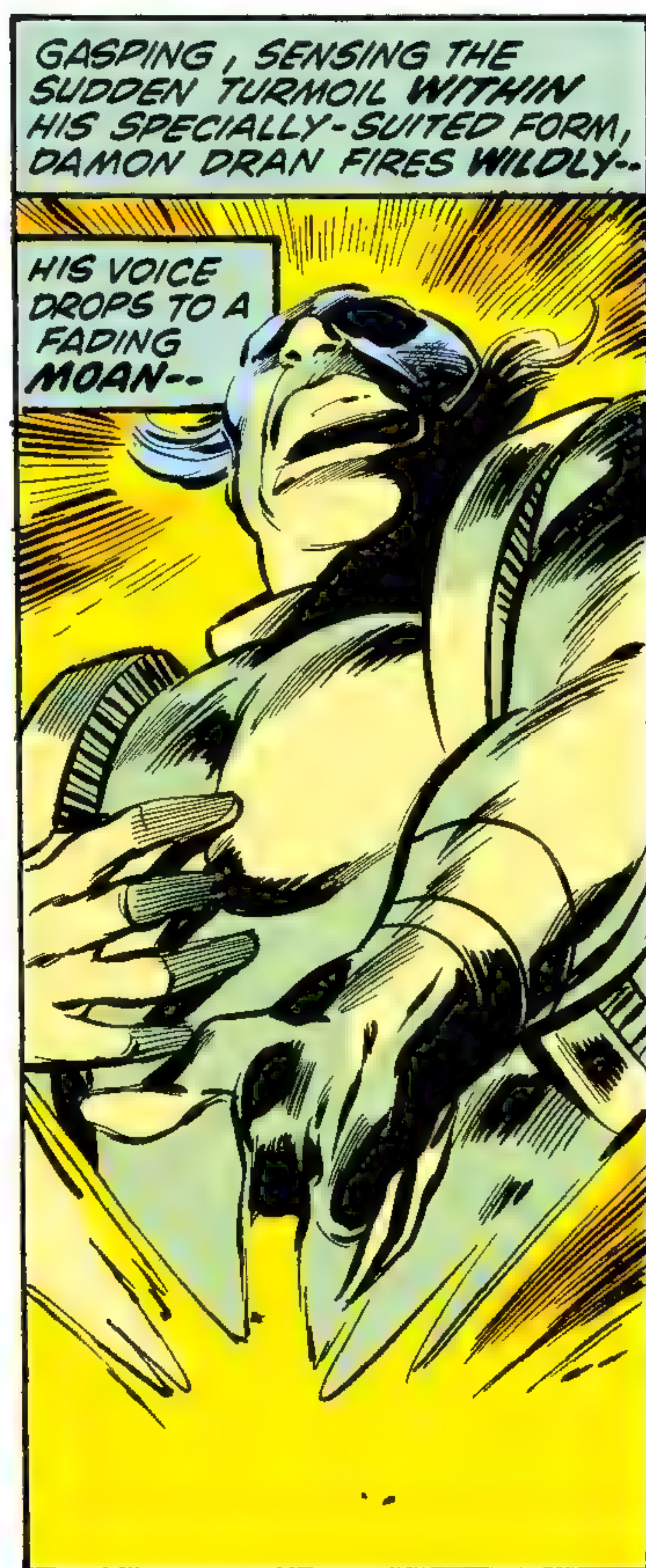
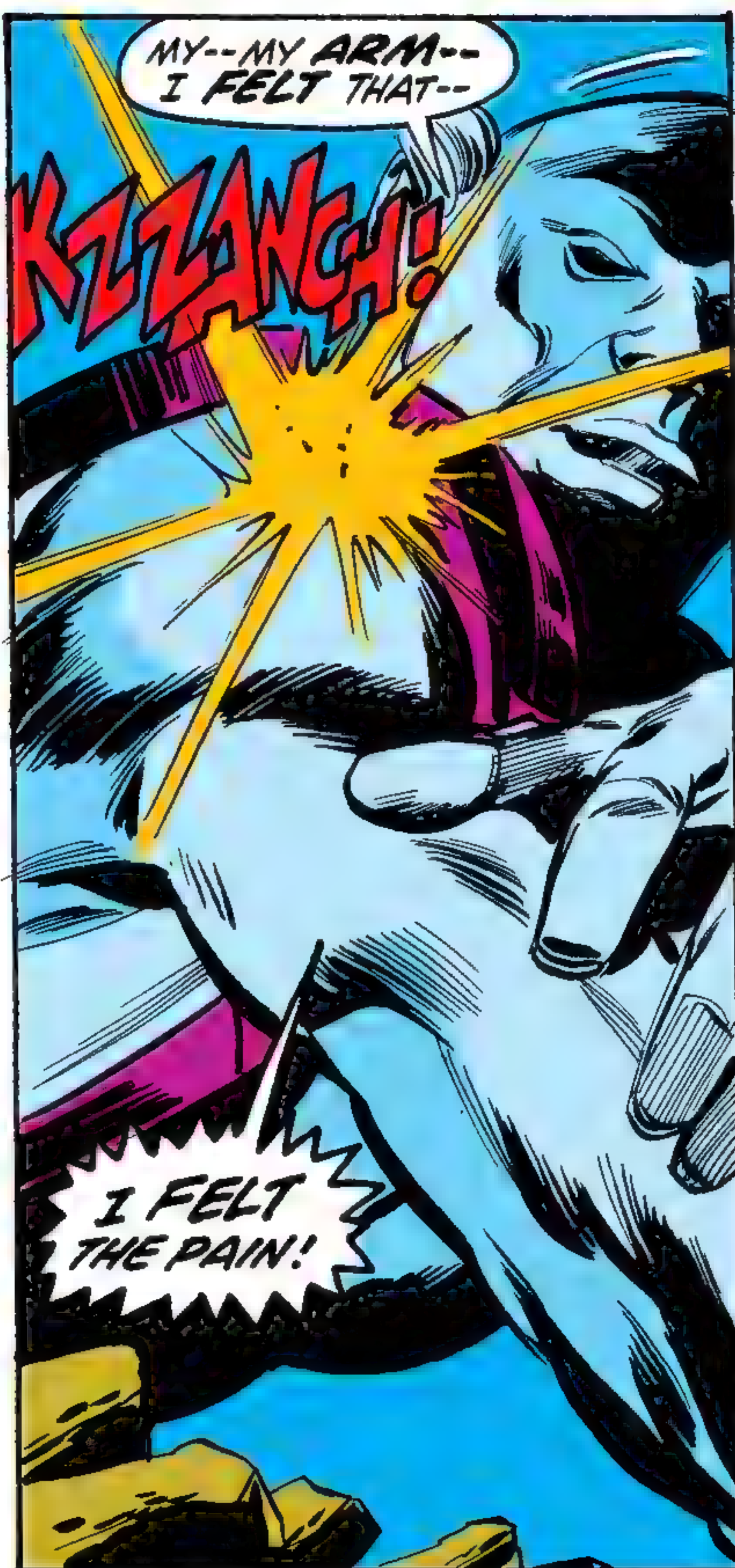
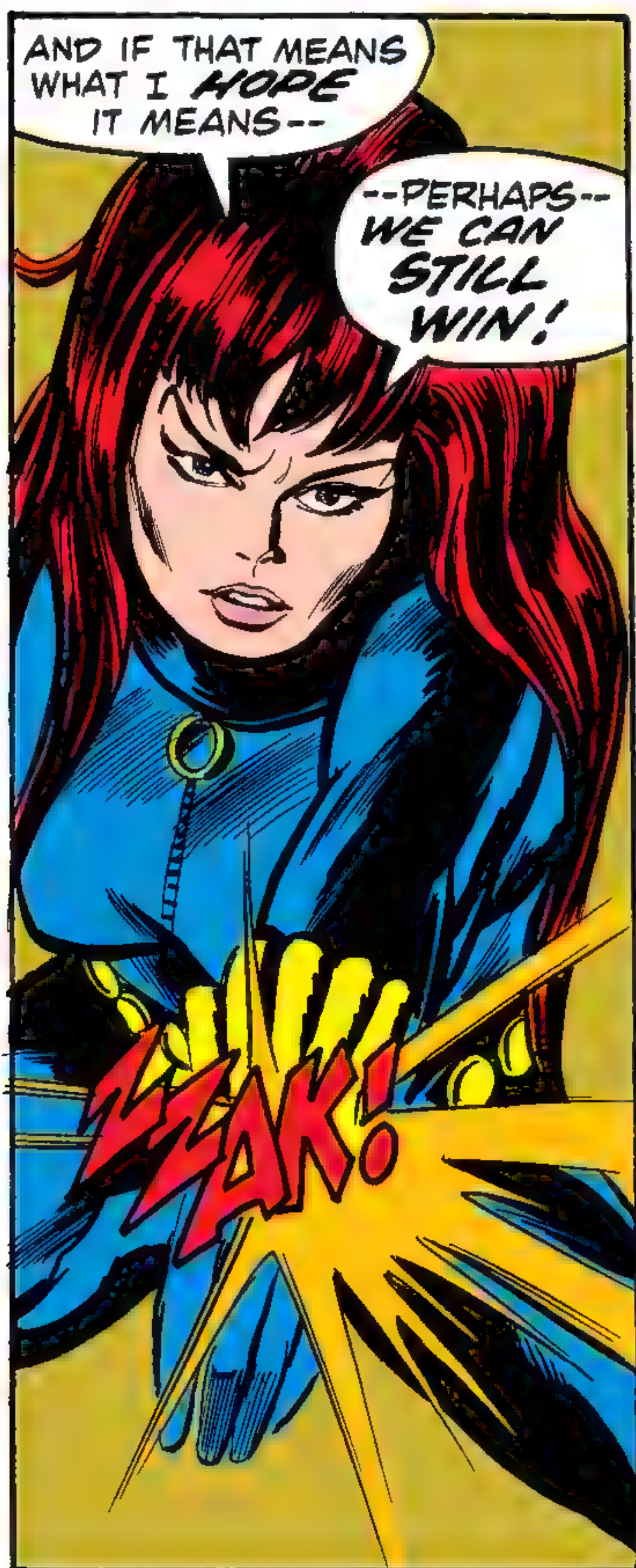
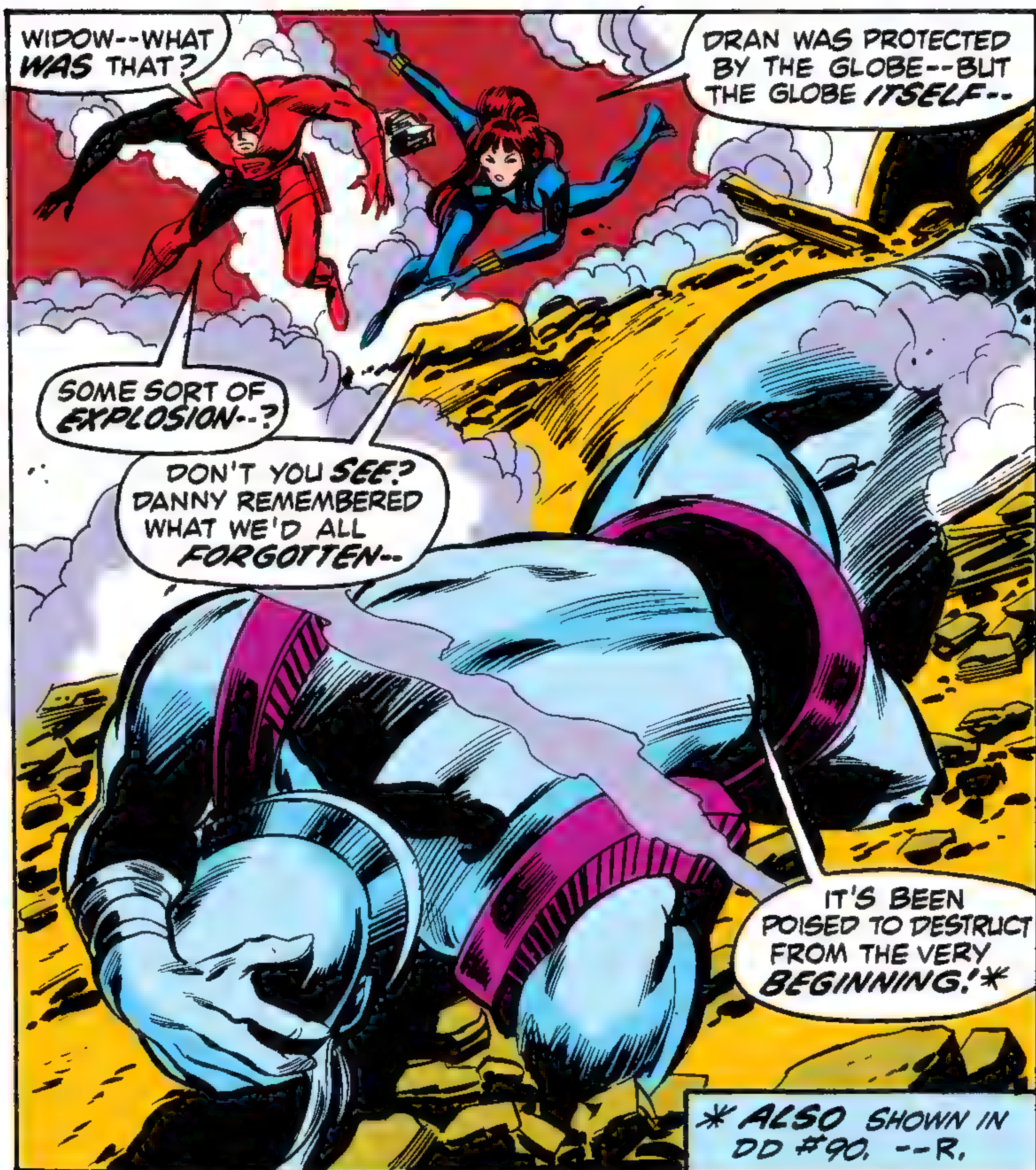
--INCLUDING THE ATTENDANT GUILT.

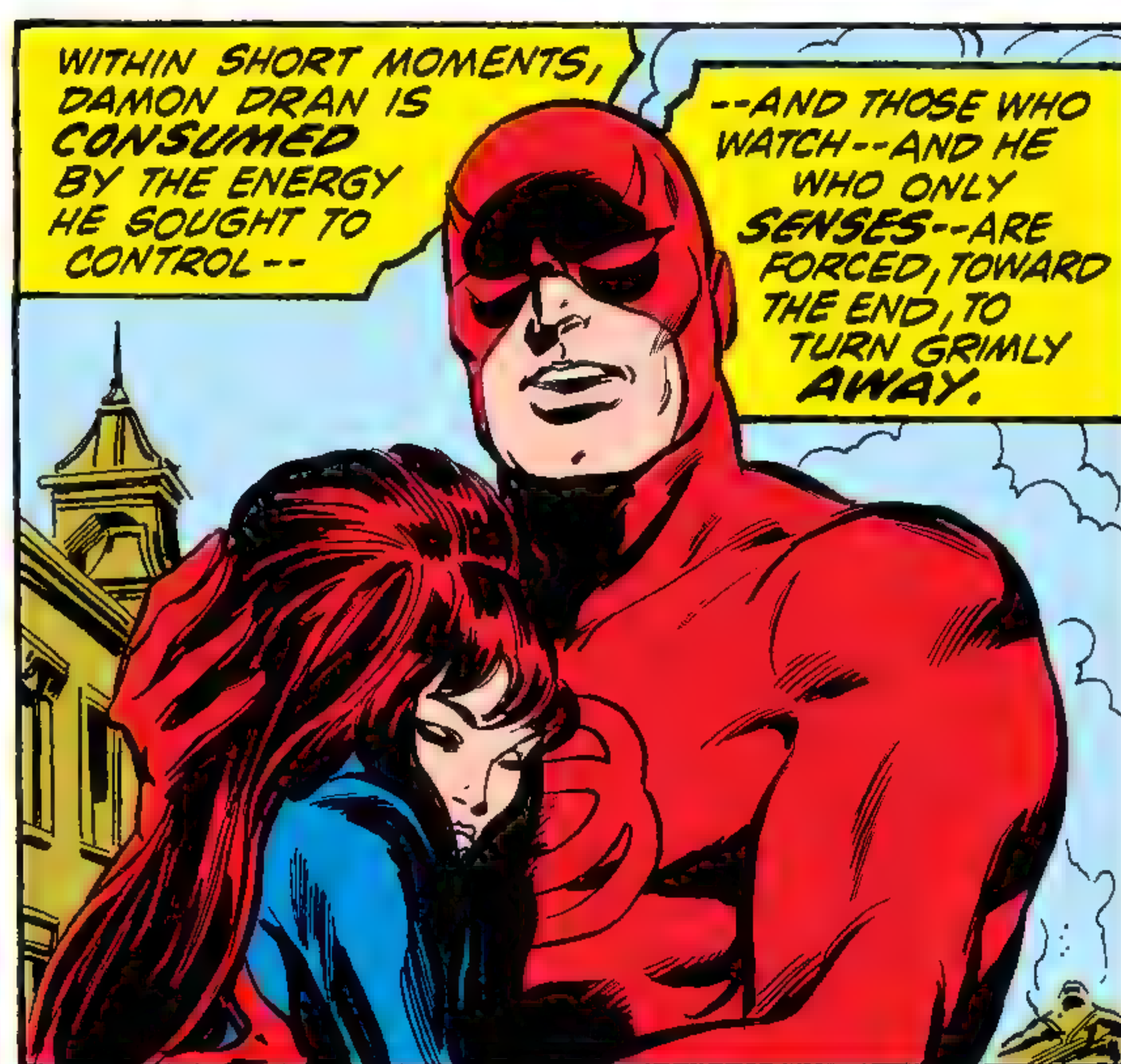
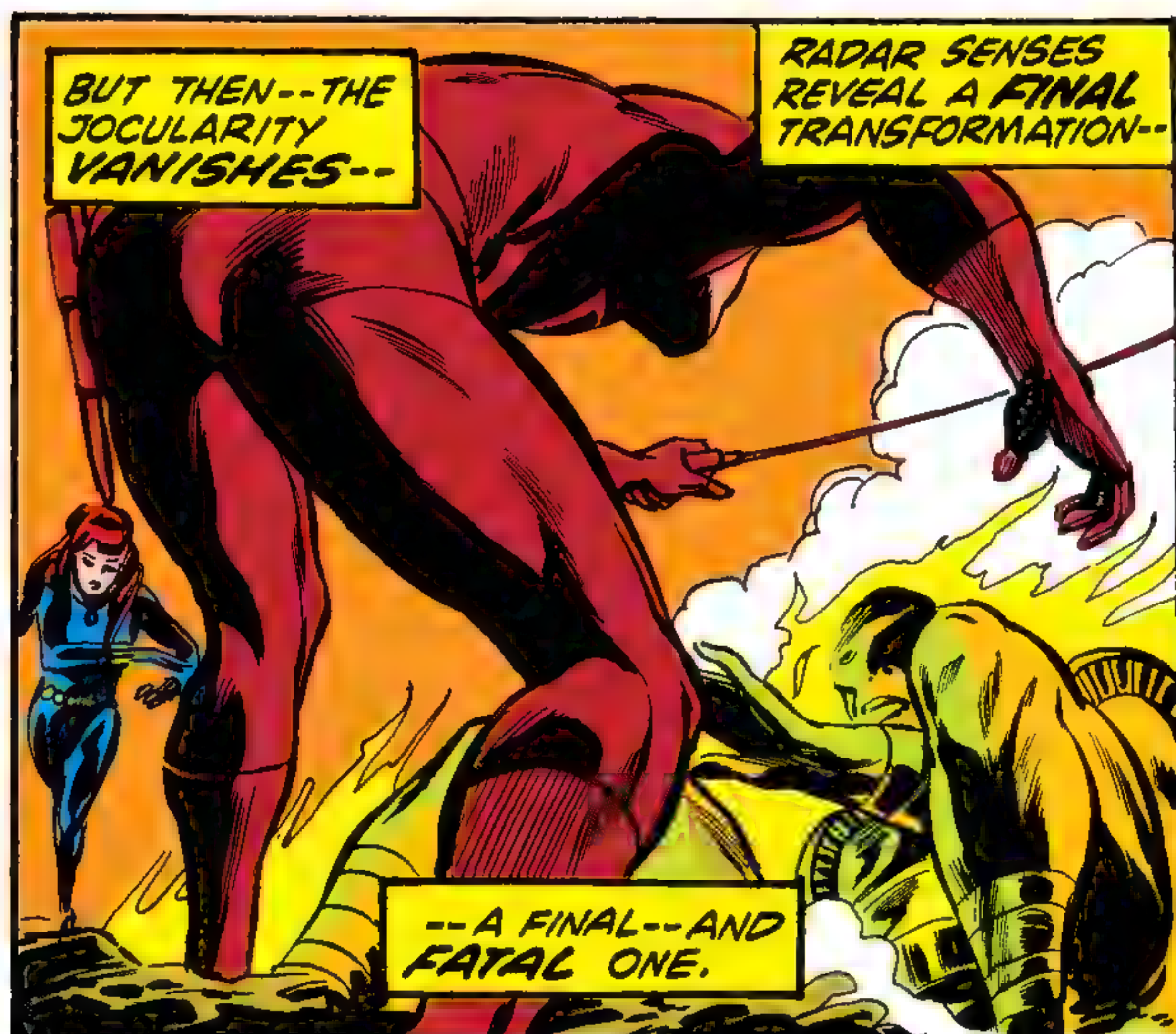
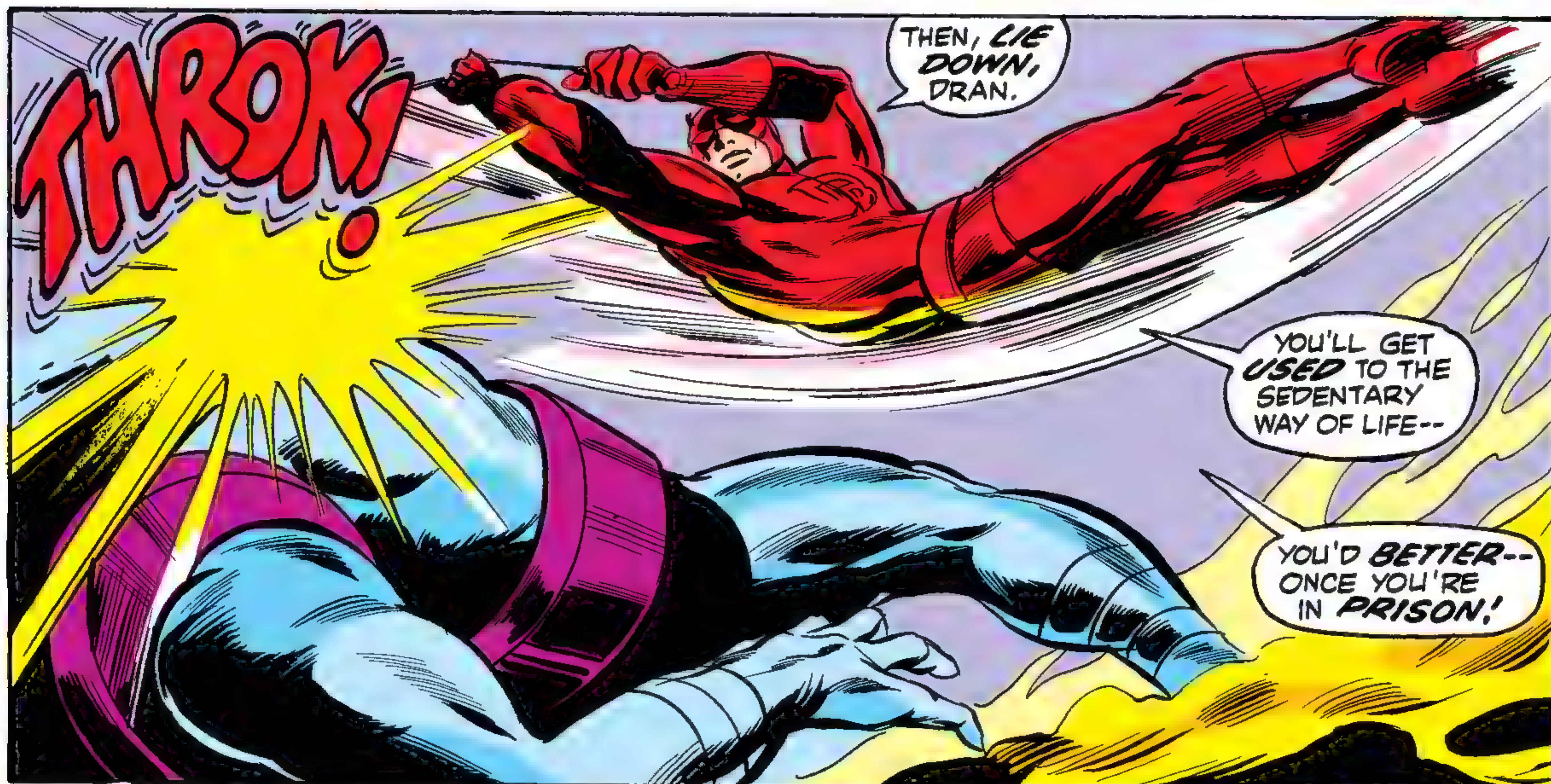
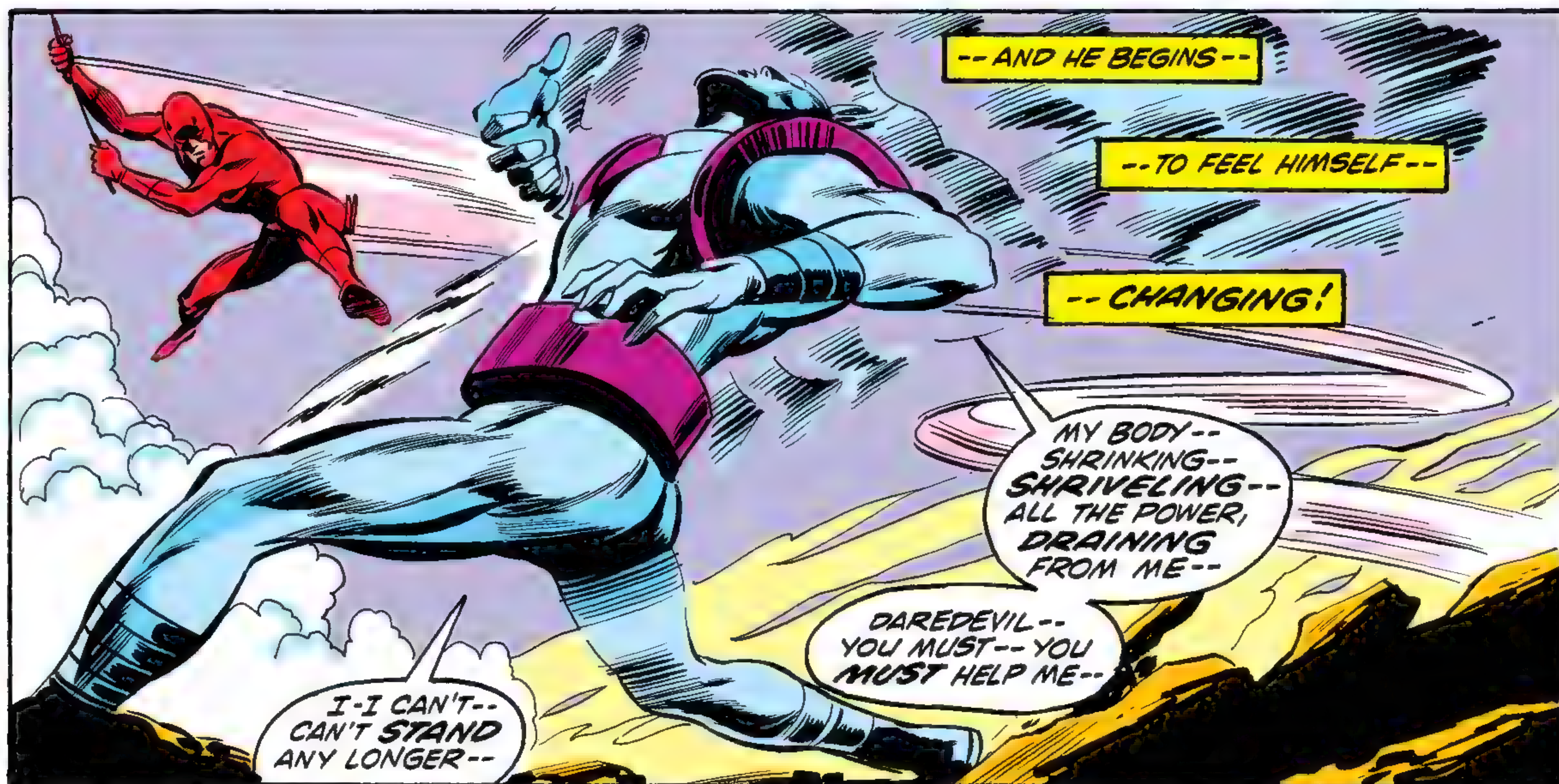
FRENCH, WHAT--?

I'VE GOT SOMETHIN' TO DO, IVAN.

MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING I SHOULD'VE DONE A LONG TIME AGO.









DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



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DAREDEVIL®

AND THE

BLACK WIDOW™



THE **MAN-BULL** MAKES HIS **MOVE!**

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL**, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

BULLFIGHT ON THE BAY!

DAILY NEWS 10
NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER

STARTING THIS MONDAY...
A NEWS SERIES BY
SERGIUS O'SHAUGHNESSY
"THE ARMY AND THE KNIGHT."

EDITORIAL ON PAGE 6

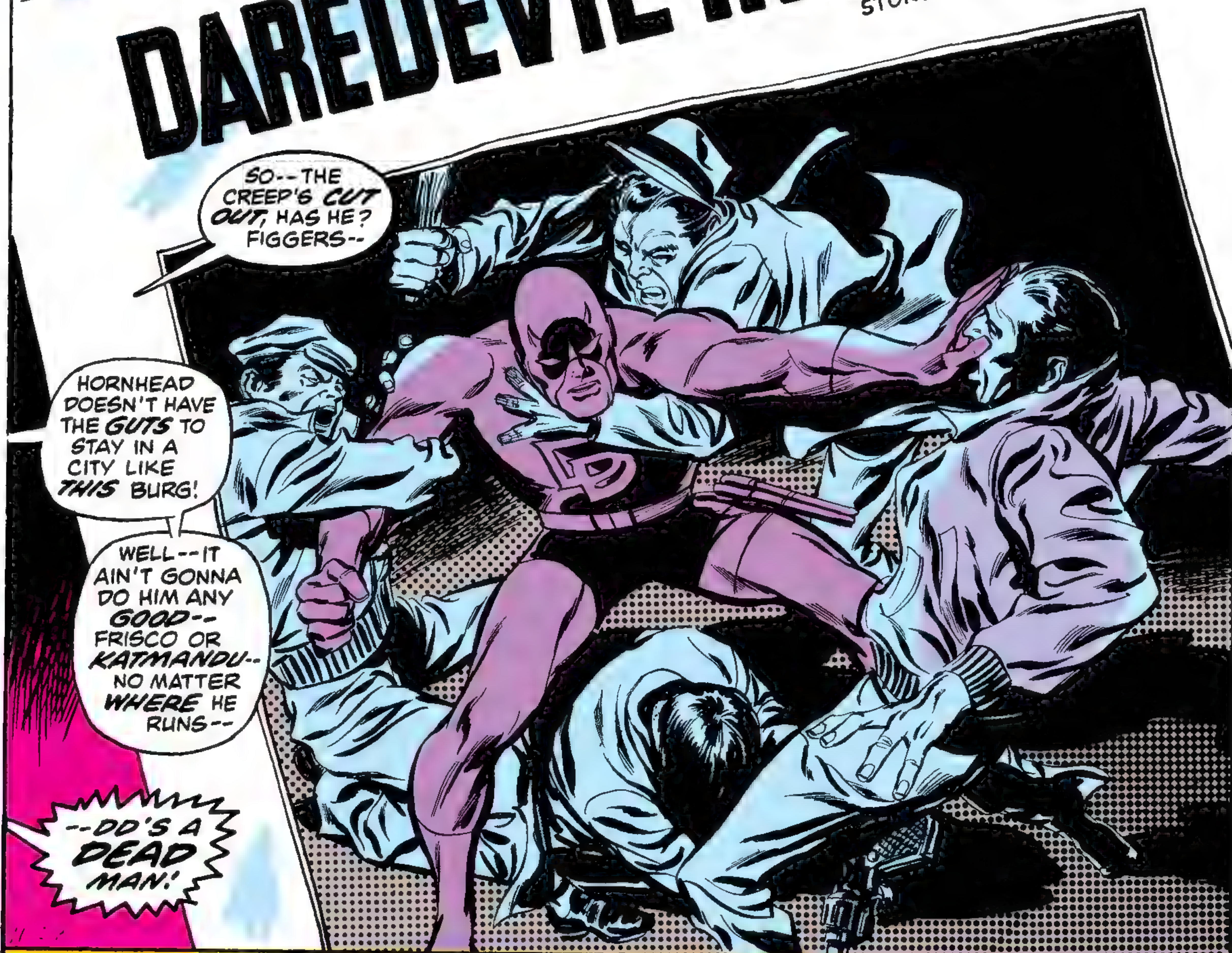
VOL. 59 No. 303

COPY. 1972 JAMESON PUB. CO.

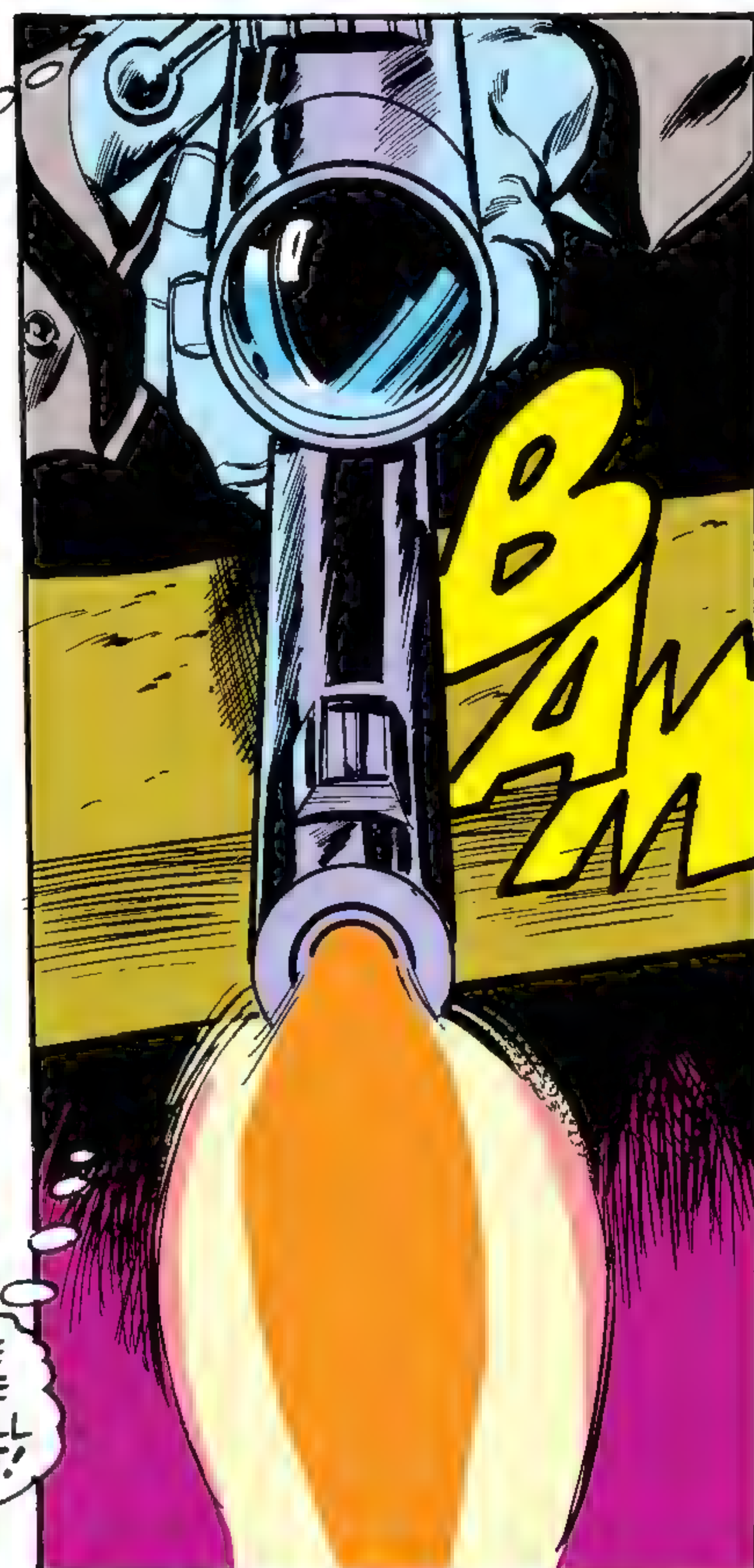
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022, TUESDAY, OCT. 3, 1972 WEATHER: PARTLY CLOUDY, TEMPERATURE: ~

DAREDEVIL IN FRISCO

STORY ON PAGE 9



GERRY CONWAY, WRITER // GENE COLAN, ARTIST // TOM PALMER, INKER // JOHN COSTANZA, LETTERER // ROY THOMAS, EDITOR





A SHARP RETORT--THE WHISTLE OF A STREAKING PROJECTILE--THE SCREECHING EXPLOSION OF SHATTERING GLASS!

SPINNINGGG!

BRANK!

--AS SUDDENLY AS THE MOMENT BEGAN, IT ENDS--



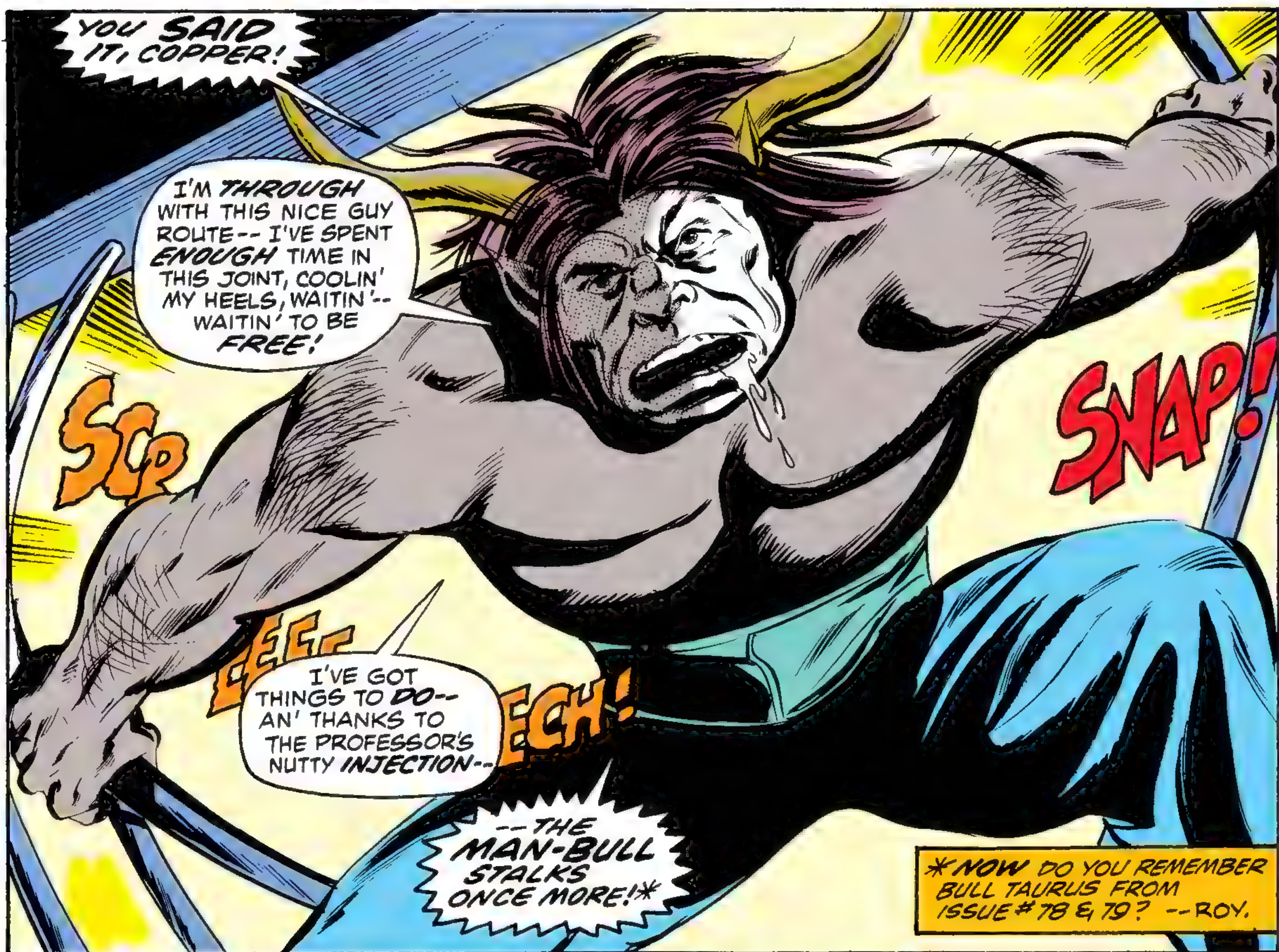
--AND IN ITS TURBULANT WAKE--THE INSTANT OF REBIRTH!



WE'LL TAKE IT NICE AND EASY, CUNNINGHAM.

THAT CELL BELONGS TO BULL TAURUS--AND BELIEVE ME, ROOKIE--BULL'S THE SORT OF MAN WHO PLAYS FOR KEEPS!

SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT, SERGEANT. HOW DO YOU WANT TO HANDLE IT?



YOU SAID IT, COPPER!

I'M THROUGH WITH THIS NICE GUY ROUTE-- I'VE SPENT ENOUGH TIME IN THIS JOINT, COOLIN' MY HEELS, WAITIN'-- WAITIN' TO BE FREE!

SCR

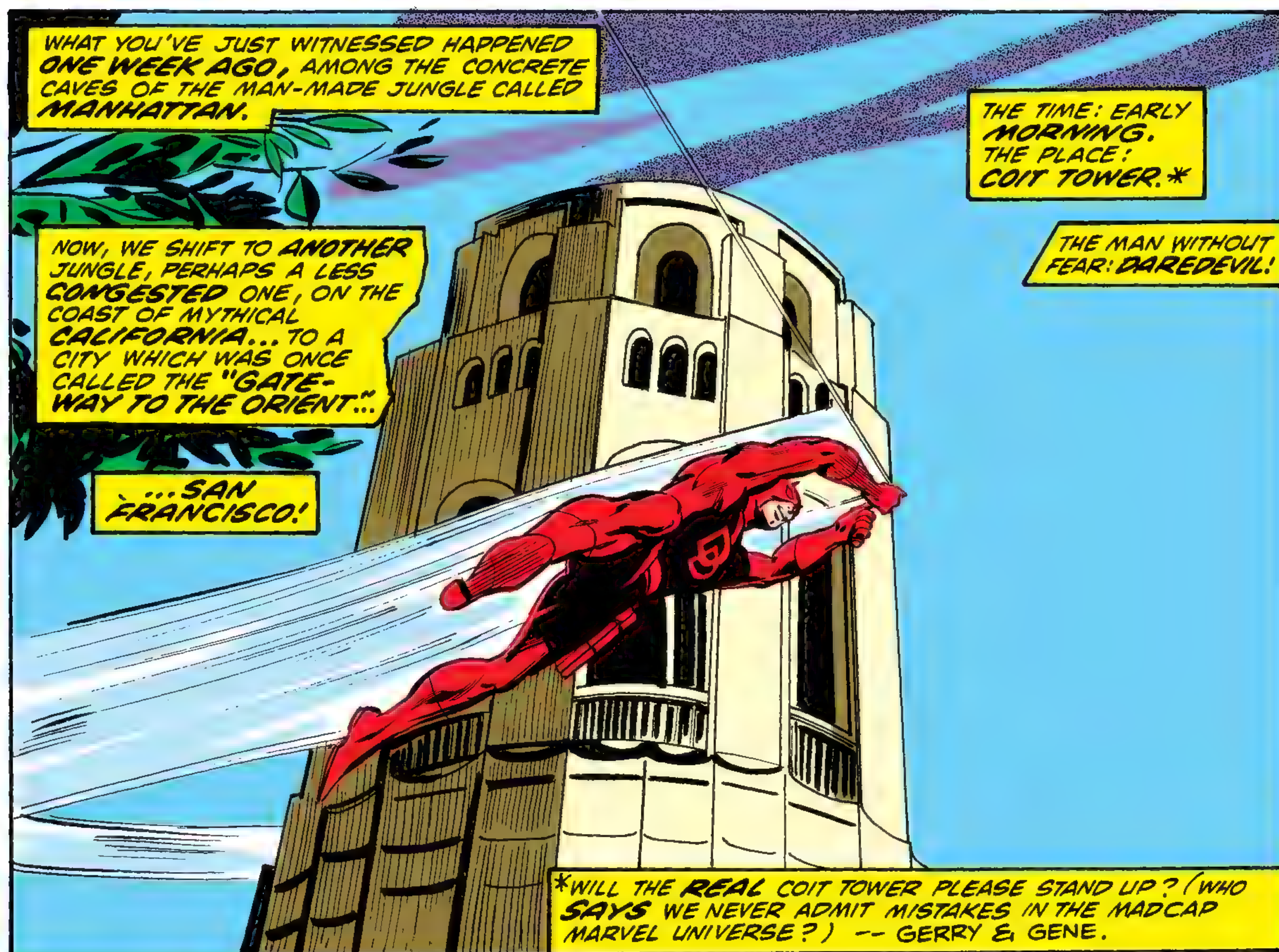
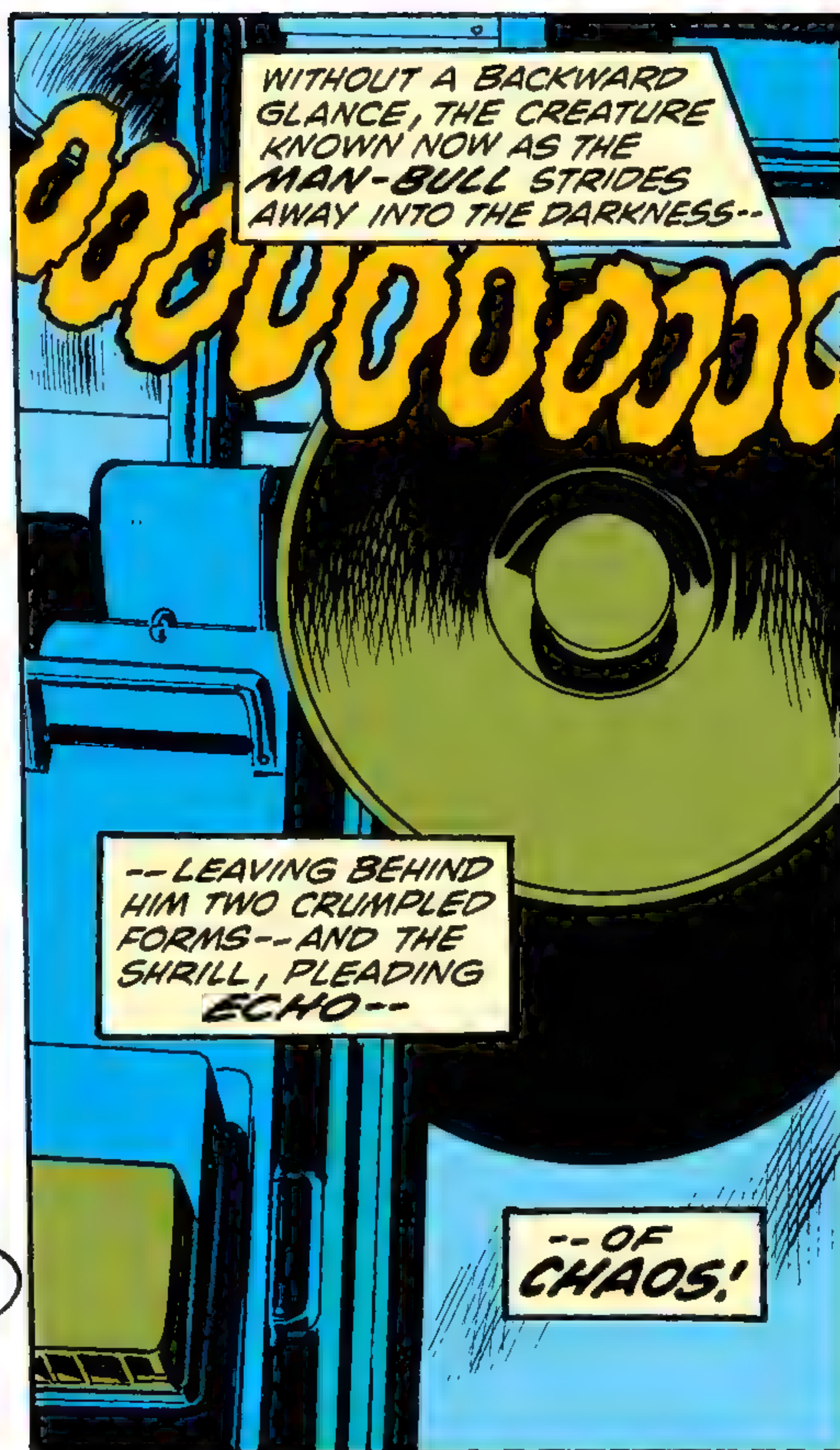
SNAP!

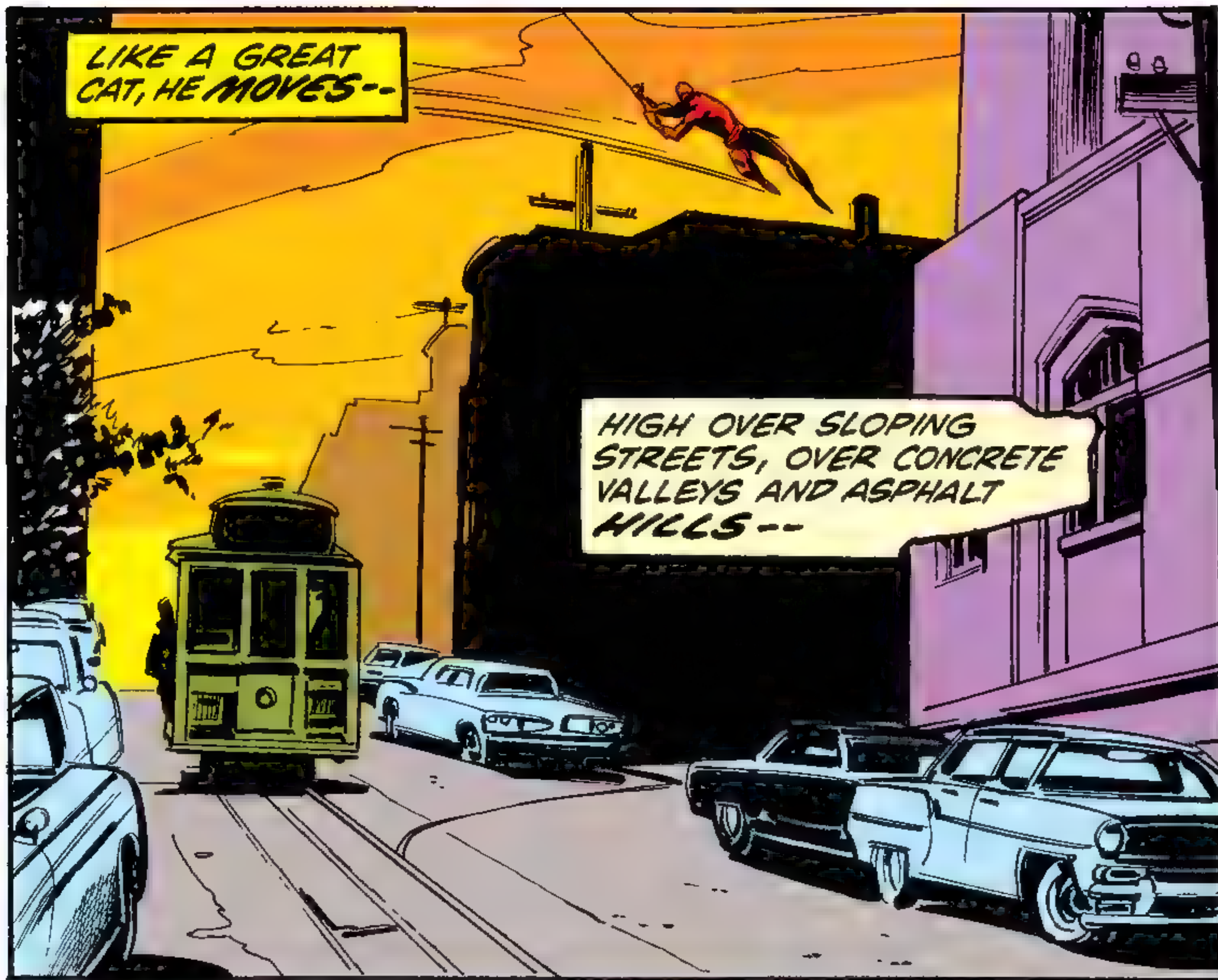
I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO-- AN' THANKS TO THE PROFESSOR'S NUTTY INJECTION--

ECH!

--THE MAN-BULL STALKS ONCE MORE!*

*NOW DO YOU REMEMBER BULL TAURUS FROM ISSUE #78 & 79? --ROY.



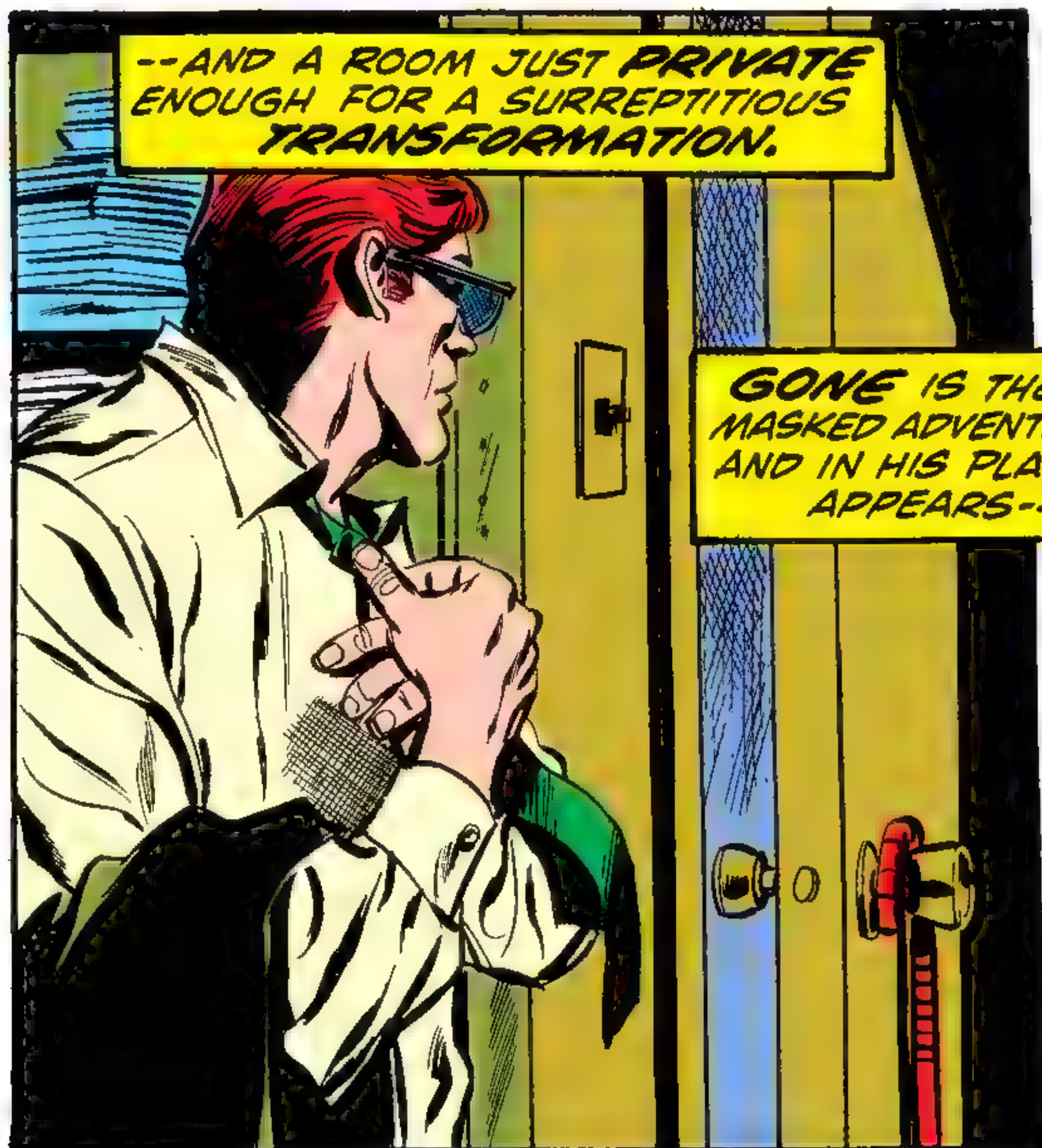


LIKE A GREAT CAT, HE MOVES--

HIGH OVER SLOPING STREETS, OVER CONCRETE VALLEYS AND ASPHALT HILLS--

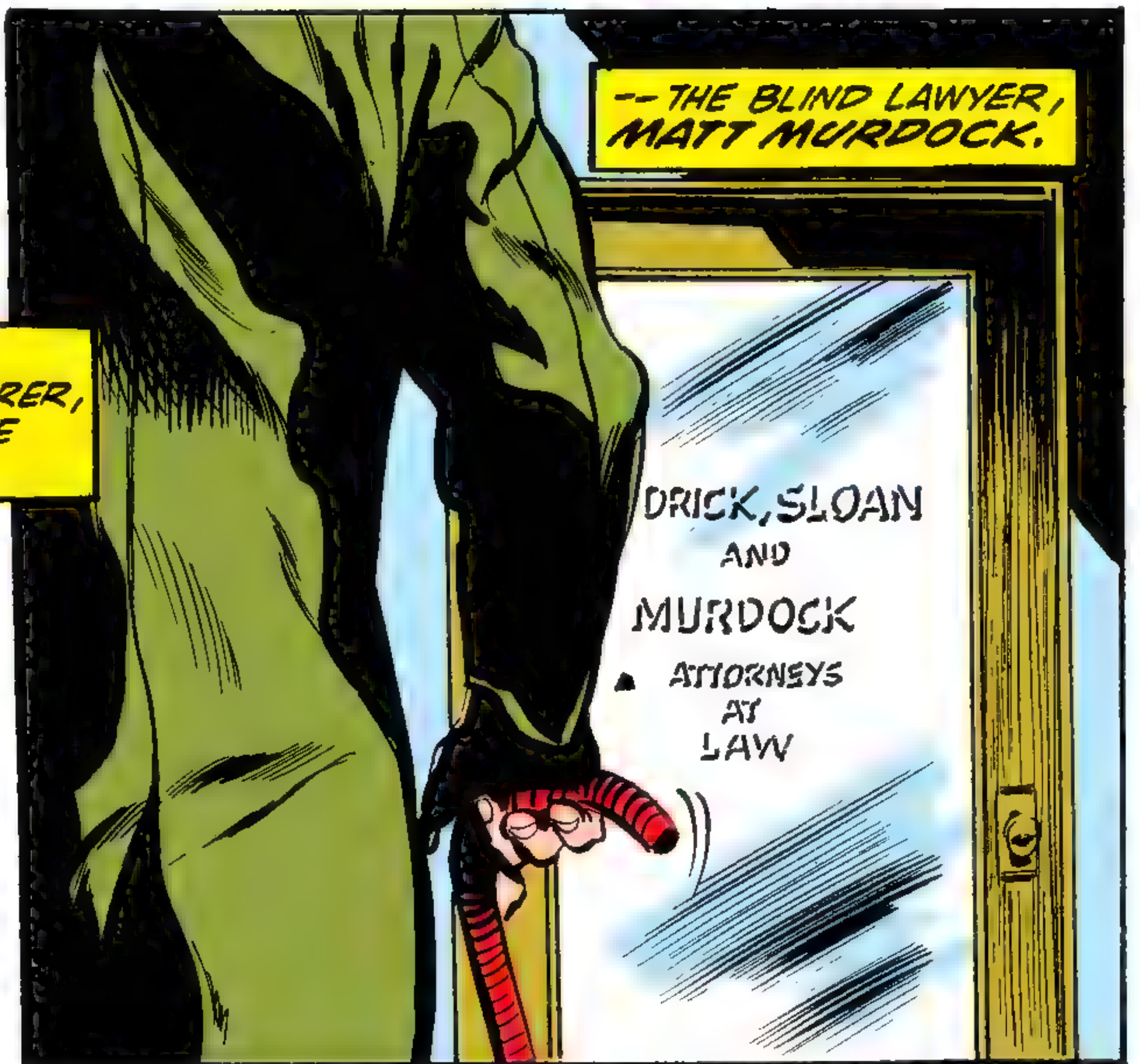


--TO A BUILDING A BLOCK OFF POWELL. AN UNOBSERVED ROOFTOP ENTRANCE--



--AND A ROOM JUST PRIVATE ENOUGH FOR A SURREPTITIOUS TRANSFORMATION.

GONE IS THE MASKED ADVENTURER, AND IN HIS PLACE APPEARS--



--THE BLIND LAWYER, MATT MURDOCK.

DRICK, SLOAN AND MURDOCK
ATTORNEYS AT LAW



MISTER MURDOCK! WE WEREN'T EXPECTING YOU SO EARLY--I HAVEN'T--

EASY, GIRL--I WON'T BITE YOU.

IS JASON IN?

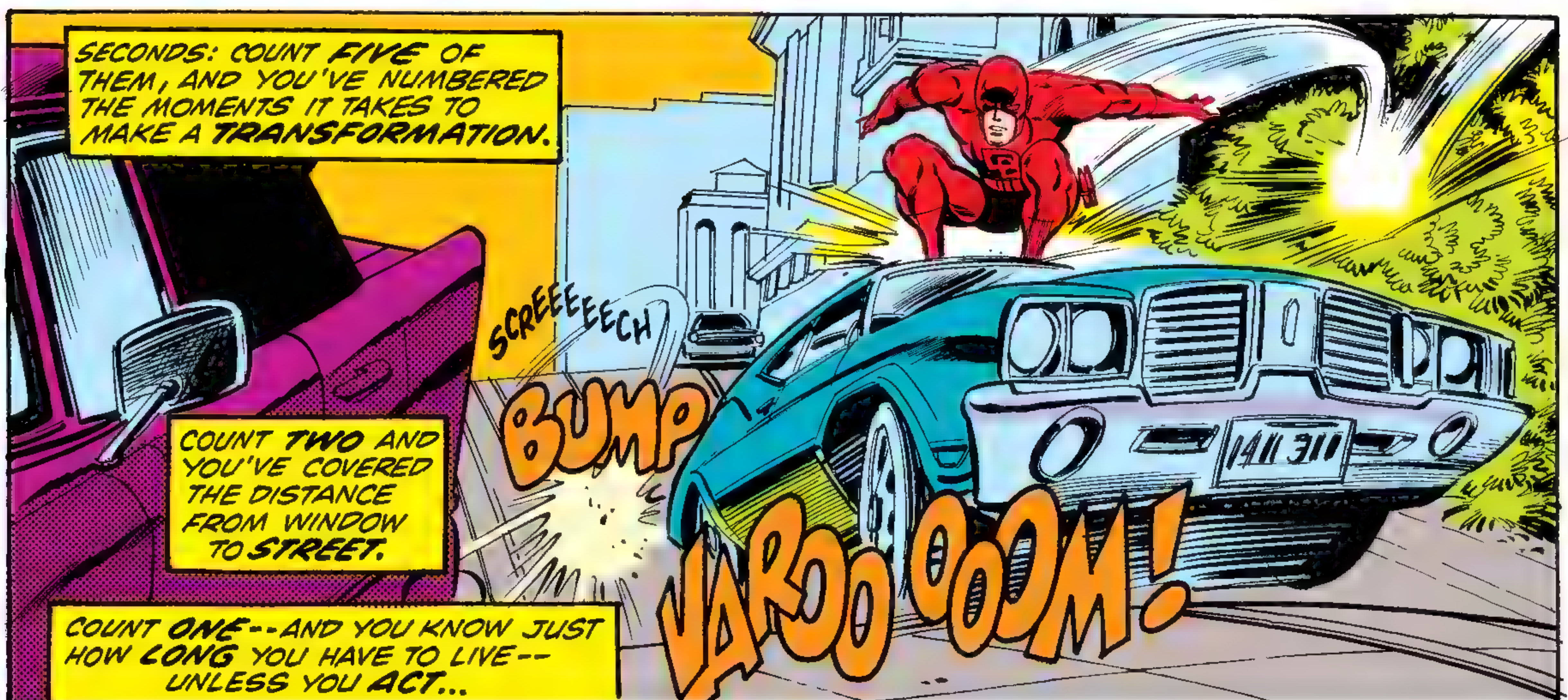
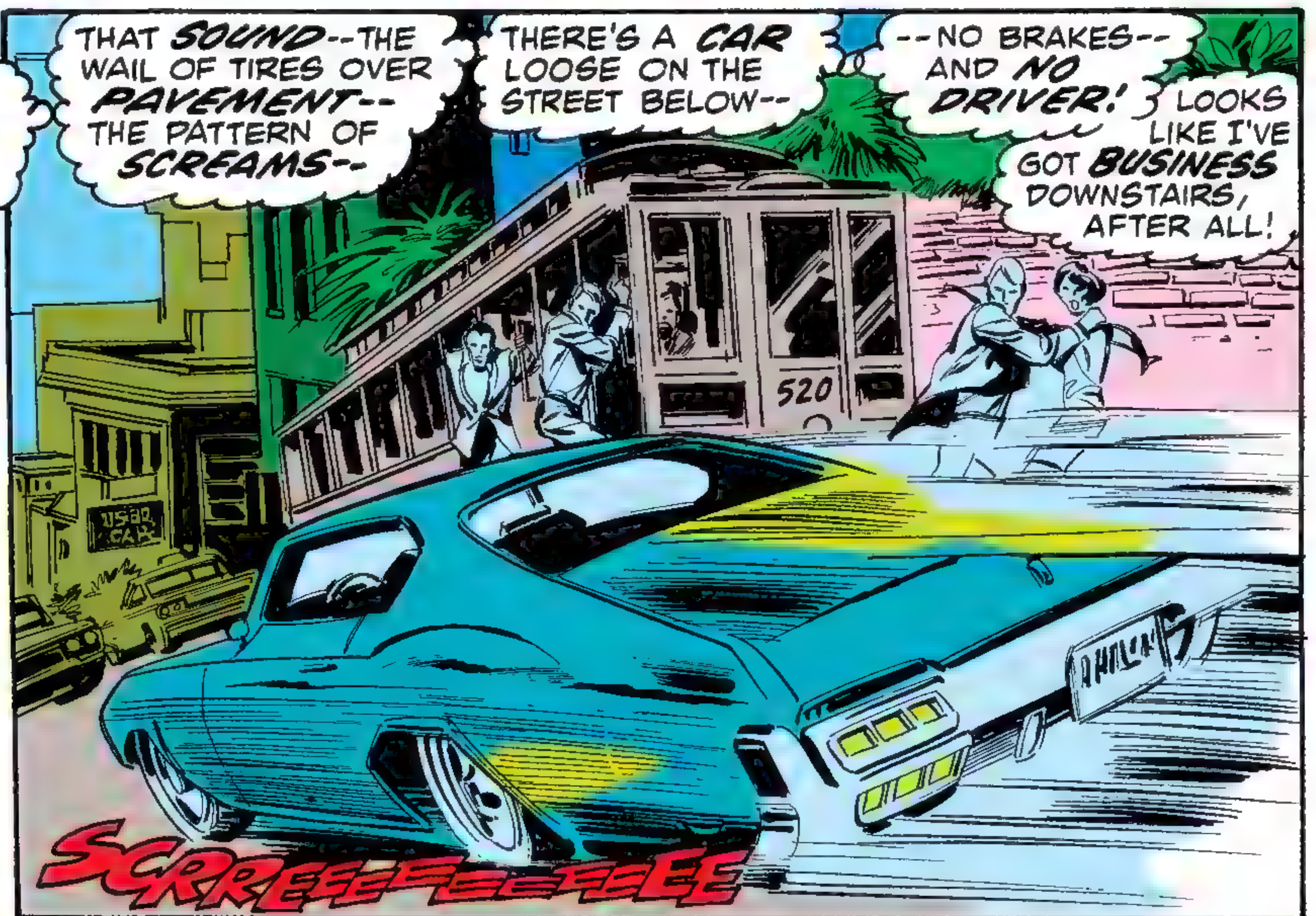
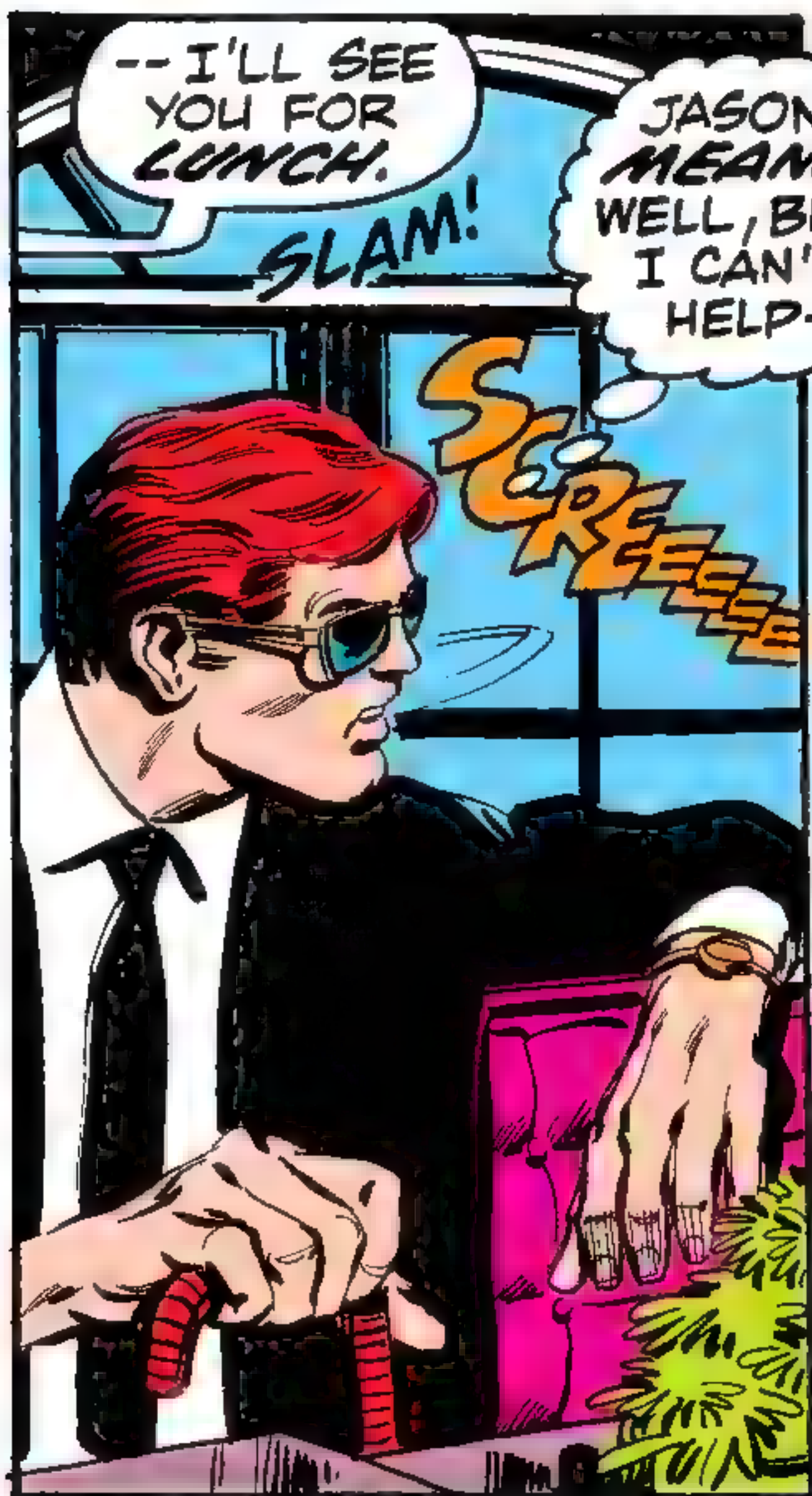
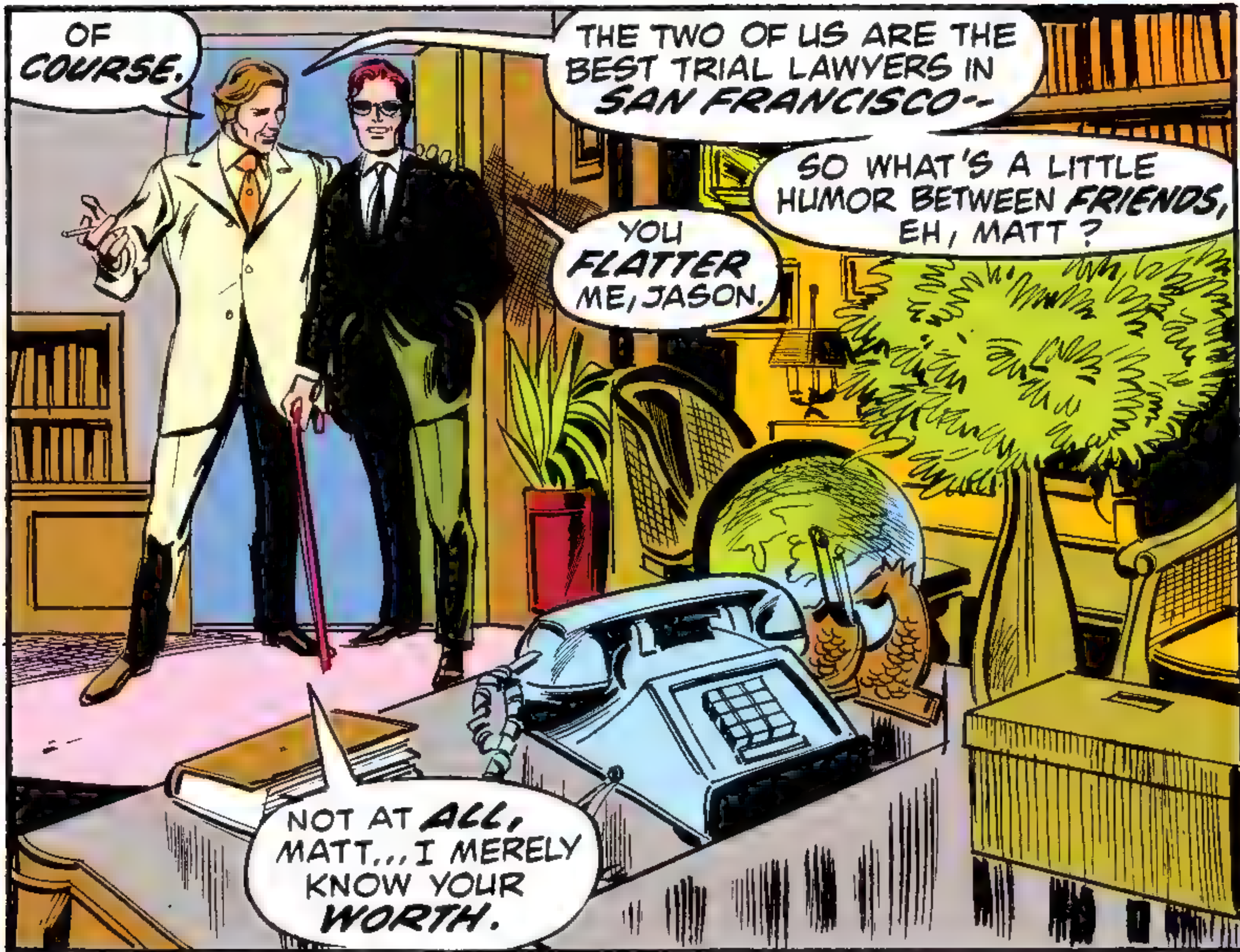
HE CERTAINLY IS, MATT--

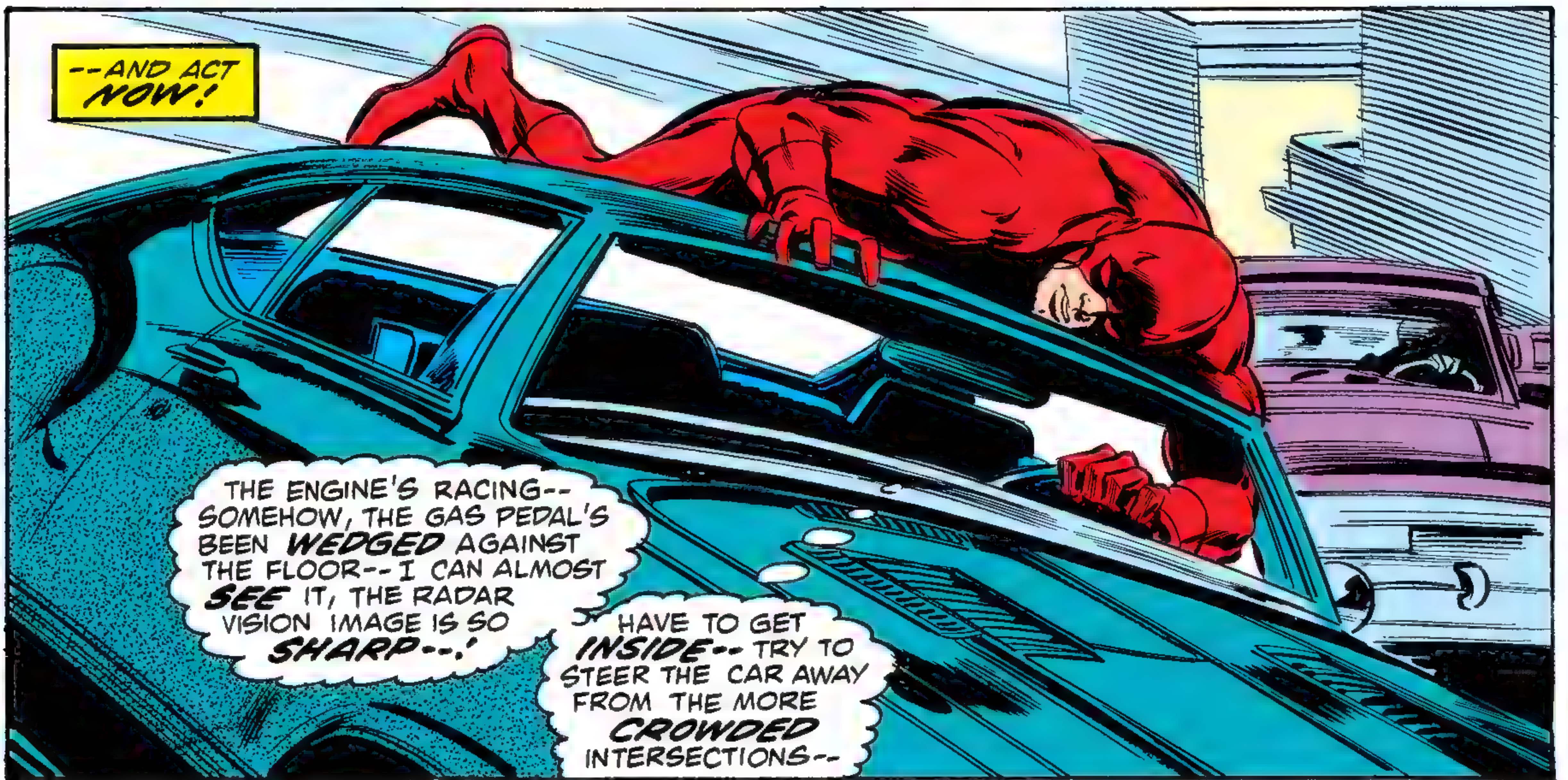


--AND I MUST SAY, WE'RE CERTAINLY GLAD TO SEE YOU.

IT'D BE HELL TO PAY IF WE HAD TO CHANGE THE NAMES ON THE DOOR AGAIN.

JASON, YOU'RE ALL HEART.





--AND ACT NOW!

THE ENGINE'S RACING--
SOMEHOW, THE GAS PEDAL'S
BEEN **WEDGED** AGAINST
THE FLOOR-- I CAN ALMOST
SEE IT, THE RADAR
VISION IMAGE IS SO
SHARP--

HAVE TO GET
INSIDE-- TRY TO
STEER THE CAR AWAY
FROM THE MORE
CROWDED
INTERSECTIONS--

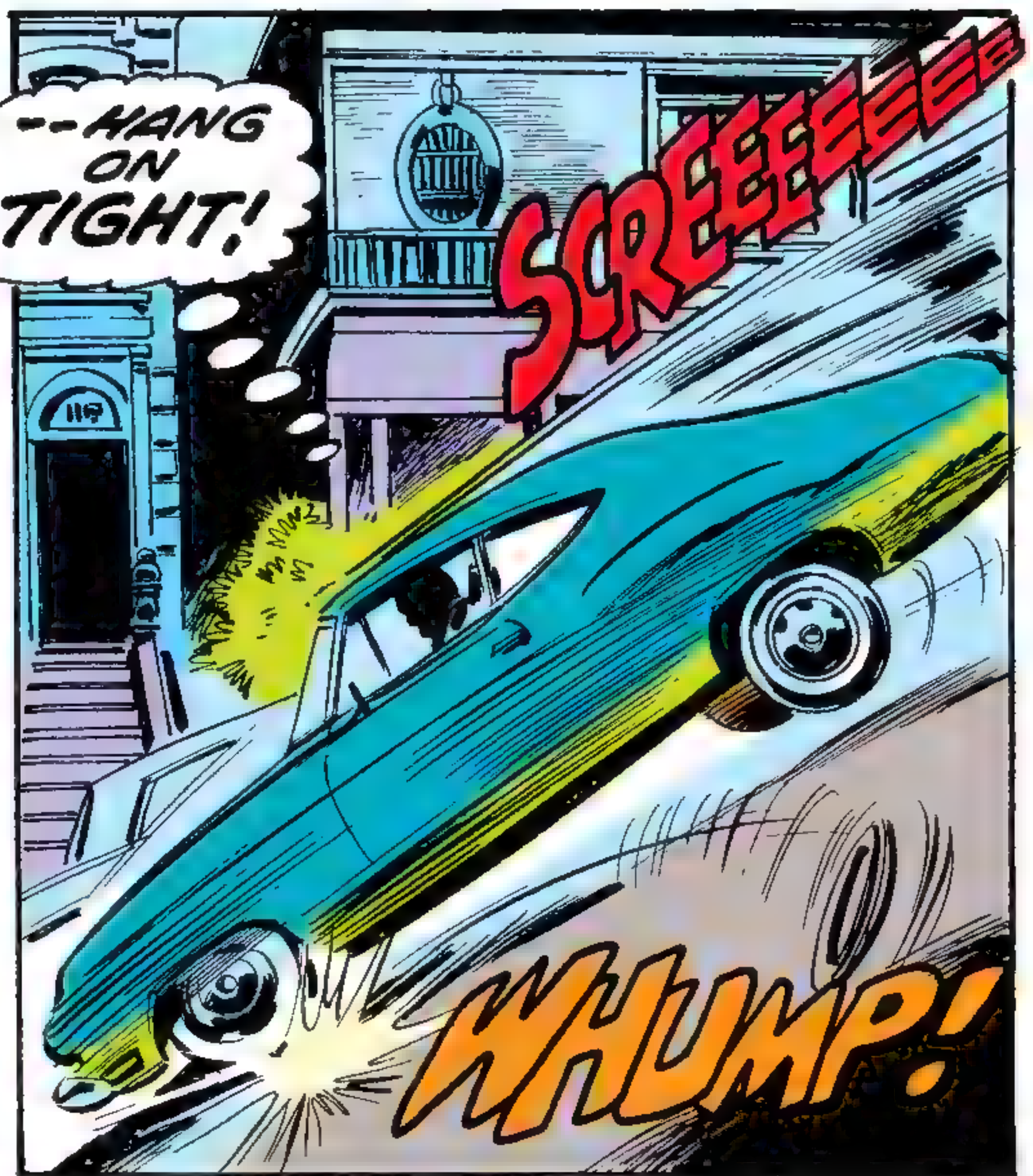


--IF I DON'T
BREAK MY **BACK**
IN THE PROCESS!

NOW--LET'S
SEE IF I CAN
CUT THE **SPEED**
AT ALL.



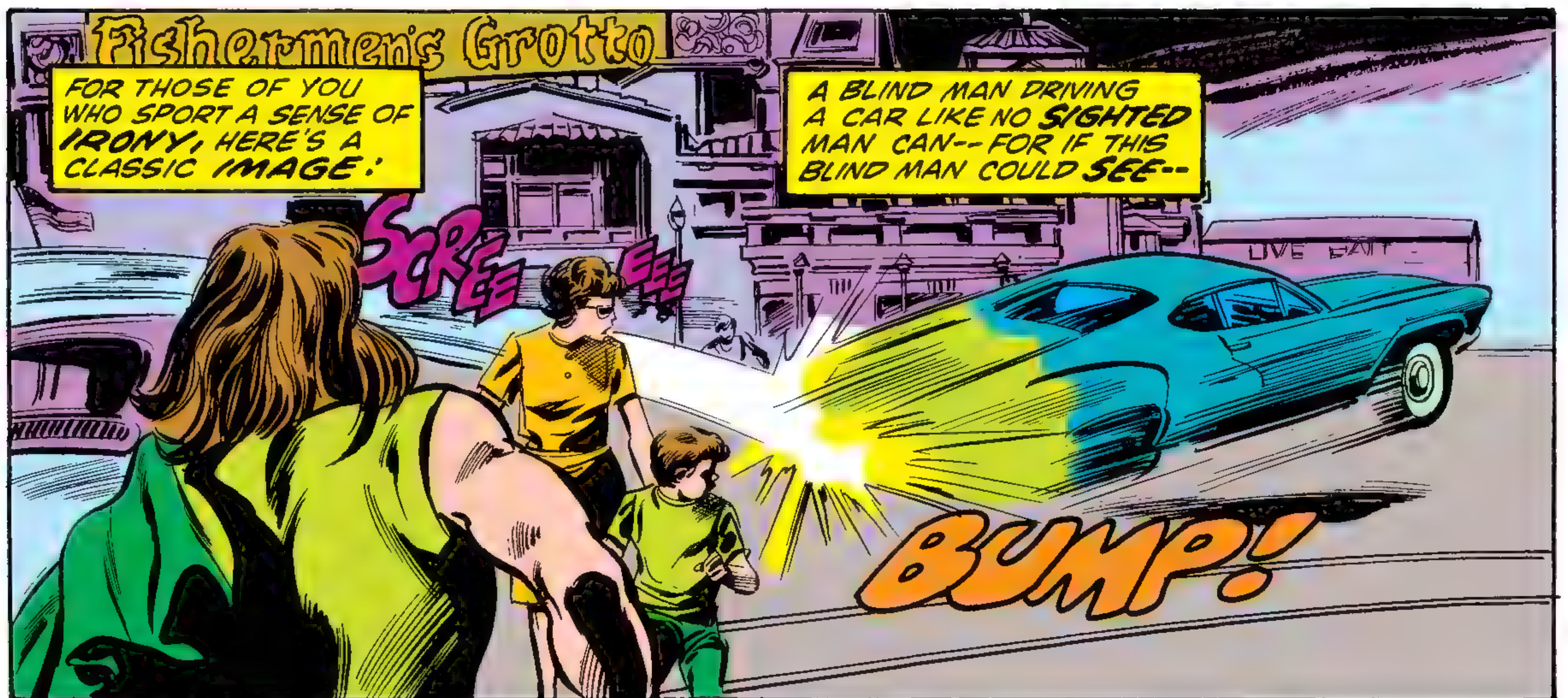
UH-UH. THE
BRAKE WIRE'S
BEEN **CUT**--
NOTHING I CAN
DO BUT--



--HANG
ON
TIGHT!

SCREEEEEE

WHUMP!

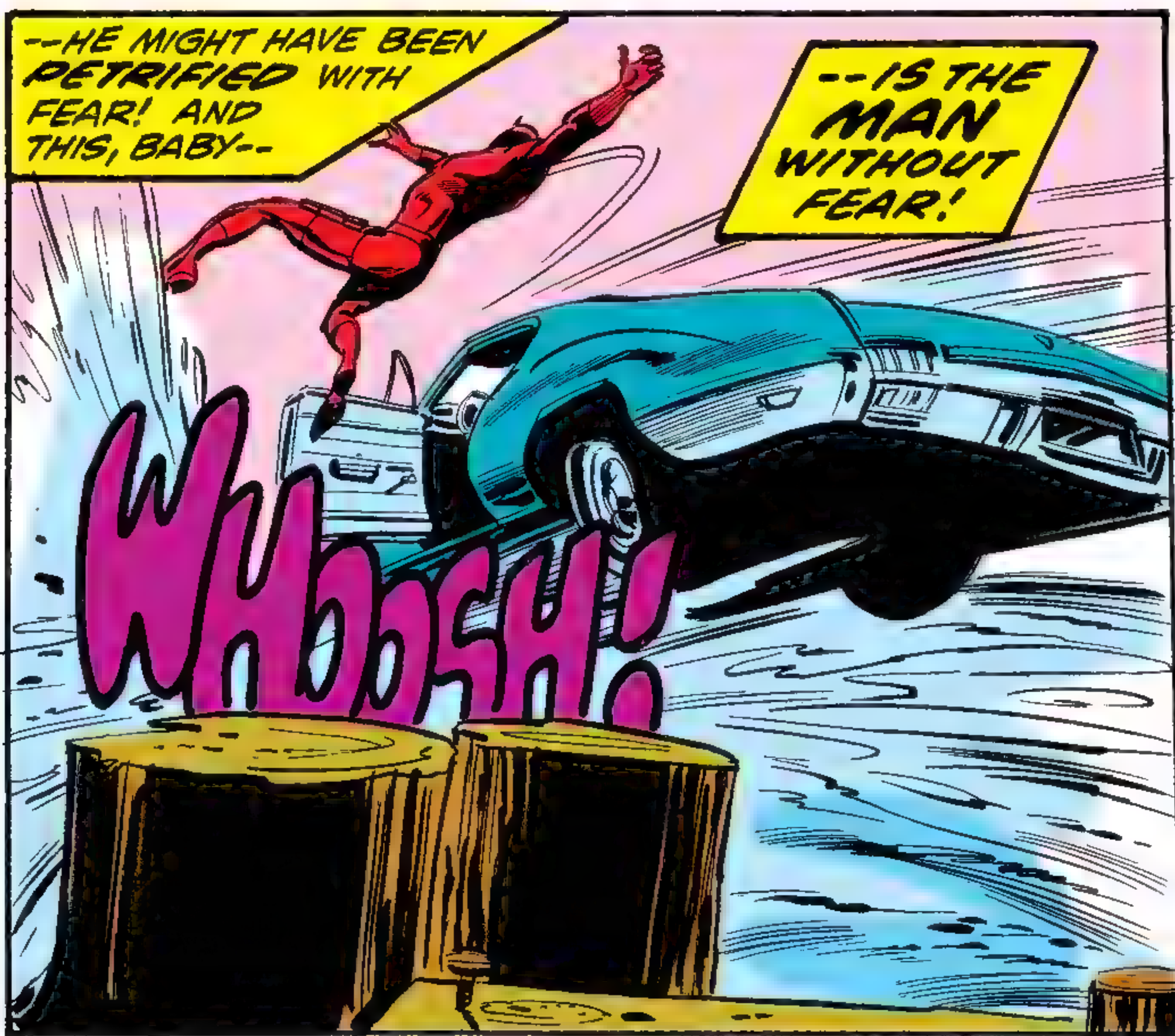


FISHERMEN'S GROTTO
FOR THOSE OF YOU
WHO SPORT A SENSE OF
IRONY, HERE'S A
CLASSIC IMAGE:

A BLIND MAN DRIVING
A CAR LIKE NO **SIGHTED**
MAN CAN-- FOR IF THIS
BLIND MAN COULD **SEE**--

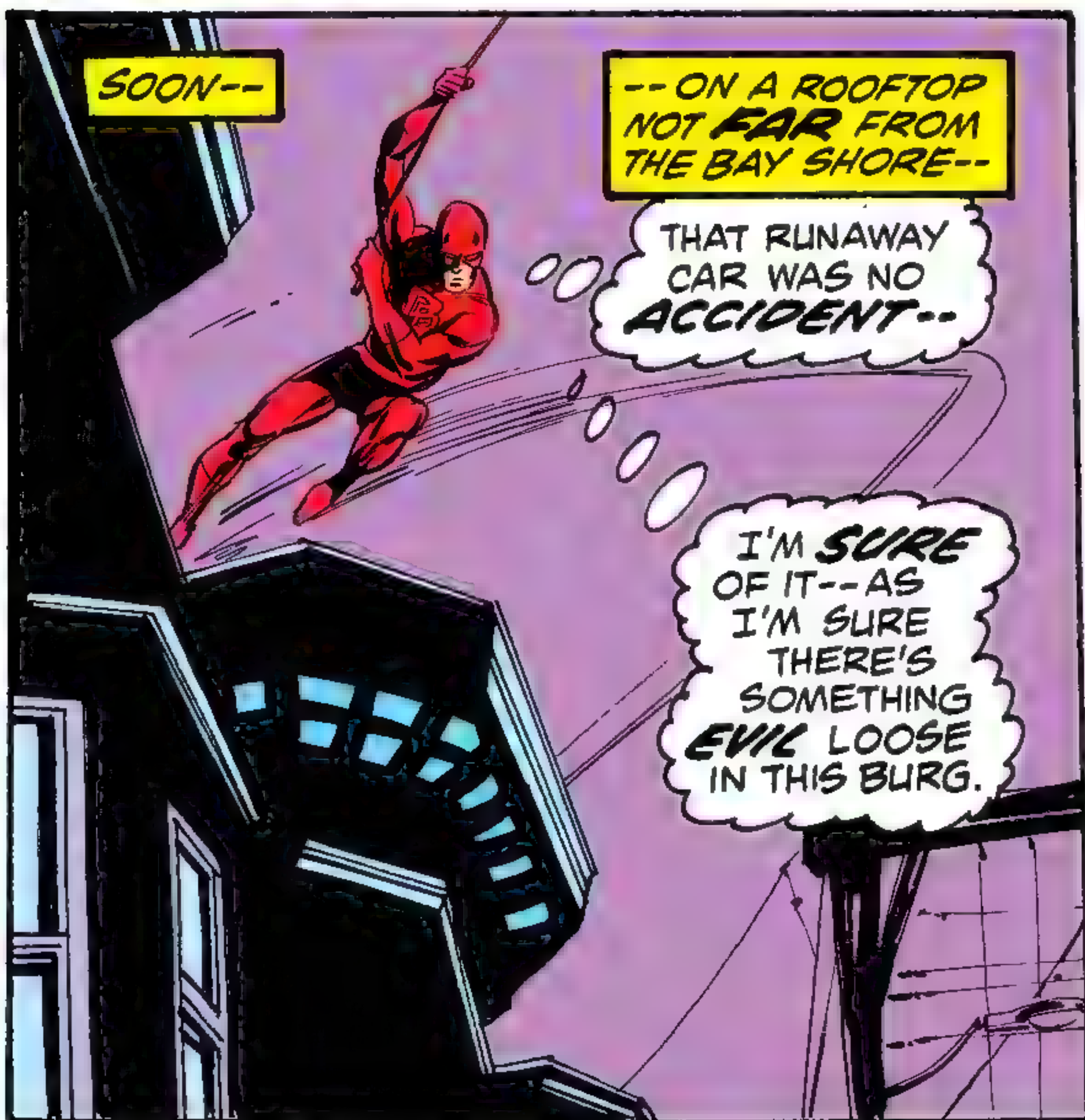
SCREEEEEE

BUMP!



--HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN PETRIFIED WITH FEAR! AND THIS, BABY--

--IS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



SOON--

-- ON A ROOFTOP NOT FAR FROM THE BAY SHORE--

THAT RUNAWAY CAR WAS NO ACCIDENT--

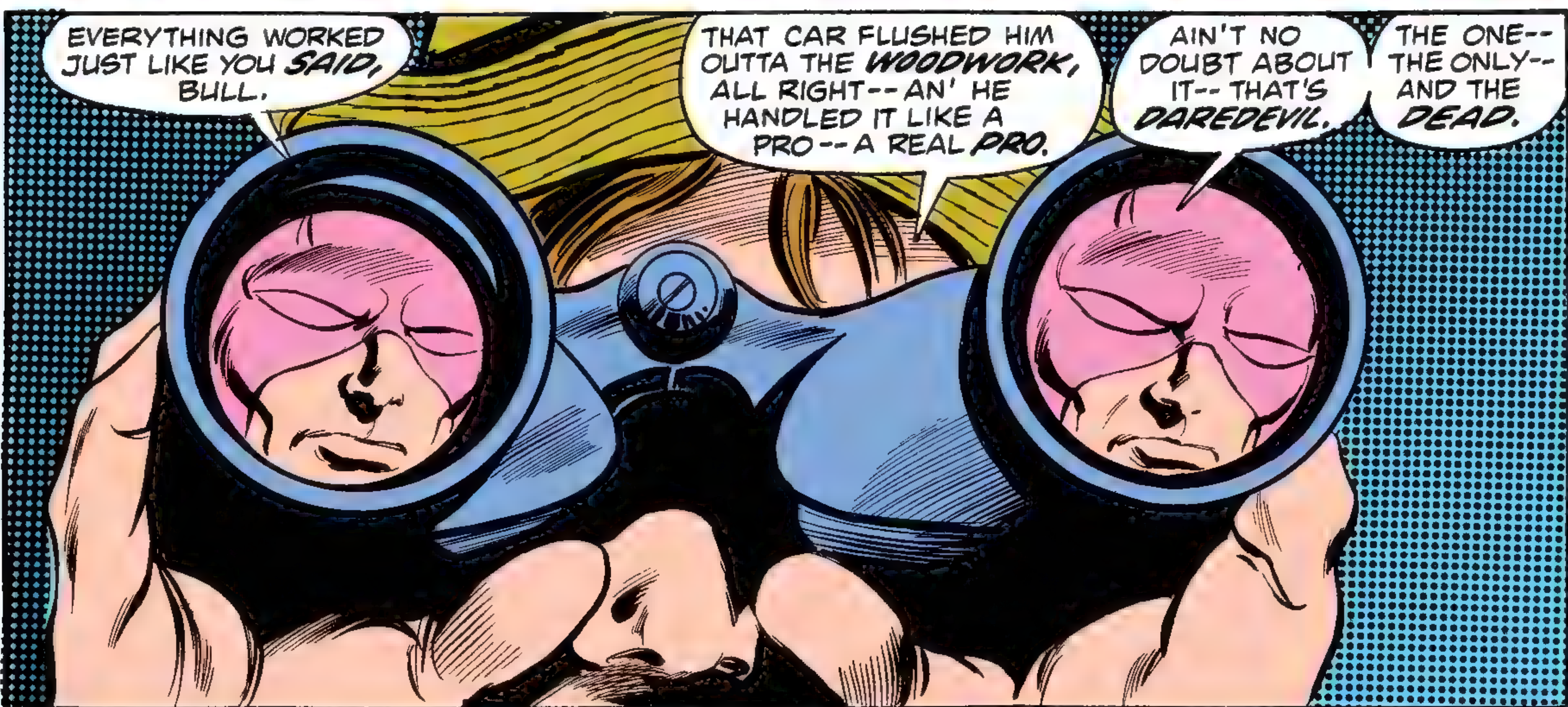
I'M SURE OF IT--AS I'M SURE THERE'S SOMETHING EVIL LOOSE IN THIS BURG.



I CAN ALMOST SENSE IT... A PRESENCE, WATCHING ME... WAITING...

...BUT THE QUESTION IS: WAITING FOR WHAT...?

TELL ME THAT, RADAR-SENSES, TELL ME THAT.

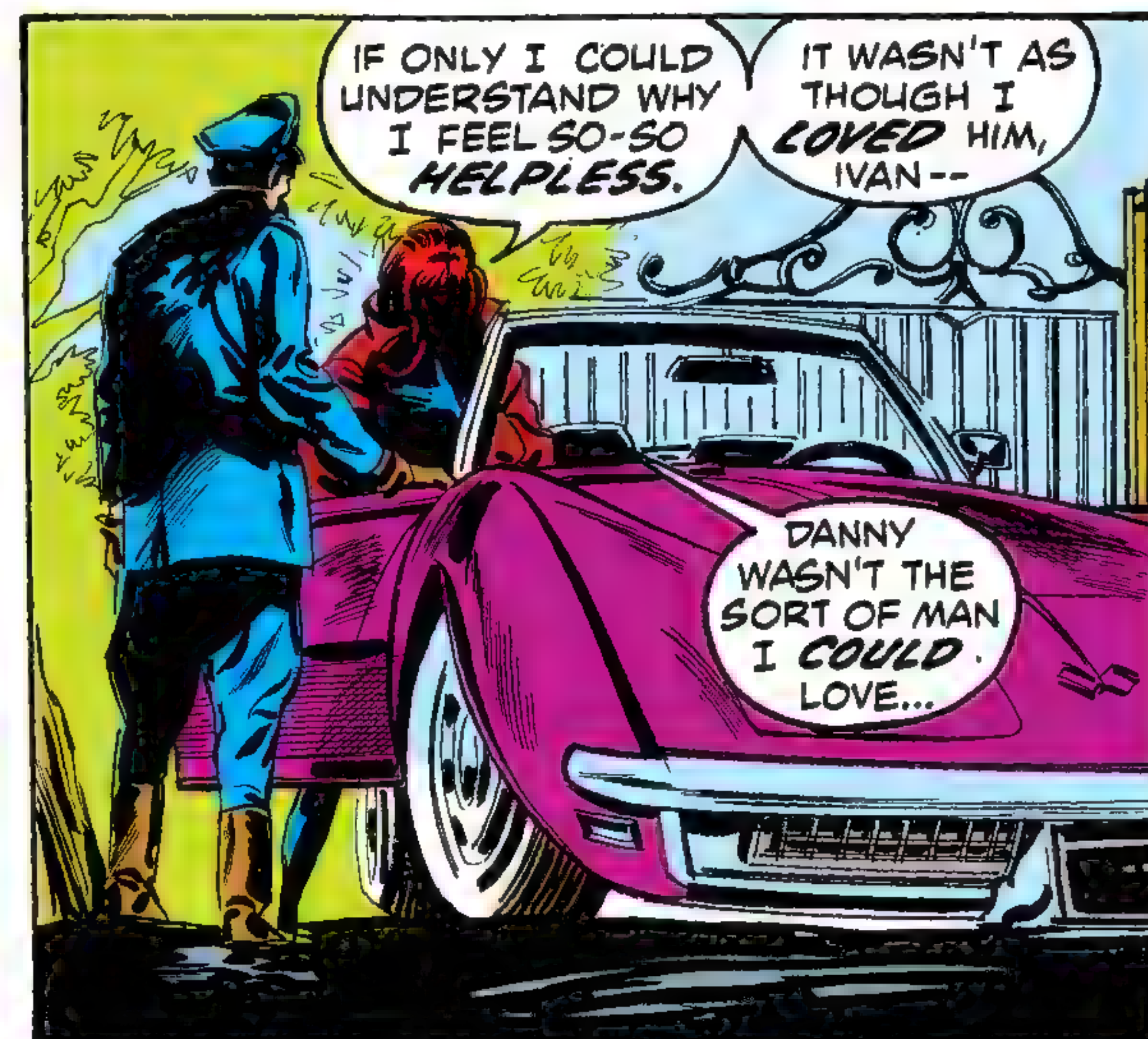
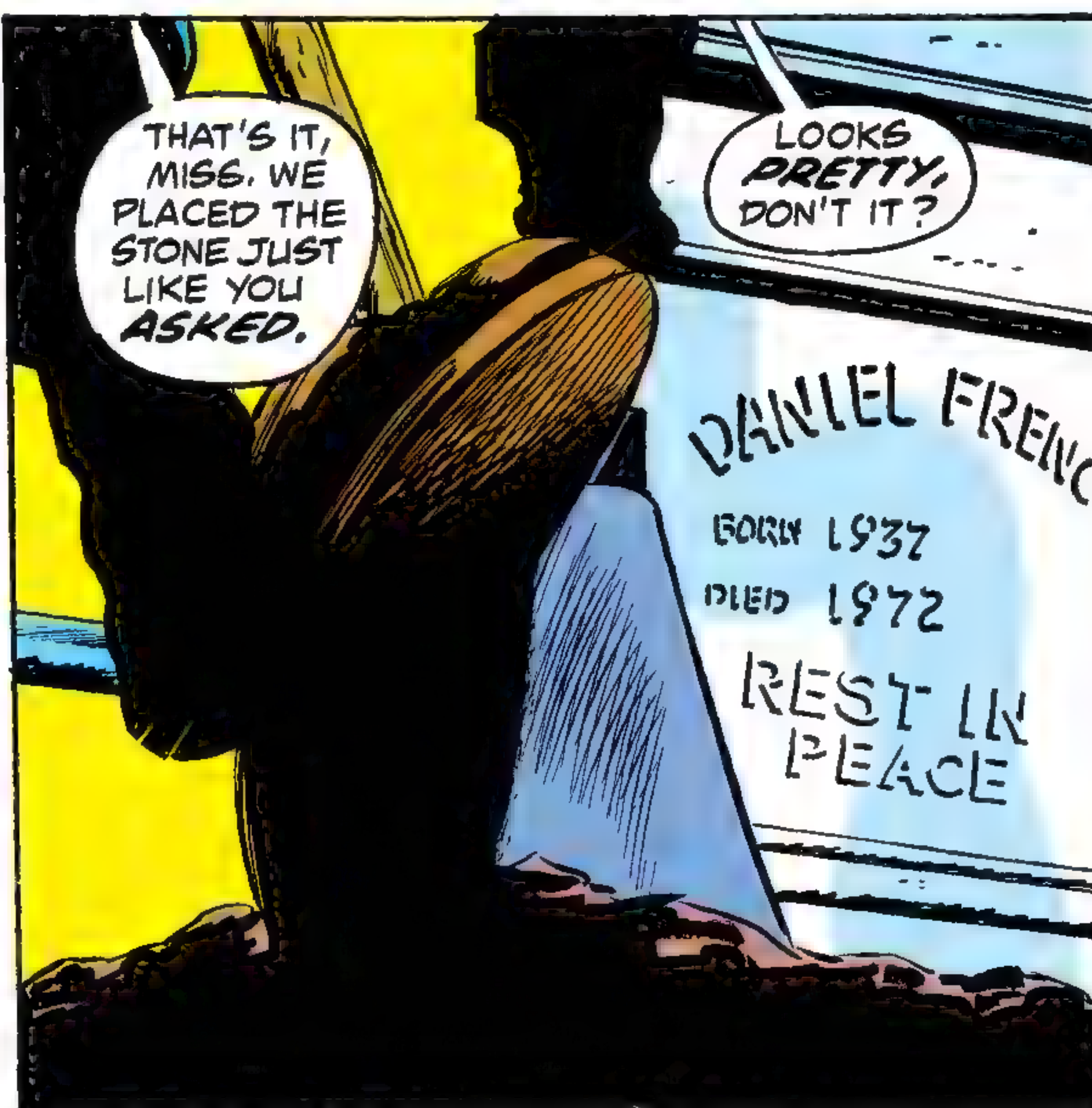
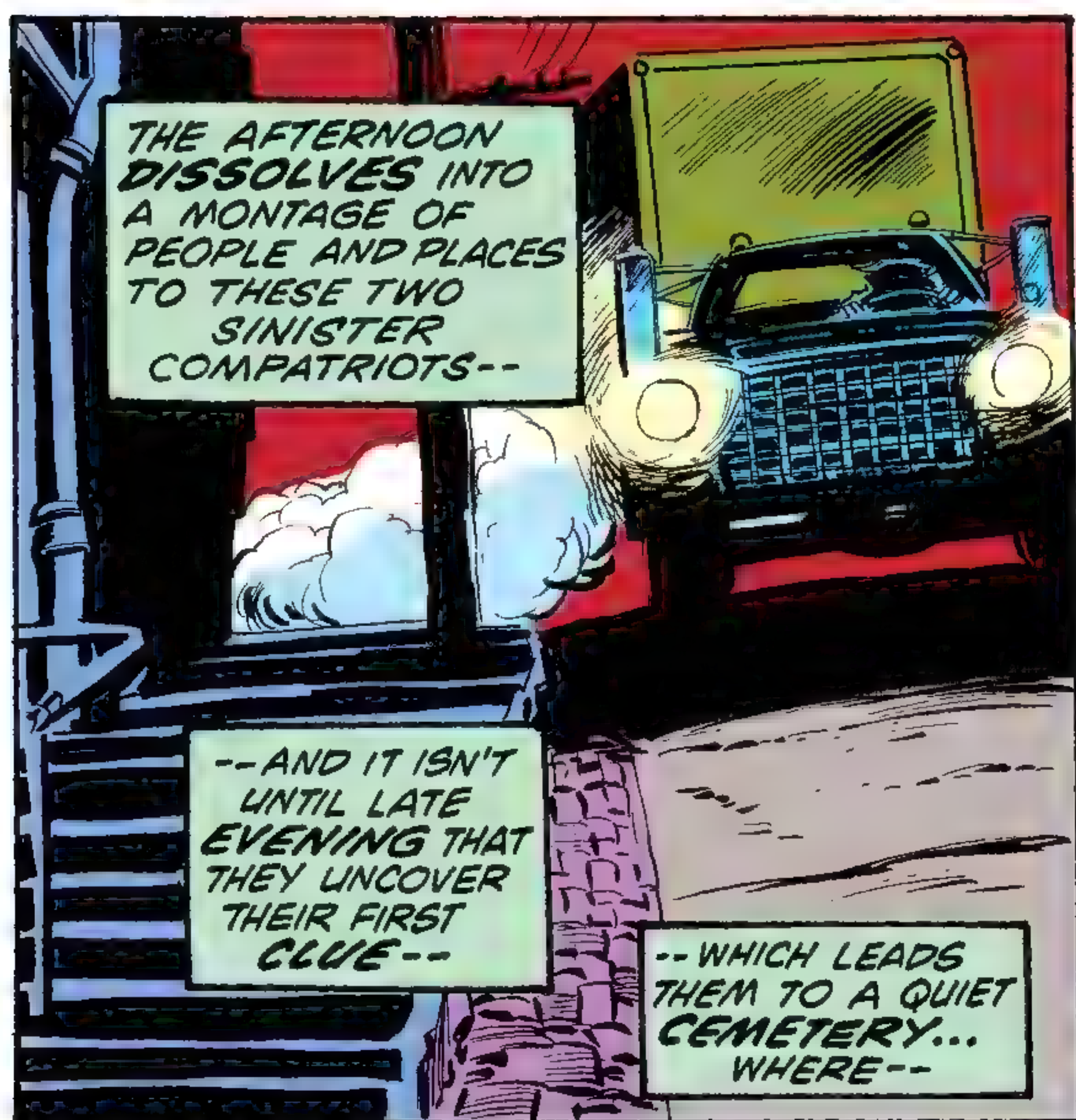


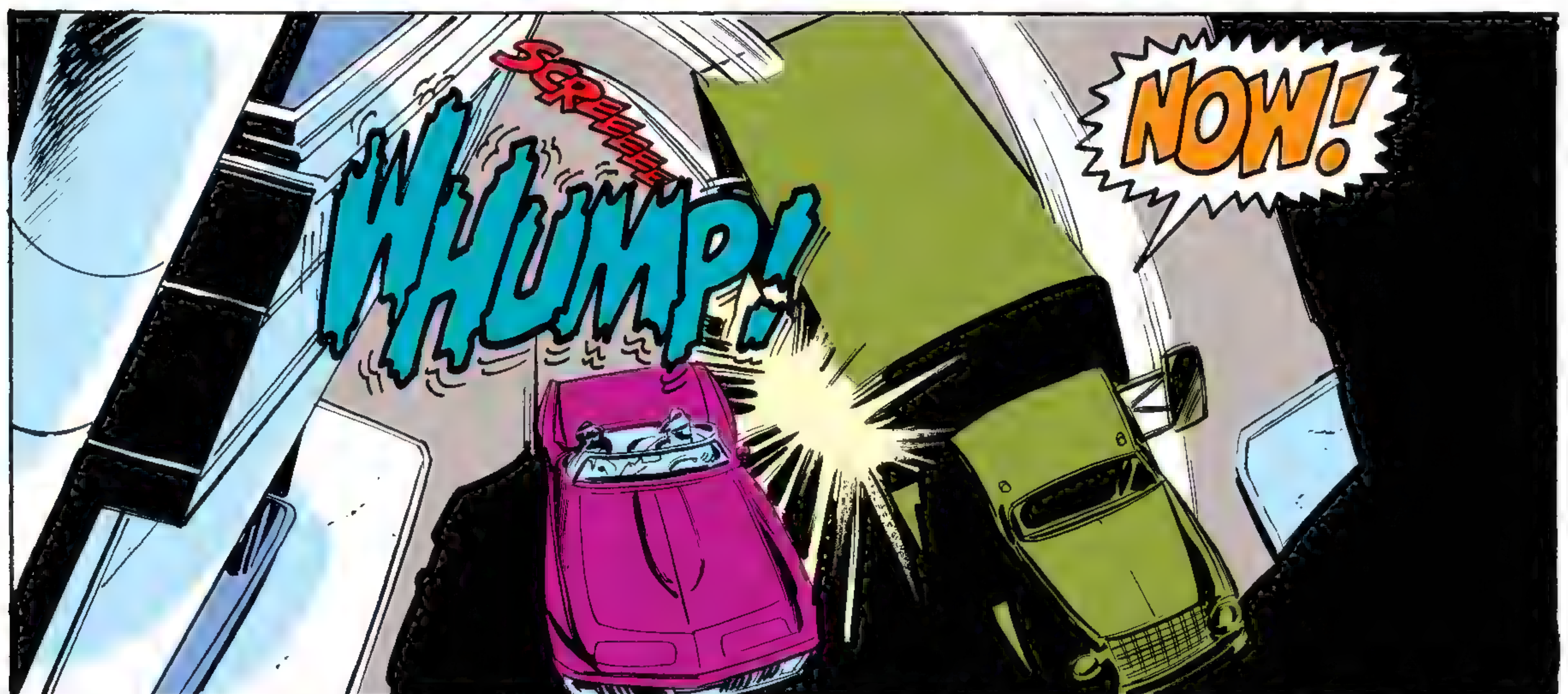
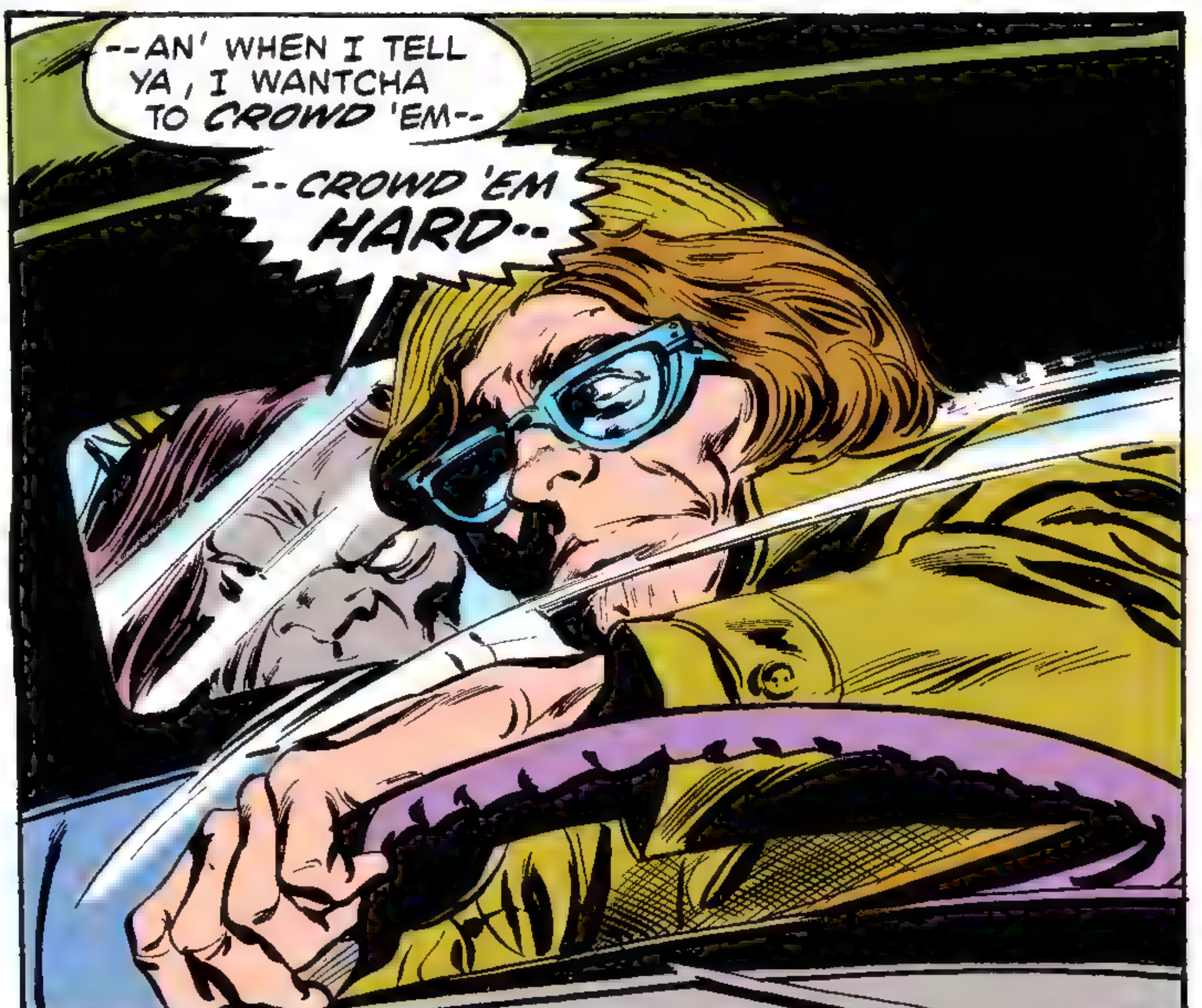
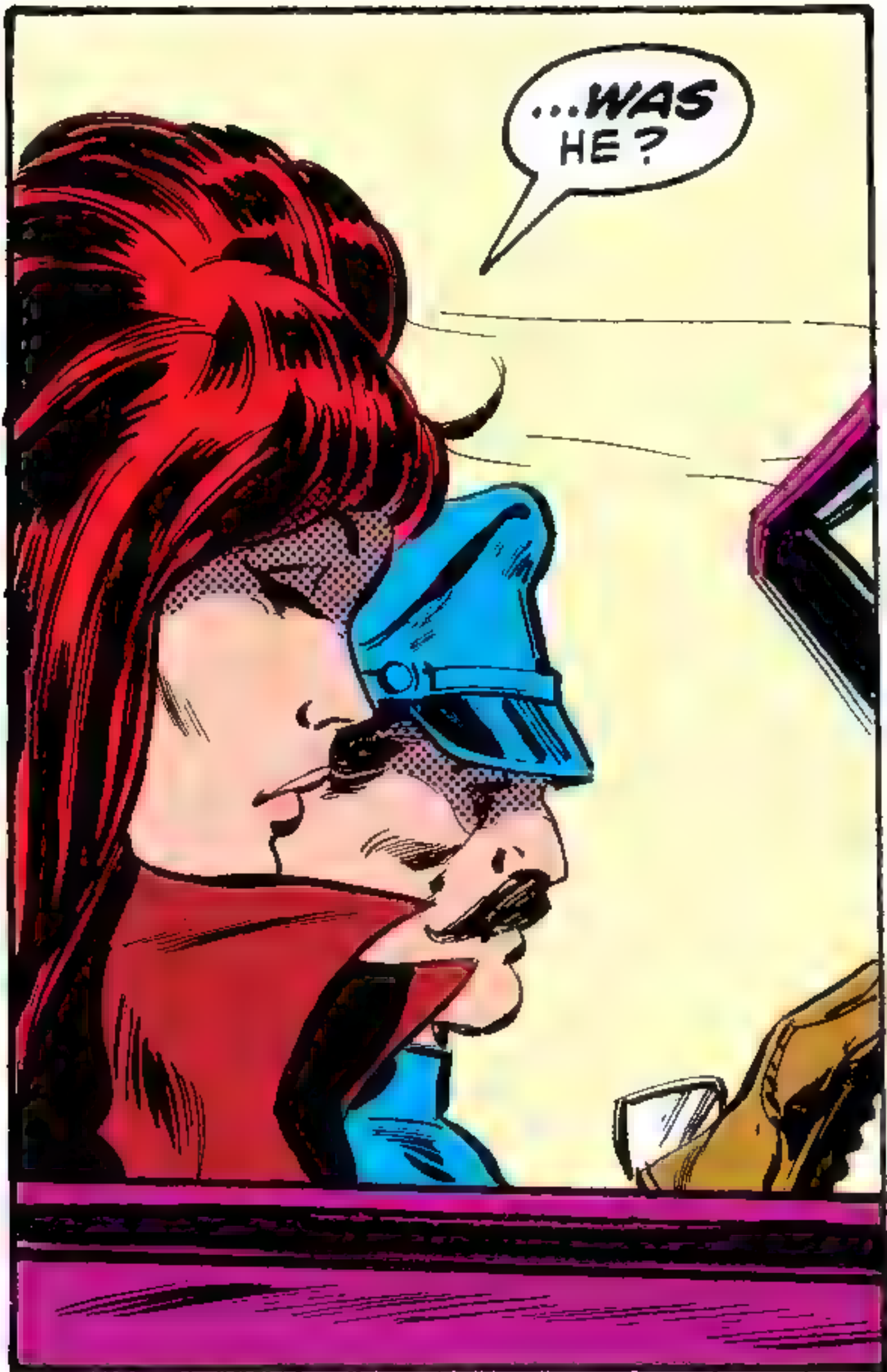
EVERYTHING WORKED JUST LIKE YOU SAID, BULL.

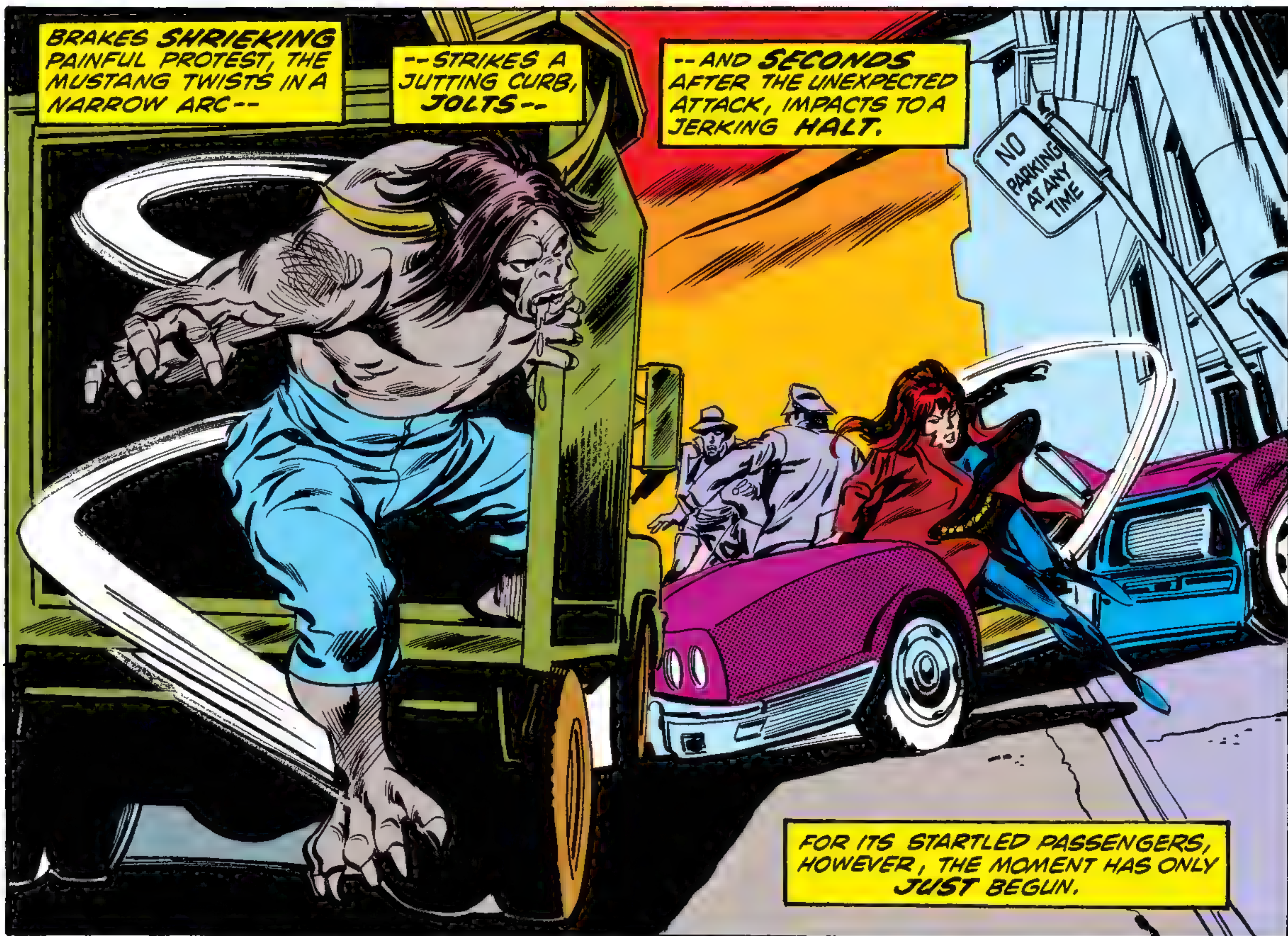
THAT CAR FLUSHED HIM OUTTA THE WOODWORK, ALL RIGHT--AN' HE HANDLED IT LIKE A PRO--A REAL PRO.

AIN'T NO DOUBT ABOUT IT-- THAT'S DAREDEVIL.

THE ONE-- THE ONLY-- AND THE DEAD.







BRAKES SHRIEKING PAINFUL PROTEST, THE MUSTANG TWISTS IN A NARROW ARC--

-- STRIKES A JUTTING CURB, JOLTS--

-- AND SECONDS AFTER THE UNEXPECTED ATTACK, IMPACTS TO A JERKING HALT.

NO PARKING AT ANY TIME

FOR ITS STARTLED PASSENGERS, HOWEVER, THE MOMENT HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN.



NICE, WIDOW-LADY... REAL NICE! YOU MOVE QUICK-- FASTER THAN YOUR RED-SUITED PAL!

PITY IT DON'T MEAN NUTHIN' THOUGH--

SWOOSH

-- 'CAUSE WHEN THE MAN-BULL SETS HIS EYE ON SUMTHIN'-- HE GETS IT--

LITTLE LADY, DOES HE EVER!



KEEP YOUR FILTHY PAWS OFF HER, PUNK--

-- UNLESS YOU WANT TO END UP LIKE YOUR EAGER BEAVER FRIEND HERE--

CRUNCH!

-- DOWN-- AND OUT!

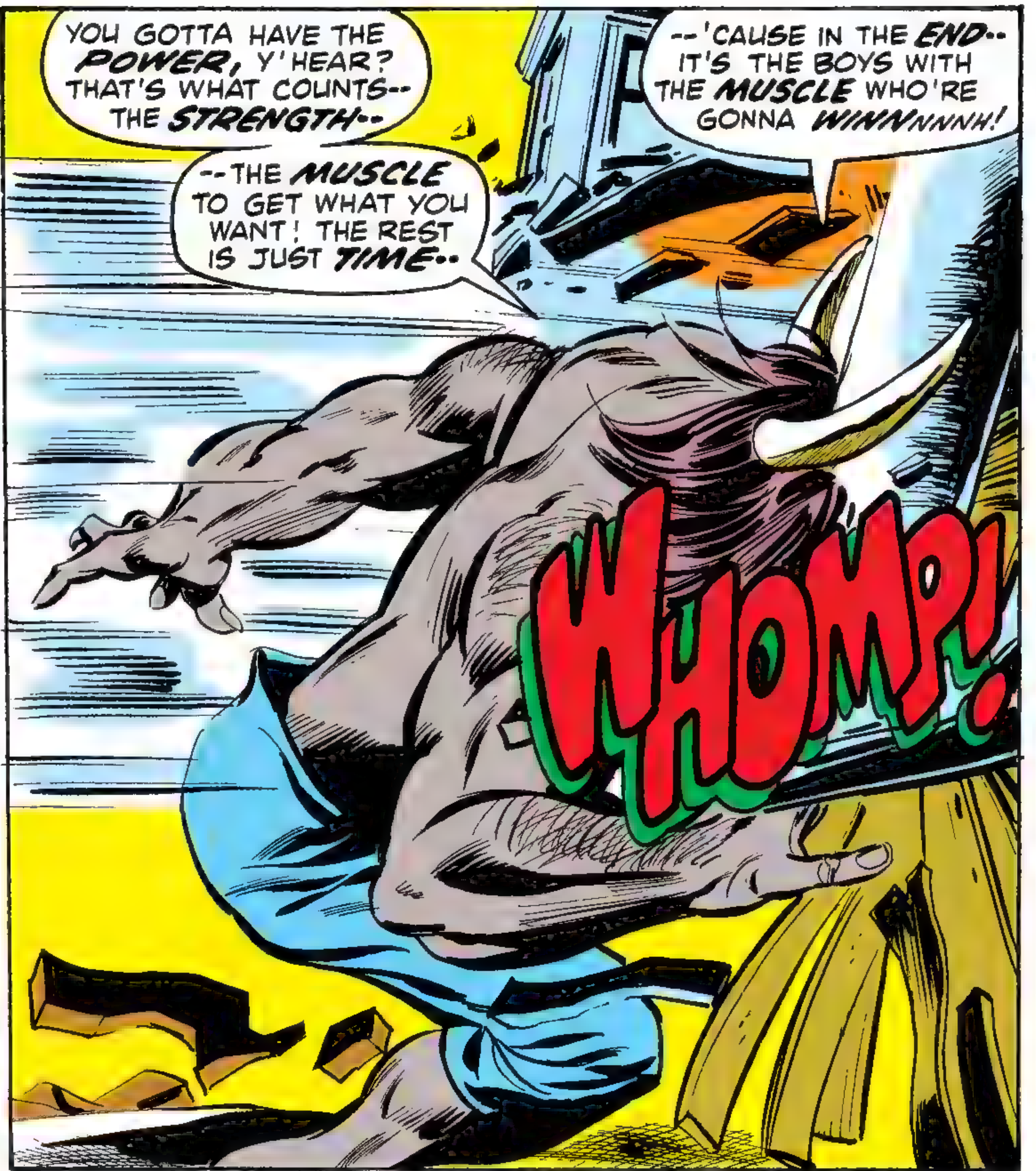




THERE ARE
WAYS TO
SURVIVE
WITHOUT
BRUTE
FORCE, MY
FRIEND--

--SUCH
AS WIT--
AND
SKILL!

CRAZY
DAME!
YOU THINK
THAT
MATTERS?



YOU GOTTA HAVE THE
POWER, Y'HEAR?
THAT'S WHAT COUNTS--
THE **STRENGTH**--

--THE **MUSCLE**
TO GET WHAT YOU
WANT! THE REST
IS JUST **TIME**--

--'CAUSE IN THE **END**--
IT'S THE BOYS WITH
THE **MUSCLE** WHO'RE
GONNA **WINNNNNH!**

WHOMP!



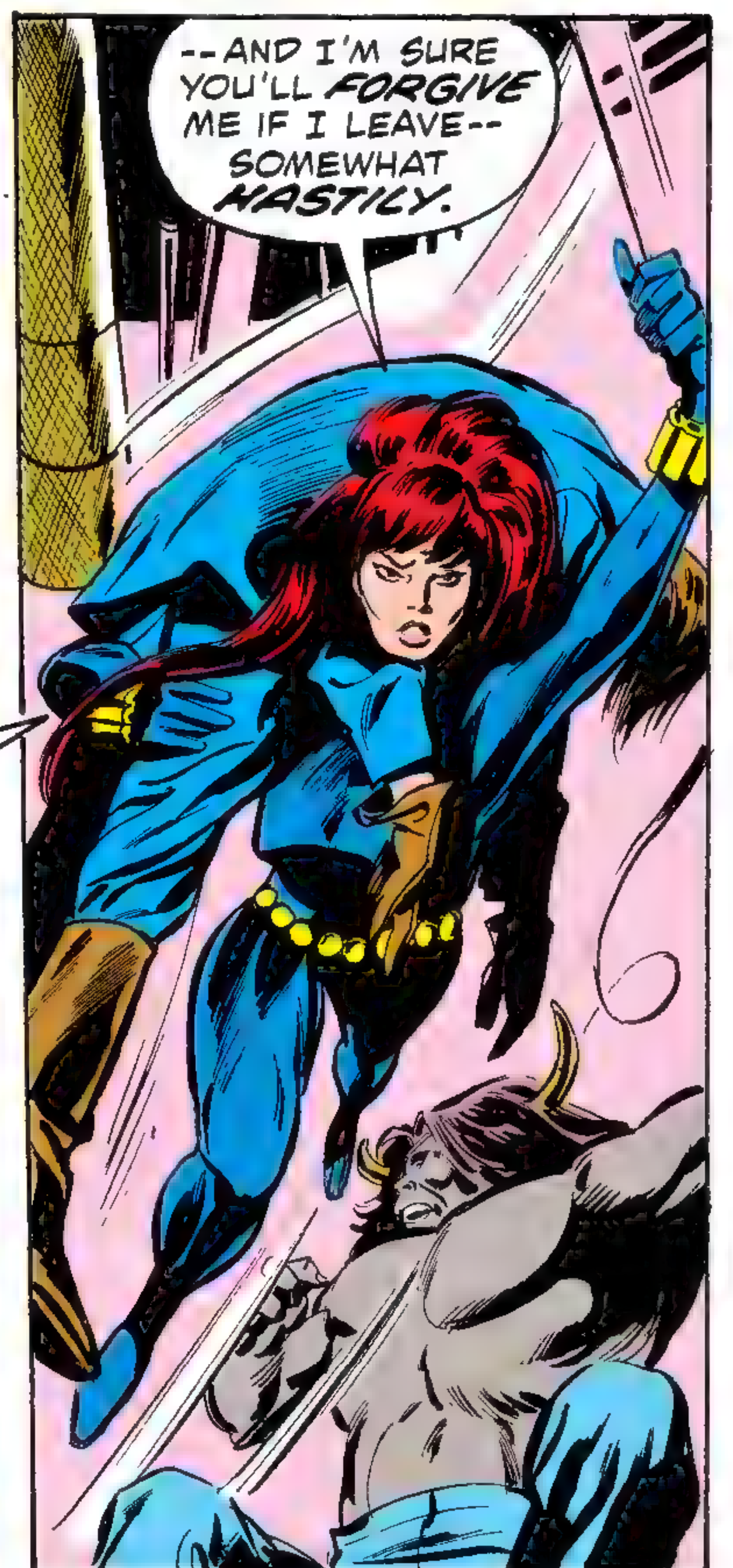
YOUR APPROACH
TO LIFE IS
FASCINATING,
MY FRIEND--

WE SIMPLY
MUST TALK
AGAIN. BUT
FOR **NOW**--

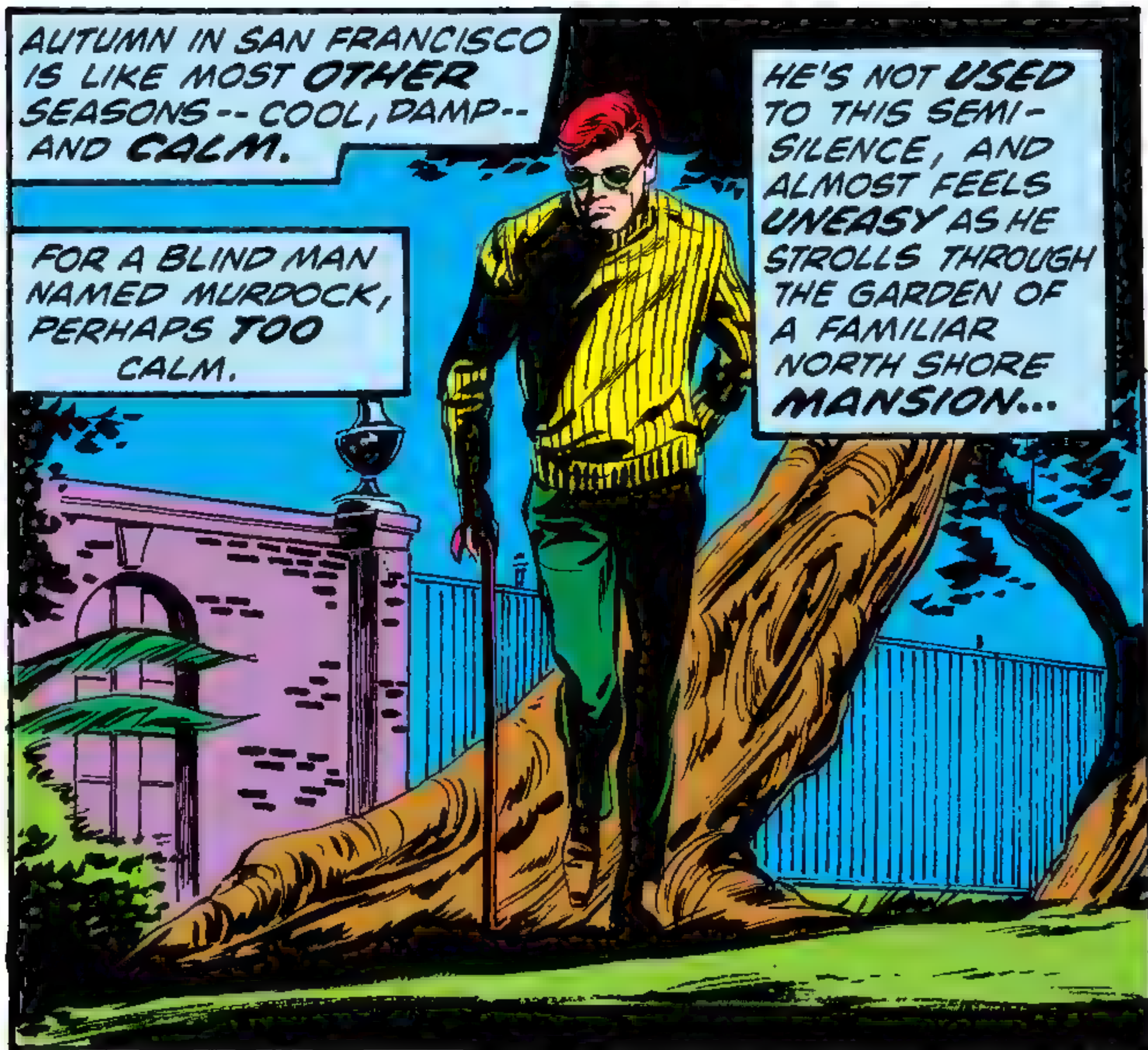


THACK!

--I'VE OTHER,
FAR MORE
PRESSING
CONCERNS TO
ATTEND TO--



--AND I'M SURE
YOU'LL **FORGIVE**
ME IF I LEAVE--
SOMEWHAT
HASTILY.



AUTUMN IN SAN FRANCISCO IS LIKE MOST OTHER SEASONS-- COOL, DAMP-- AND CALM.

FOR A BLIND MAN NAMED MURDOCK, PERHAPS TOO CALM.

HE'S NOT USED TO THIS SEMI-SILENCE, AND ALMOST FEELS UNEASY AS HE STROLLS THROUGH THE GARDEN OF A FAMILIAR NORTH SHORE MANSION...



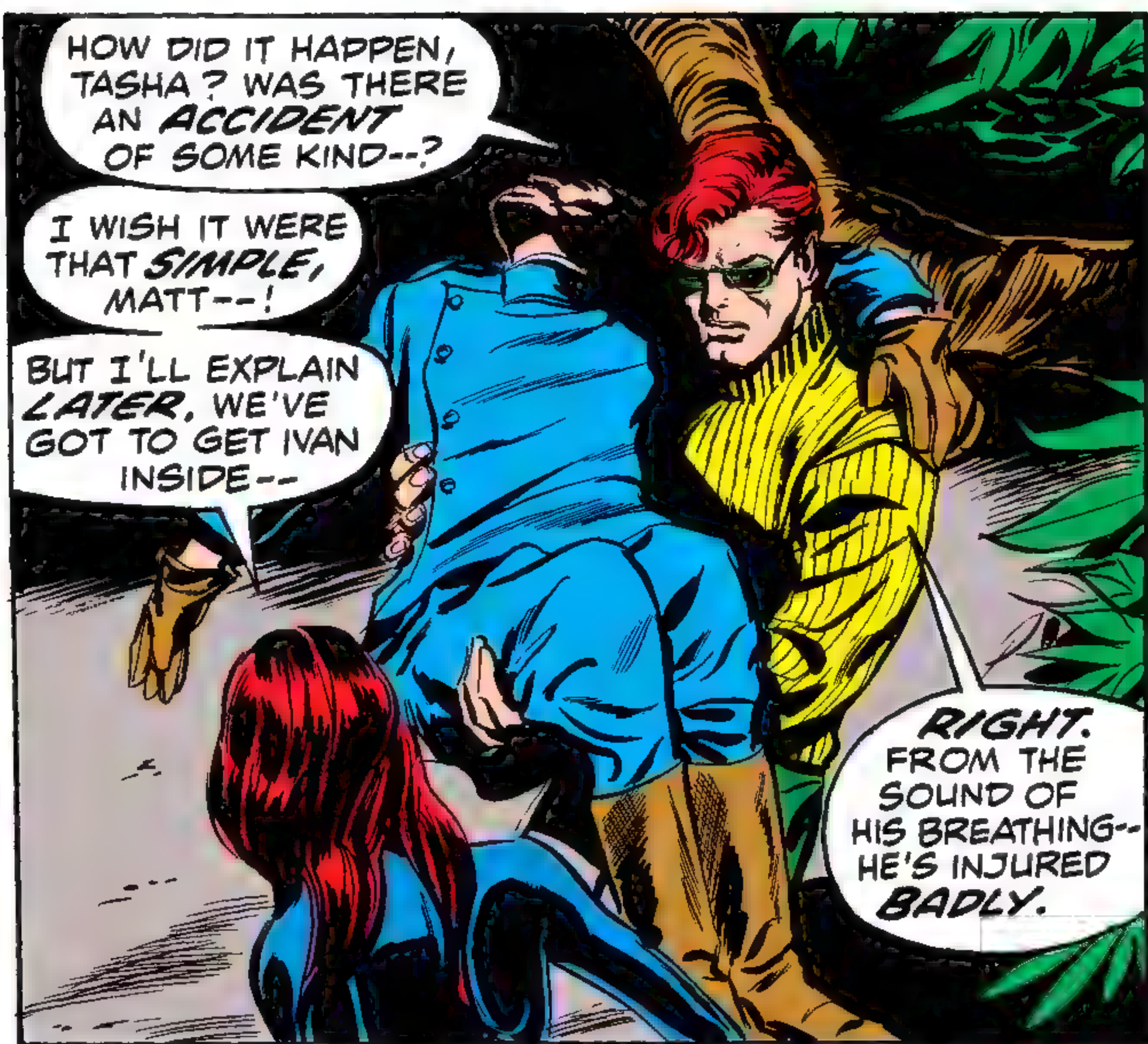
...UNTIL...



NATASHA, IS THAT YOU?

SOMETHING'S **WRONG**--I SENSE TWO HEARTBEATS, IRREGULAR **BREATHING**--

IT'S IVAN, MATT... HE'S **HURT**.



HOW DID IT HAPPEN, TASHA? WAS THERE AN **ACCIDENT** OF SOME KIND--?

I WISH IT WERE THAT **SIMPLE**, MATT--!

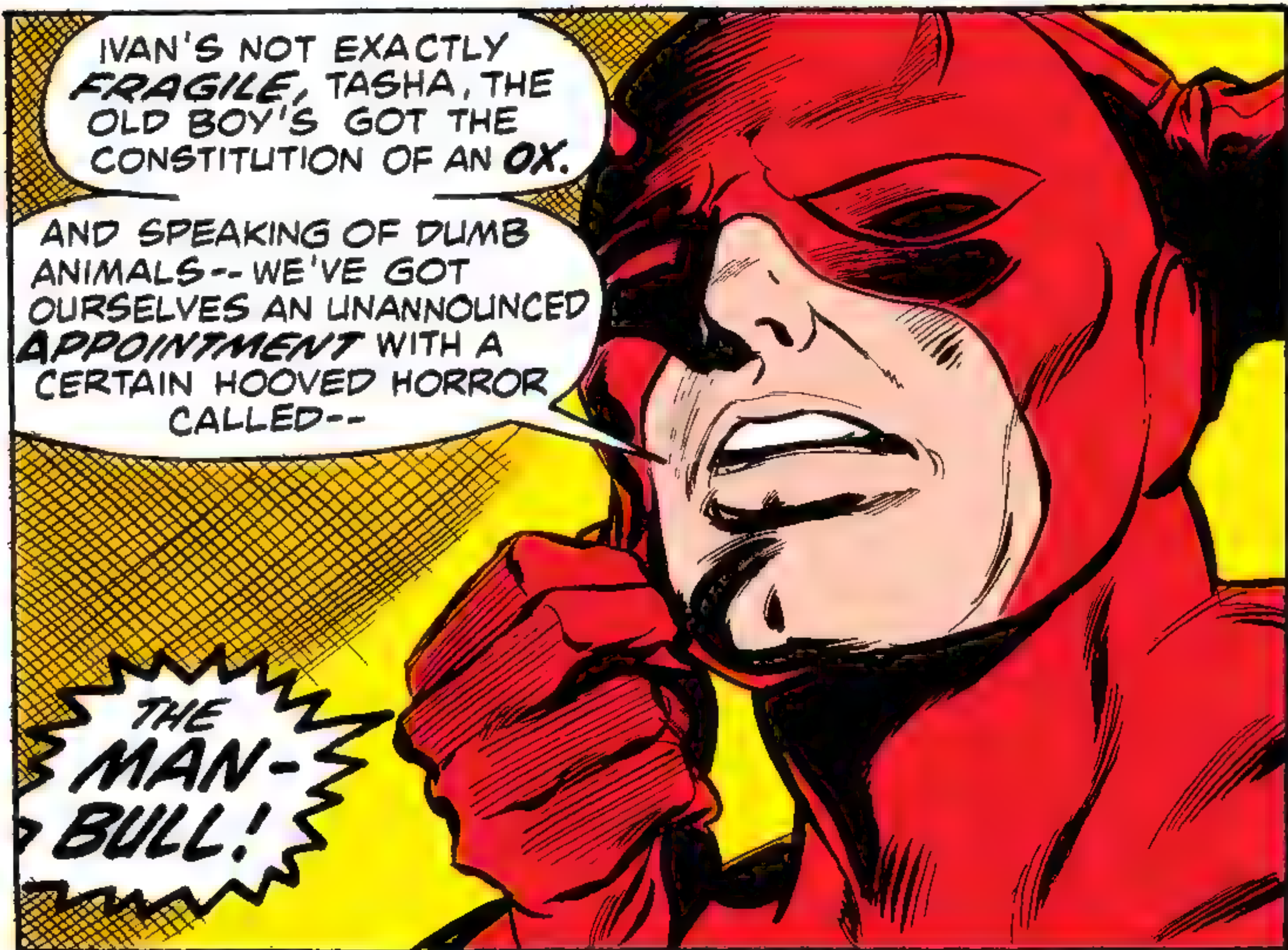
BUT I'LL EXPLAIN **LATER**, WE'VE GOT TO GET IVAN **INSIDE**--

RIGHT. FROM THE SOUND OF HIS **BREATHING**--HE'S INJURED **BADLY**.



...AND THEN I CAME DIRECTLY **HERE**.

MATT, I'M **WORRIED**--DO YOU THINK HE'LL BE ALL **RIGHT**?



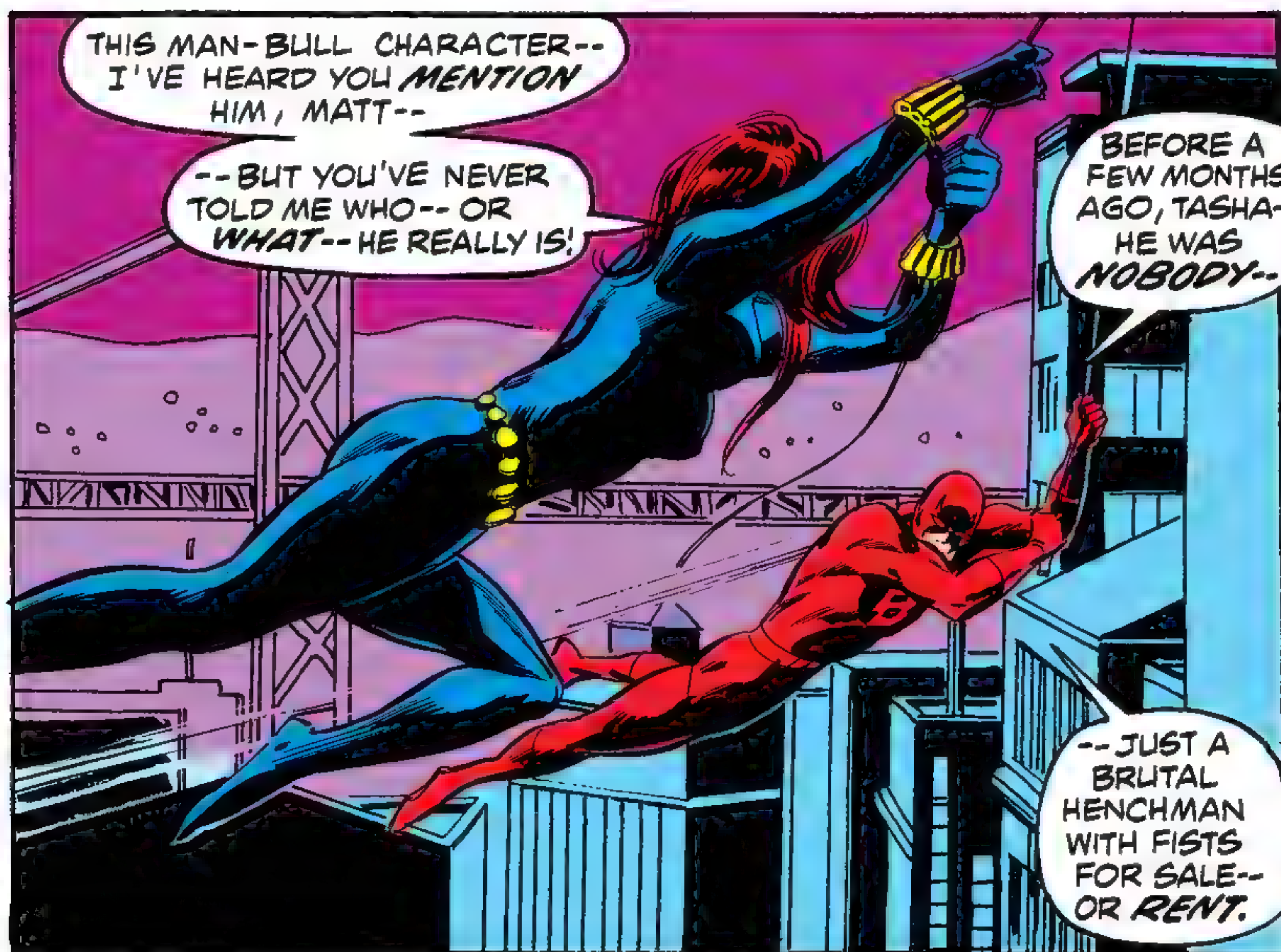
IVAN'S NOT EXACTLY **FRAGILE**, TASHA, THE OLD BOY'S GOT THE CONSTITUTION OF AN **OX**.

AND SPEAKING OF DUMB ANIMALS-- WE'VE GOT OURSELVES AN UNANNOUNCED **APPOINTMENT** WITH A CERTAIN **HOOFED HORROR** CALLED--

THE MAN-BULL!



LET'S FACE IT-- WITH A
PICTURE LIKE THIS, WHO CAN
THINK OF A THING TO SAY?
ENJOY, PILGRIM. -- GER.



THIS MAN-BULL CHARACTER--
I'VE HEARD YOU MENTION
HIM, MATT--

-- BUT YOU'VE NEVER
TOLD ME WHO-- OR
WHAT-- HE REALLY IS!

BEFORE A
FEW MONTHS
AGO, TASHA--
HE WAS
NOBODY--

-- JUST A
BRUTAL
HENCHMAN
WITH FISTS
FOR SALE--
OR RENT.



THEN HE MET UP WITH
MISTER KLINE--
AND FOUND HIMSELF A
PAWN IN A DEADLY
GAME OF CHESS.*

* A GAME BEGUN
IN ISSUE # 78. --ROY.



HE TRIED TO KIDNAP SOME
KIDS TO PLAY INVOLUNTARY
GUINEA PIGS-- AND
WOULD HAVE, IF I HADN'T
STEPPED IN.

AFTER THAT,
KLINE MADE HIM
THE GUINEA PIG--
AND IT TURNED HIM
INTO A HALFBREED
BULL--

-- A MAN-BULL
WHICH BLAMED
ME FOR THE
TRANSFORMATION!



SOMEHOW, HE MUST
HAVE REDISCOVERED
THE FORMULA
WHICH CHANGED HIM--

-- AND FOR
SOME CRAZY
REASON--

-- HE STILL
WANTS BLOOD--
MY BLOOD!



HEY, LUCRETIA--
MISTER CAINE
WANTS YOU TO
HANDLE THIS
STORY.

THERE'S A CREW
WAITING DOWN
AT MOBILE 2.

ANOTHER SOFT
ASSIGNMENT FOR
THE DELICATE
MISS JONES?

HOW KIND
OF MISTER
CAINE.

AW, C'MON,
LUCRETIA.

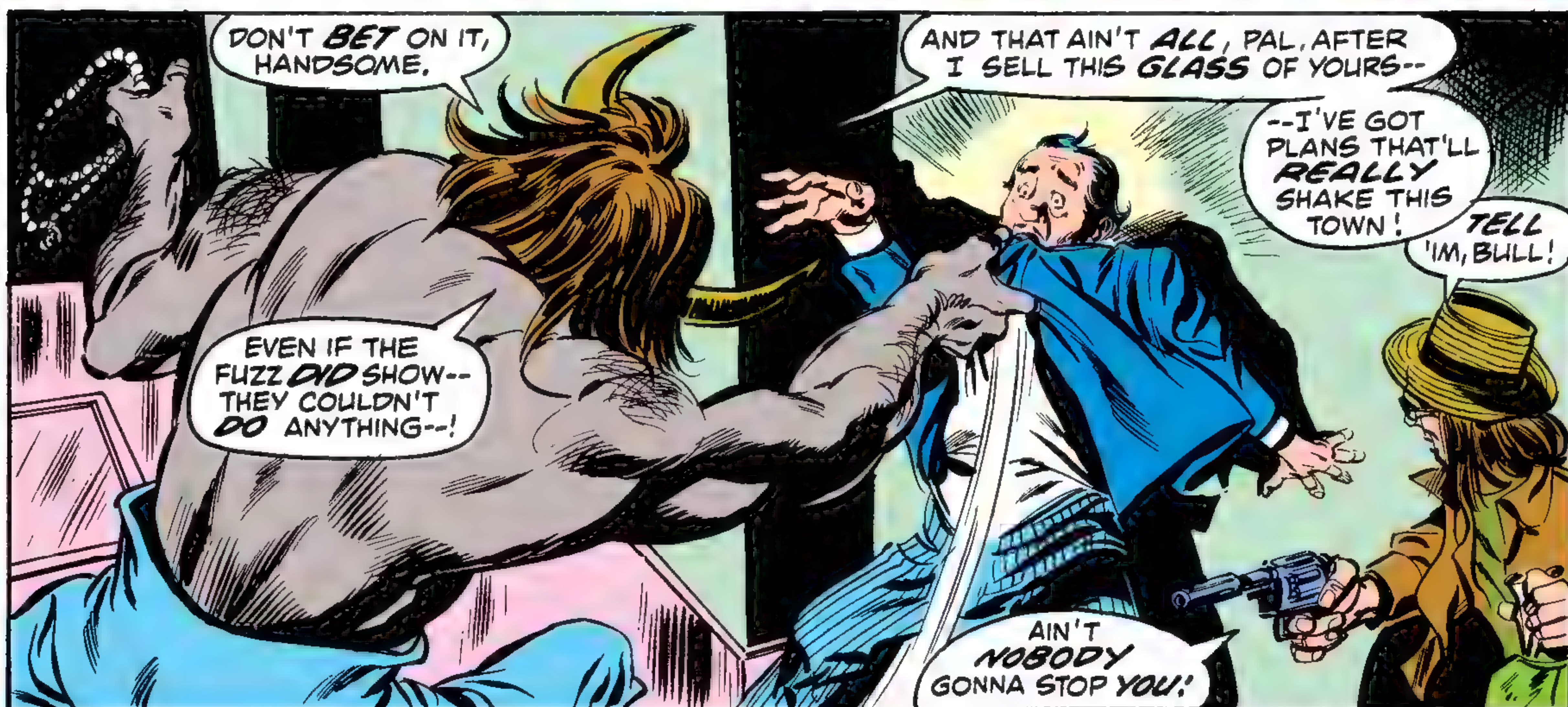
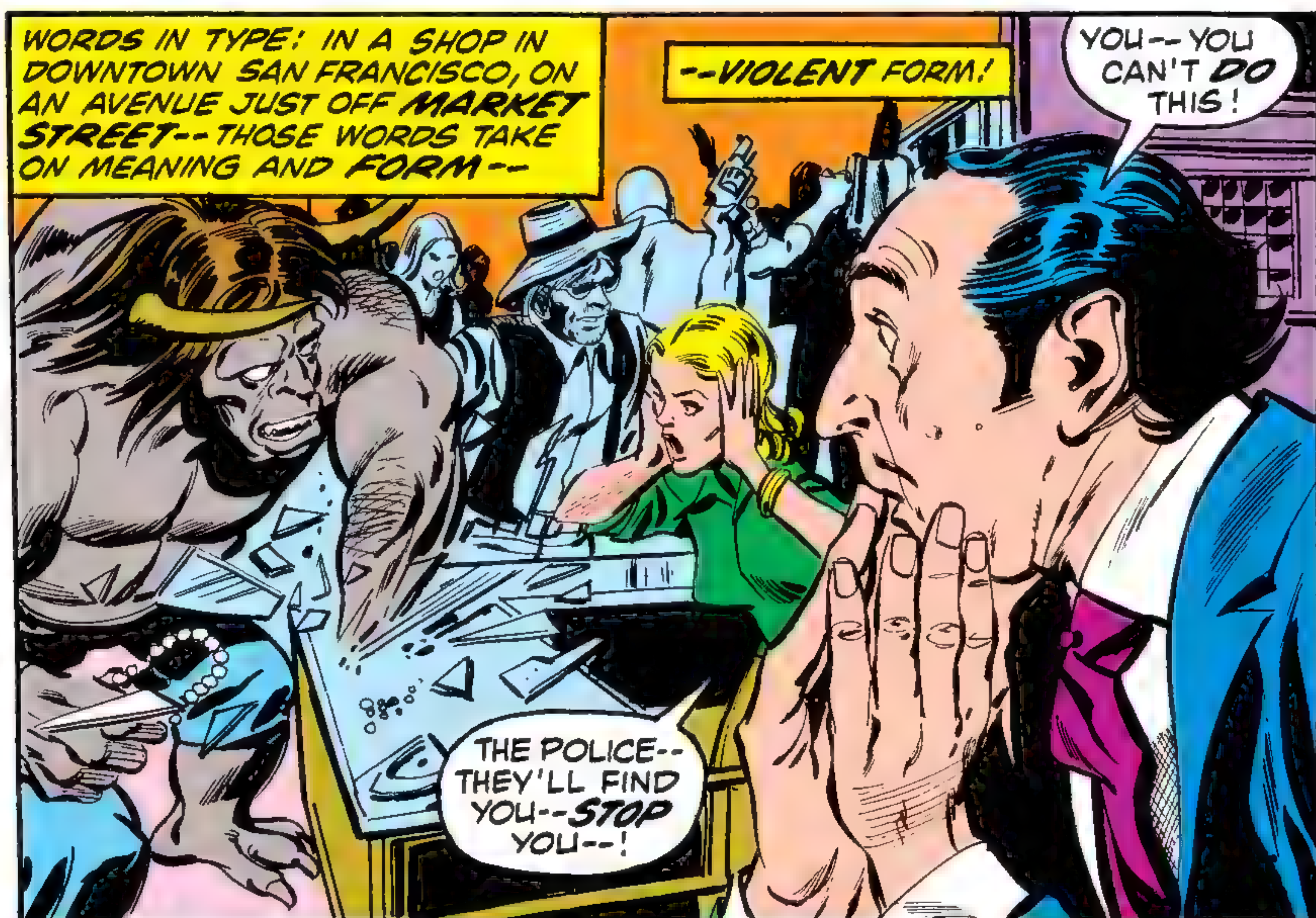


SORRY, AL. I'M JUST
TIRED OF BEING
HANDLED ALL THE
HUMAN-INTEREST
STORIES.

DON'T THEY
THINK A
WOMAN CAN--

WHAT'S
UP, LU?

OH!





OH, LET'S NOT BE TOO **HASTY**, OLD FRIEND.

THE GAME'S JUST GETTING **STARTED**.

YOU!



NOW I KNOW WHAT IT IS I **ADMIRE** ABOUT YOU, CHUCKLES.

YOUR **CLEVER** WAY WITH **WORDS**.

SO YOUR DAME **FOUND** YA, EH, MASKED MAN?

Harvey Jewel

YAK IT UP WHILE YOU **CAN**, SMART BOY-- YOU WON'T BE **YAKKIN' LONG!**



Y'SEE, I LEARNED A LITTLE SOMETHIN' FROM THAT **LADY-FRIEND** OF YOURS--!

THERE ARE A FEW **OTHER** THINGS A GUY LIKE ME CAN DO 'SIDES FLEX HIS **MUSCLES**--

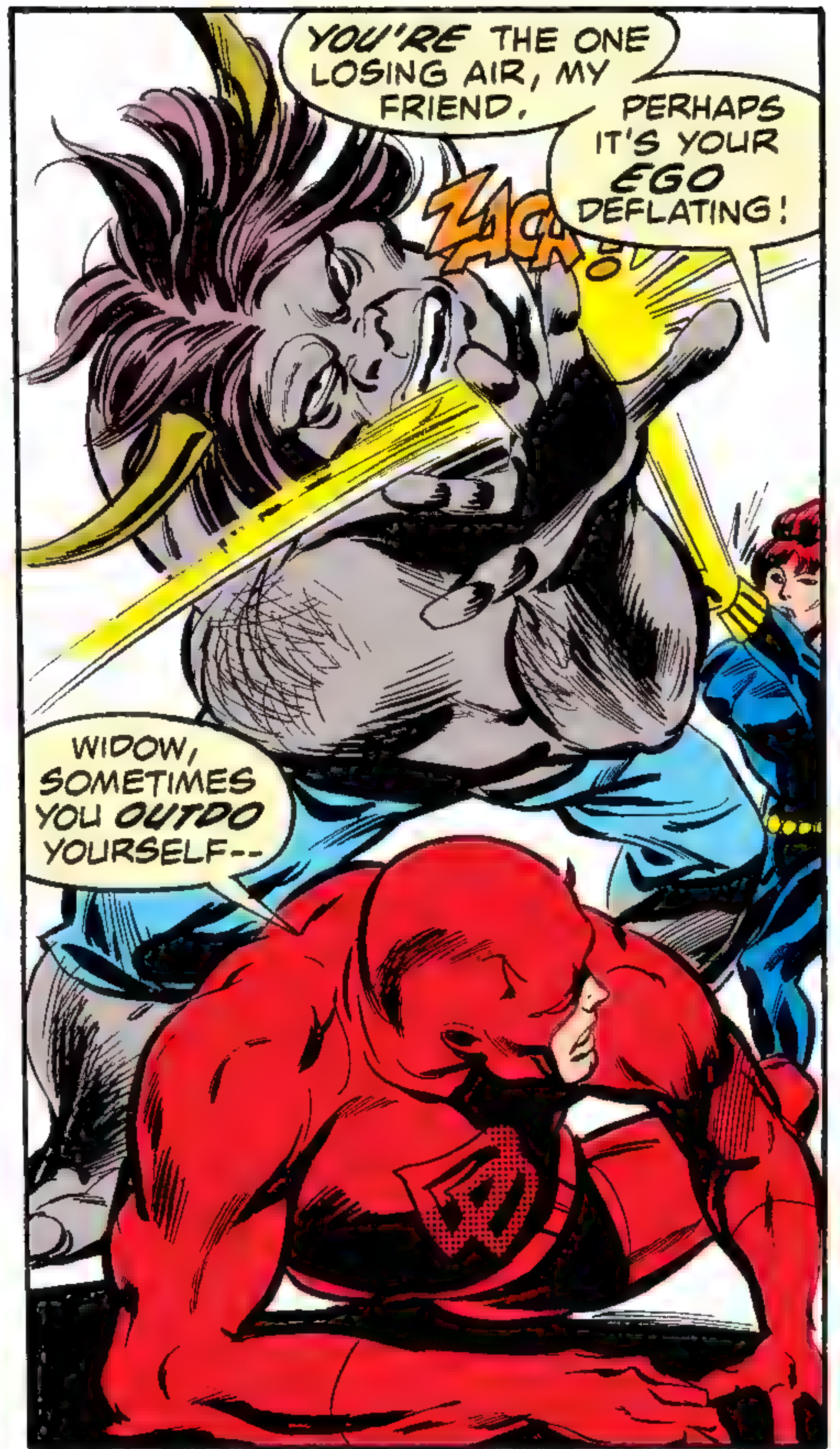
--AND NOW I'VE GOT MYSELF A FEW **CLEVER IDEAS**--

--WHICH YOU **AIN'T** GONNA FOUL UP, MASKED MAN-- 'CAUSE YOU'LL BE **DEAD!**



WHAT'S A
MATTER,
TOUGH MAN?

LOSE ALL
YOUR *HOT*
AIR?



YOU'RE THE ONE
LOSING AIR, MY
FRIEND.

PERHAPS
IT'S YOUR
EGO
DEFLATING!

ZACK!

WIDOW,
SOMETIMES
YOU *OUTDO*
YOURSELF--



--BUT HOW
'BOUT GIVING A
FELLA A CHANCE
TO DO HIS *OWN*
FIGHTING?

I'M NOT IN
A SICK-BED
YET--

RIGHT,
BRIGHT EYES?



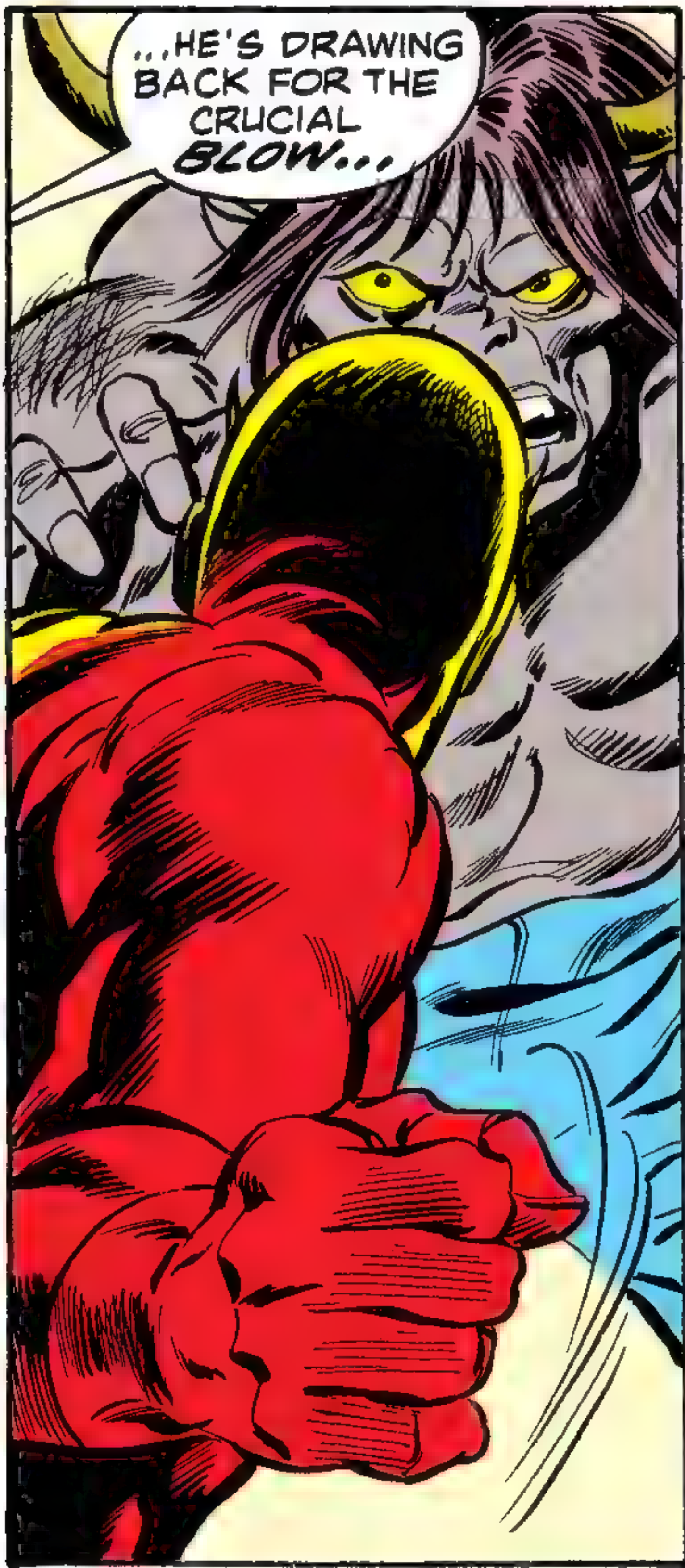
THIS IS LUCRETIA
JONES, KGG-TV,
OUTSIDE THE HARRIS
JEWEL EXCHANGE
IN DOWNTOWN
SAN FRANCISCO.

AS I SPEAK, A
BATTLE RAGES-- A
CONFLICT UNLIKE ANY
EVER *WITNESSED* IN
THIS CITY-- BETWEEN
A CREATURE ONLY
HALF A MAN--

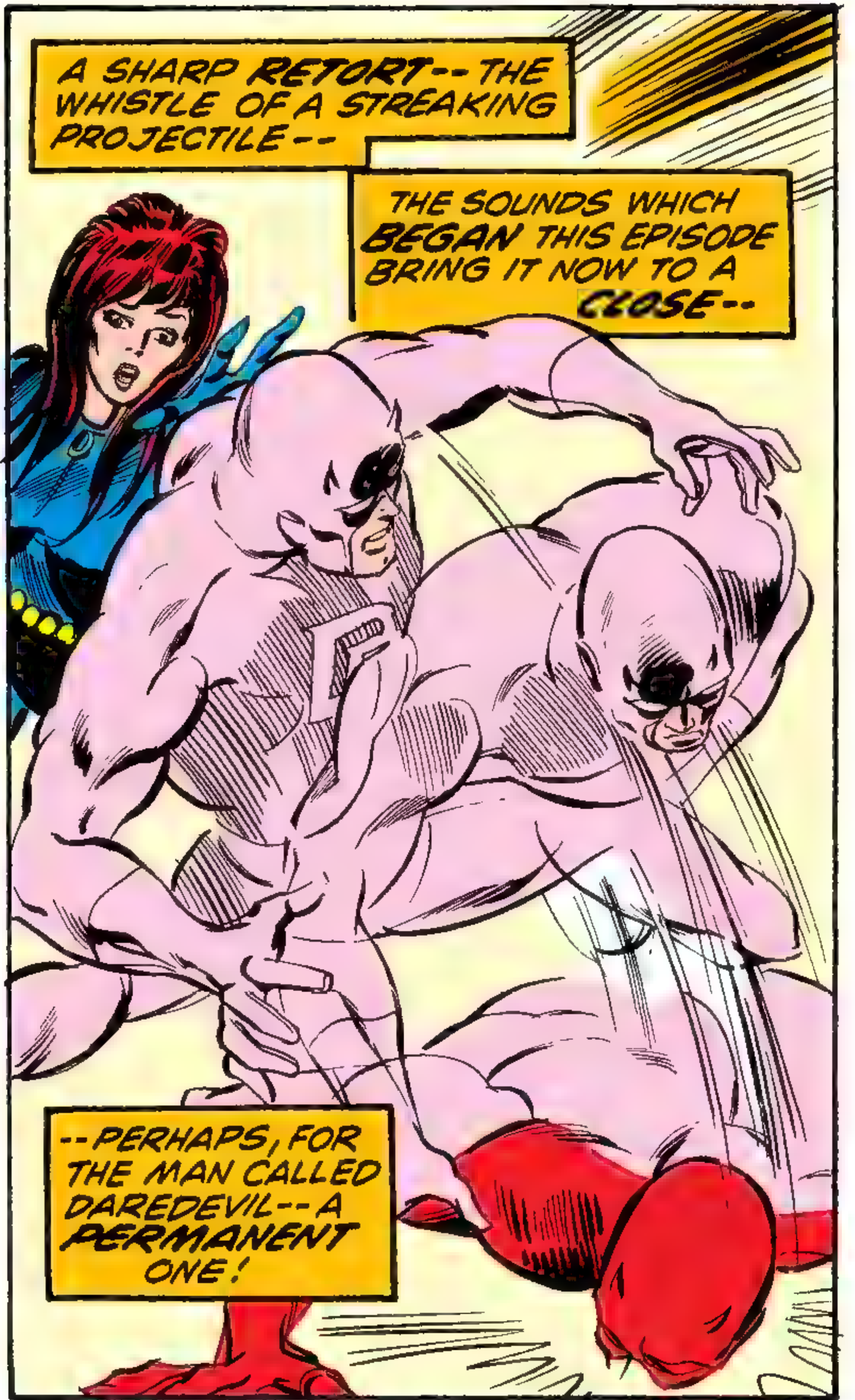
--AND A
MAN-- SO MUCH
MORE.

IT'S A STRUGGLE
OF LIFE AND
DEATH--WINNER
TAKE ALL.

WAIT... SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING, NOW.
THE MASKED MAN
IS *RISEING*...



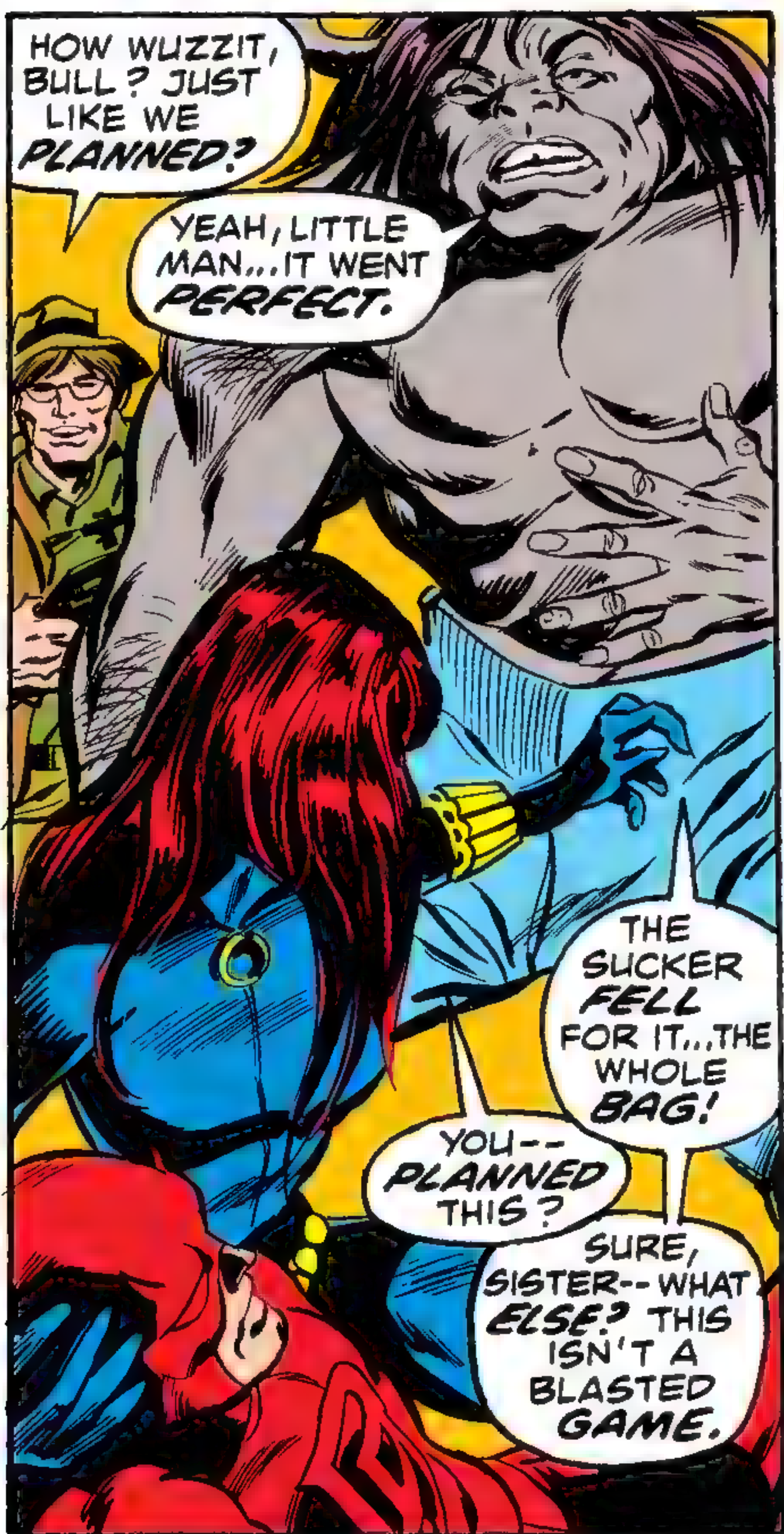
...HE'S DRAWING
BACK FOR THE
CRUCIAL
BLOW...



A SHARP RETORT-- THE
WHISTLE OF A STREAKING
PROJECTILE--

THE SOUNDS WHICH
BEGAN THIS EPISODE
BRING IT NOW TO A
CLOSE--

--PERHAPS, FOR
THE MAN CALLED
DAREDEVIL-- A
PERMANENT
ONE!



HOW WUZZIT,
BULL? JUST
LIKE WE
PLANNED?

YEAH, LITTLE
MAN...IT WENT
PERFECT.

THE
SUCKER
FELL
FOR IT...THE
WHOLE
BAG!

YOU--
PLANNED
THIS?

SURE,
SISTER-- WHAT
ELSE? THIS
ISN'T A
BLASTED
GAME.



NO... I SUPPOSE
IT *ISN'T*.

BUT I PROMISE
YOU *THIS*, MY
TREACHEROUS
FRIEND... IF
DAREDEVIL
DIES...

...YOU'RE
GOING
TO WISH
IT WERE!

THIS
THE BLACK
WIDOW
SWEARS!

NEXT ISSUE:
BATTLEGROUND!

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUPTM



20¢

96
FEB

02459

DAREDEVIL[®]

AND THE

BLACK WIDOW[™]

LIE DOWN AND
DIE, MASKED
MAN! YOU
CAN'T HIDE
FROM--

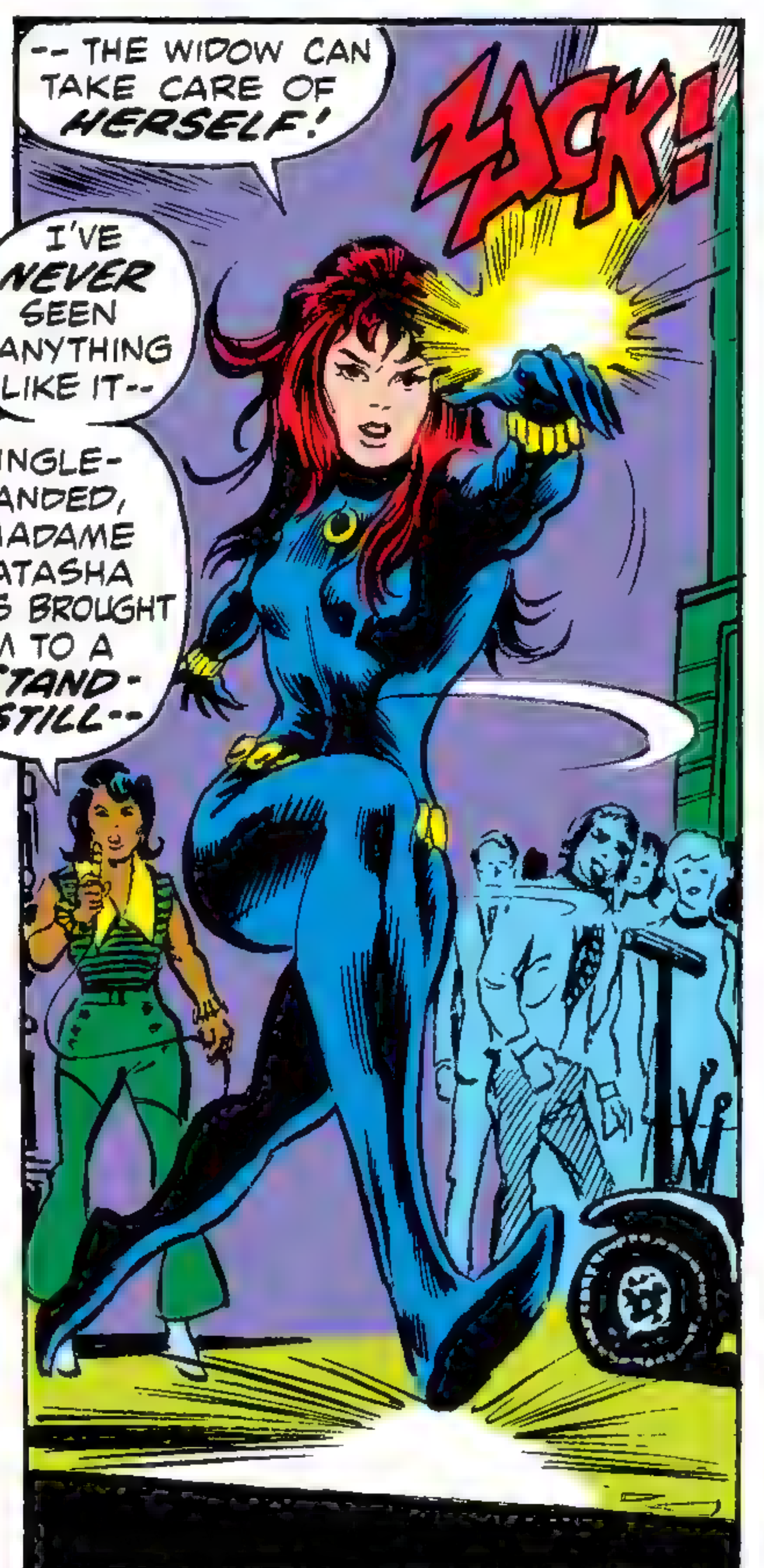
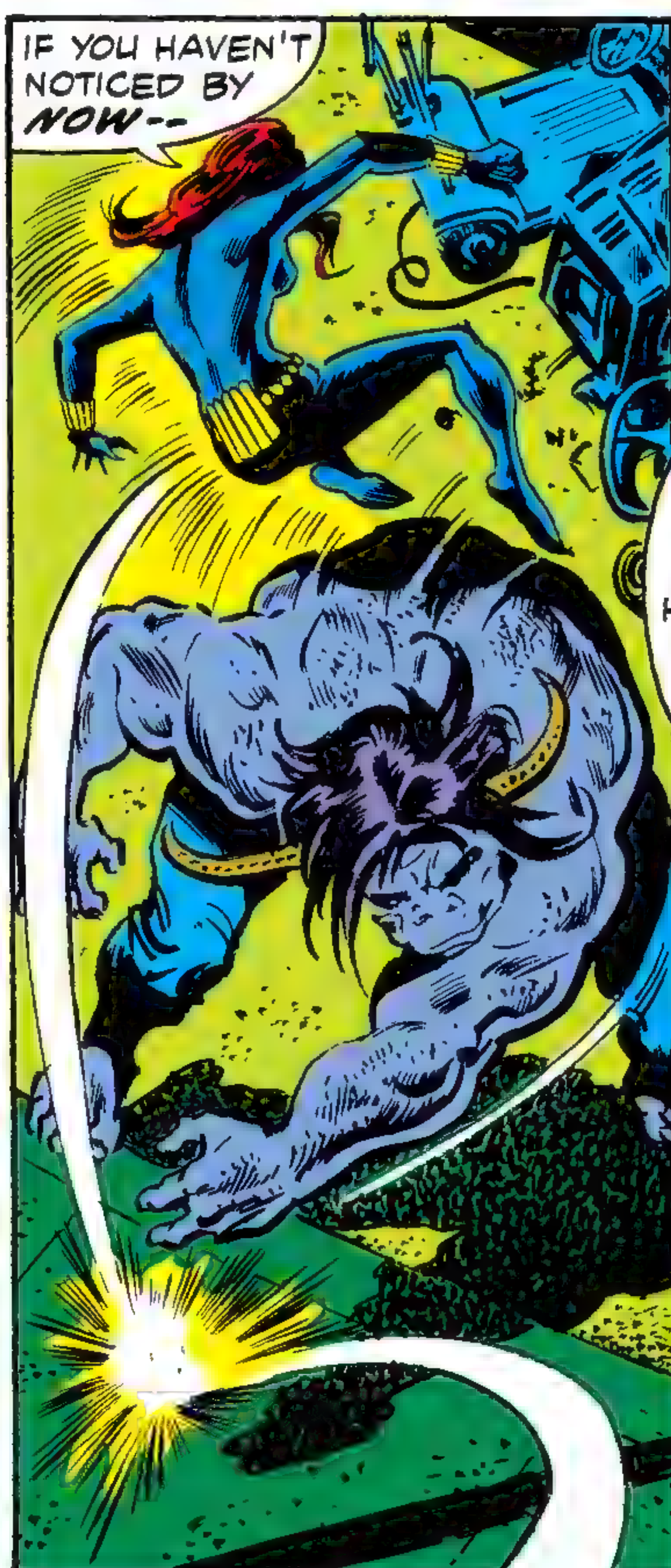
--AN ENTIRE
CITY OF
MONSTERS!

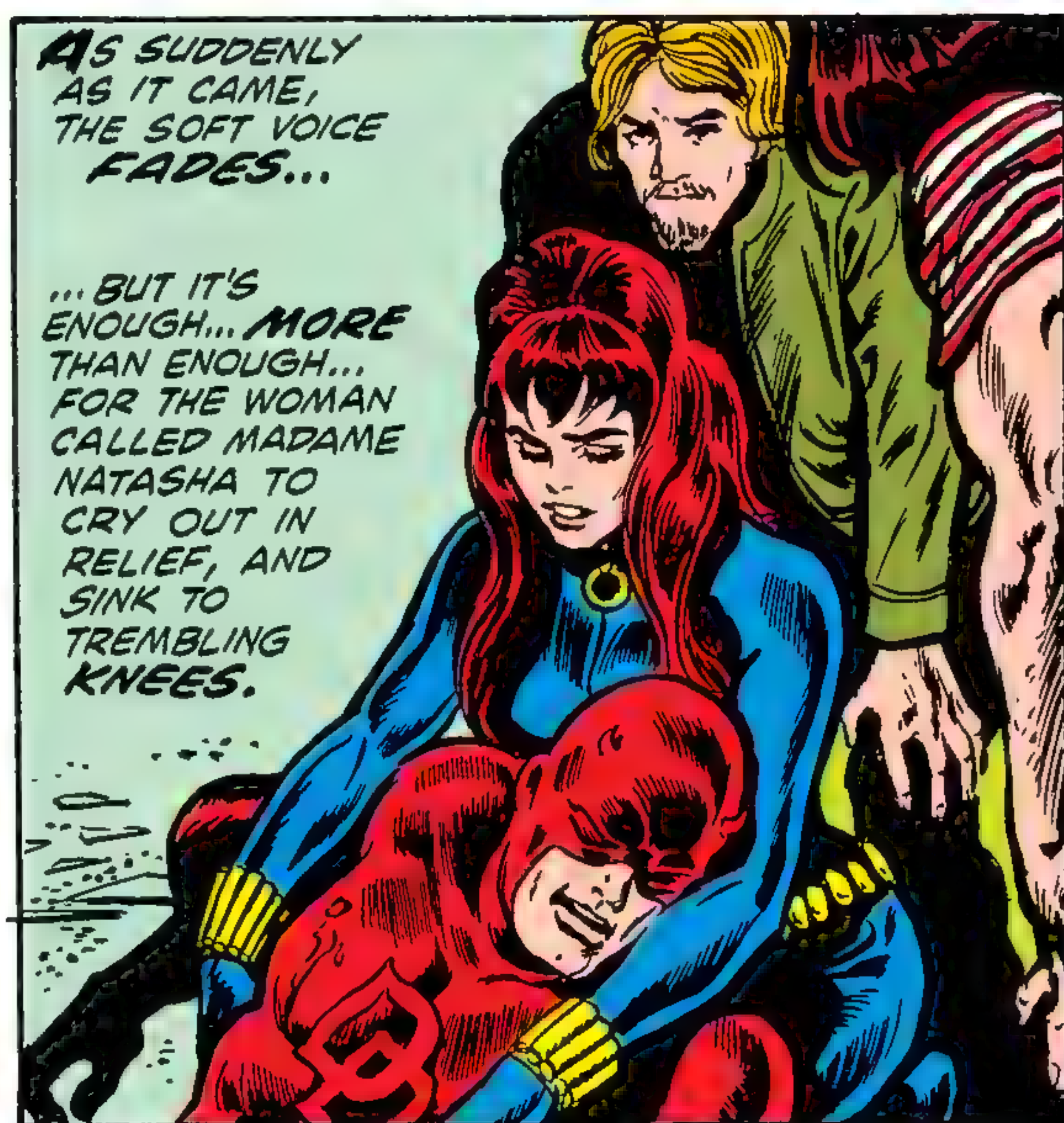
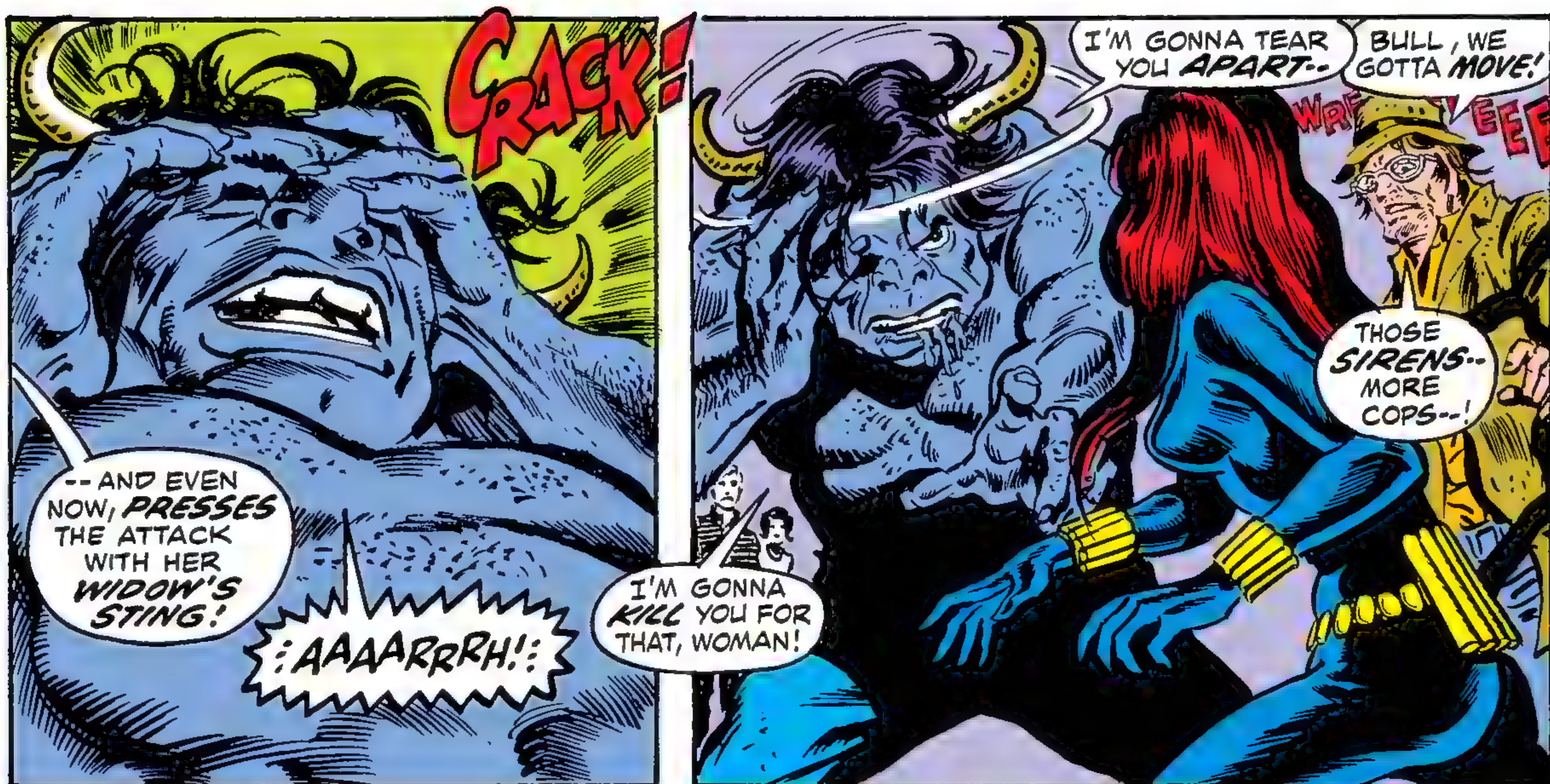
LEGION OF THE LOST!

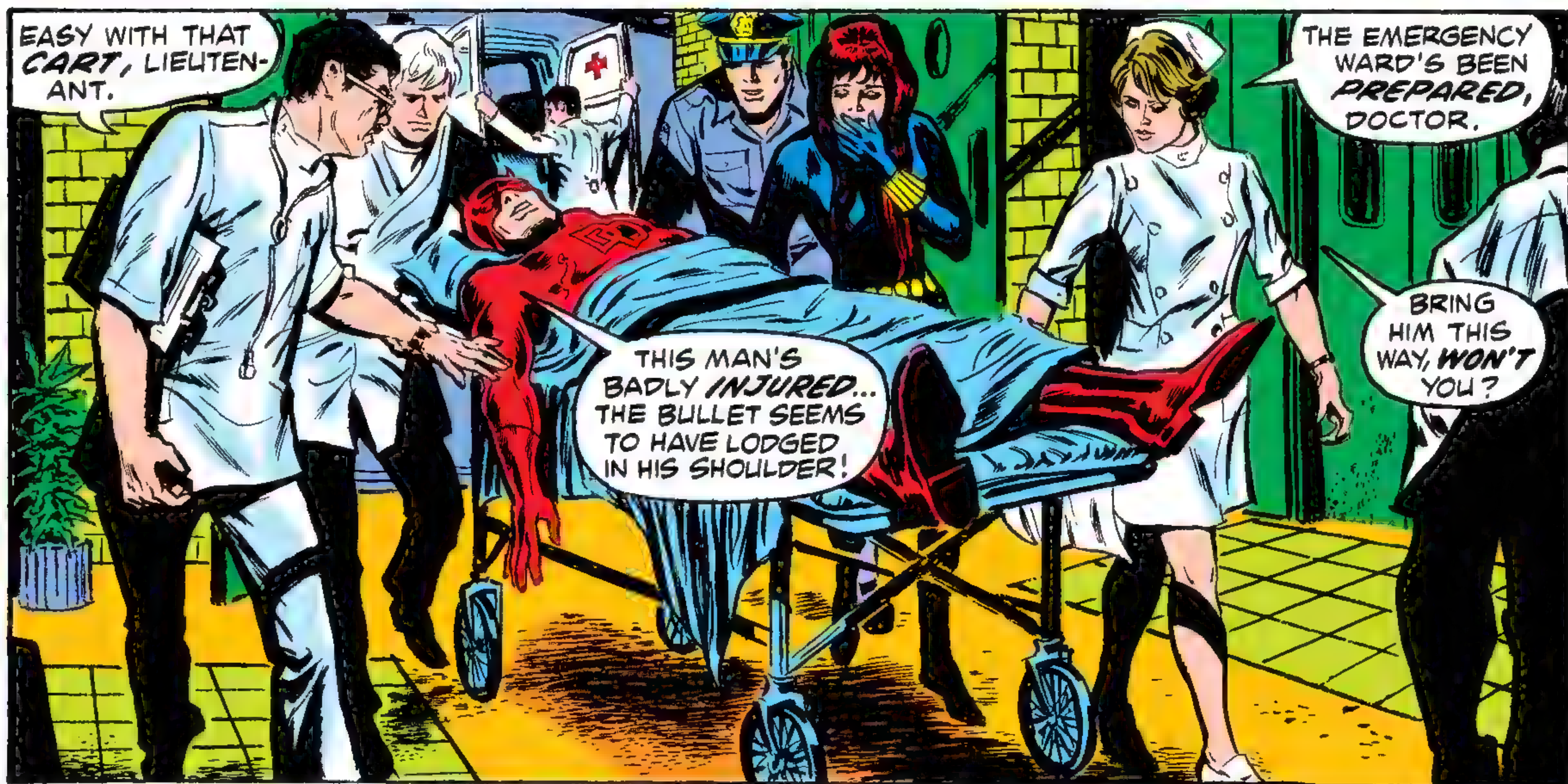
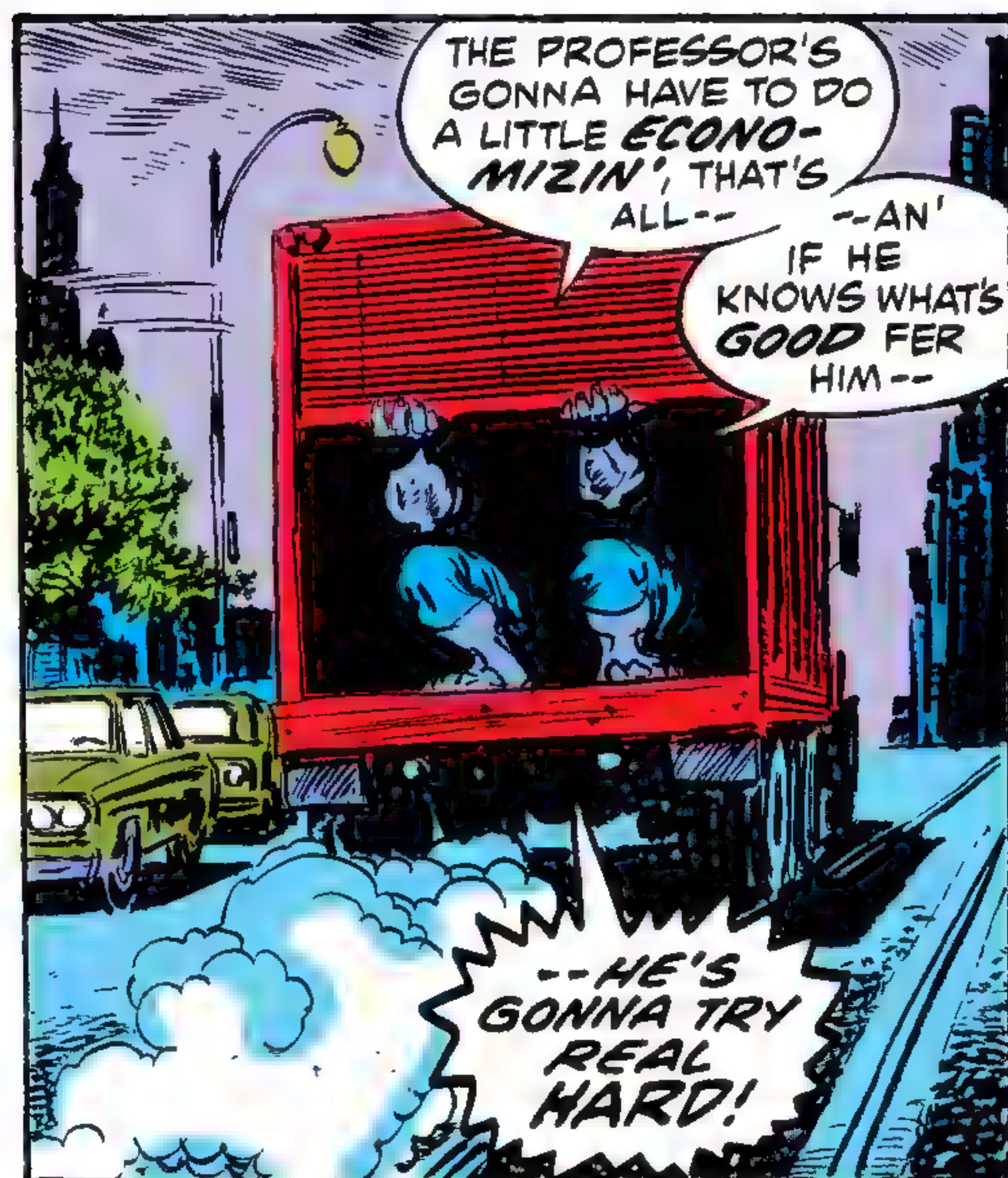
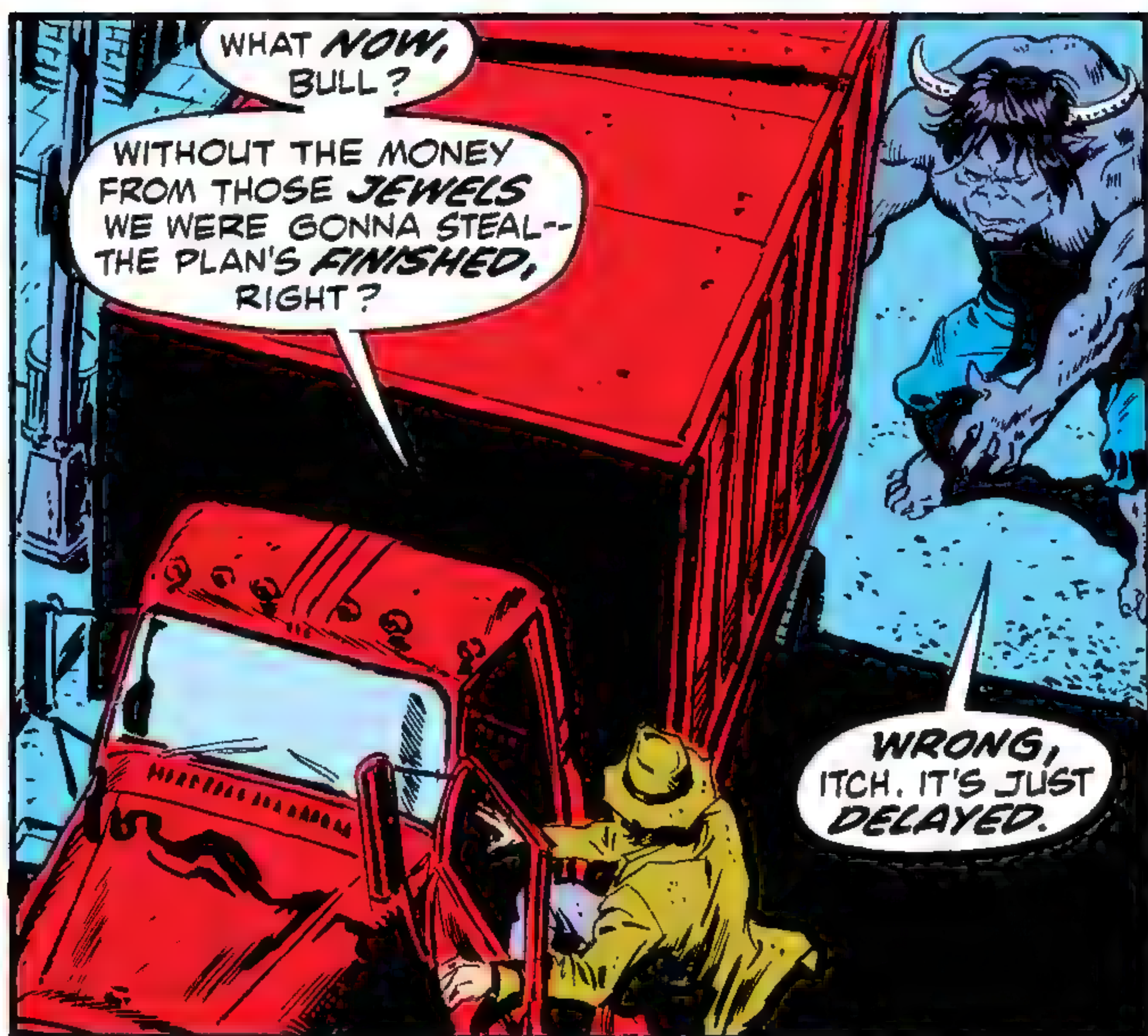


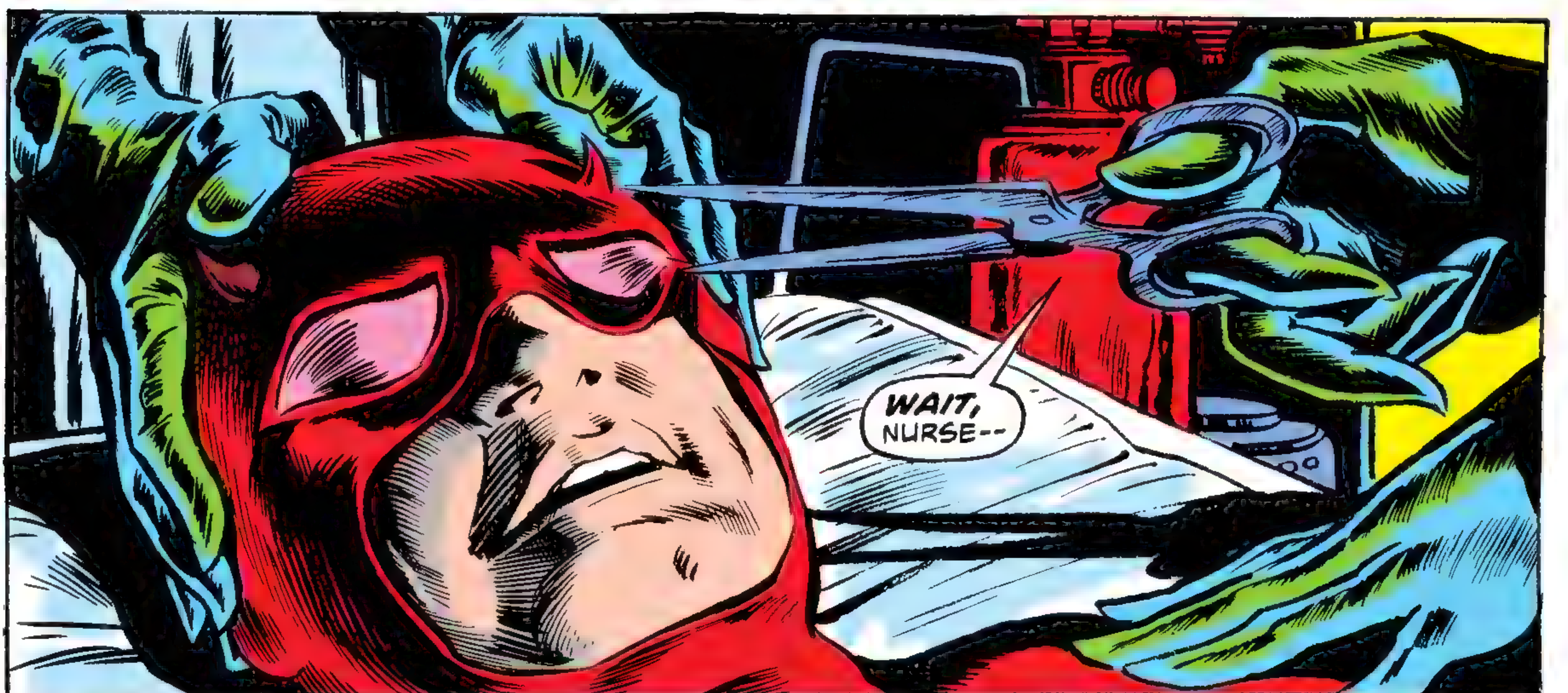
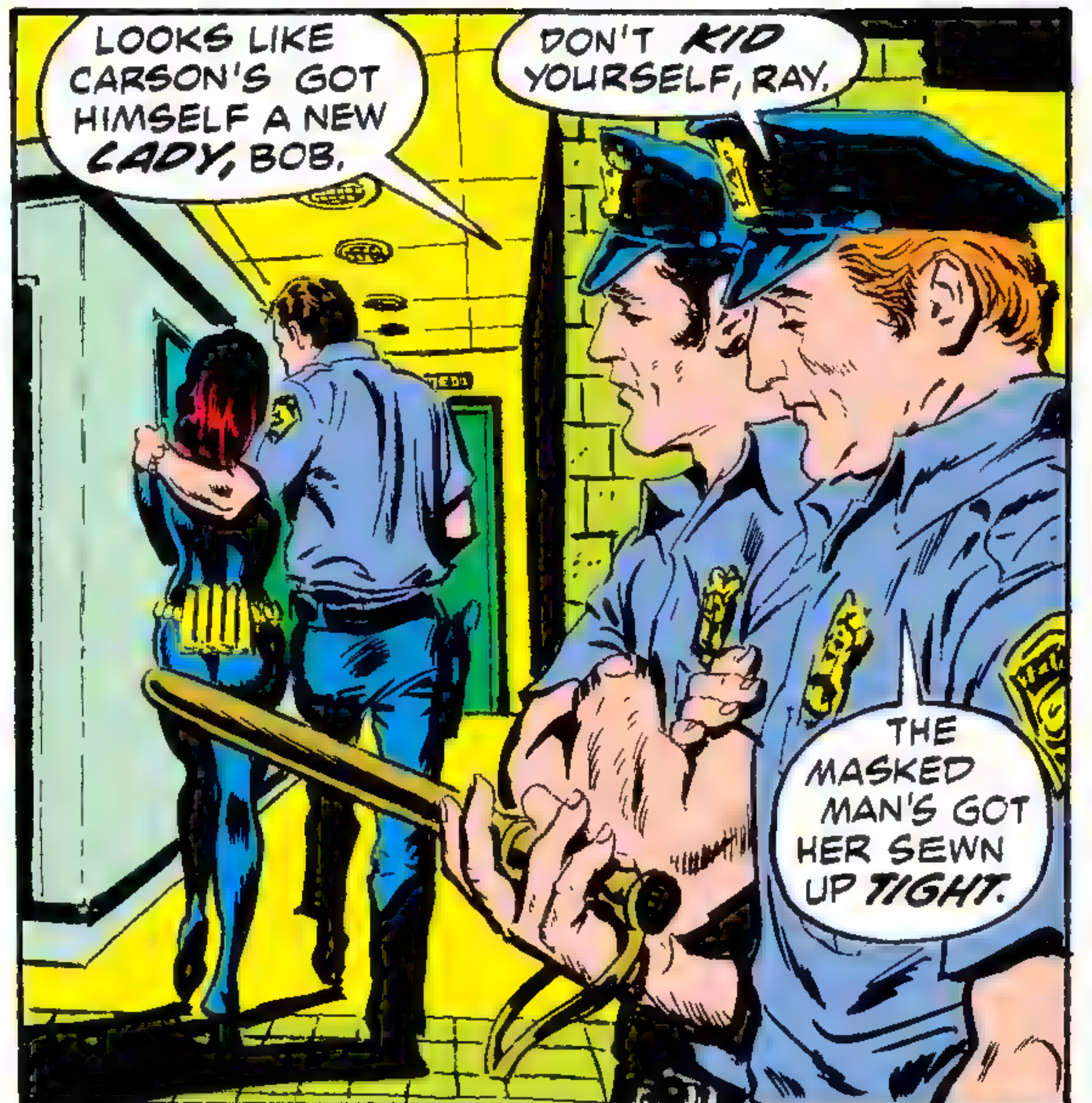
GERRY CONWAY / GENE COLAN / ERNIE CHUA / JOHN COSTANZA / ROY THOMAS / IRVING FORBUSH
SCRIPTER / ARTIST / INKER / LETTERER / COLORIST / EDITOR / MORAL SUPPORT

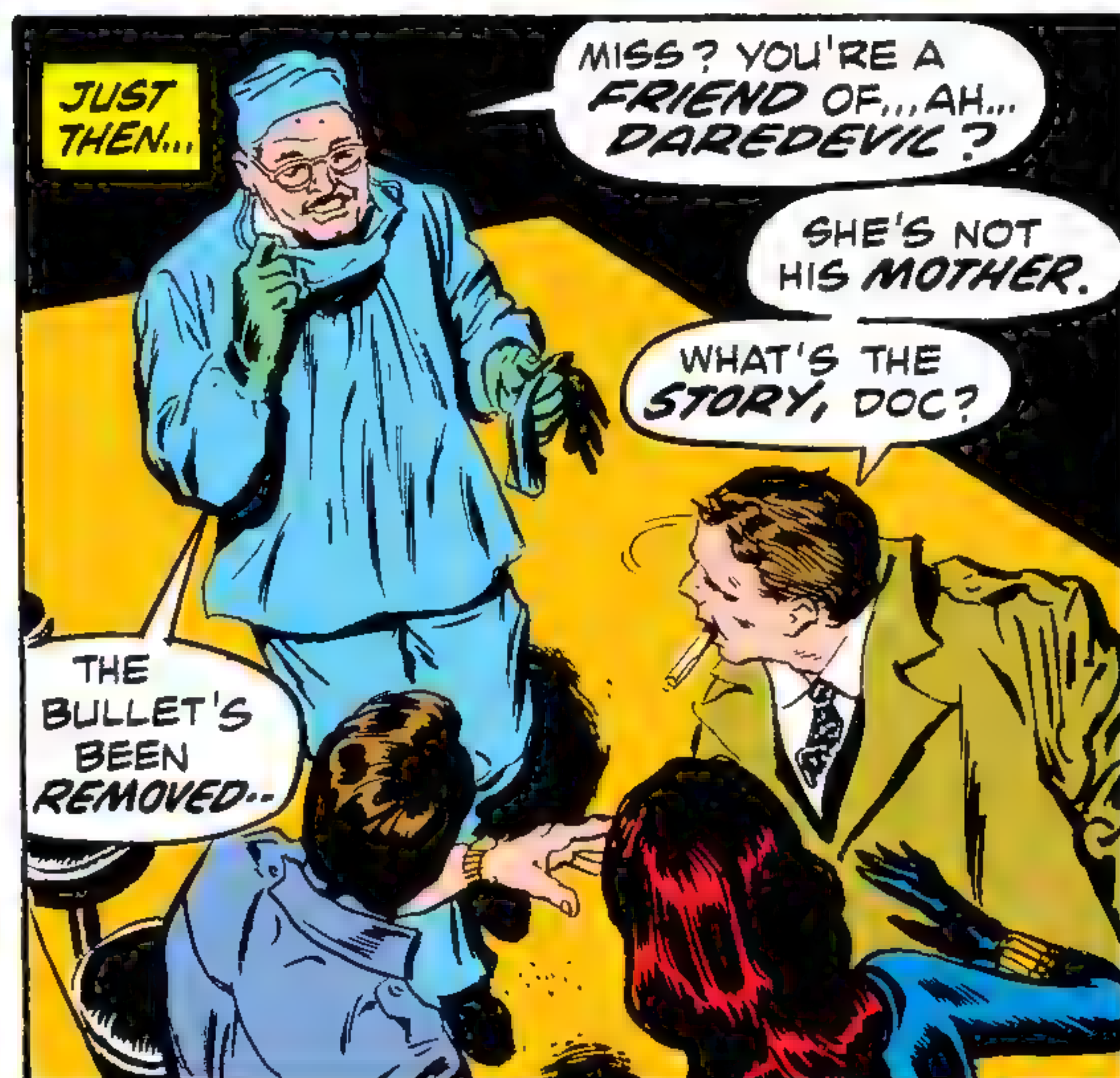
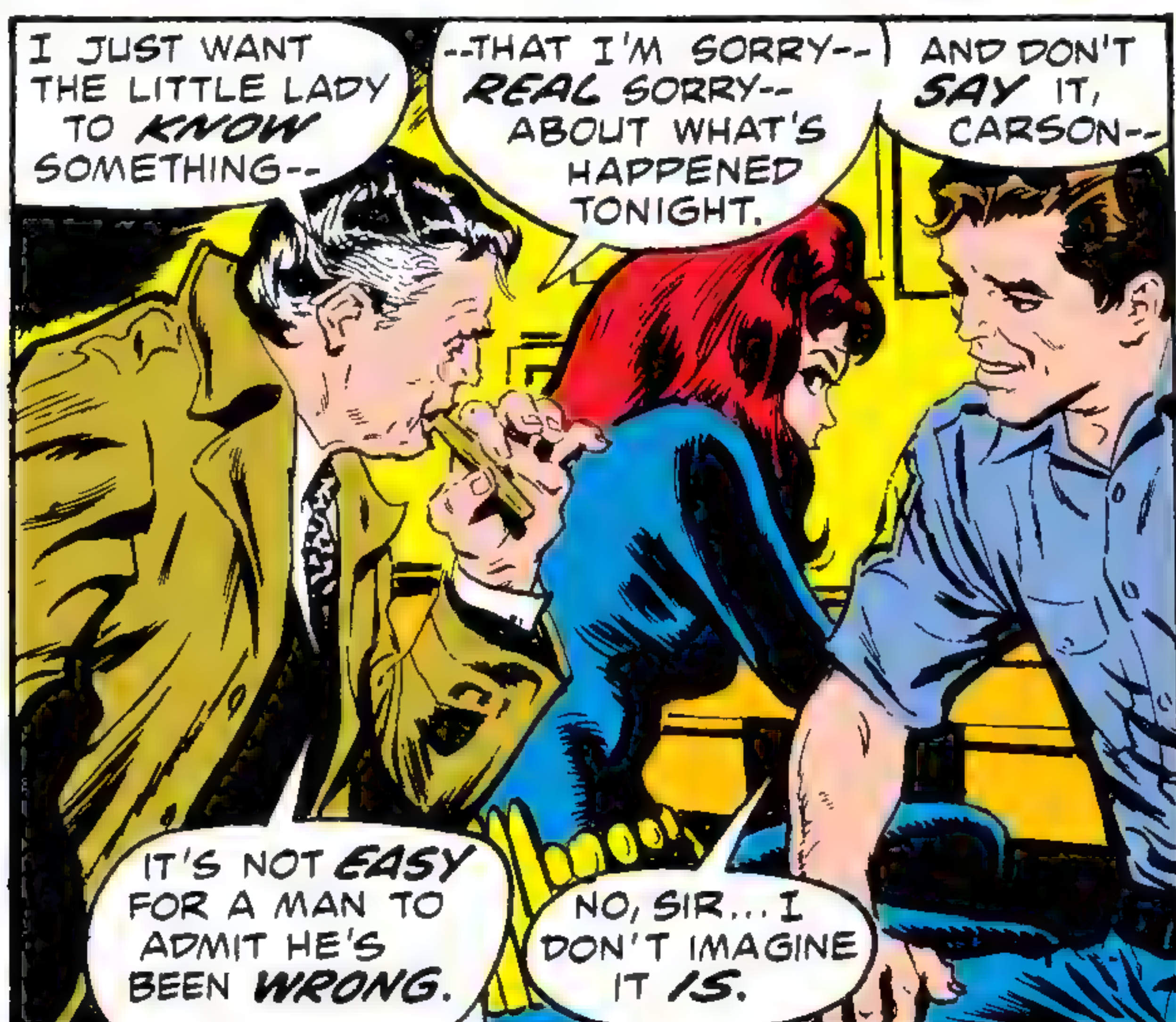
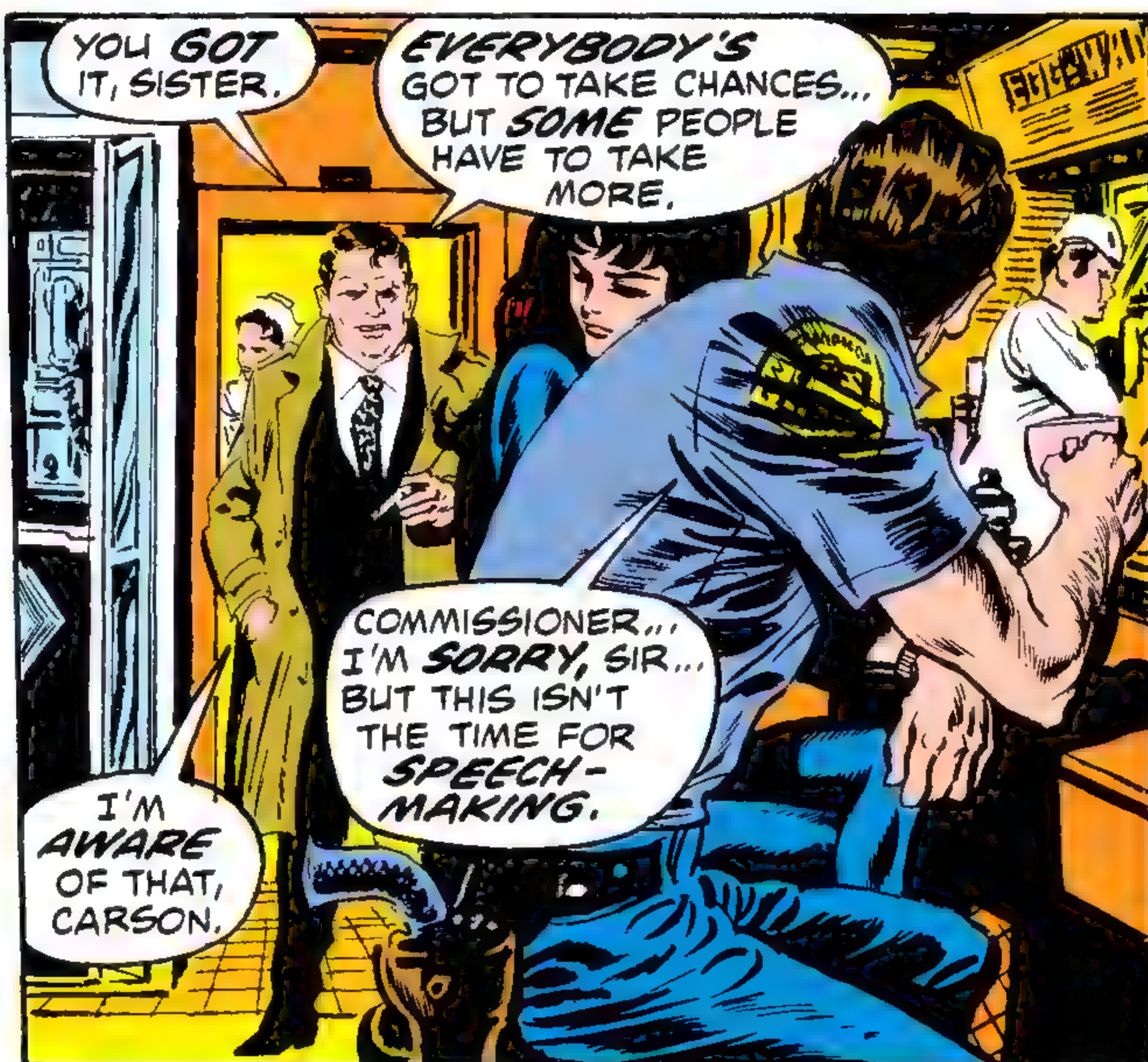
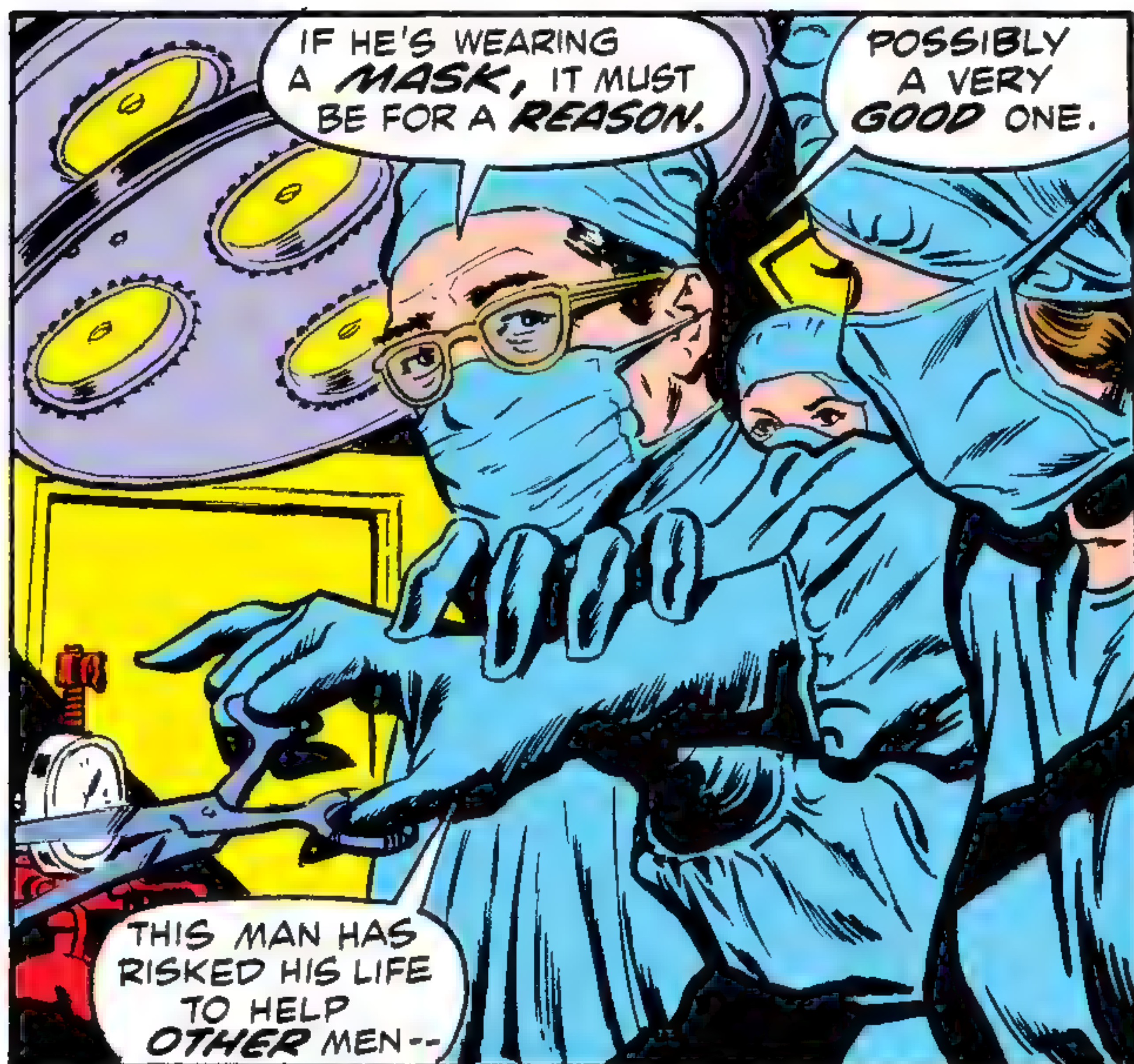


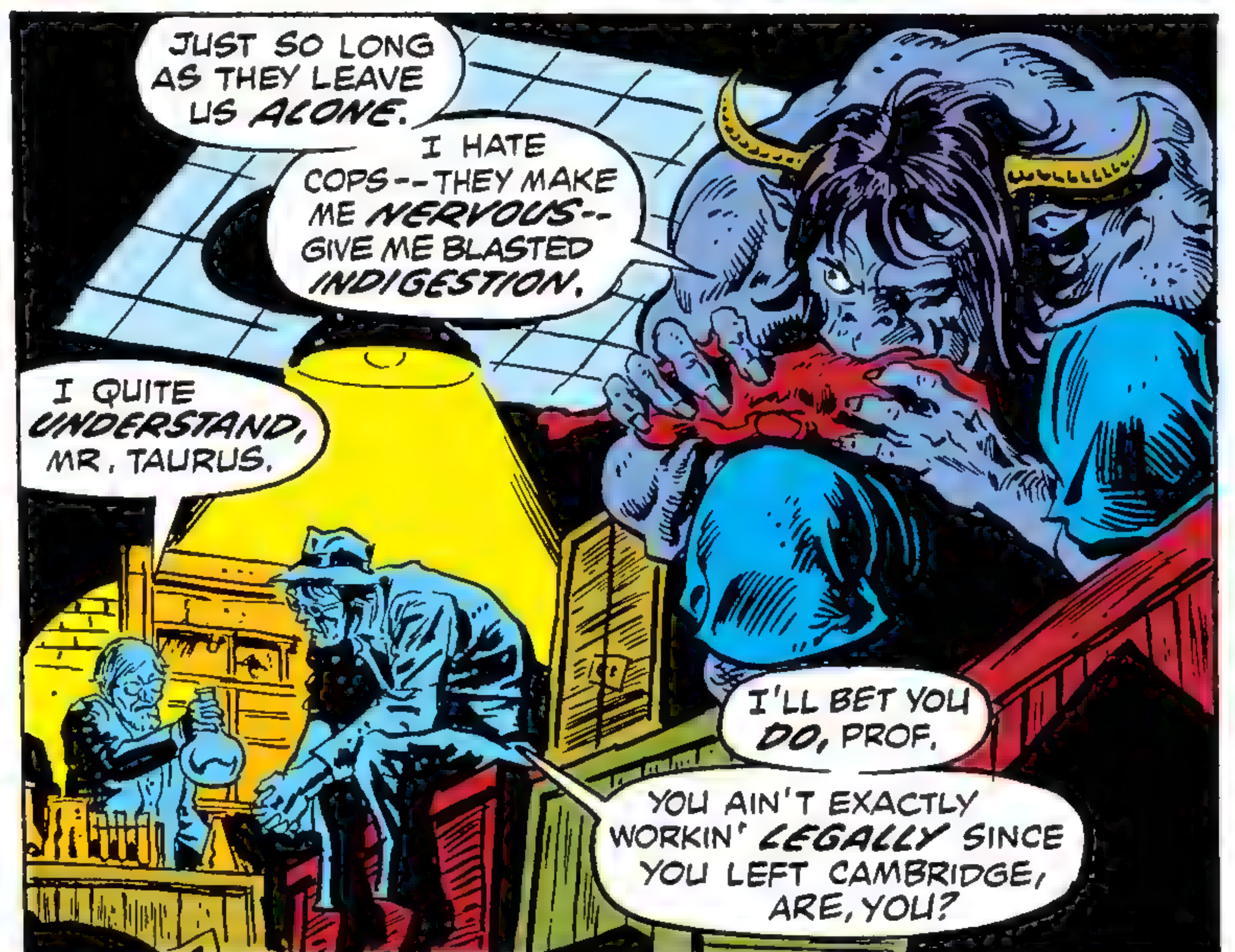
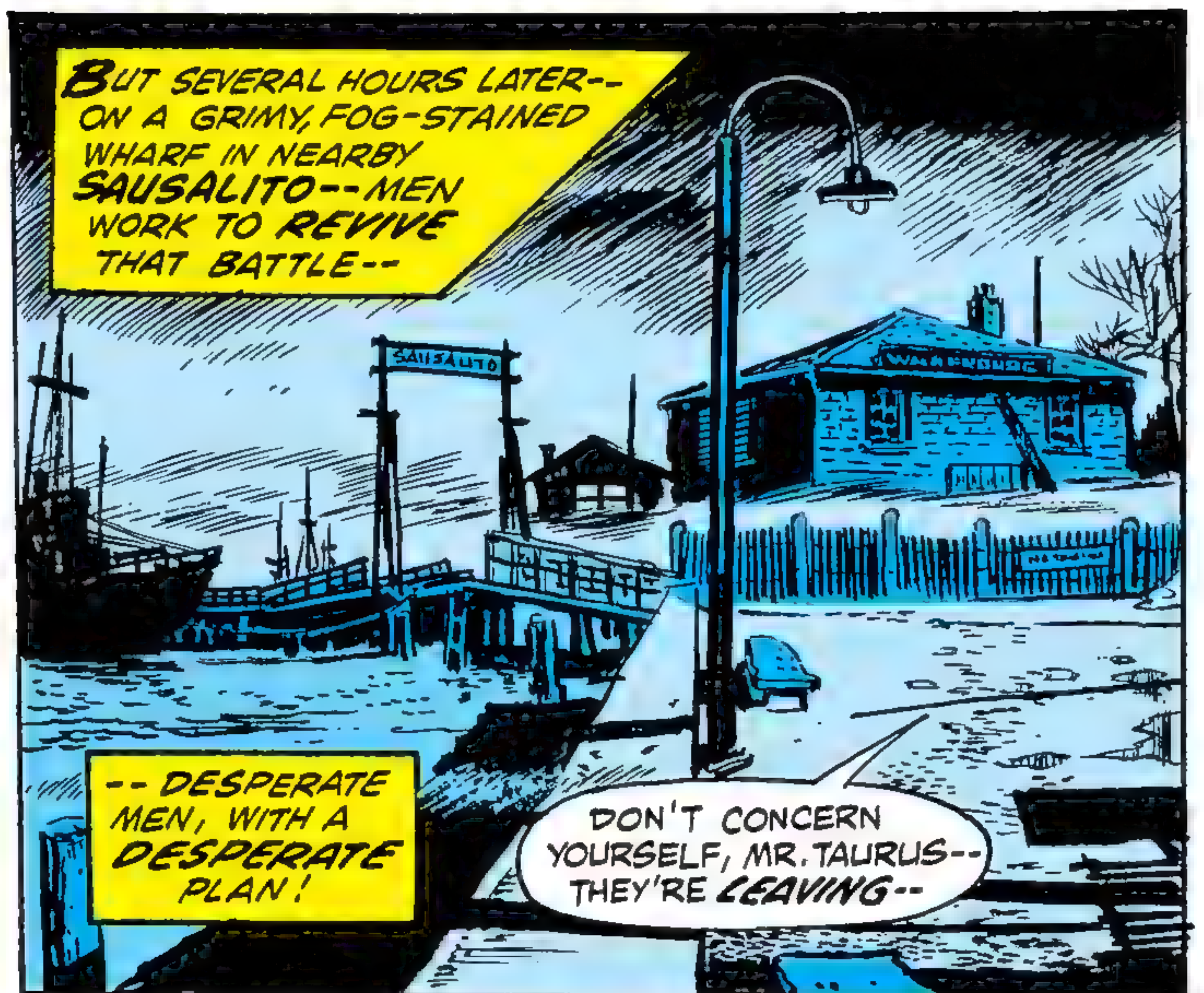
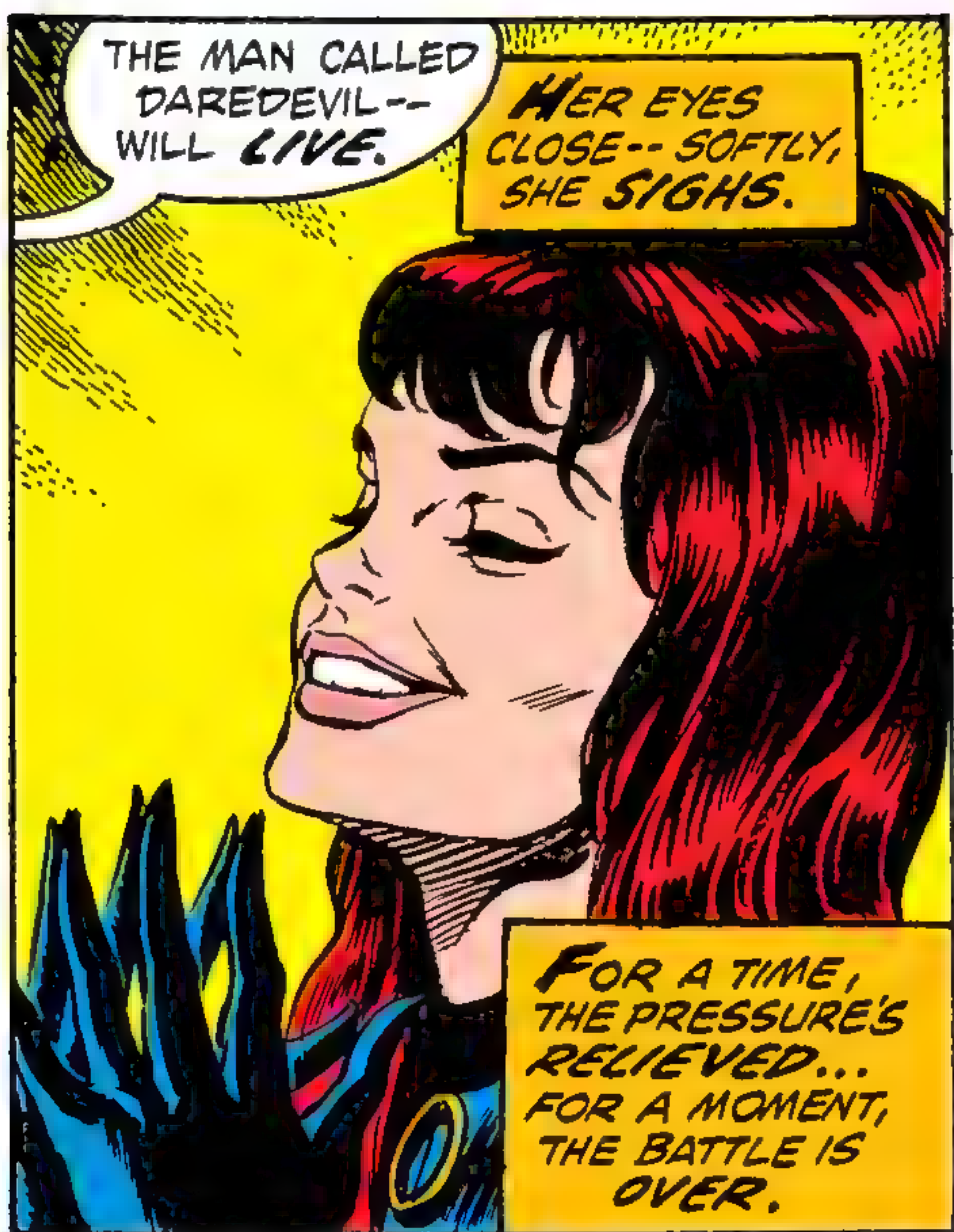


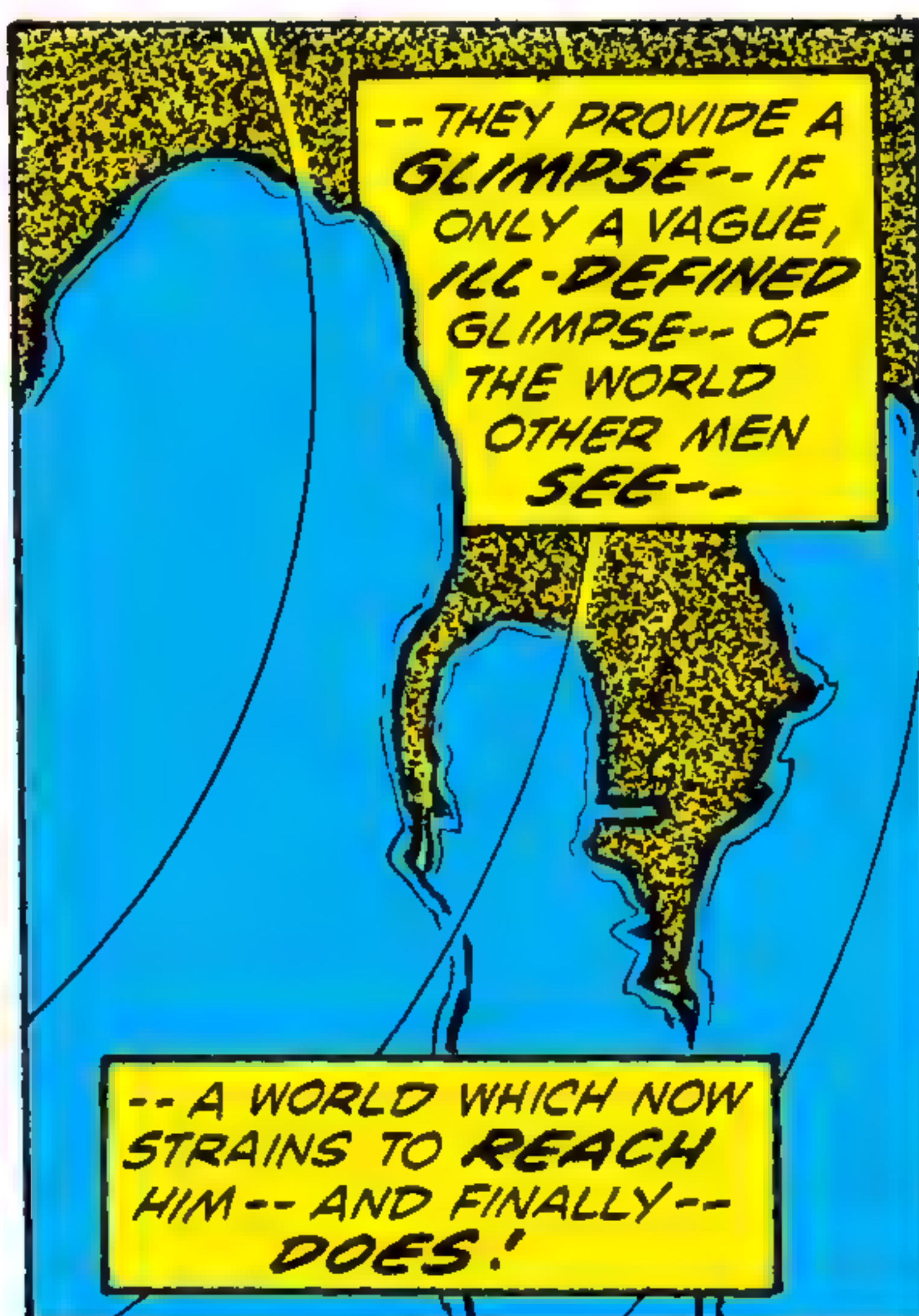
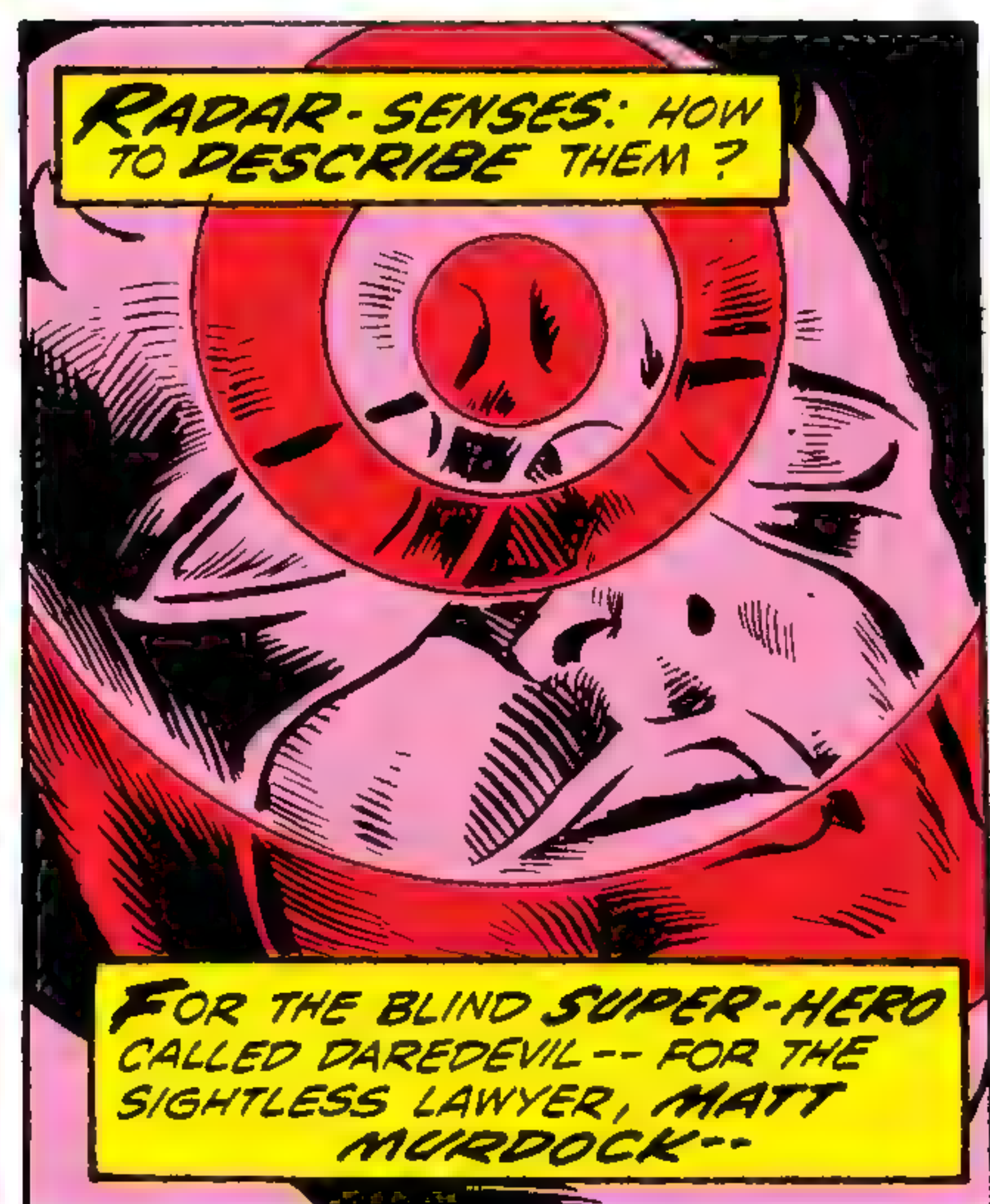
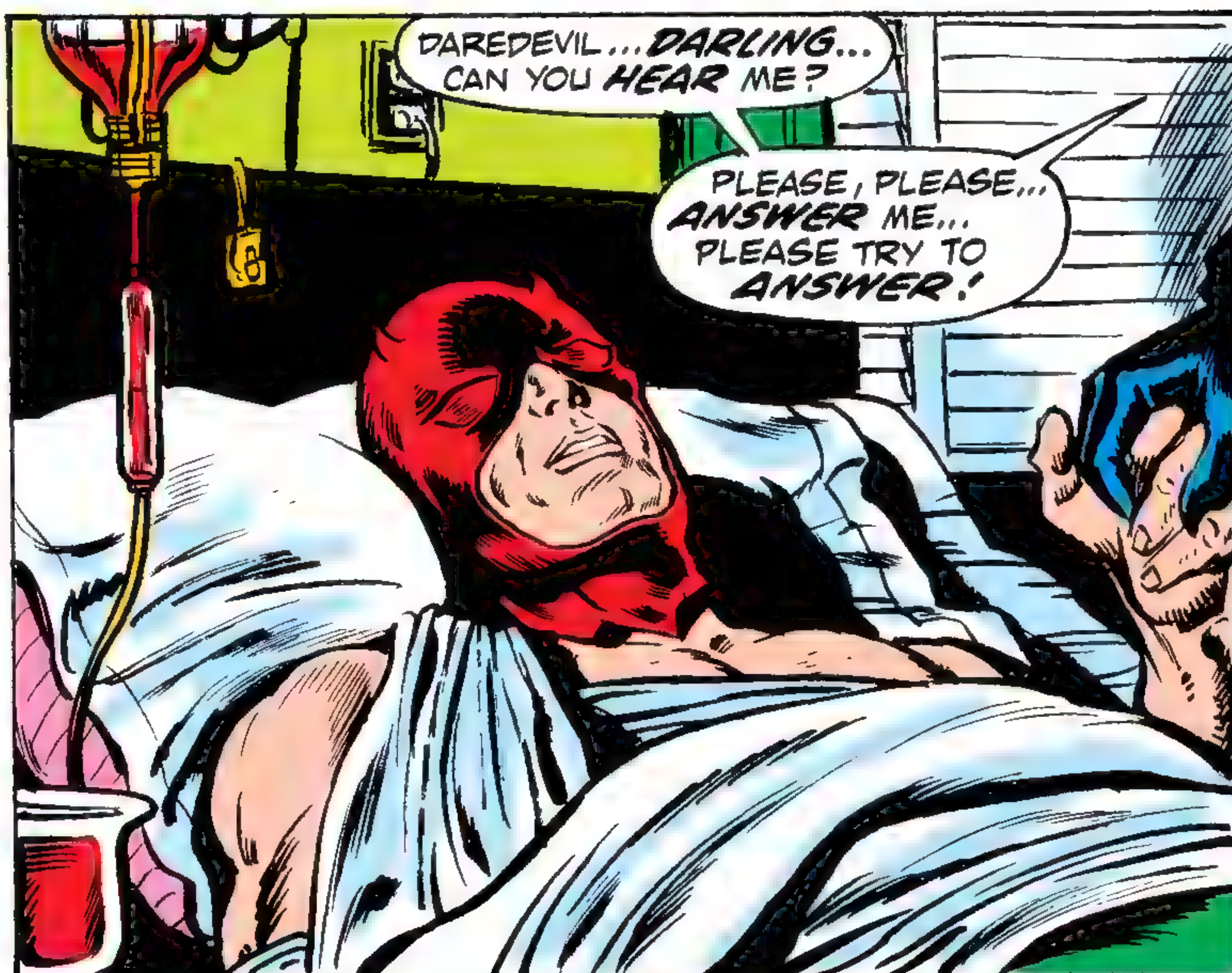
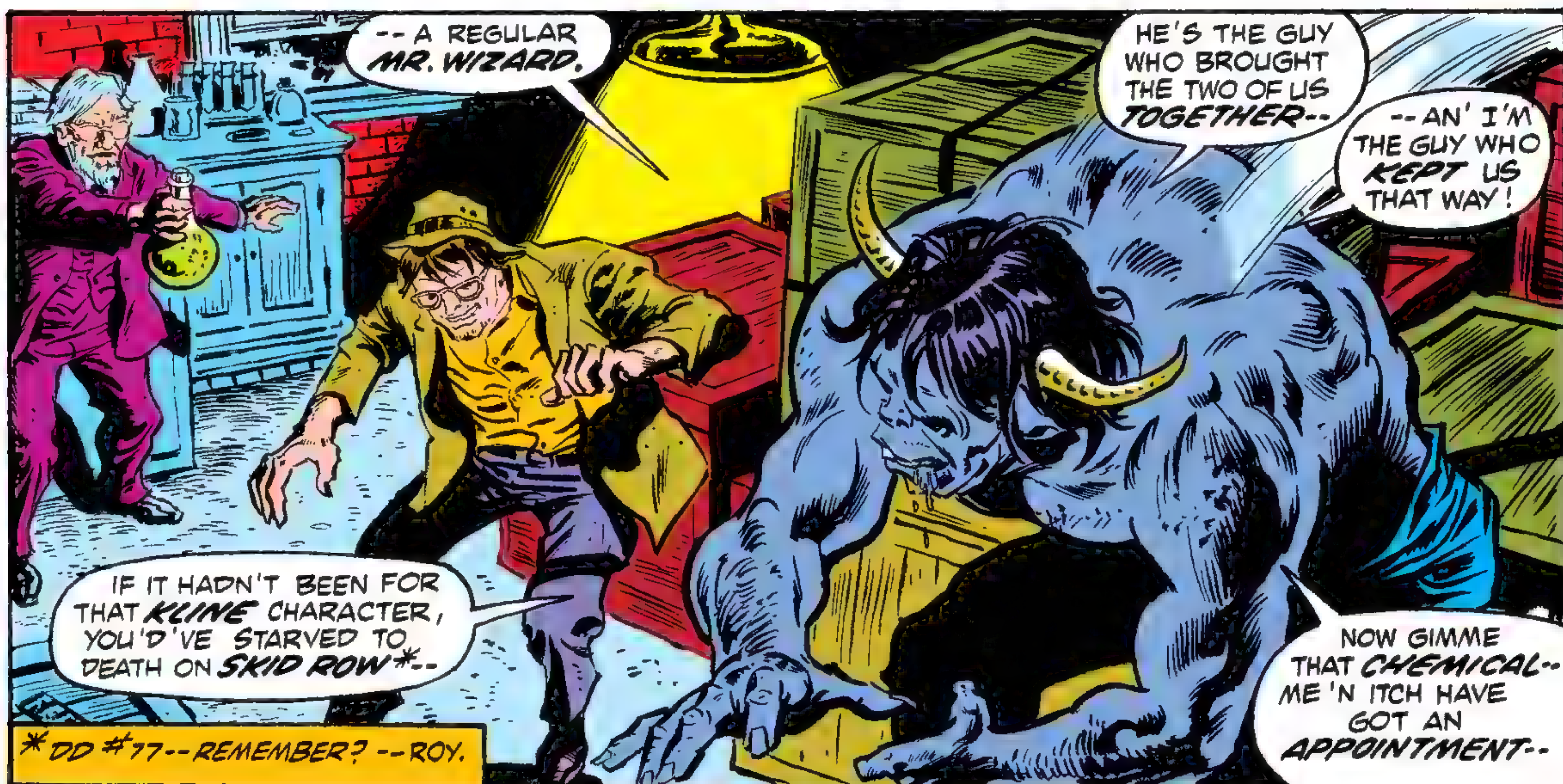


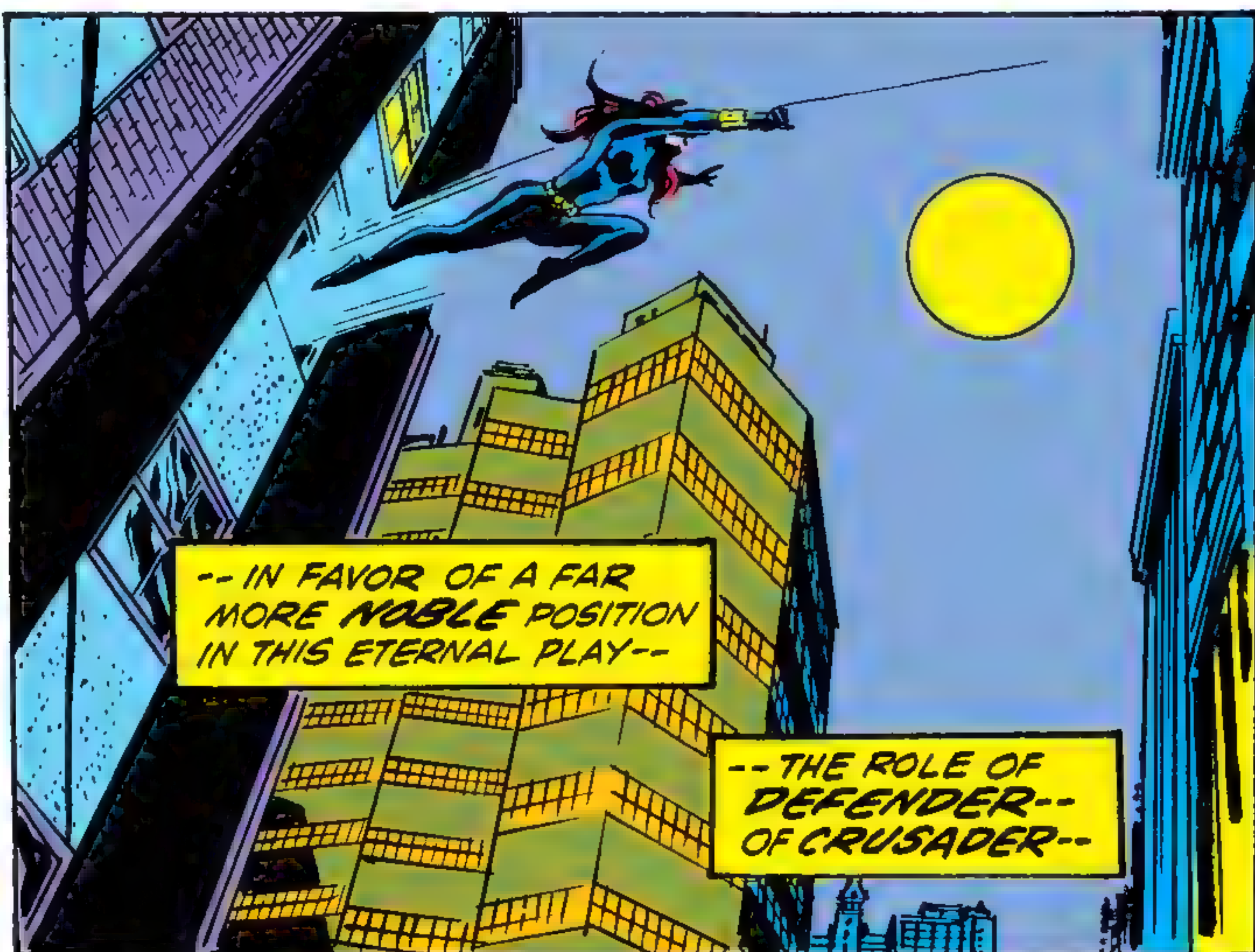
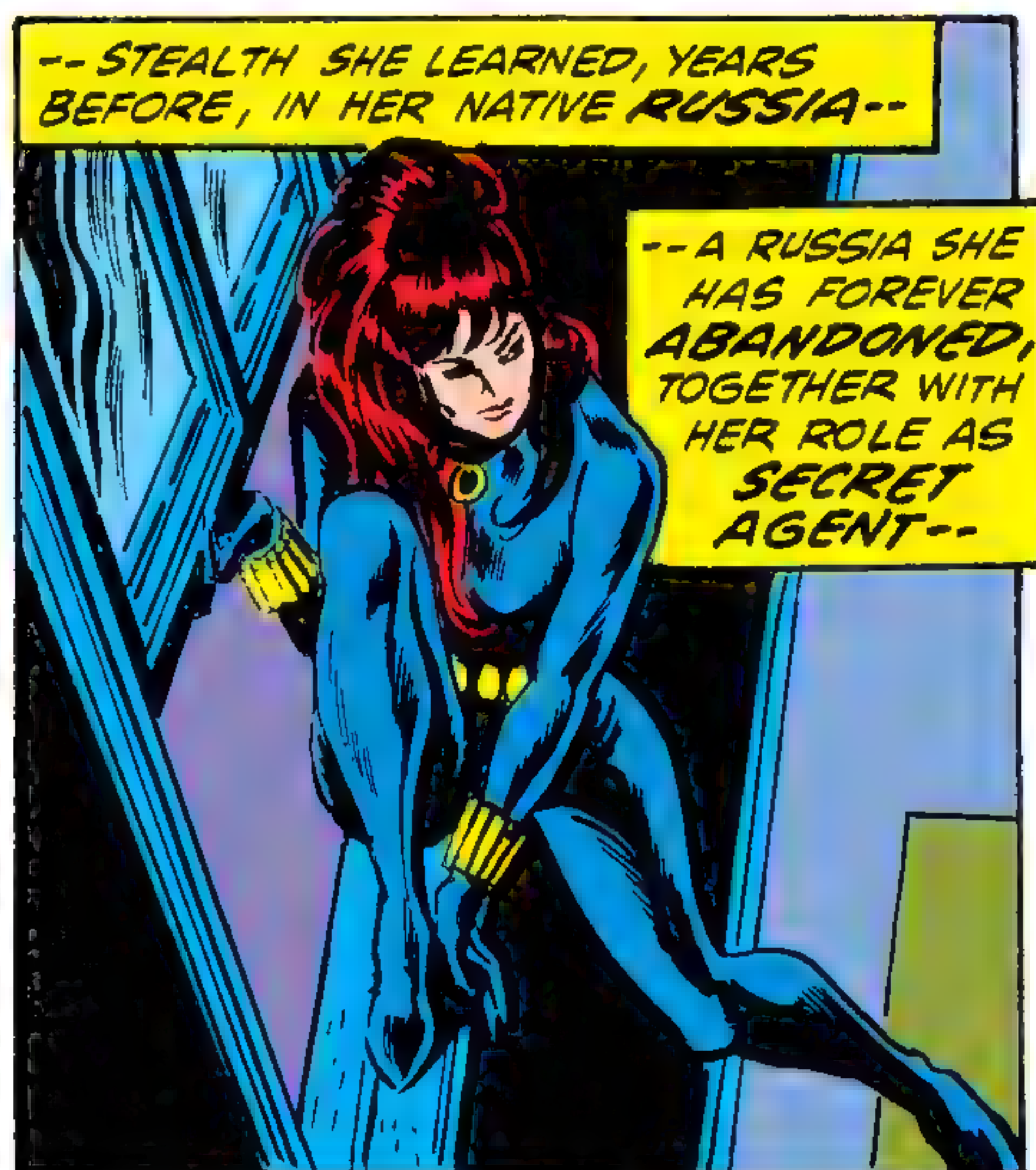
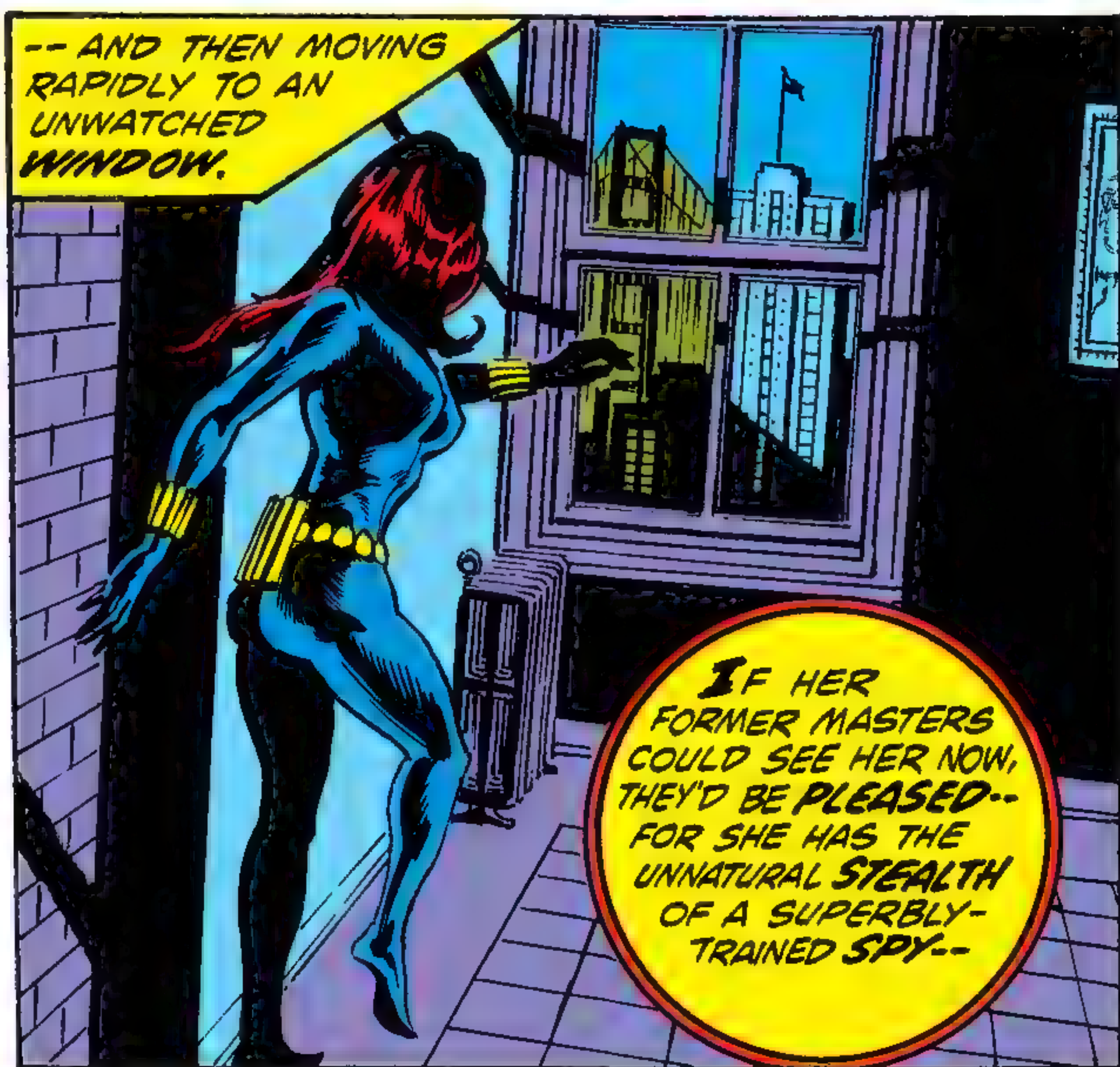
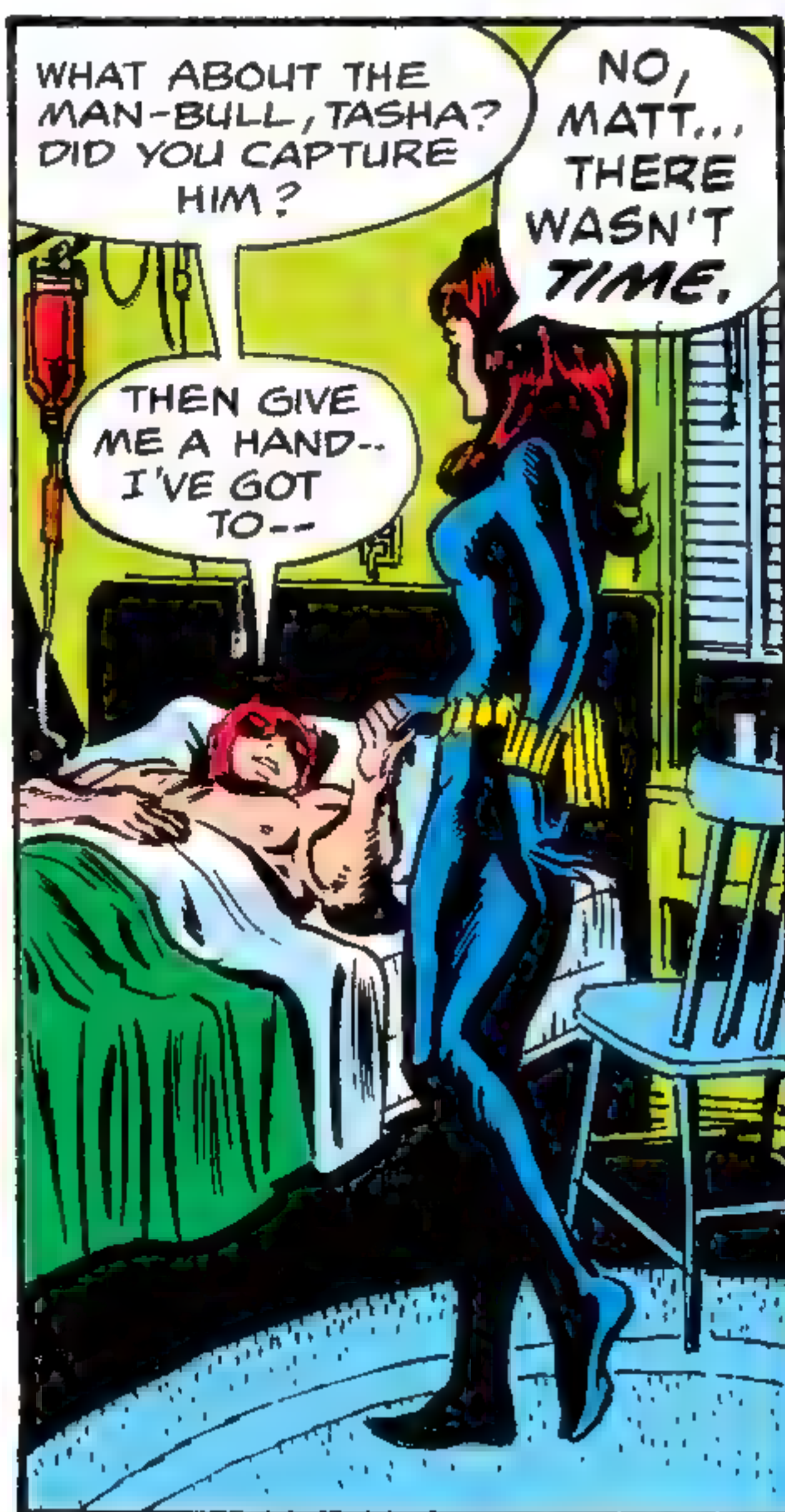


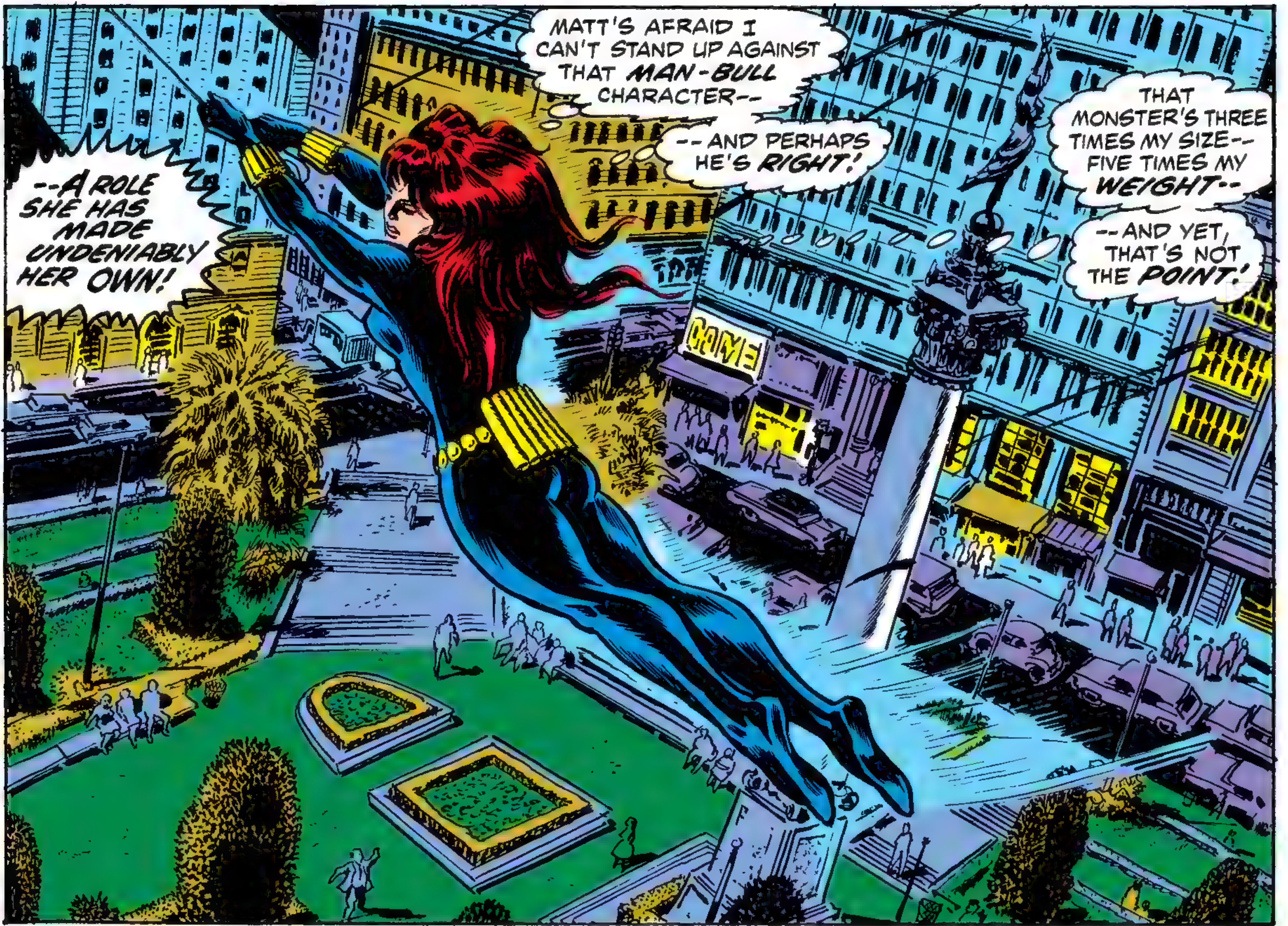












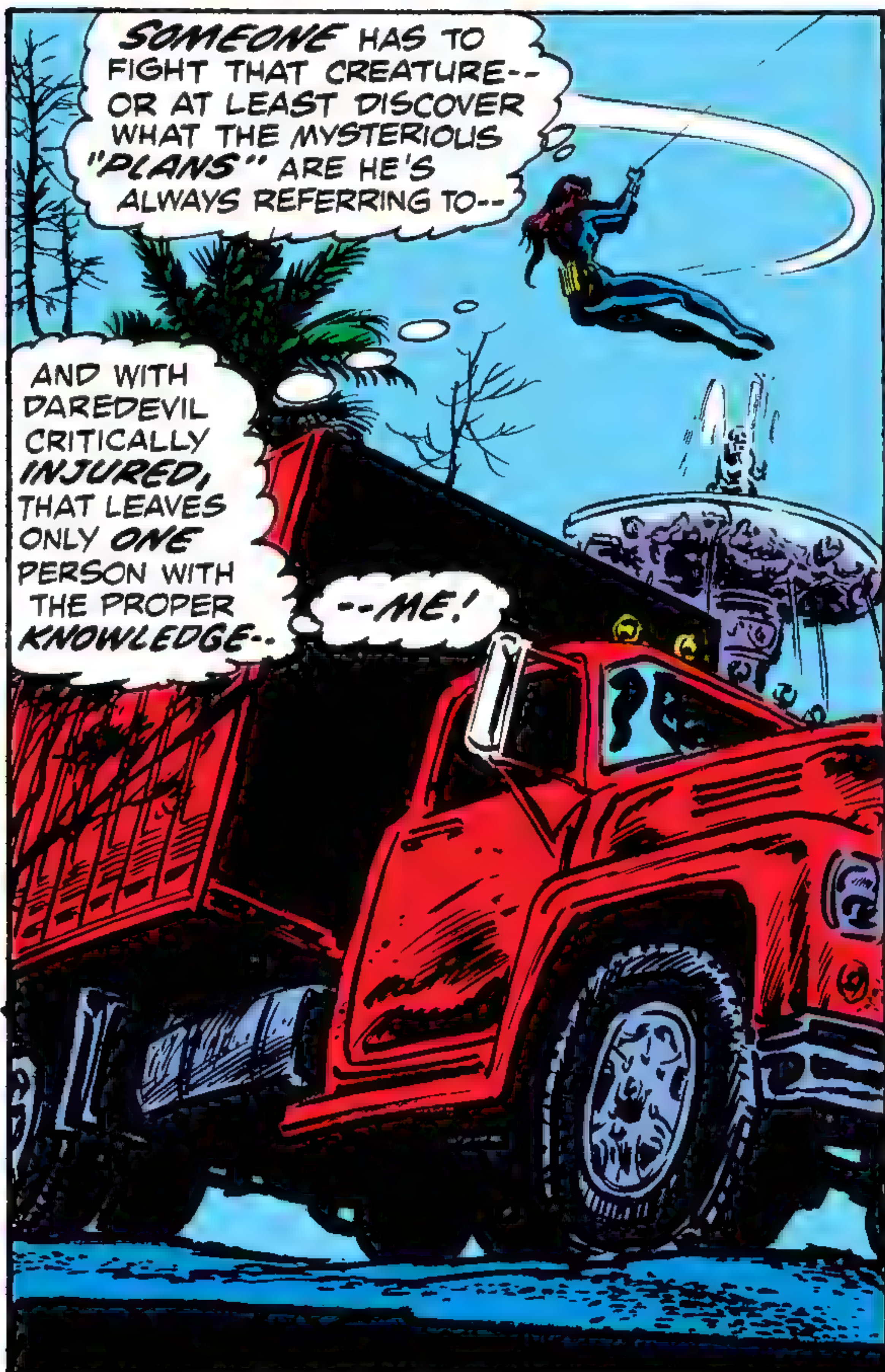
MATT'S AFRAID I
CAN'T STAND UP AGAINST
THAT **MAN-BULL**
CHARACTER--

-- AND PERHAPS
HE'S **RIGHT!**

THAT
MONSTER'S THREE
TIMES MY SIZE--
FIVE TIMES MY
WEIGHT--

-- AND YET,
THAT'S NOT
THE **POINT!**

--A **ROLE**
SHE HAS
MADE
UNDENIABLY
HER OWN!



SOMEONE HAS TO
FIGHT THAT CREATURE--
OR AT LEAST DISCOVER
WHAT THE MYSTERIOUS
"**PLANS**" ARE HE'S
ALWAYS REFERRING TO--

AND WITH
DAREDEVIL
CRITICALLY
INJURED,
THAT LEAVES
ONLY **ONE**
PERSON WITH
THE PROPER
KNOWLEDGE--

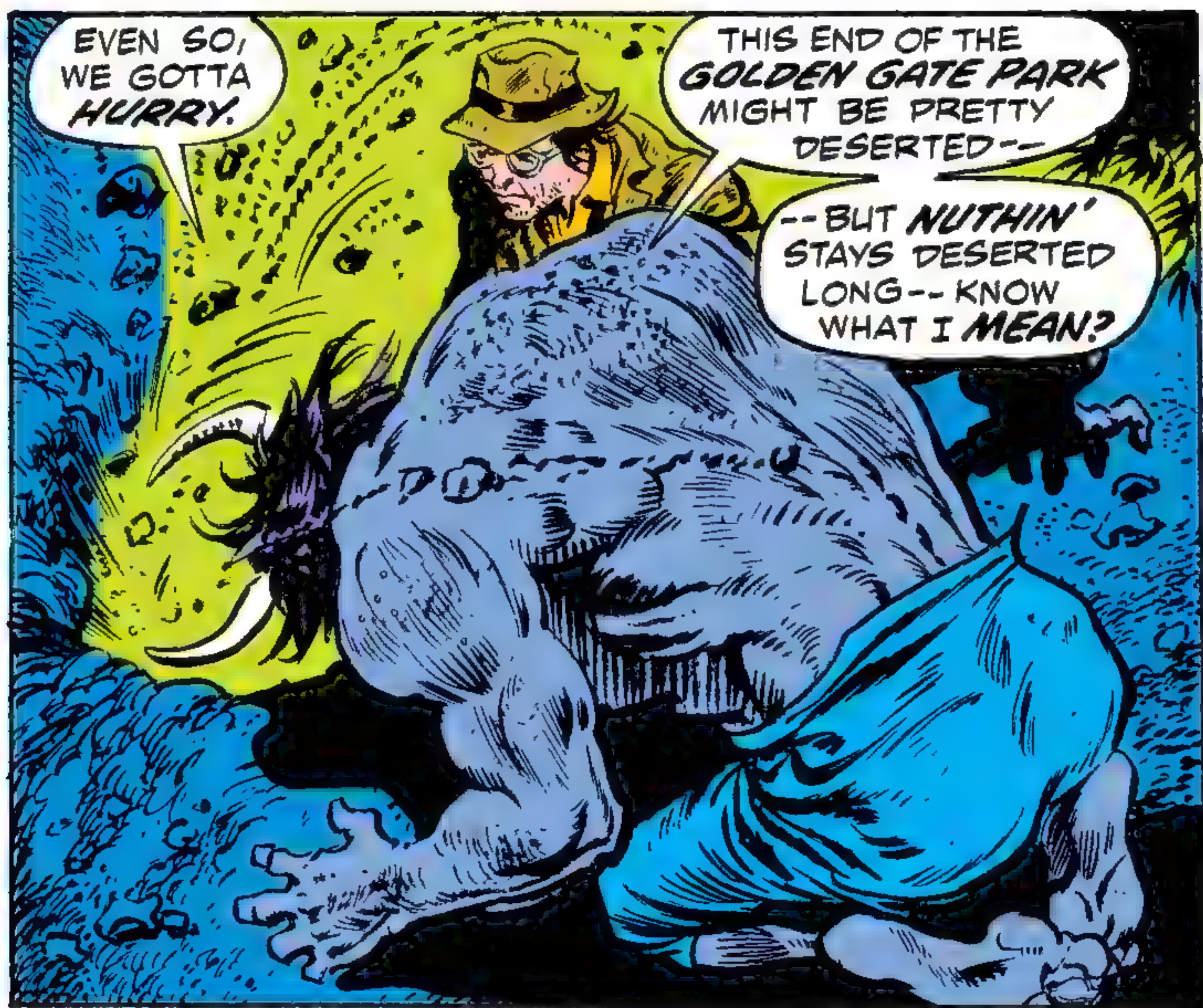
--**ME!**



GOOD THING FOR **HER** SHE
DIDN'T SEE THAT CRUMMY
TRUCK OF YOURS, **ITCH**.

WE WOULD'VE
HAD TO **HURT**
HER A LITTLE--

-- AND THAT
MIGHT HAVE
COMPLICATED
THINGS.



EVEN SO,
WE GOTTA
HURRY.

THIS END OF THE
GOLDEN GATE PARK
MIGHT BE PRETTY
DESERTED--

-- BUT *NUTHIN'*
STAYS DESERTED
LONG-- KNOW
WHAT I *MEAN*?



TAKE THIS SECTION 'A
PIPELINE, FR' INSTANCE.

NOBODY'S CHECKED
IT FOR *YEARS*-- SINCE
THEY WROTE UP THOSE
PLANS YOU STOLE!

LOOKS
PRETTY *GOOD*,
THOUGH. JUST
WHAT WE
NEED.



HAND ME THAT
GIZMO THE
PROFESSOR
DESIGNED.

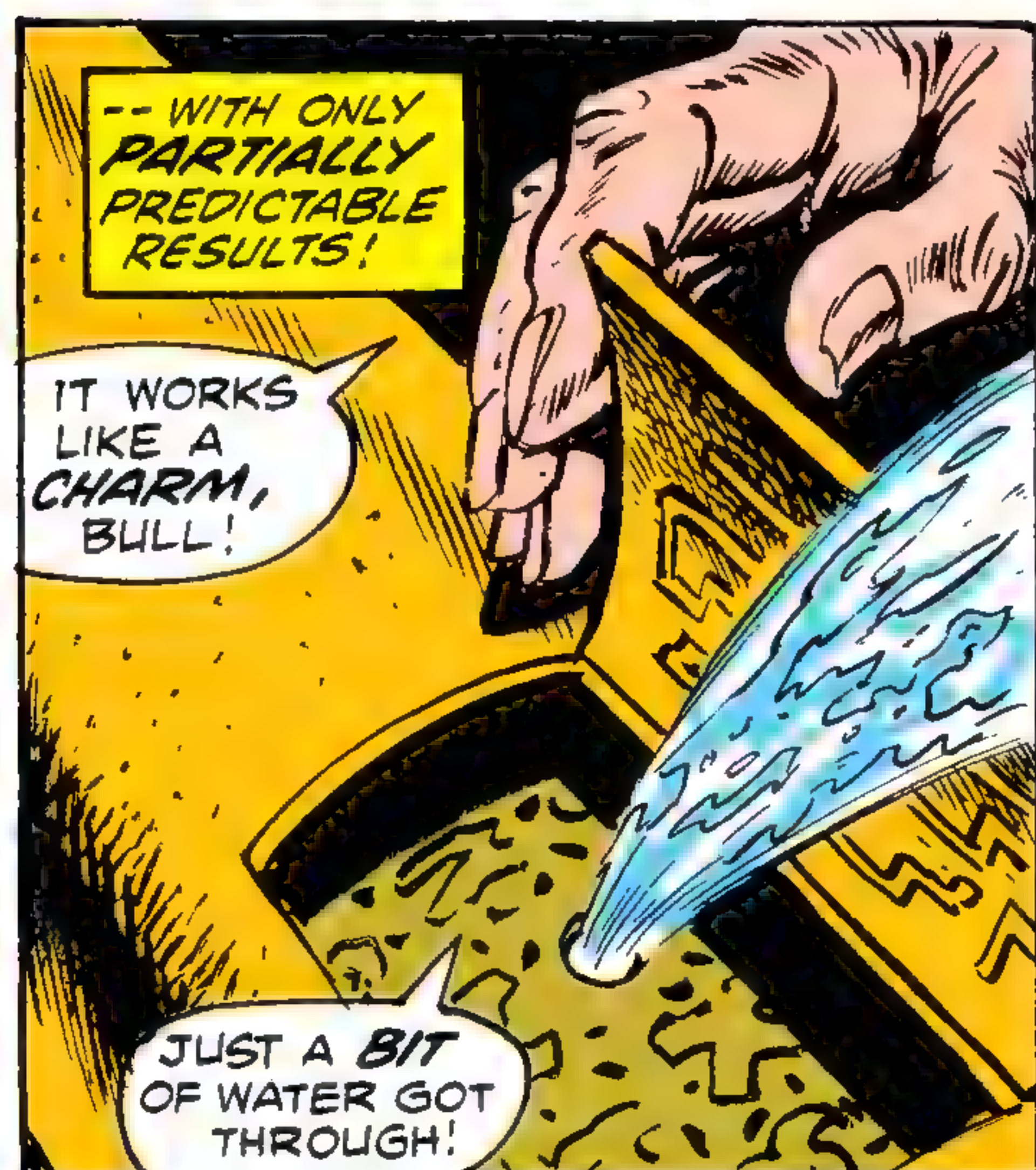
AND STOP LOOKIN'
SO BLASTED *SMUG*,
CREEP.

WE AIN'T
WON *YET*!



WITH A HUM, THE STRANGE
DEVICE CLICKS INTO PLACE--
ELECTROMAGNETIC FIELDS
CUT OFF THE FLOW OF WATER
THROUGH A SHORT SECTION
OF PIPING--

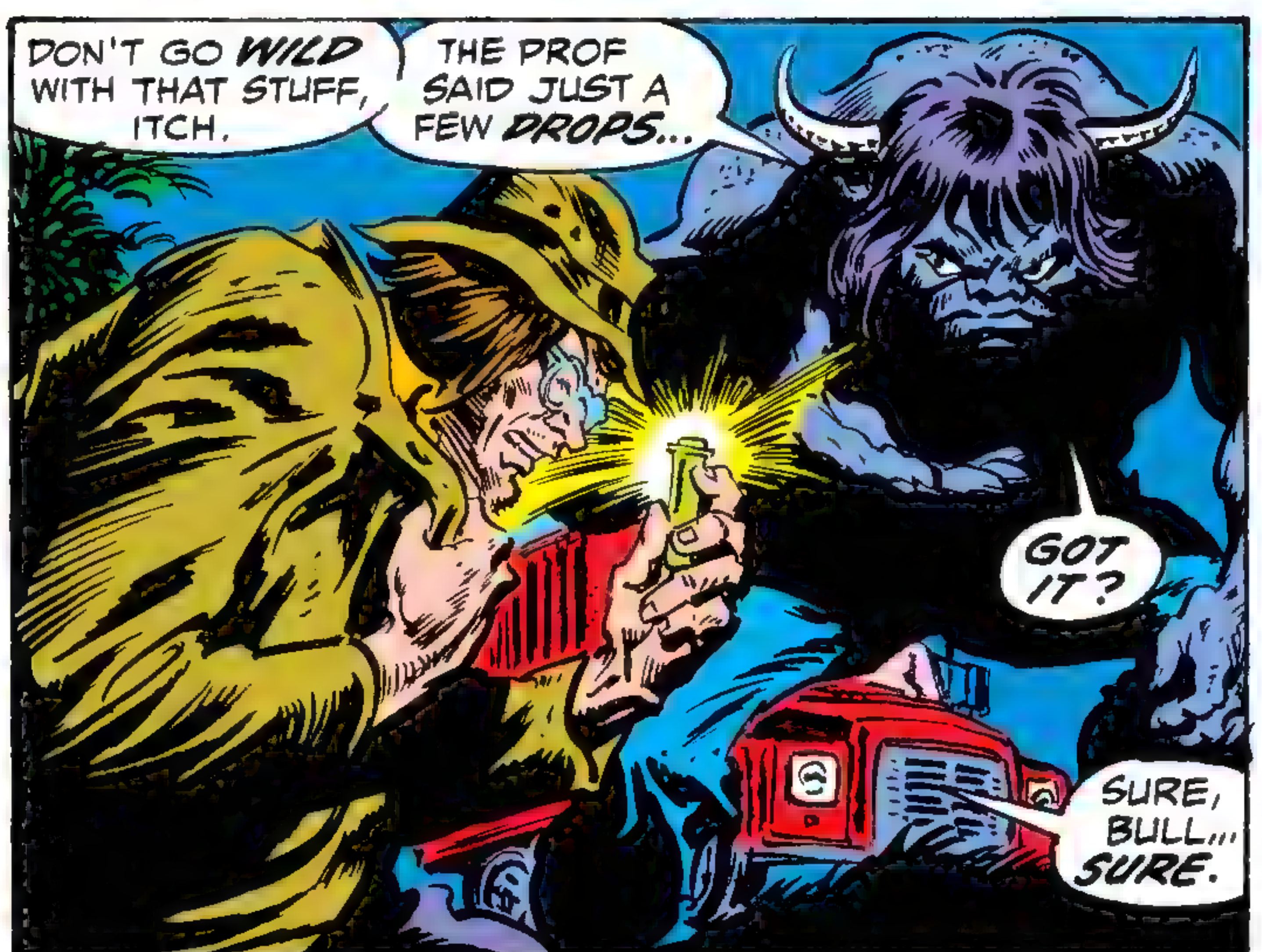
-- AND A
SMALL
DRILL
SETS TO
WORK--



-- WITH ONLY
PARTIALLY
PREDICTABLE
RESULTS!

IT WORKS
LIKE A
CHARM,
BULL!

JUST A *BIT*
OF WATER GOT
THROUGH!

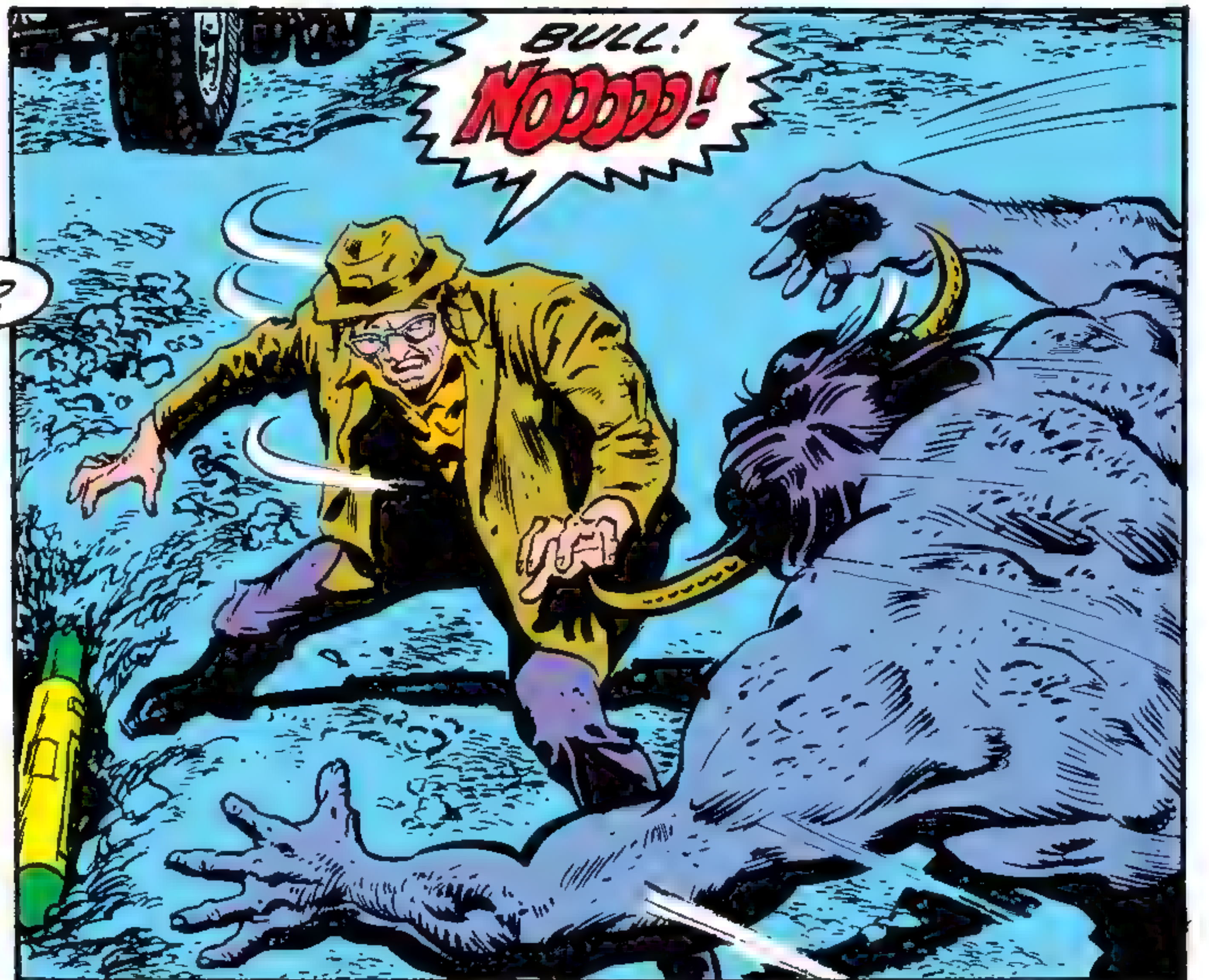
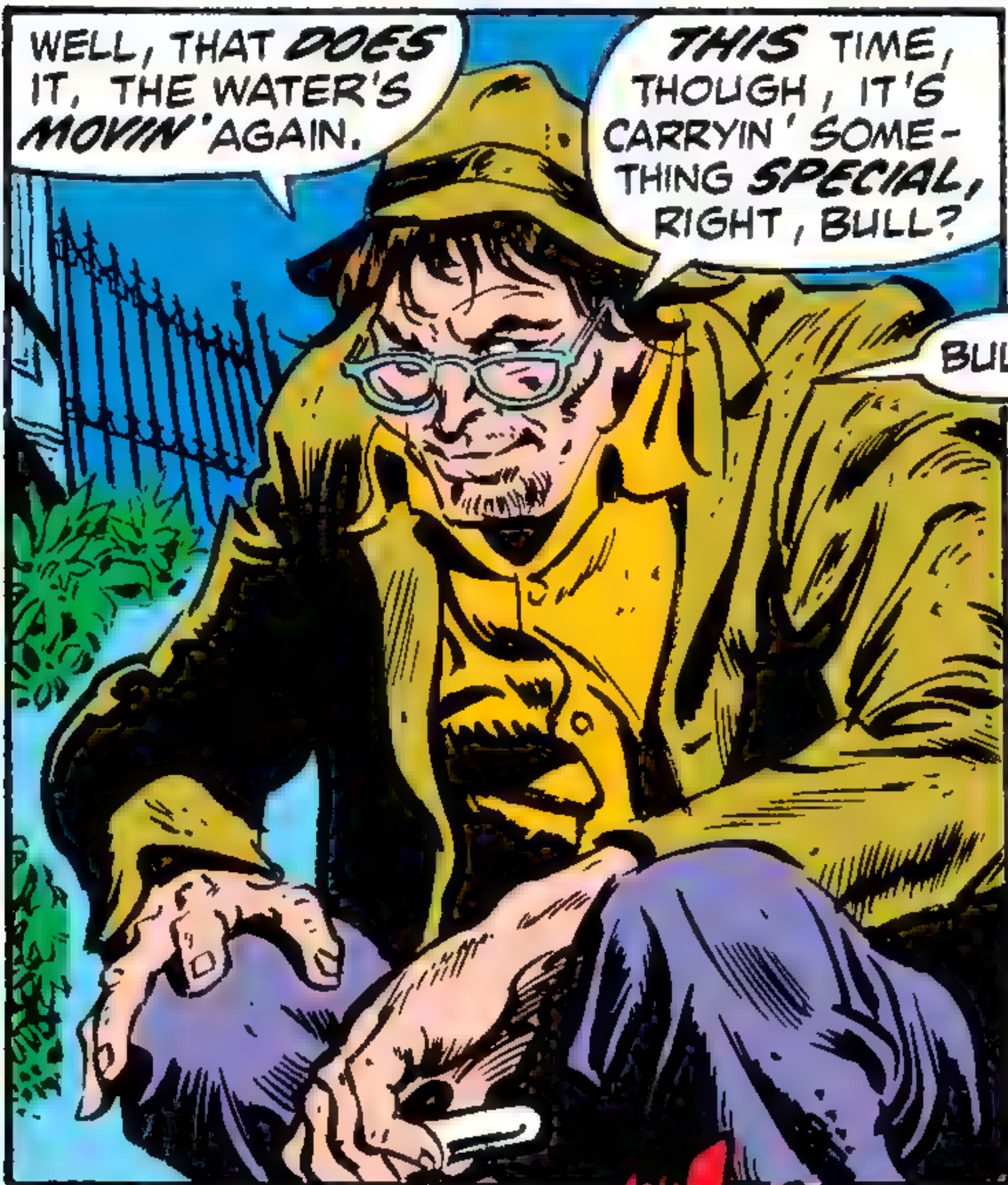
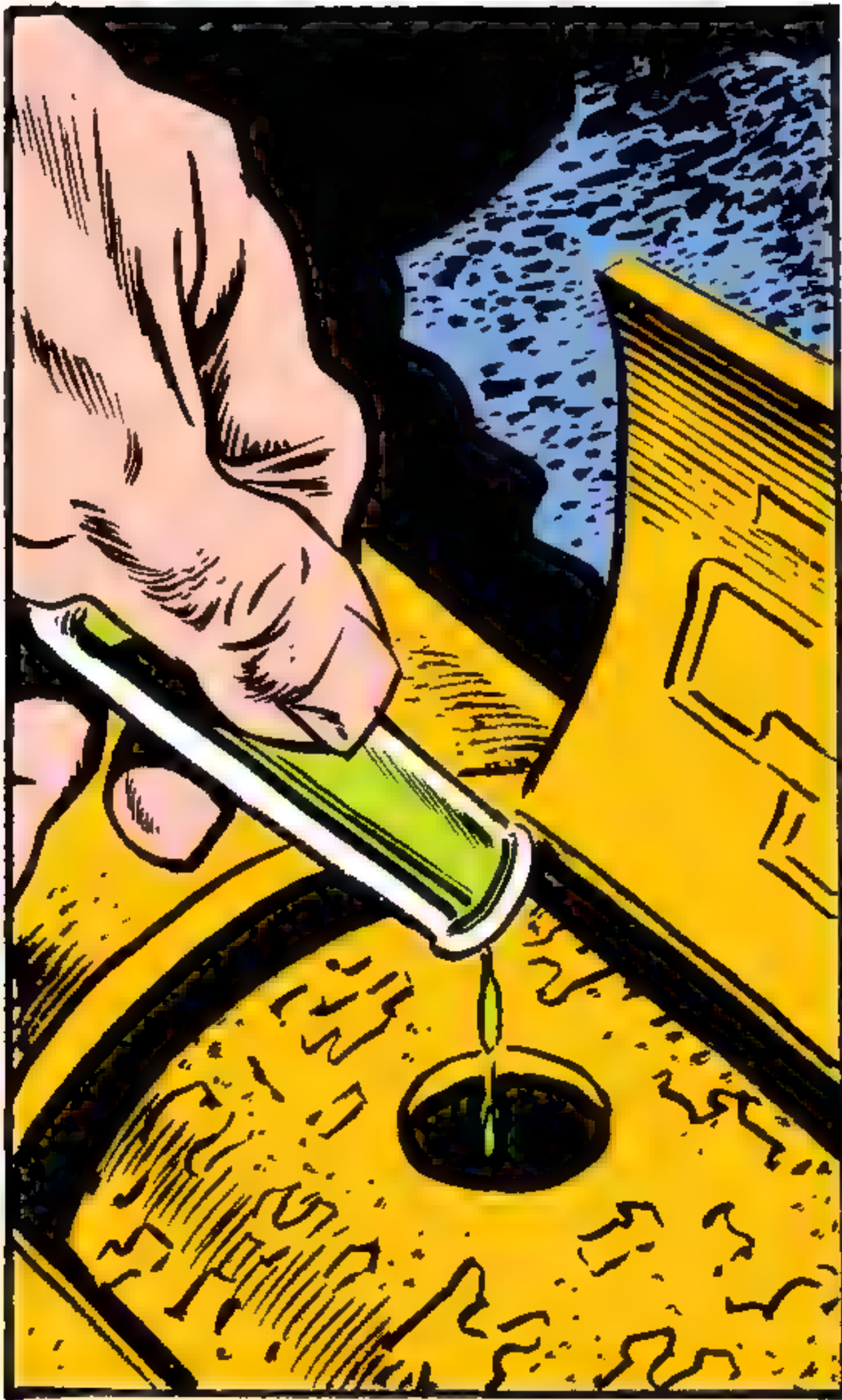


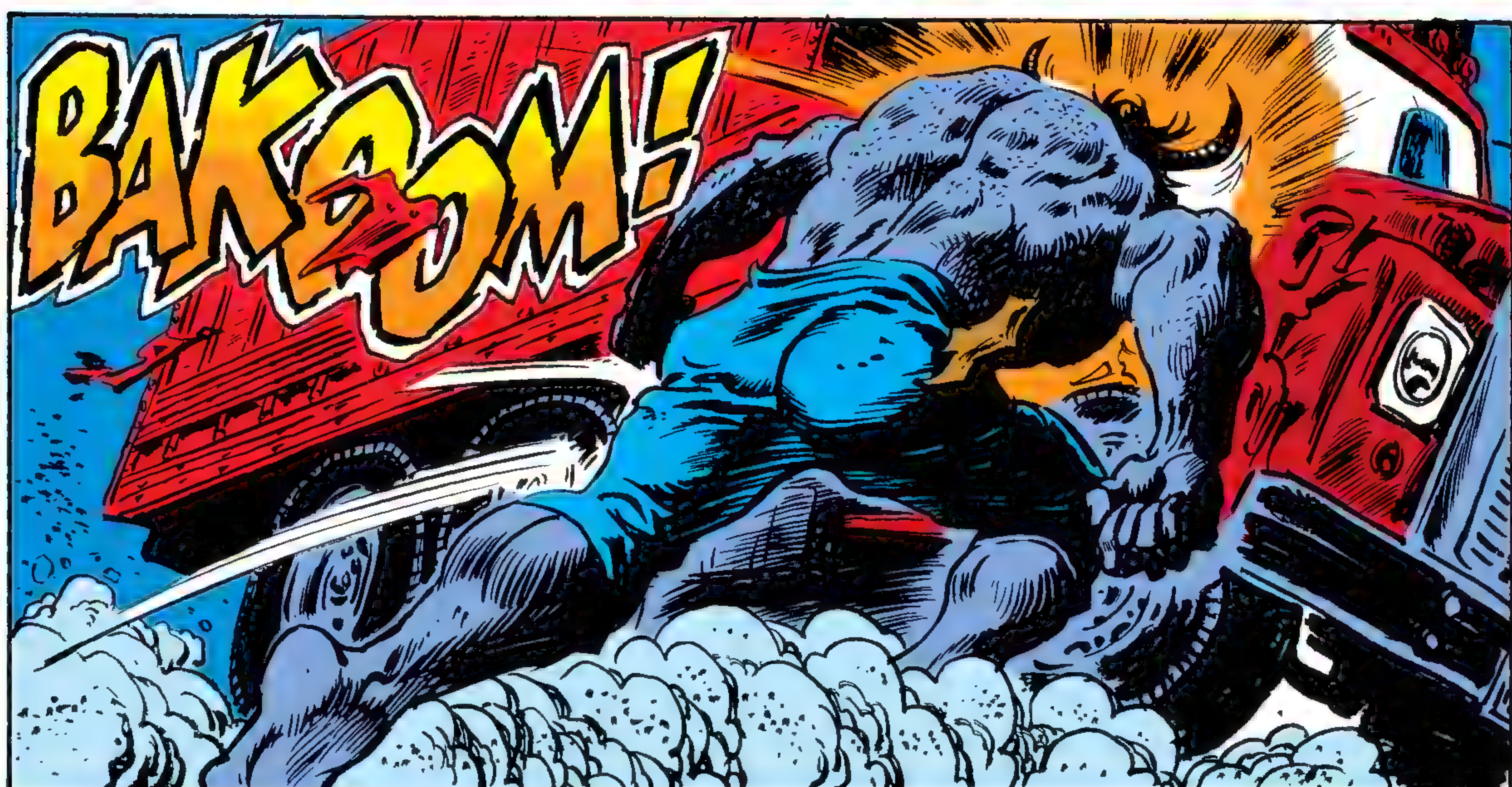
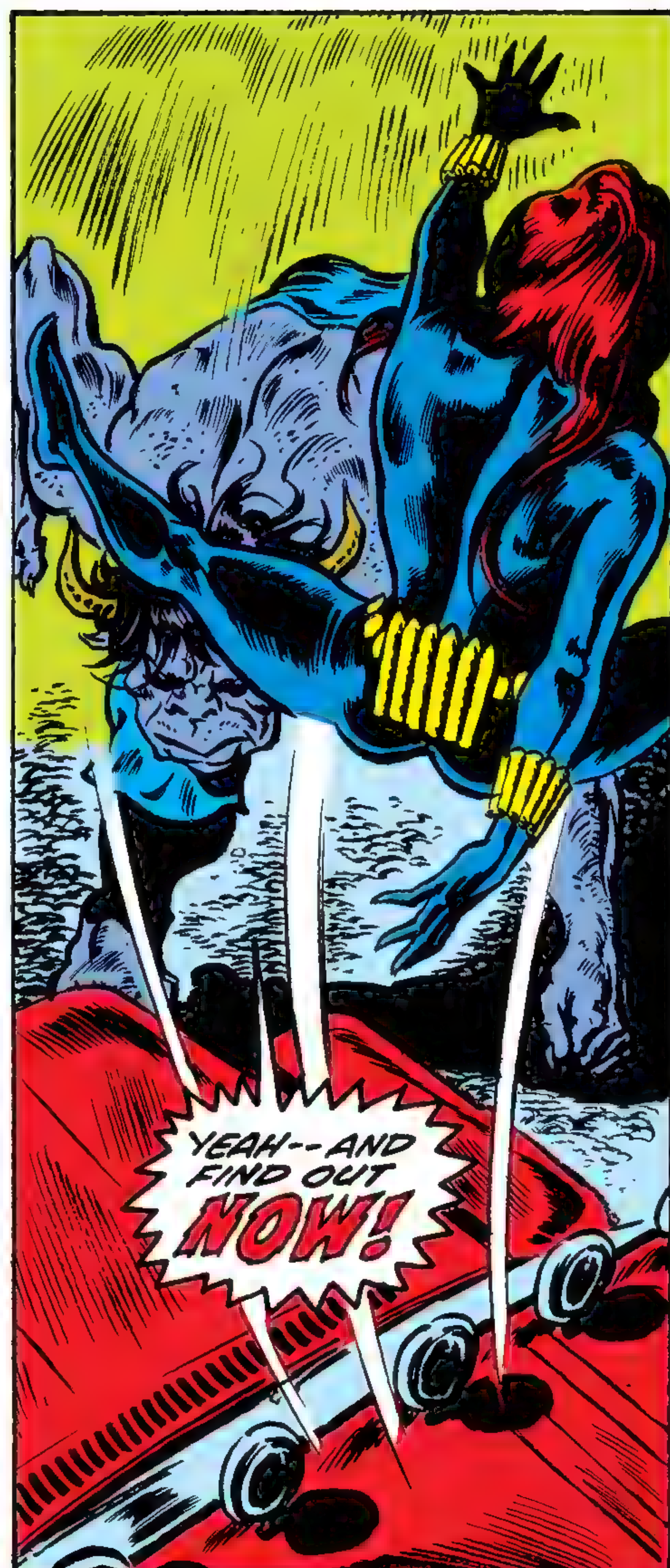
DON'T GO *WILD*
WITH THAT STUFF,
ITCH.

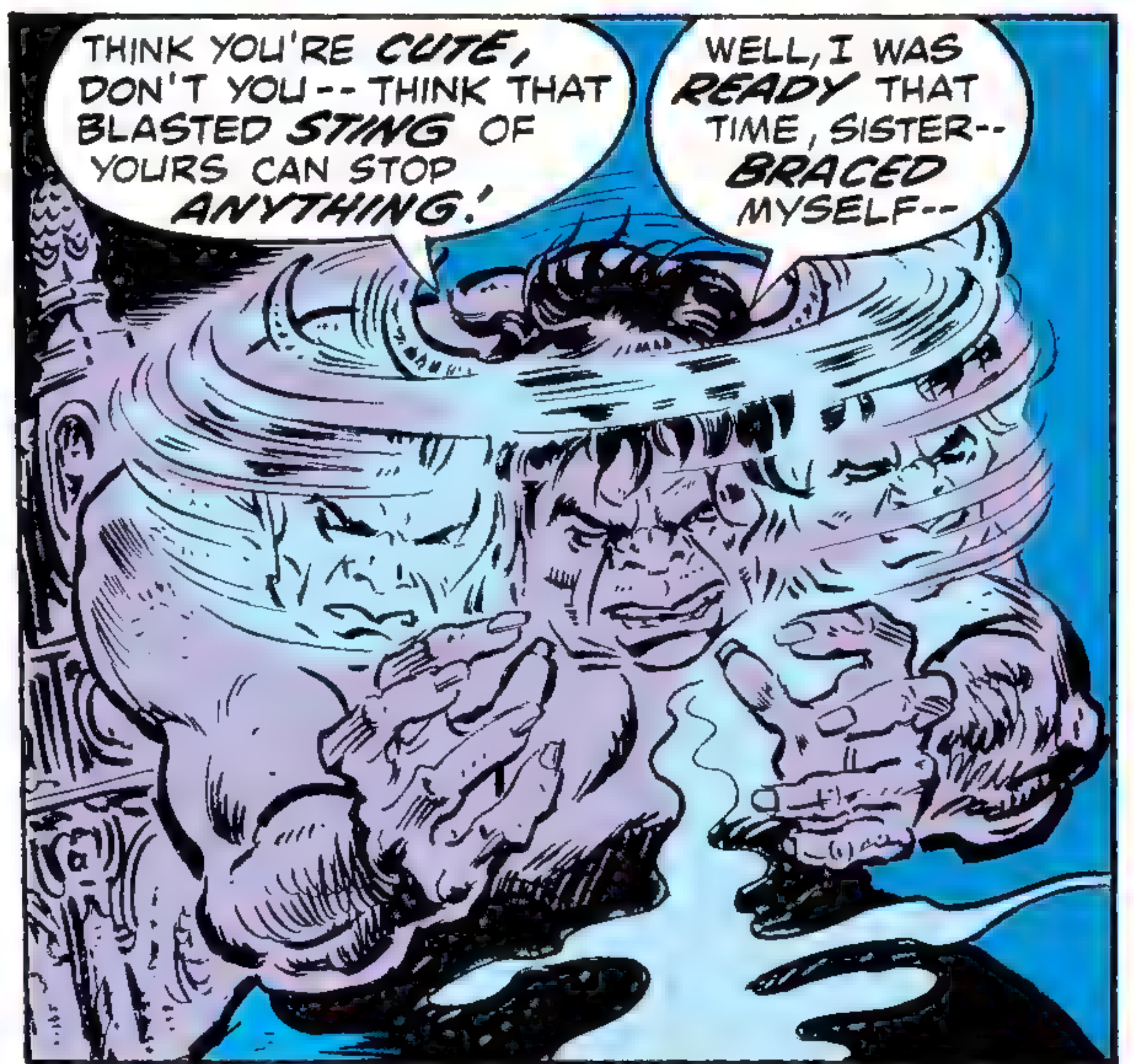
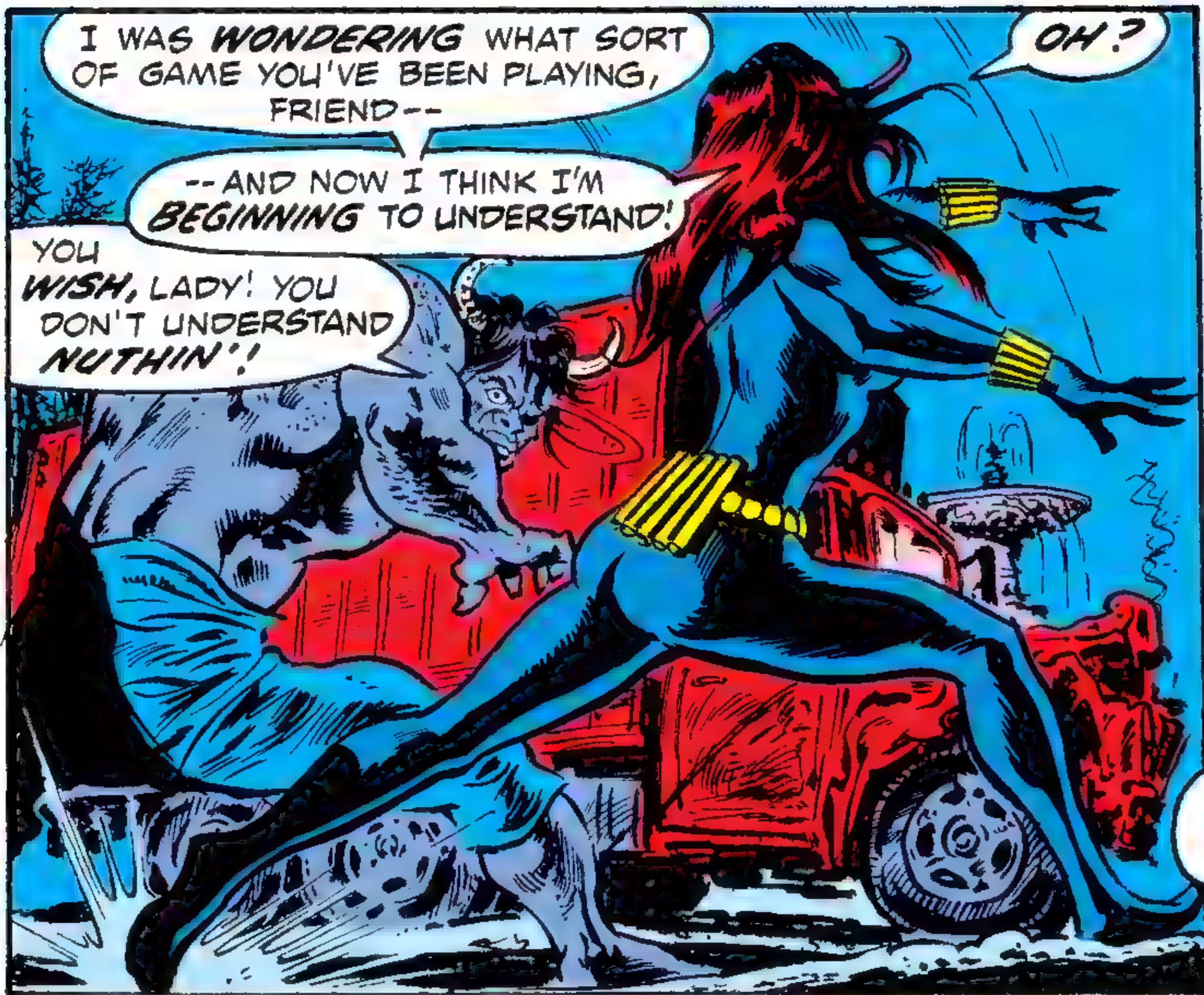
THE PROF
SAID JUST A
FEW *DROPS*...

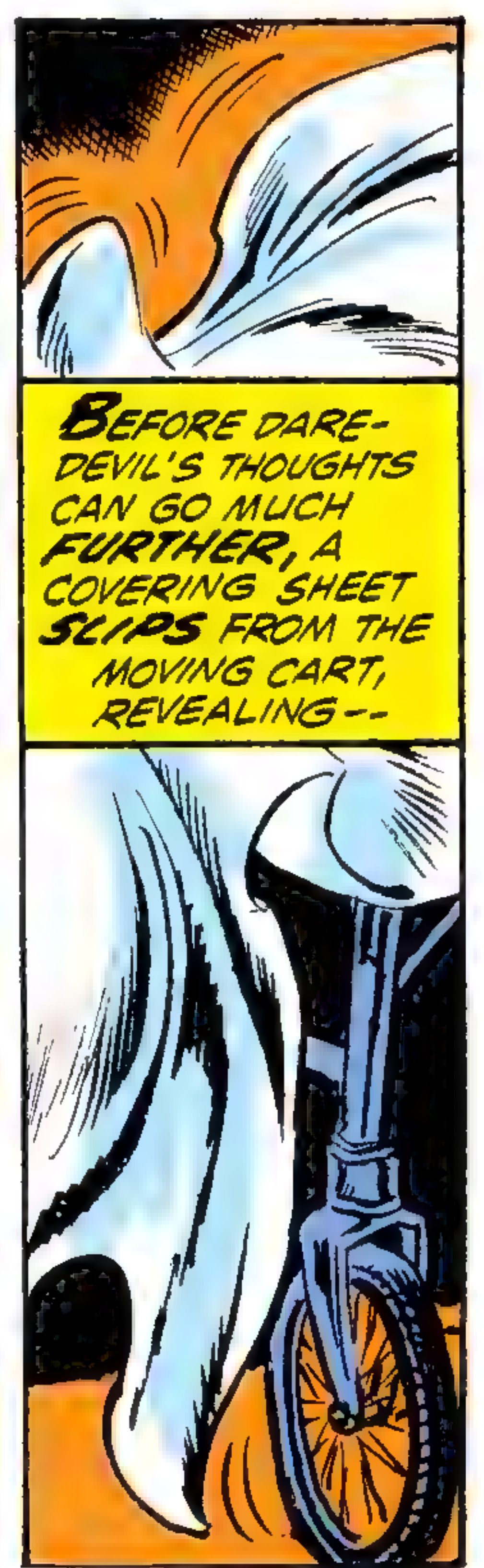
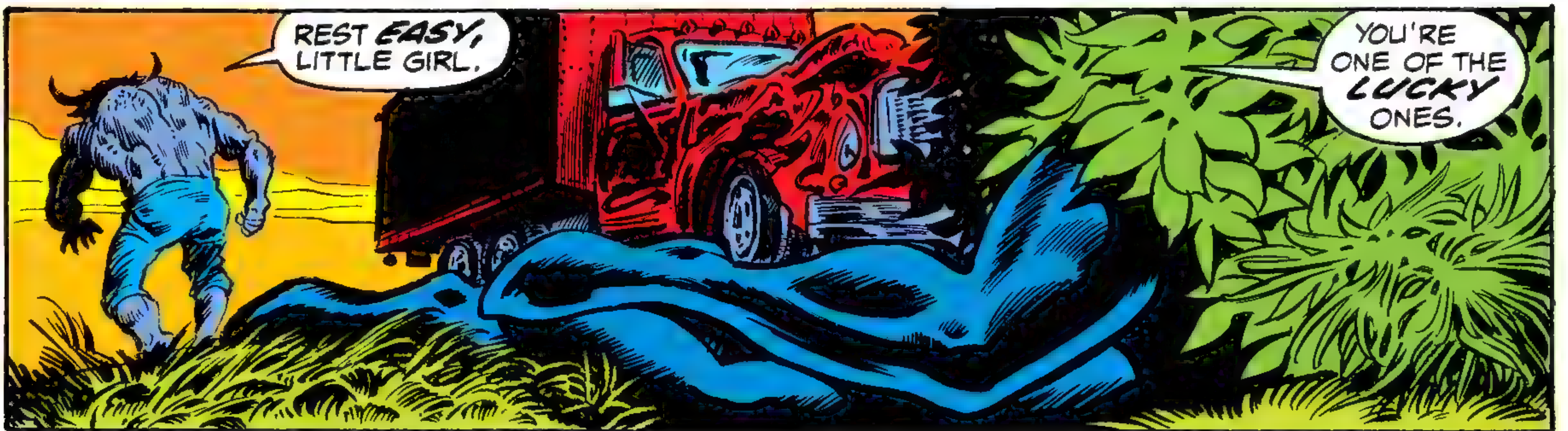
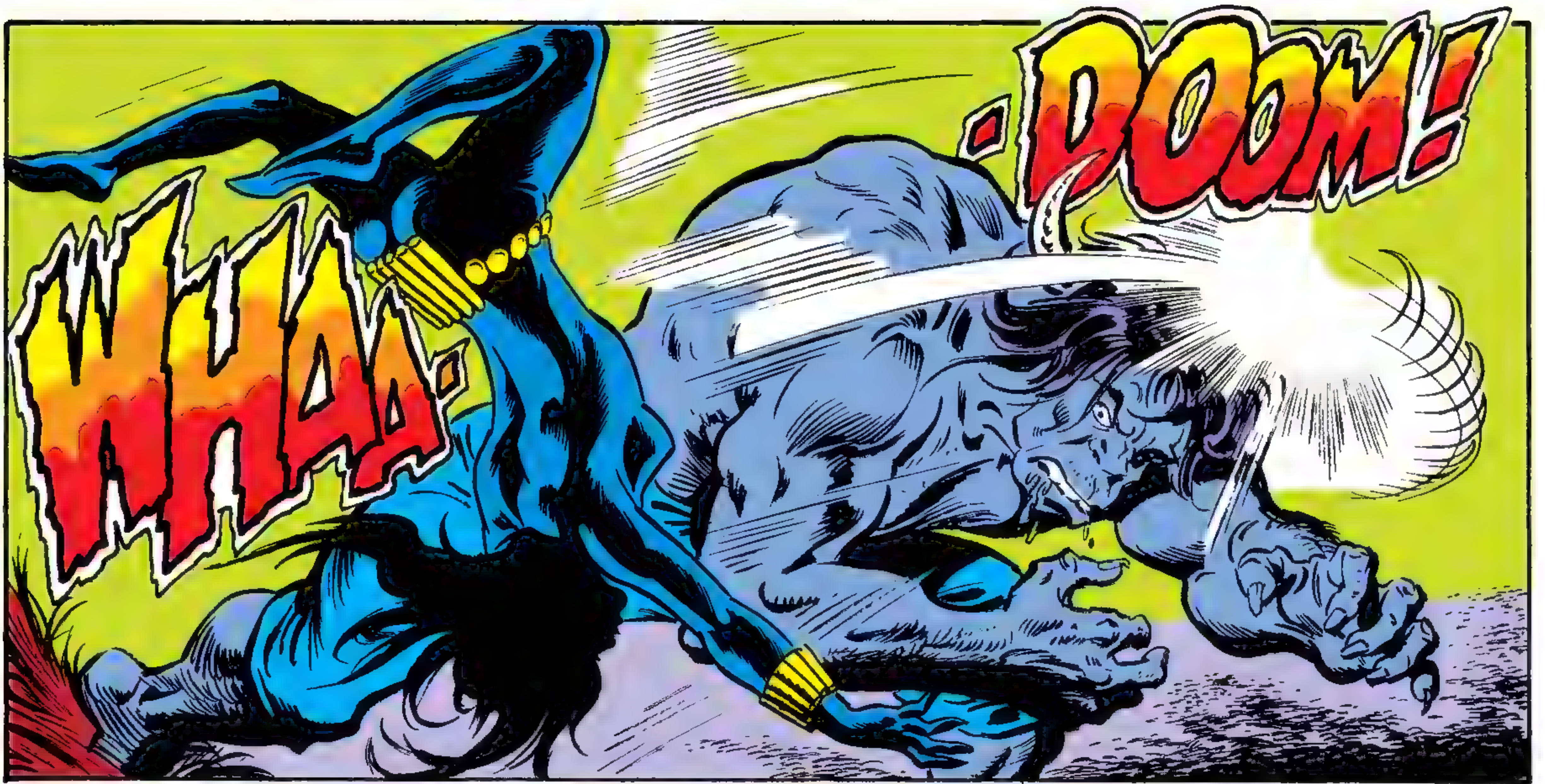
GOT
IT?

SURE,
BULL...
SURE.











MY **ARM** FEELS LIKE A LEAD WEIGHT-- AND MY SHOULDER HASN'T STOPPED **ACHING** SINCE THE MEDICATION WORE OFF!

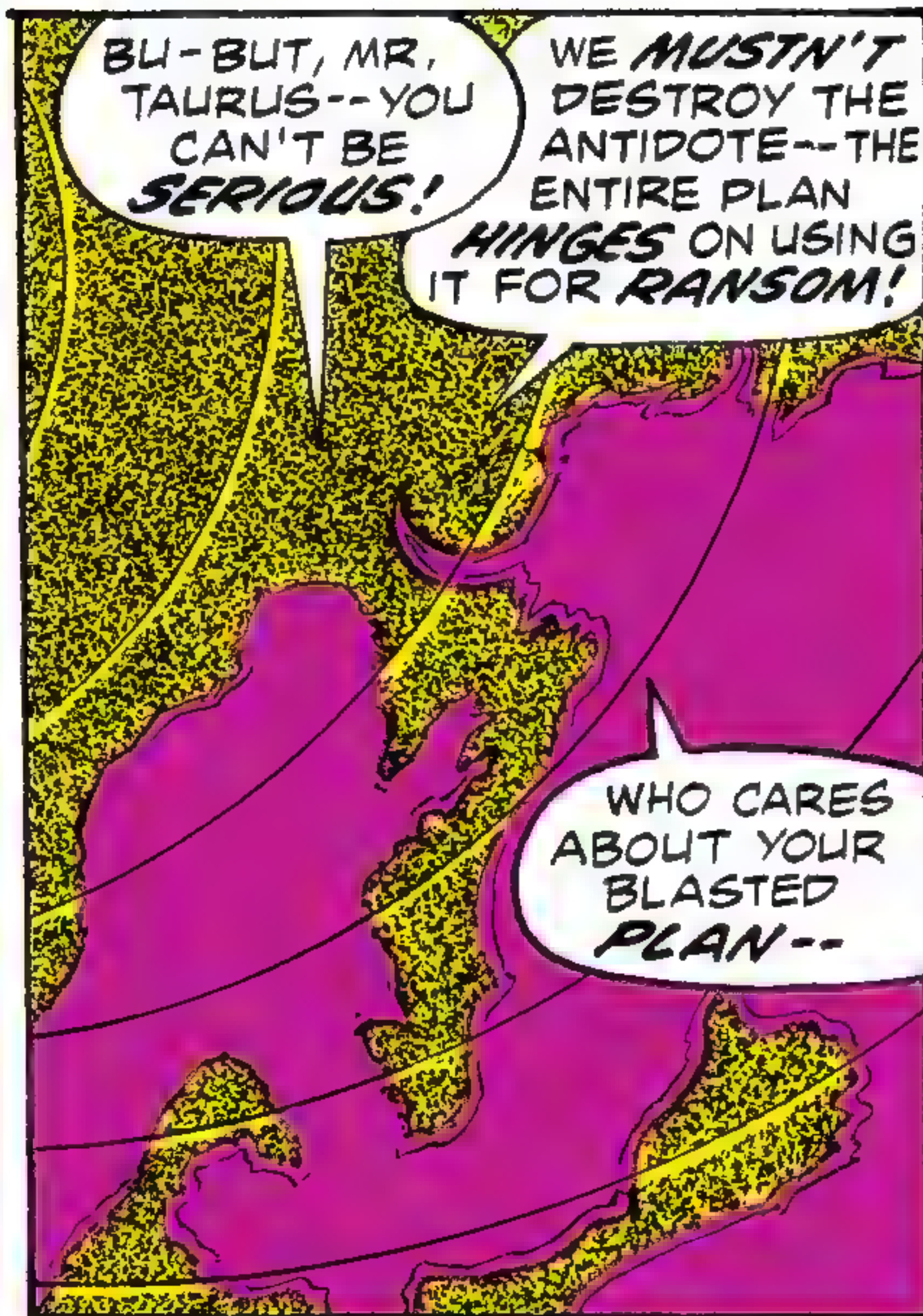
AT LEAST I WON'T FALL ASLEEP OUT OF **BOREDOM**--

--NOT THAT THERE'S MUCH CHANCE OF **THAT**--



--IF I CAN BELIEVE THE IMAGE MY **RADAR-SENSE** IS RELAYING--

--NOT MUCH CHANCE AT **ALL**!



BU-BUT, MR. TAURUS--YOU CAN'T BE **SERIOUS**!

WE **MUSTN'T** DESTROY THE ANTIDOTE--THE ENTIRE PLAN **HINGES** ON USING IT FOR **RANSOM**!

WHO CARES ABOUT YOUR **BLASTED PLAN**--

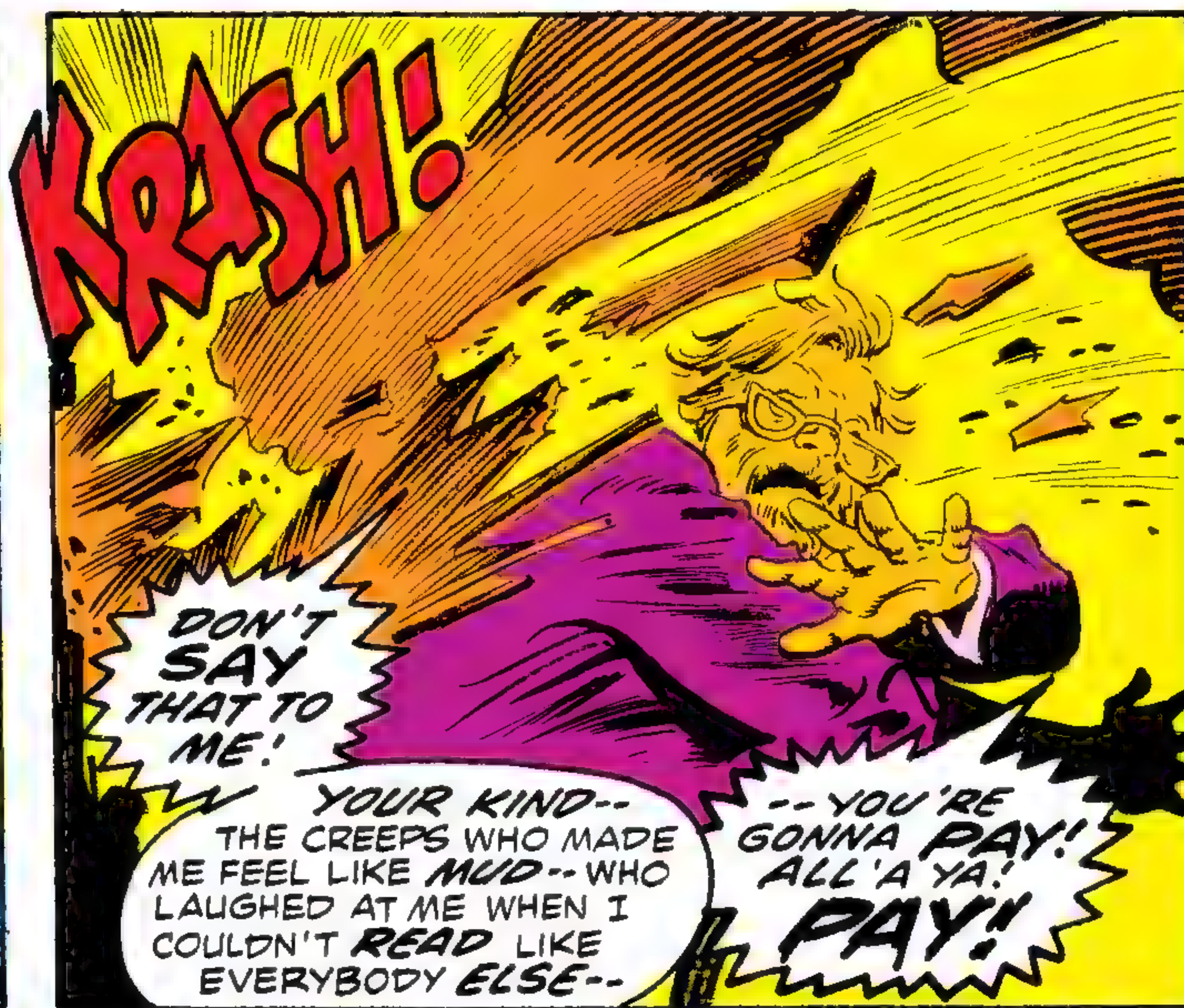


I NEVER INTENDED GIVING THEM THE ANTIDOTE IN THE **FIRST PLACE**!

DON'T YOU **UNDERSTAND**--? I WANT THEM TO **SUFFER**--

-- TO SUFFER LIKE THEY'VE MADE **ME** SUFFER ALL MY LIFE!

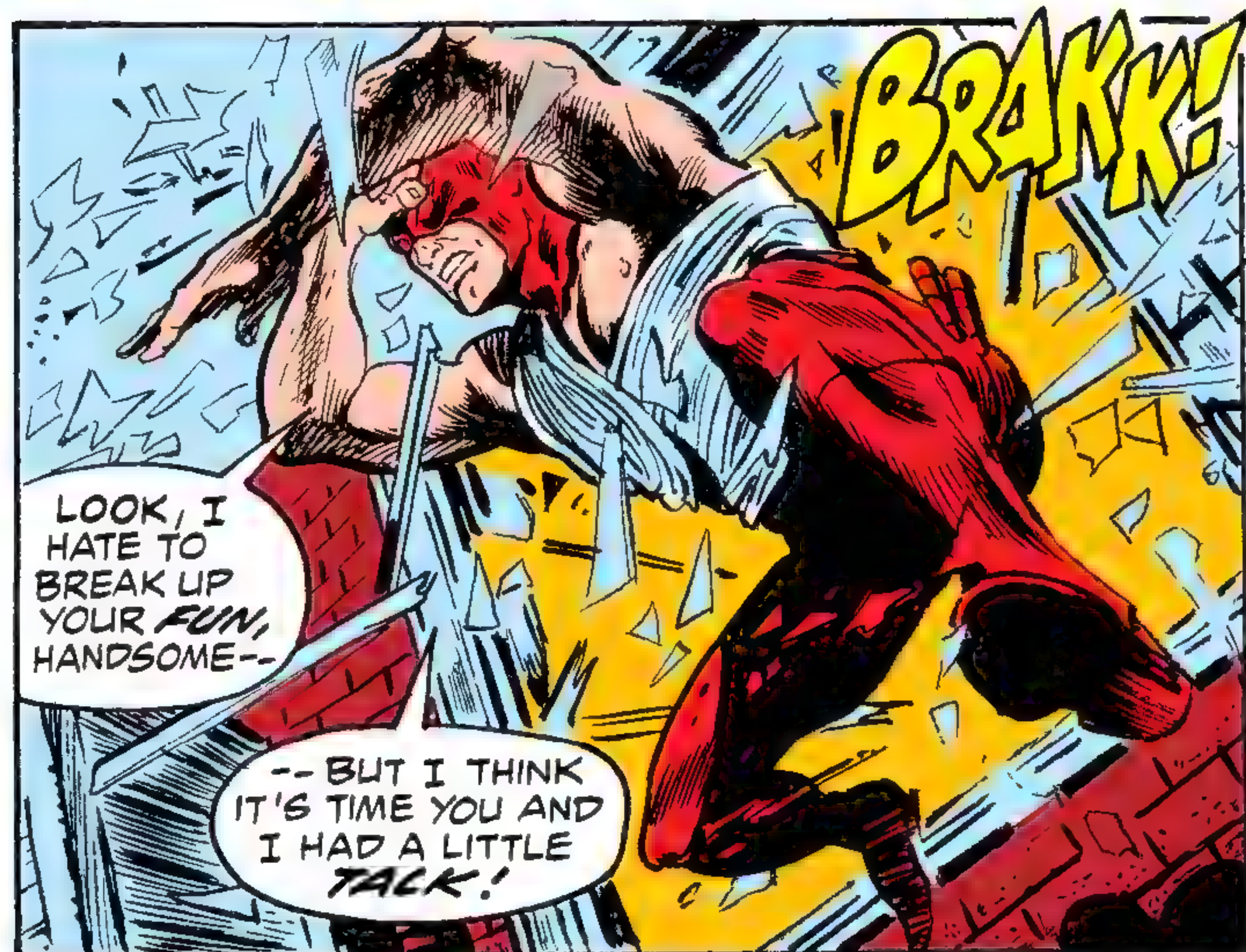
YOU'RE-- YOU'RE **MAD**!



DON'T SAY THAT TO ME!

YOUR KIND-- THE CREEPS WHO MADE ME FEEL LIKE **MUD**-- WHO LAUGHED AT ME WHEN I COULDN'T **READ** LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE--

-- YOU'RE GONNA **PAY**! ALL A YA! **PAY!**



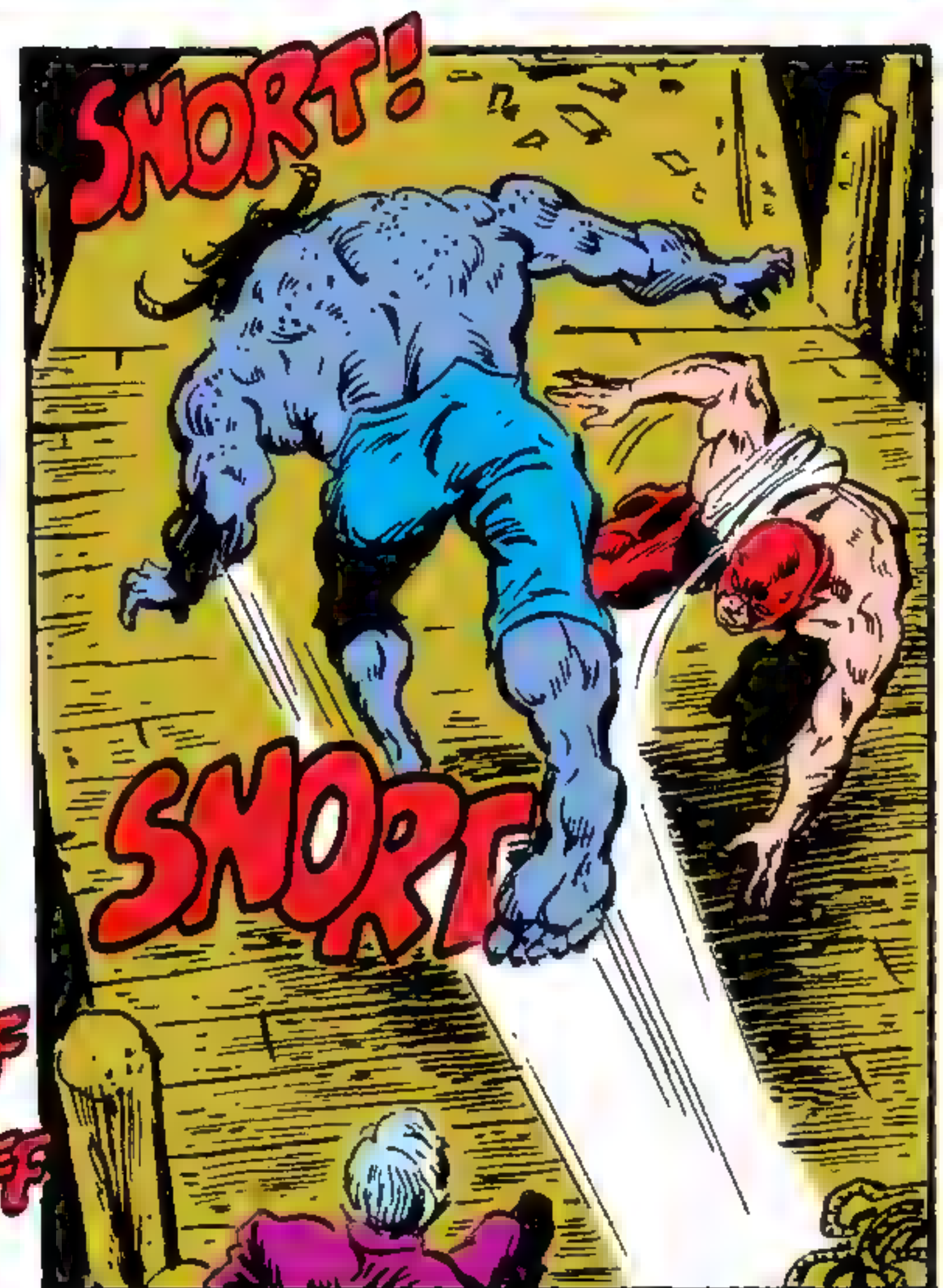
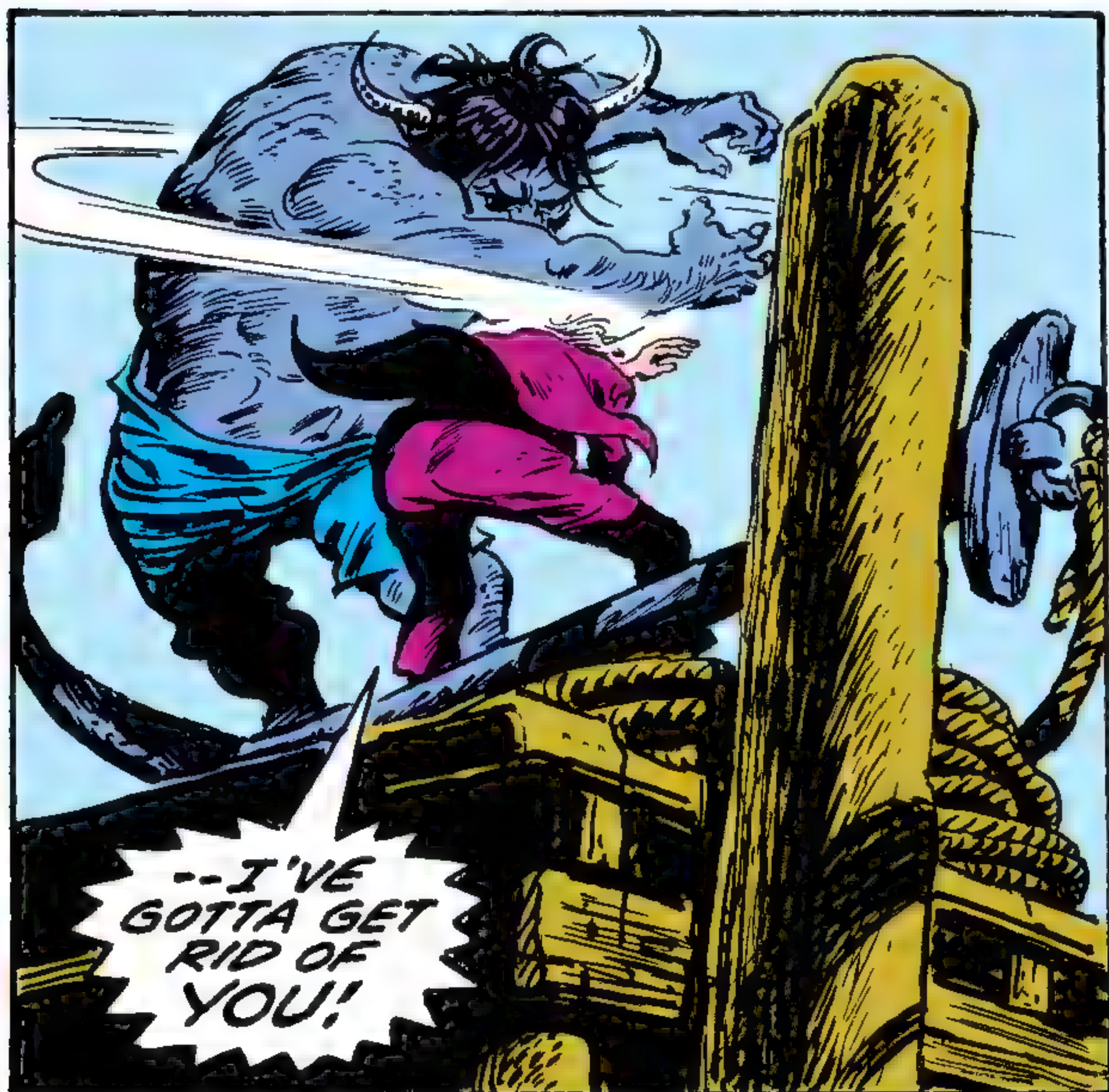
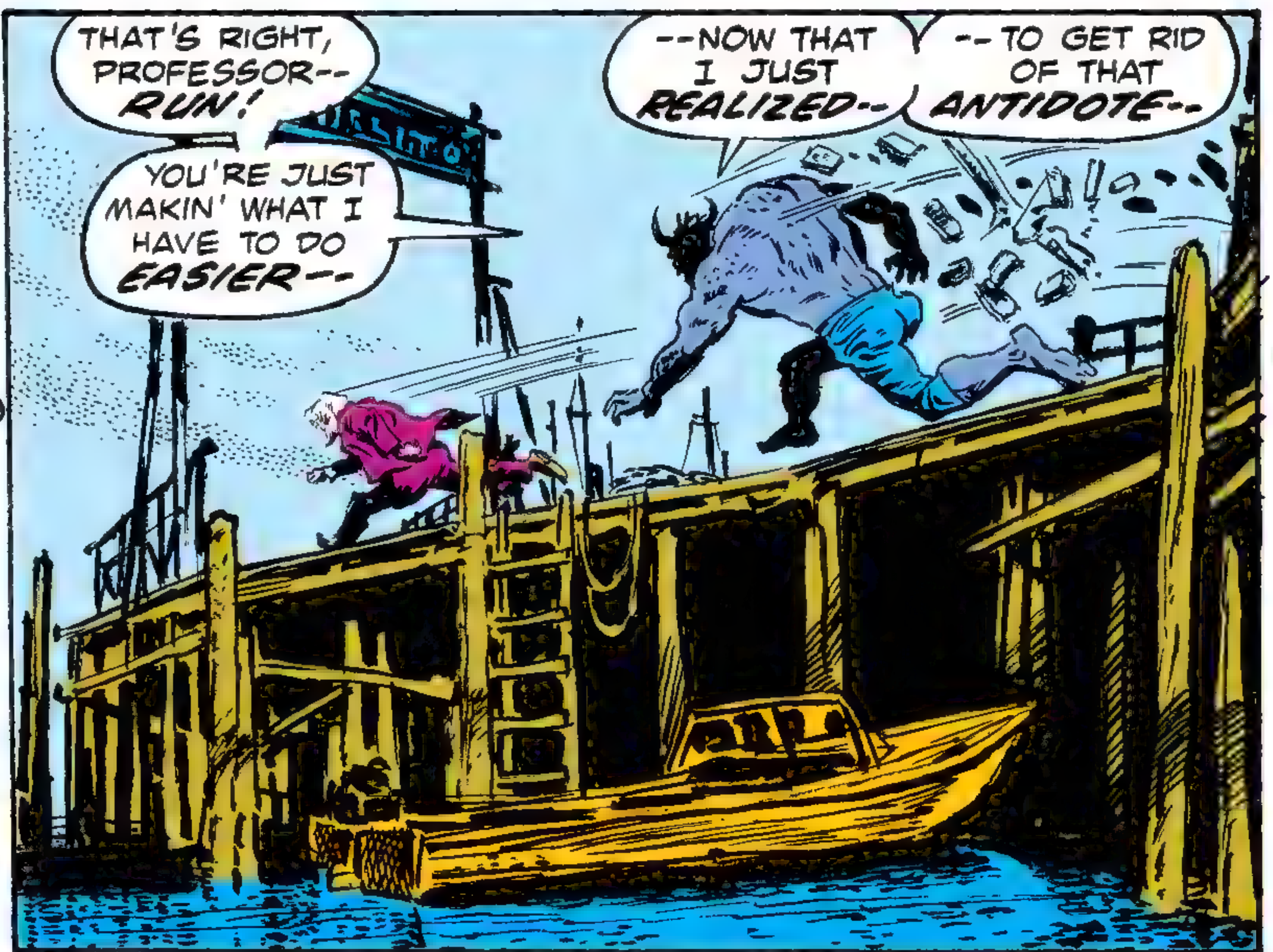
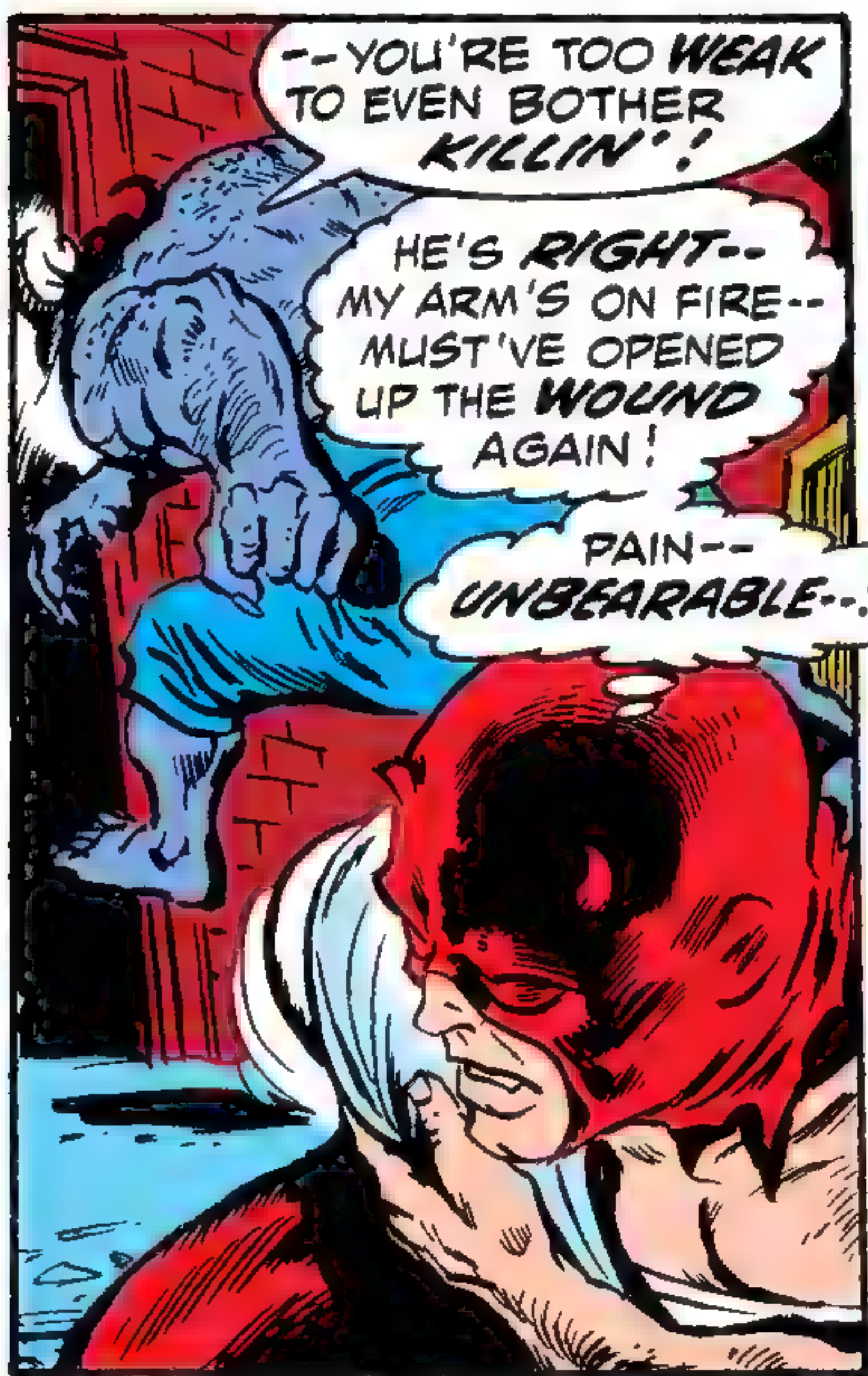
LOOK, I HATE TO BREAK UP YOUR **FUN**, HANDSOME--

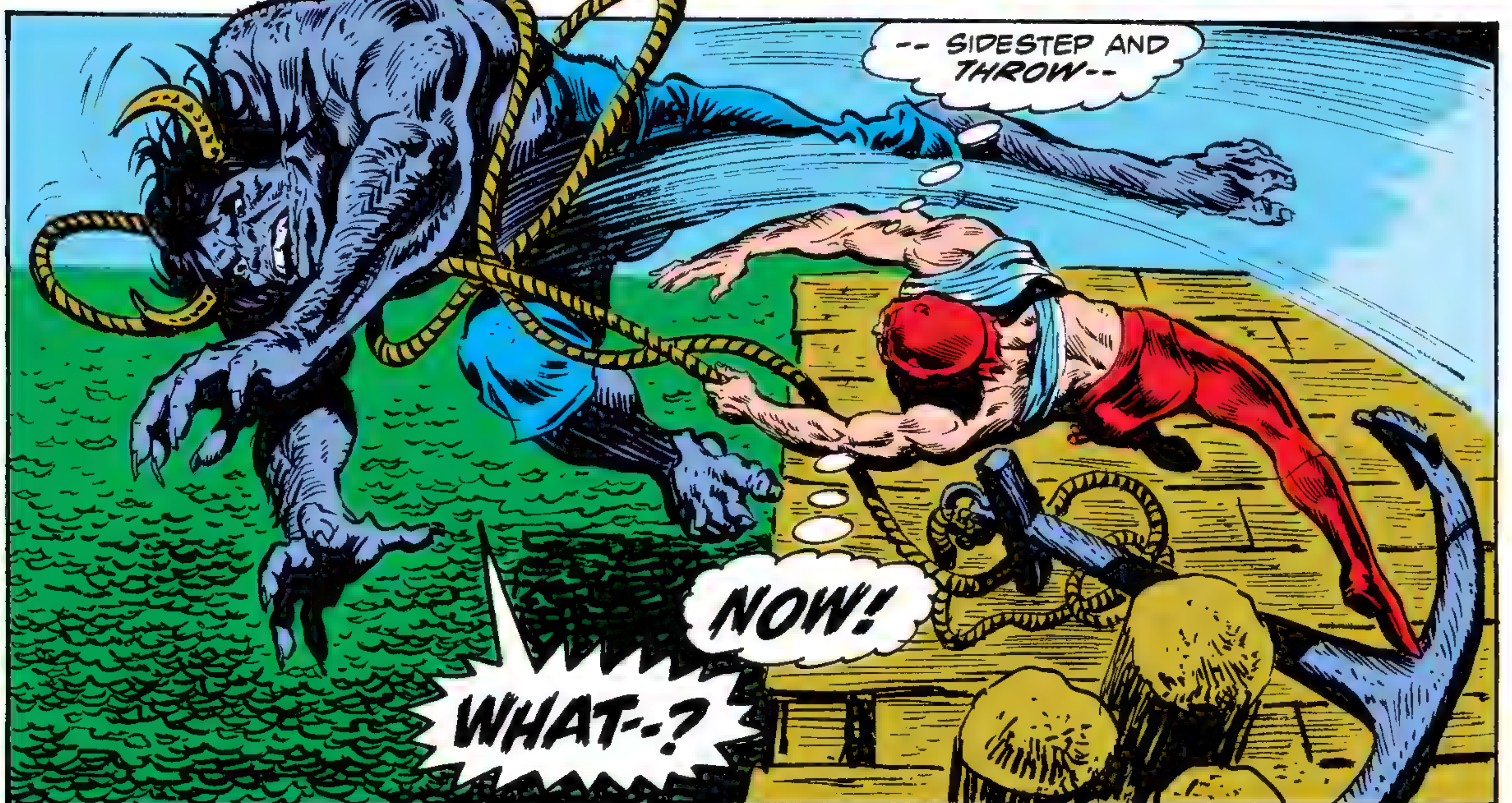
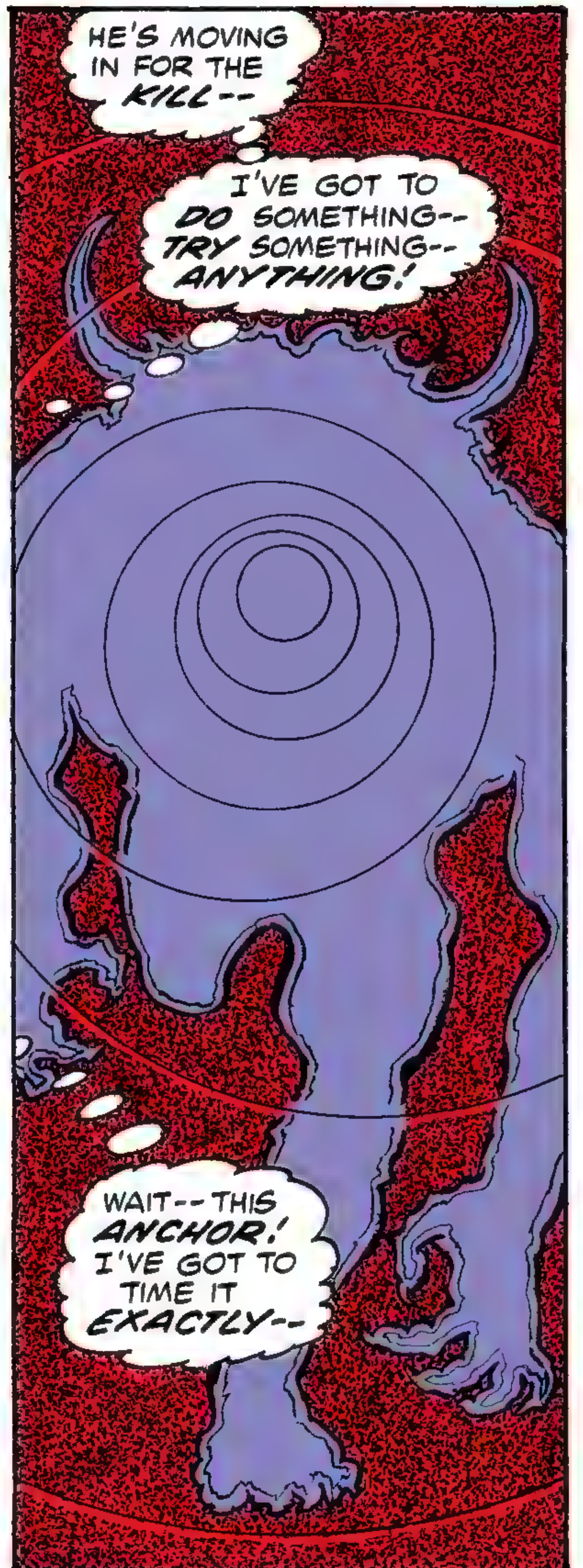
-- BUT I THINK IT'S TIME YOU AND I HAD A LITTLE **TALK**!



KEEP **DREAMING**, BOY!

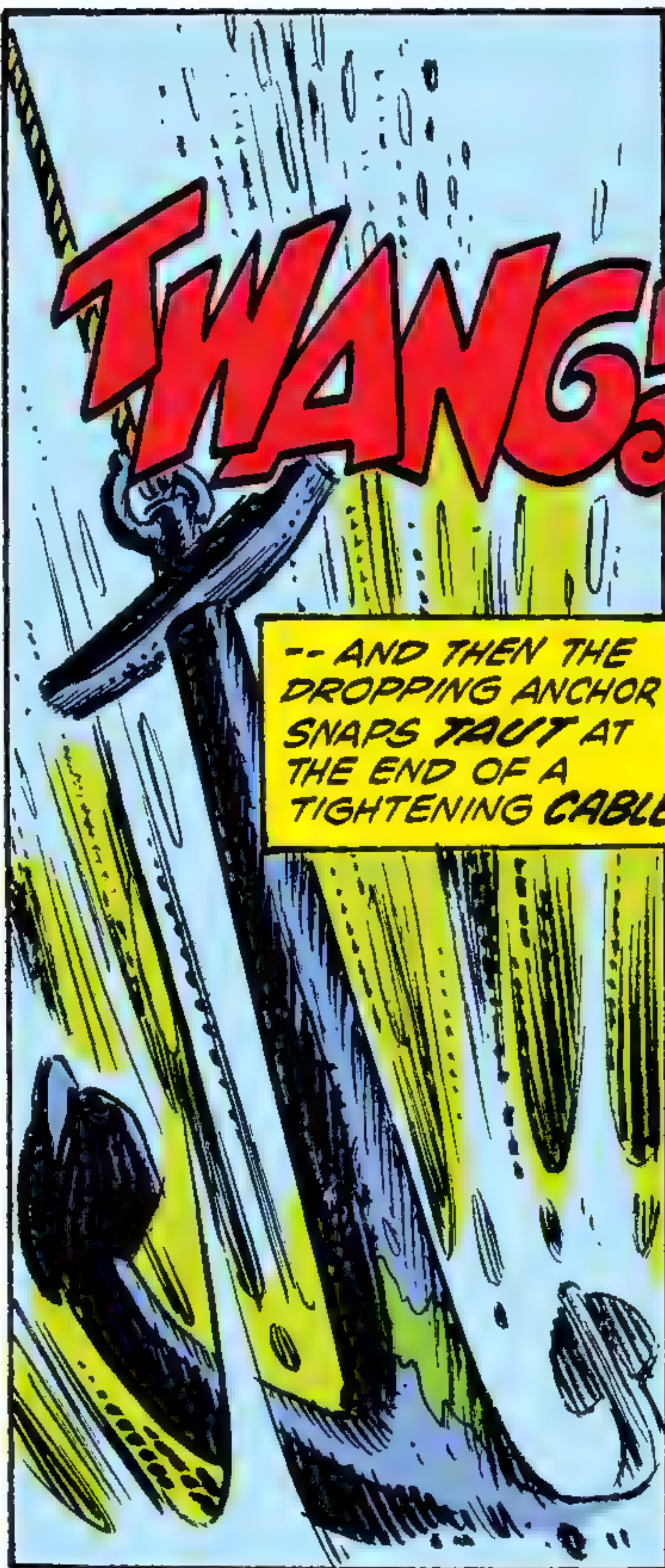
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'RE STILL **ALIVE**-- BUT IT DON'T RIGHTLY **MATTER**--





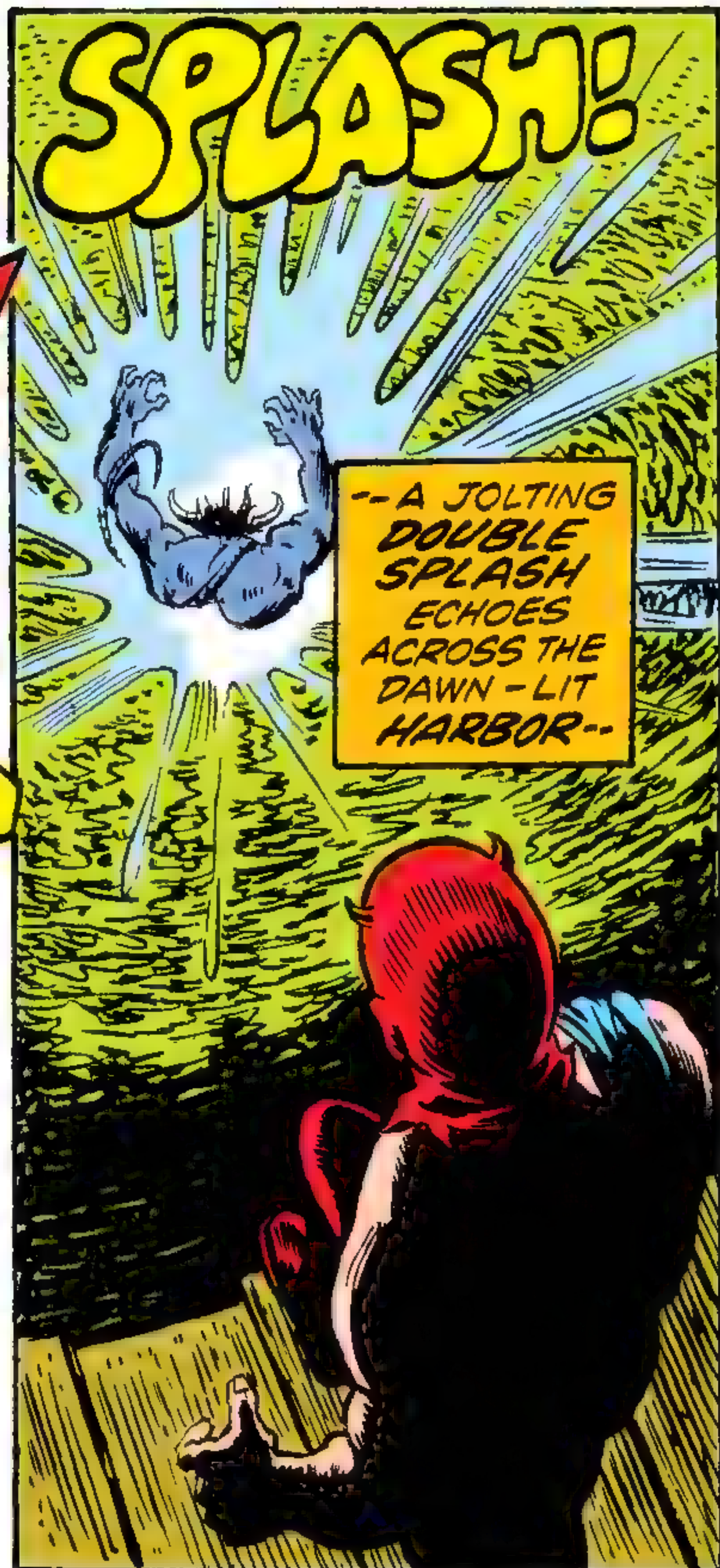


FOR ONE PARALYZED INSTANT, THE CREATURE CALLED THE MAN-BULL SEEMS TO **PAUSE**, FRAMED AGAINST A BLOATED AUTUMN **SUN--**



TWANG!

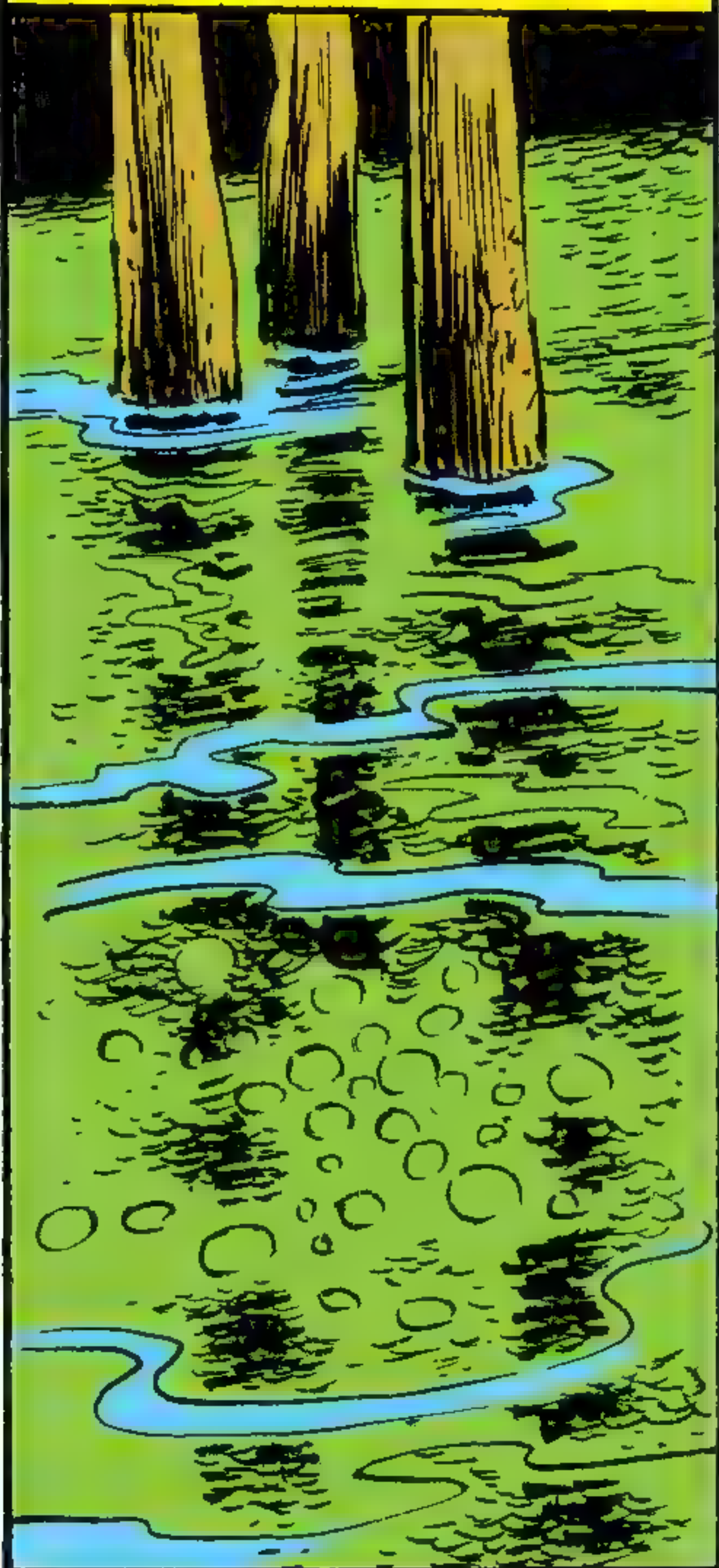
-- AND THEN THE DROPPING ANCHOR SNAPS TAUT AT THE END OF A TIGHTENING CABLE--



SPLASH!

-- A JOLTING DOUBLE SPLASH ECHOES ACROSS THE DAWN-LIT HARBOR--

-- BUT IN A MOMENT, THE WATER GROWS **SMOOTH** ONCE MORE-- SAVE FOR THE GENTLE **LAPPING** OF THE EARLY MORNING TIDE, A SOFT WHISPER OF WATER AGAINST WOOD-- FAINTLY **MOCKING**.



WITHOUT A FURTHER WORD, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR TURNS TOWARD THE **SHORE**.

HE KNOWS HE HASN'T WON A WAR-- OR EVEN A MODERATE **BATTLE**.



HE'S MERELY GAINED A MOMENT'S **RESPITE--**

-- A MOMENT THAT IS ALWAYS-- INEVITABLY-- TOO **BRIEF**.

NEXT: THE DARK MESSIAH!

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

20¢

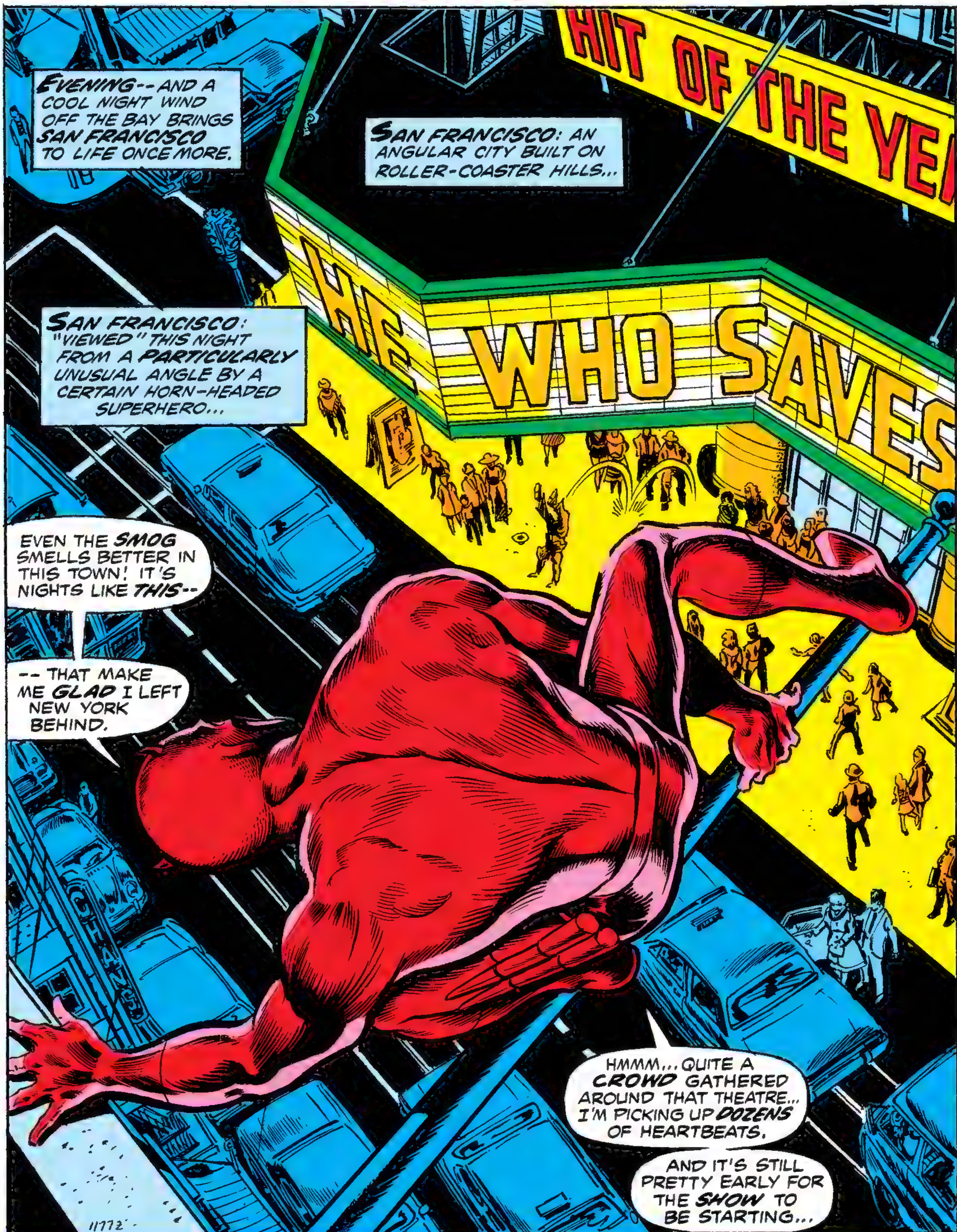
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DAREDEVIL® AND THE BLACK WIDOW™



Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL**, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™



EVENING-- AND A COOL NIGHT WIND OFF THE BAY BRINGS SAN FRANCISCO TO LIFE ONCE MORE.

SAN FRANCISCO: AN ANGULAR CITY BUILT ON ROLLER-COASTER HILLS...

SAN FRANCISCO: "VIEWED" THIS NIGHT FROM A PARTICULARLY UNUSUAL ANGLE BY A CERTAIN HORN-HEADED SUPERHERO...

EVEN THE SMOG SMELLS BETTER IN THIS TOWN! IT'S NIGHTS LIKE THIS--

-- THAT MAKE ME GLAD I LEFT NEW YORK BEHIND.

HMMM... QUITE A CROWD GATHERED AROUND THAT THEATRE... I'M PICKING UP DOZENS OF HEARTBEATS.

AND IT'S STILL PRETTY EARLY FOR THE SHOW TO BE STARTING...

GERRY CONWAY / STEVE GERBER / GENE COLAN / ERNIE CHUA / JOHN COSTANZA / ROY THOMAS,
PLOT / SCRIPT / ART / INKS / LETTERING / EDITOR



WISH I COULD GET A CLEAR IMAGE OF WHAT'S HAPPENING DOWN THERE...

TOO MANY FIGURES JAMMING MY RADAR SENSE.

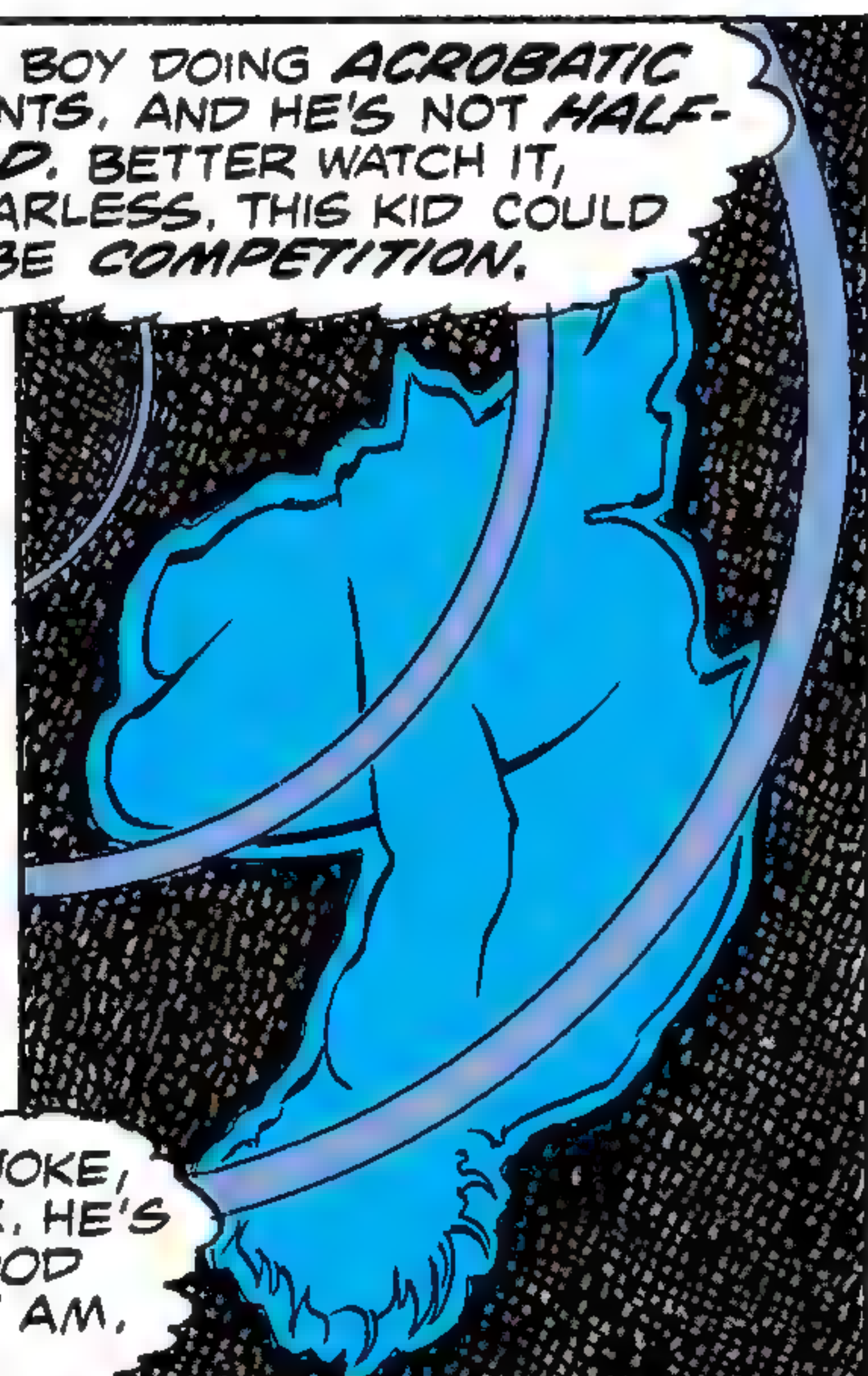
MAYBE IF I CONCENTRATE ... TRY TO FOCUS...



AH, THERE WE GO! I'M GETTING IT NOW. IT'S A KID--

-- A BOY DOING ACROBATIC STUNTS, AND HE'S NOT HALF-BAD. BETTER WATCH IT, FEARLESS, THIS KID COULD BE COMPETITION.

NO JOKE, EITHER, HE'S AS GOOD AS I AM.



HIS NAME IS MORDECAI JONES... AND GYMNASTICS IS HIS THING.

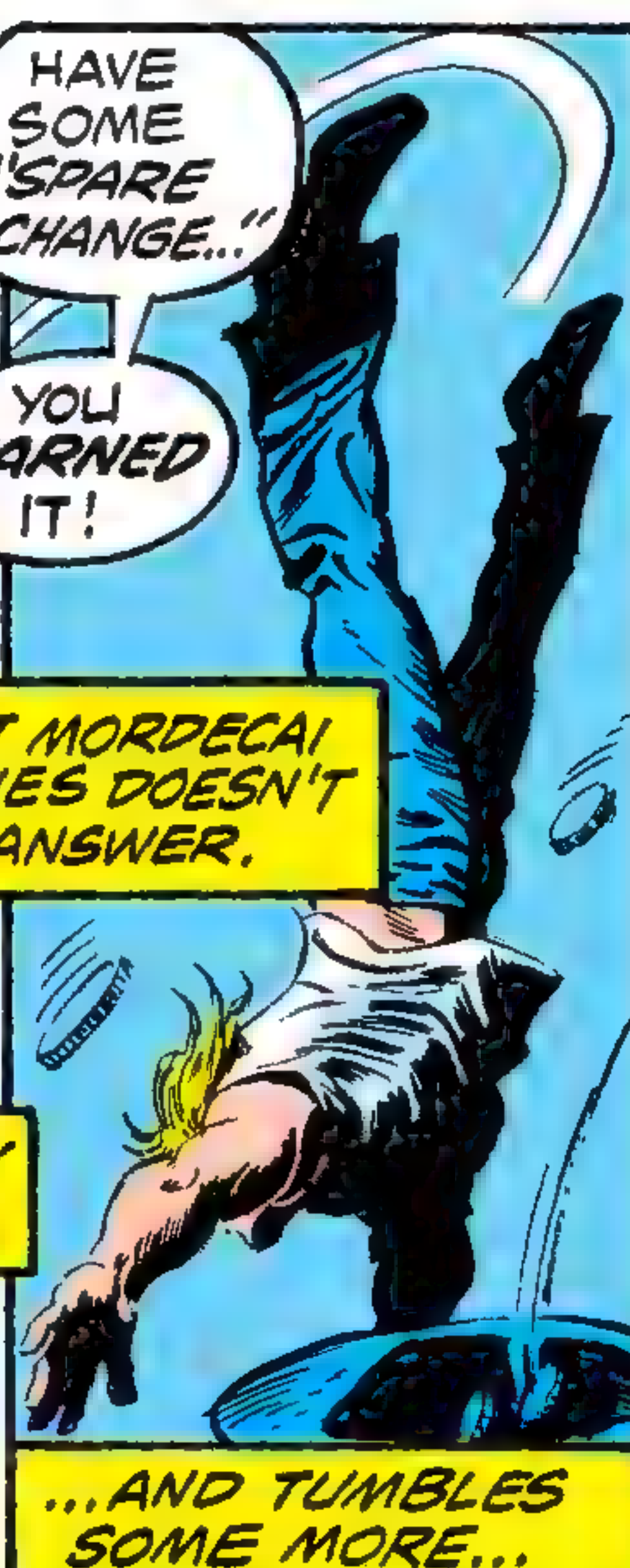
KID, YOU'RE TOO MUCH! HERE--

HAVE SOME "SPARE CHANGE..."

YOU EARNED IT!

BUT MORDECAI JONES DOESN'T ANSWER.

HE MERELY SMILES...



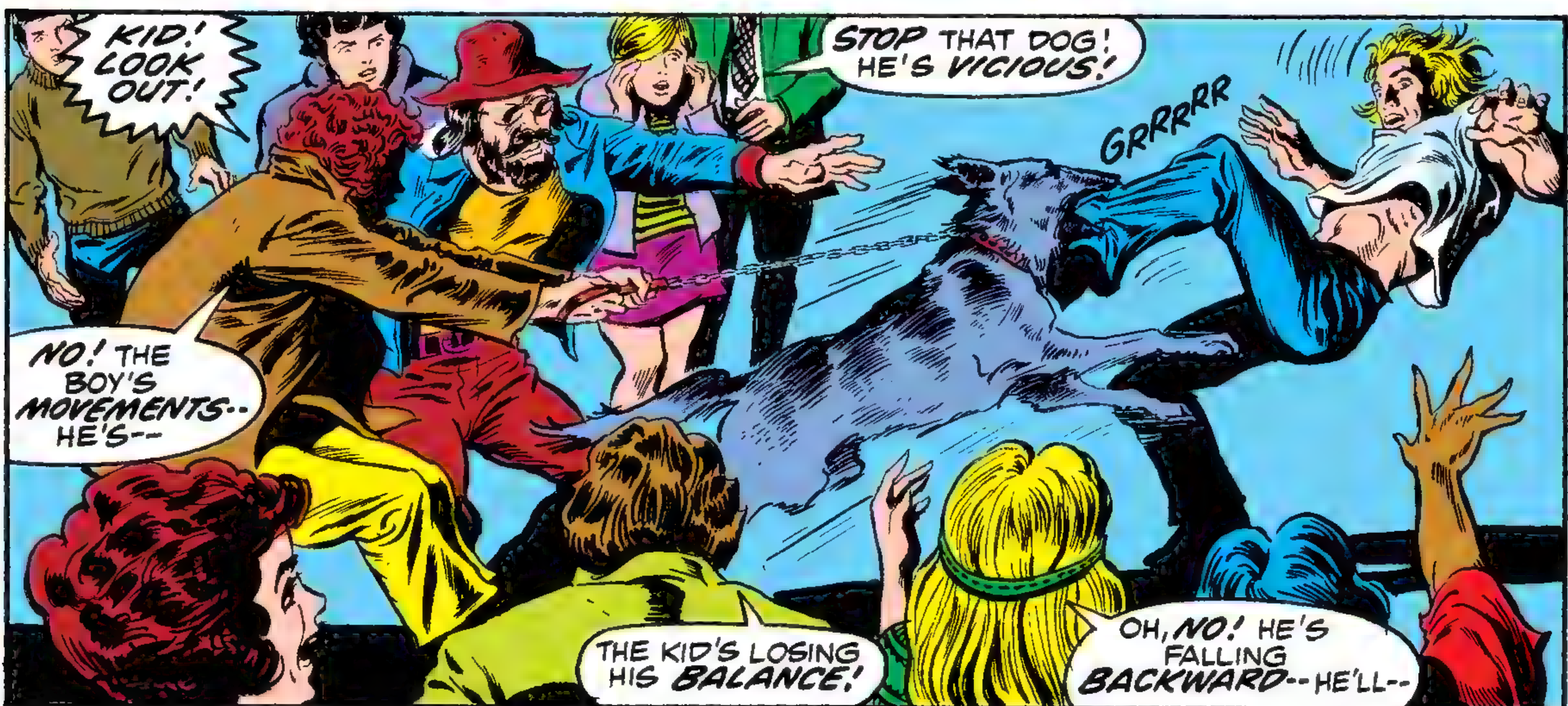
...AND TUMBLES SOME MORE...



... UNAWARE OF THE DANGER.

HEY... EASY, BOY.

MORDECAI'S ODD JUMPING AROUND, YOU SEE, HAS FRIGHTENED THIS SKITTISH CANINE, AND...



KID! LOOK OUT!

NO! THE BOY'S MOVEMENTS-- HE'S--

THE KID'S LOSING HIS BALANCE!

STOP THAT DOG! HE'S VICIOUS!

GRRRRR

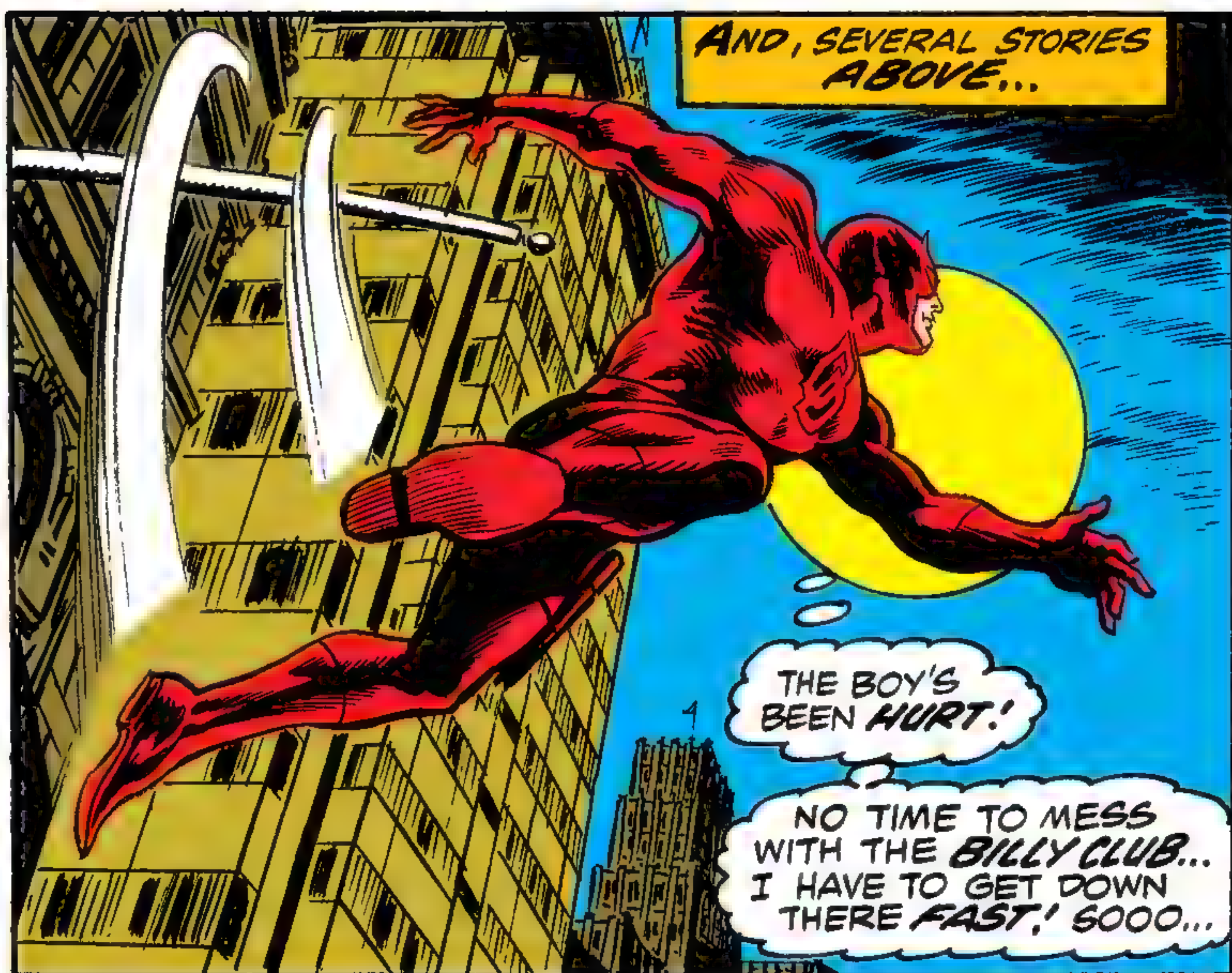
OH, NO! HE'S FALLING BACKWARD-- HE'LL--



"-- SMASH HIS HEAD ON THE PAVEMENT!"

HIS NAME IS MORDECAI JONES, AND HIS ACROBATIC CAREER...

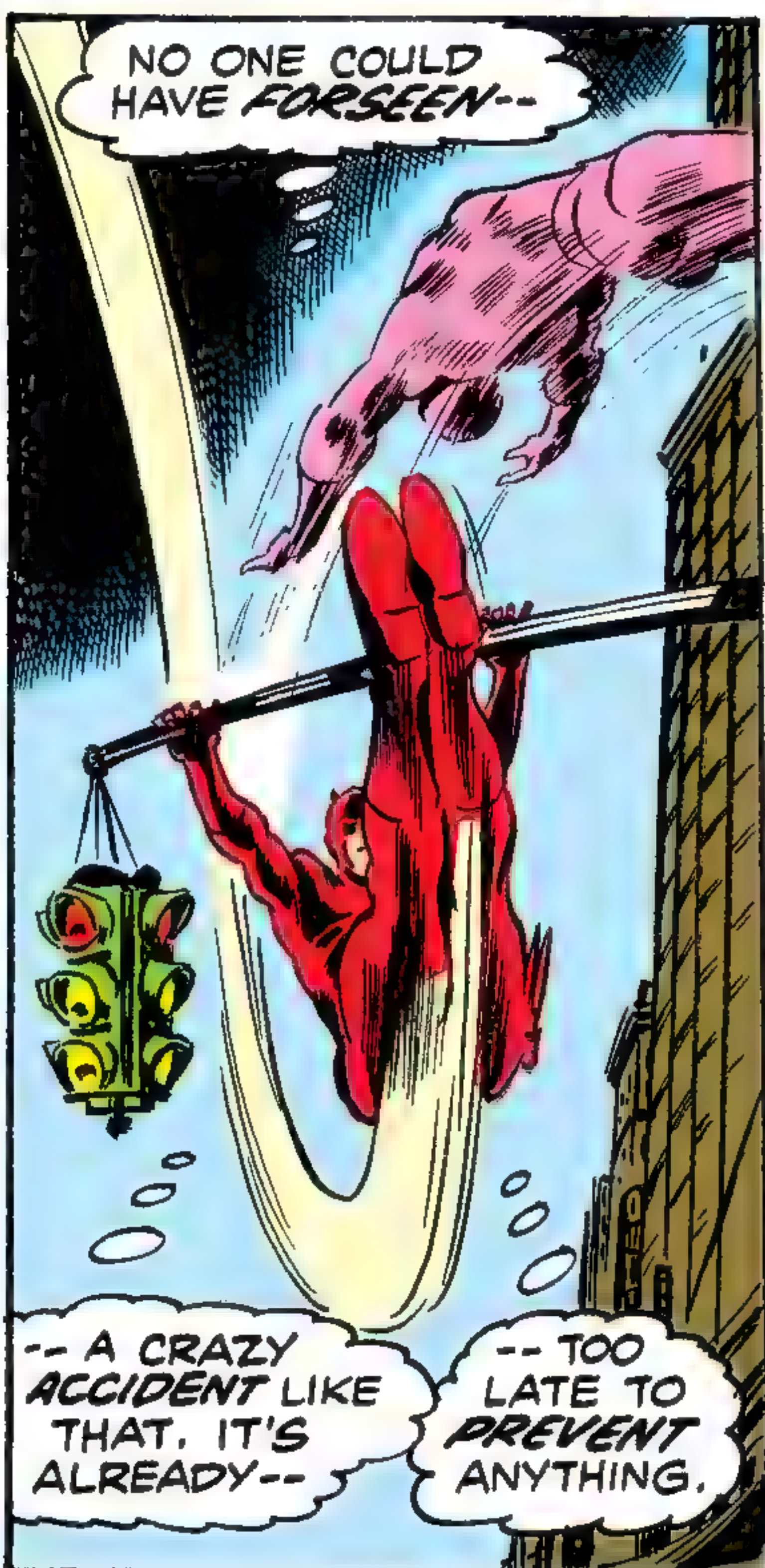
... HAS JUST ENDED. PERHAPS PERMANENTLY.



AND, SEVERAL STORIES ABOVE...

THE BOY'S BEEN HURT!

NO TIME TO MESS WITH THE BILLY CLUB... I HAVE TO GET DOWN THERE FAST! 6000...



NO ONE COULD HAVE FORSEEN--

-- A CRAZY ACCIDENT LIKE THAT, IT'S ALREADY--

-- TOO LATE TO PREVENT ANYTHING.



BUT I HAVE TO SEE IF I CAN BE OF SOME HELP.

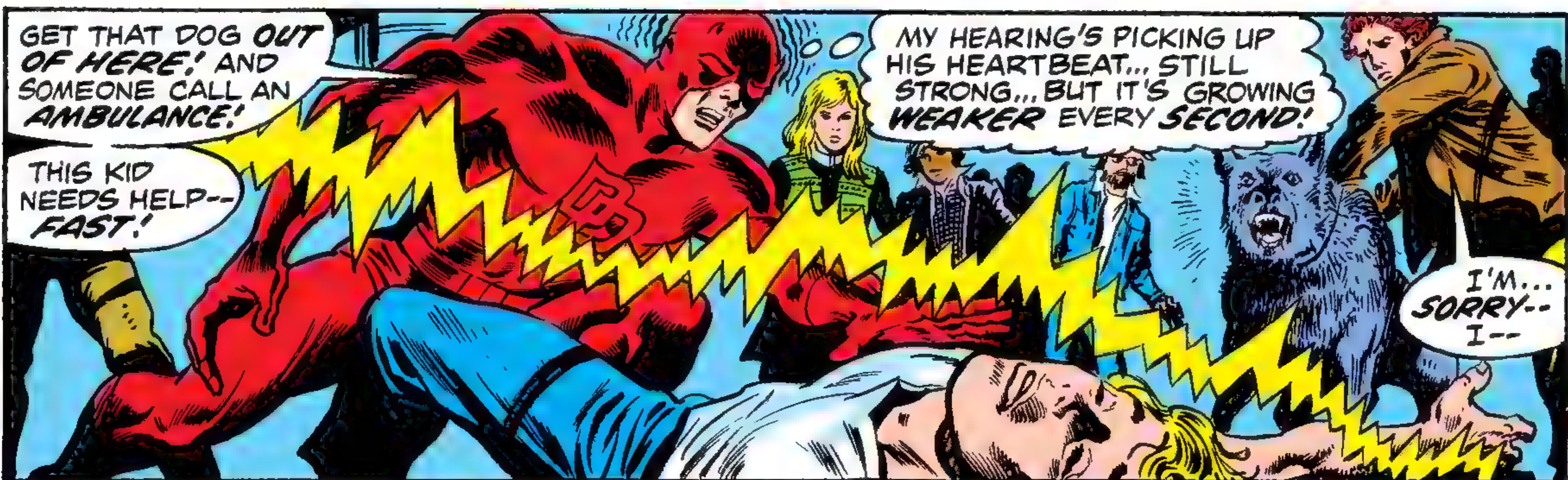
AND IT'S MORE THAN A SENSE OF DUTY THAT SPURS HIM ON... IT'S THE KNOWLEDGE THAT A "CRAZY ACCIDENT" MIGHT ALSO ONE DAY HAPPEN... TO A MAN WITHOUT FEAR.



ALL OF YOU! STAND BACK!!

GIVE HIM ROOM TO BREATHE!

DAREDEVIL!!

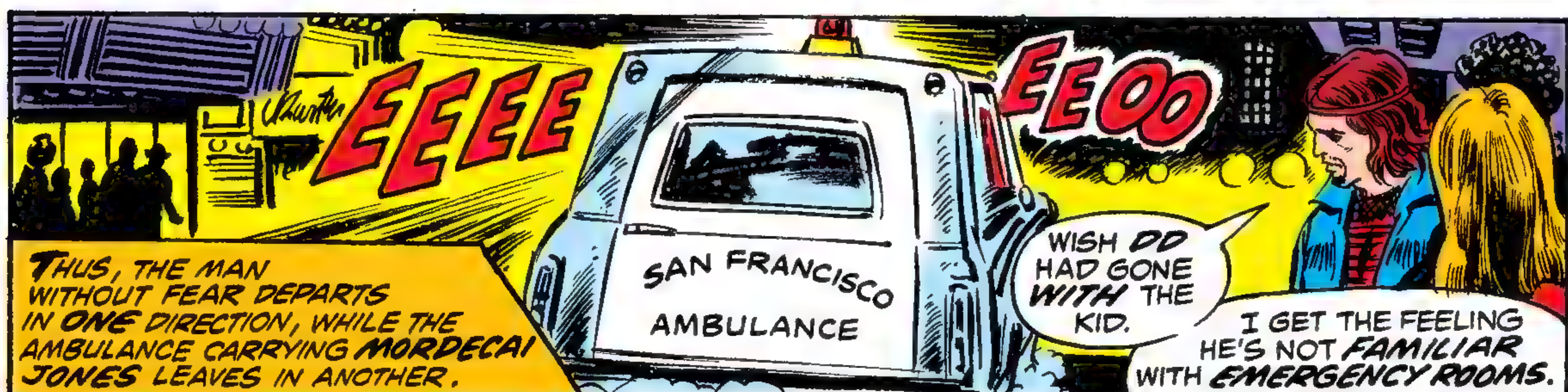
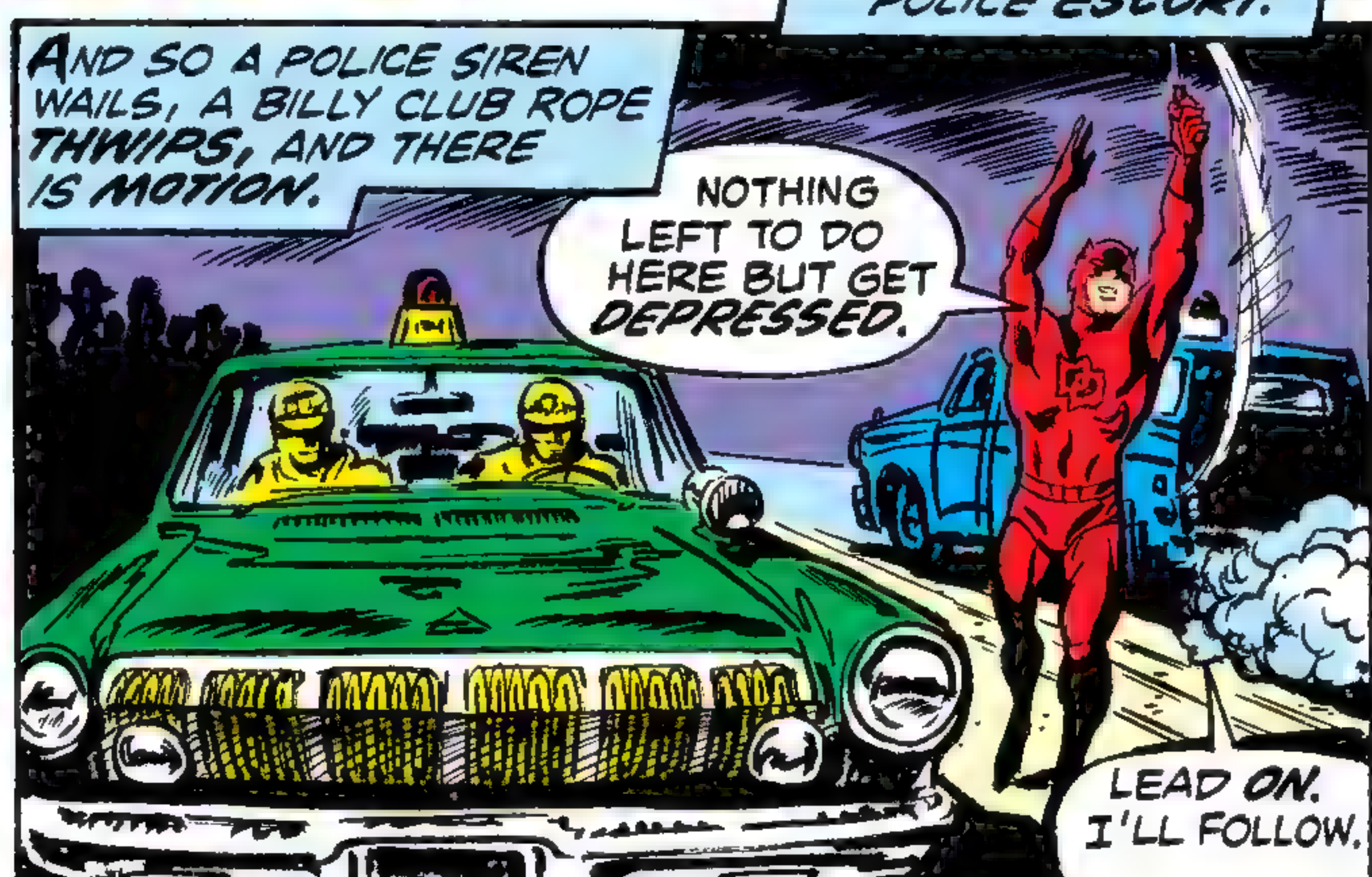
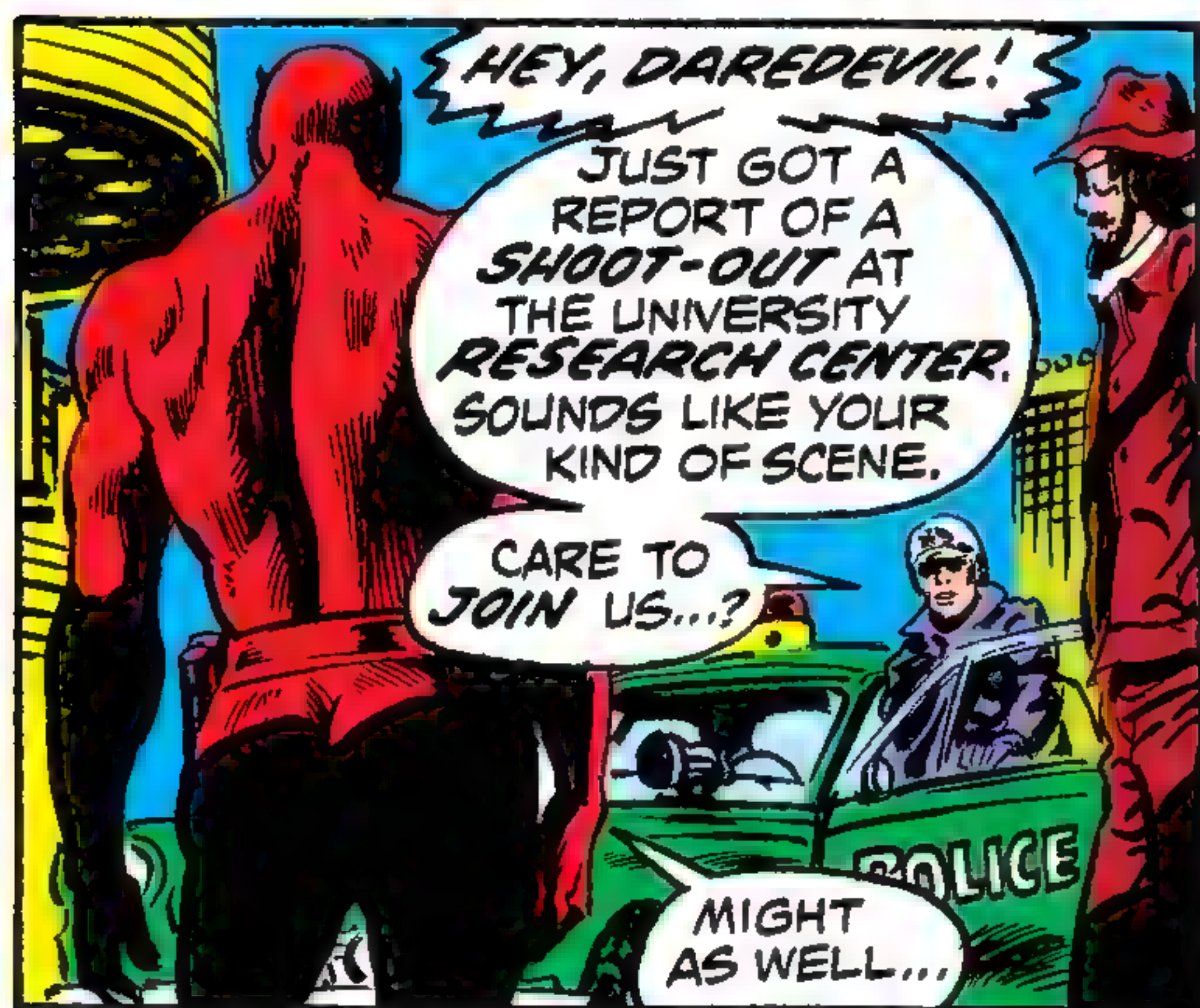
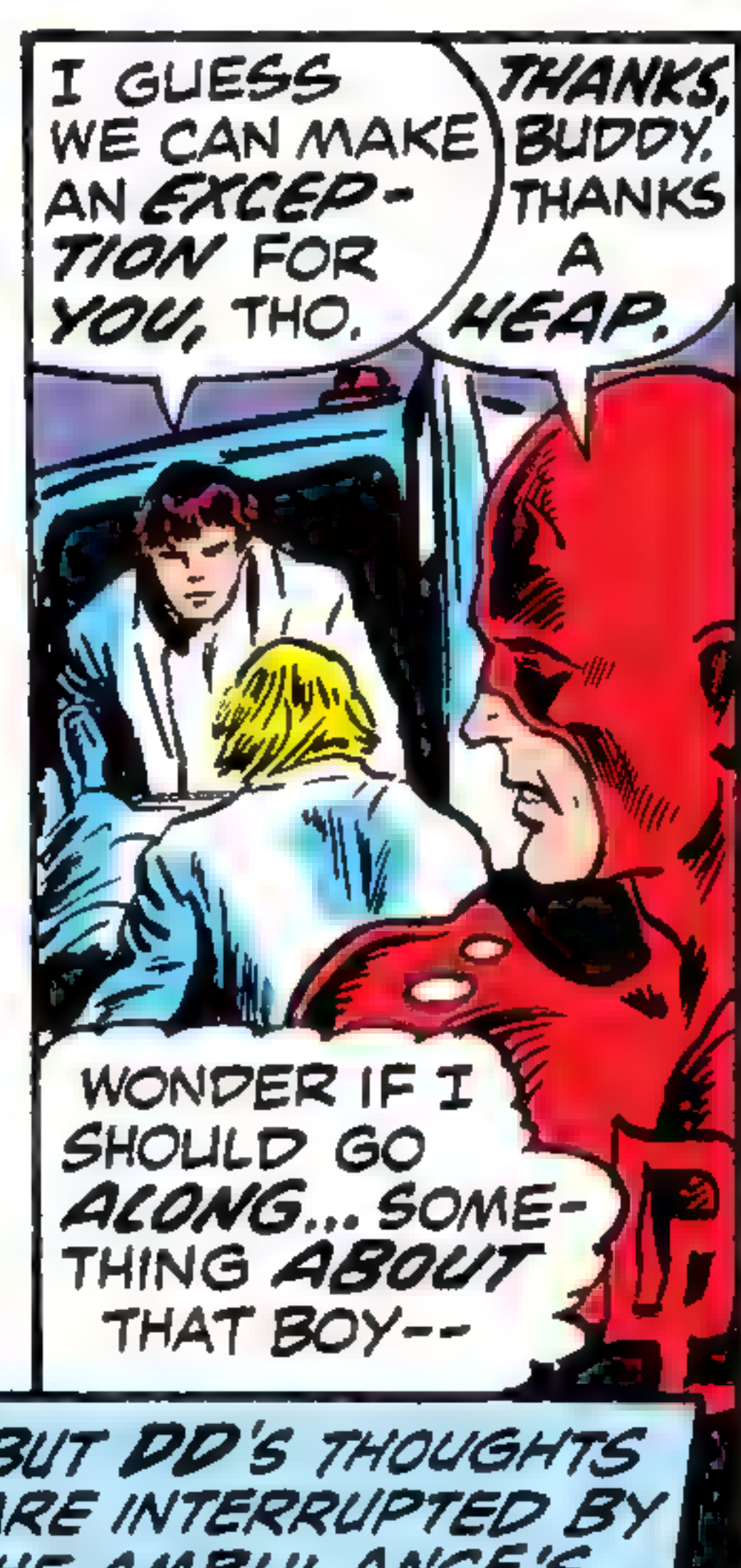
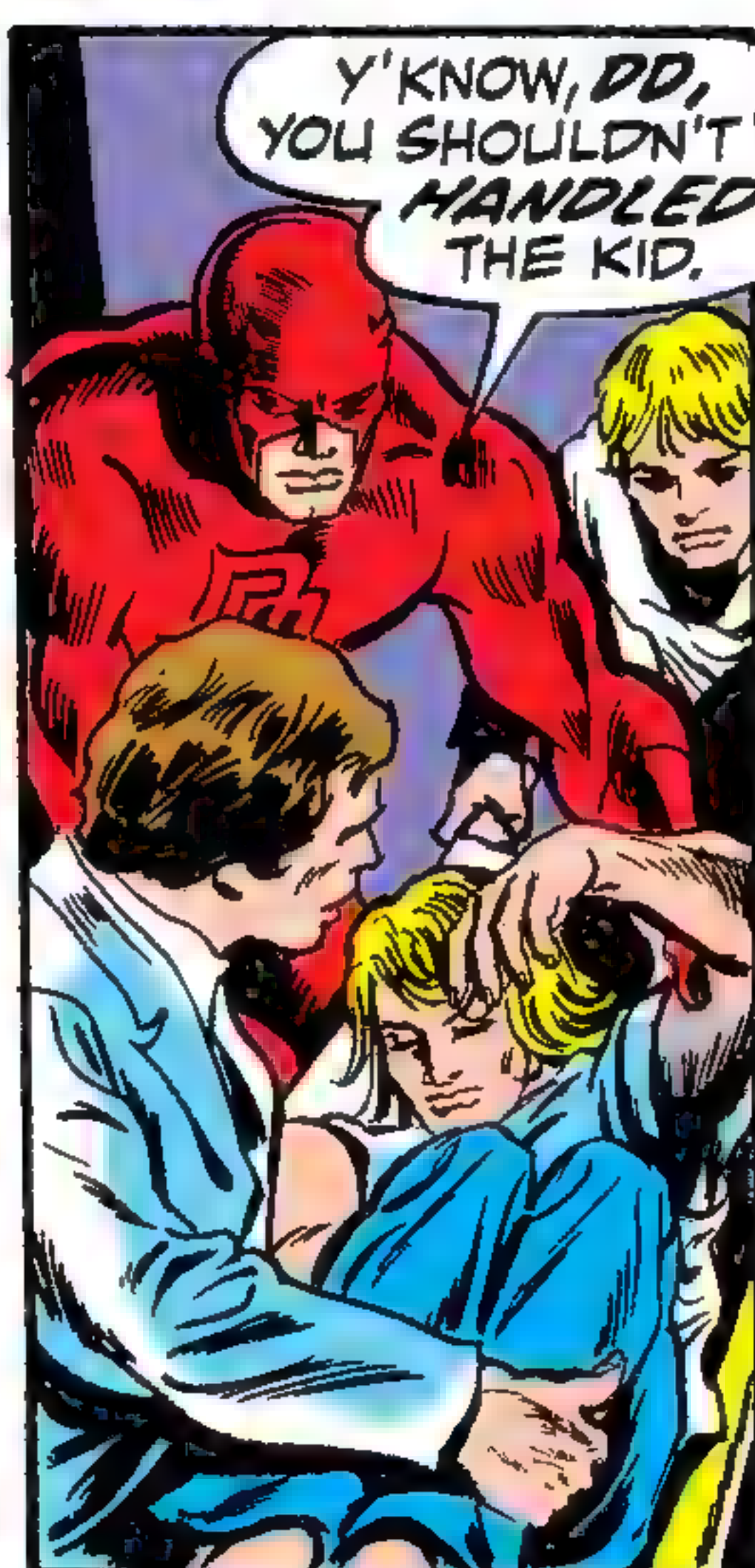
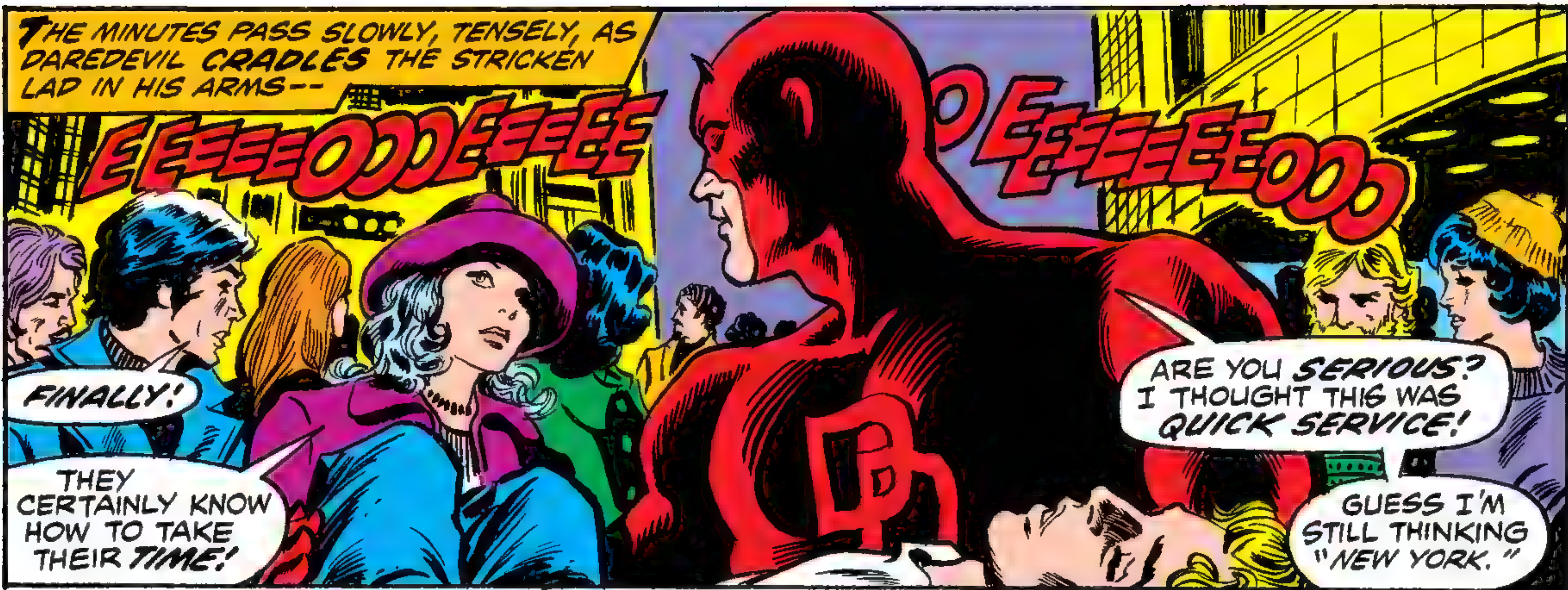


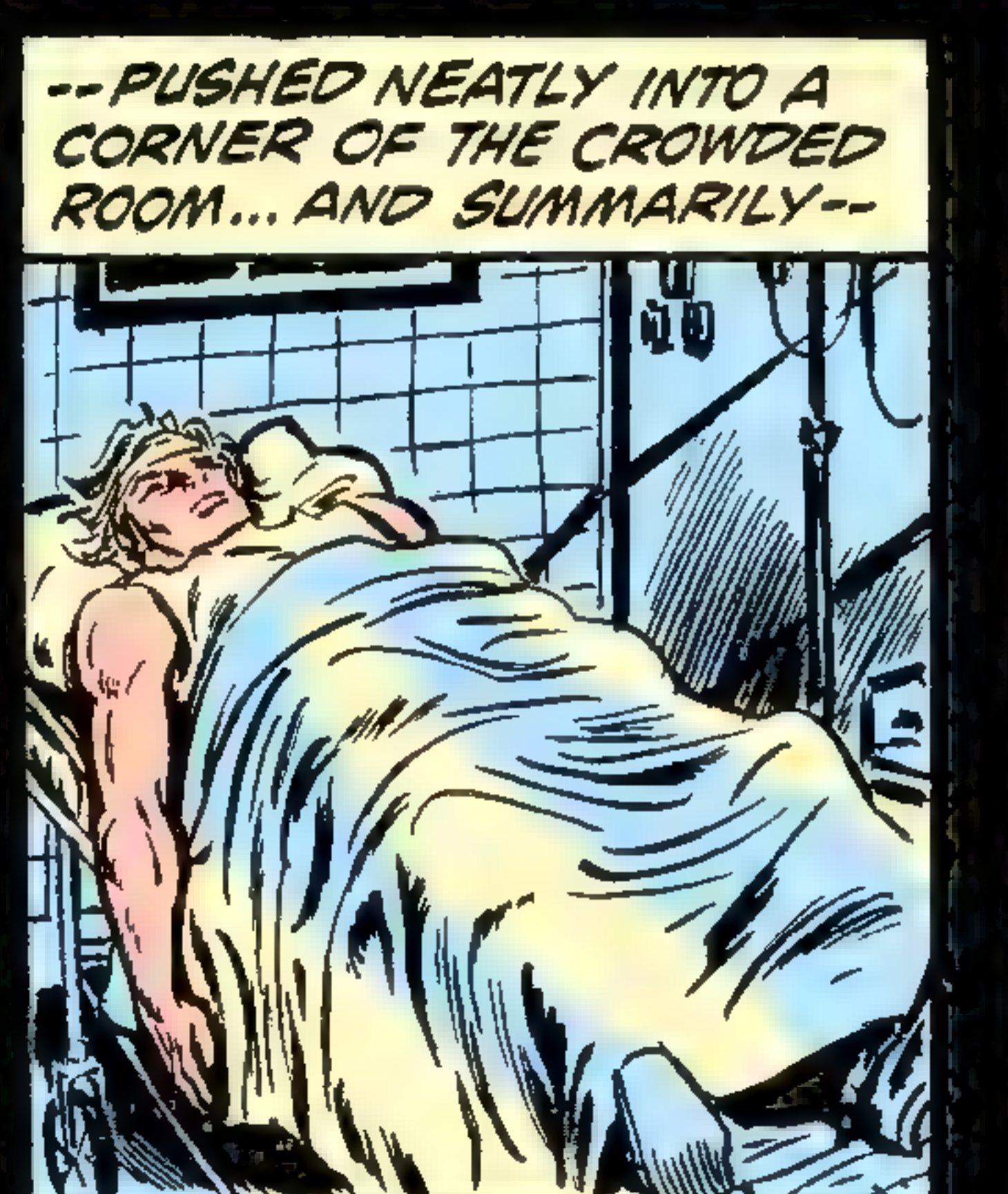
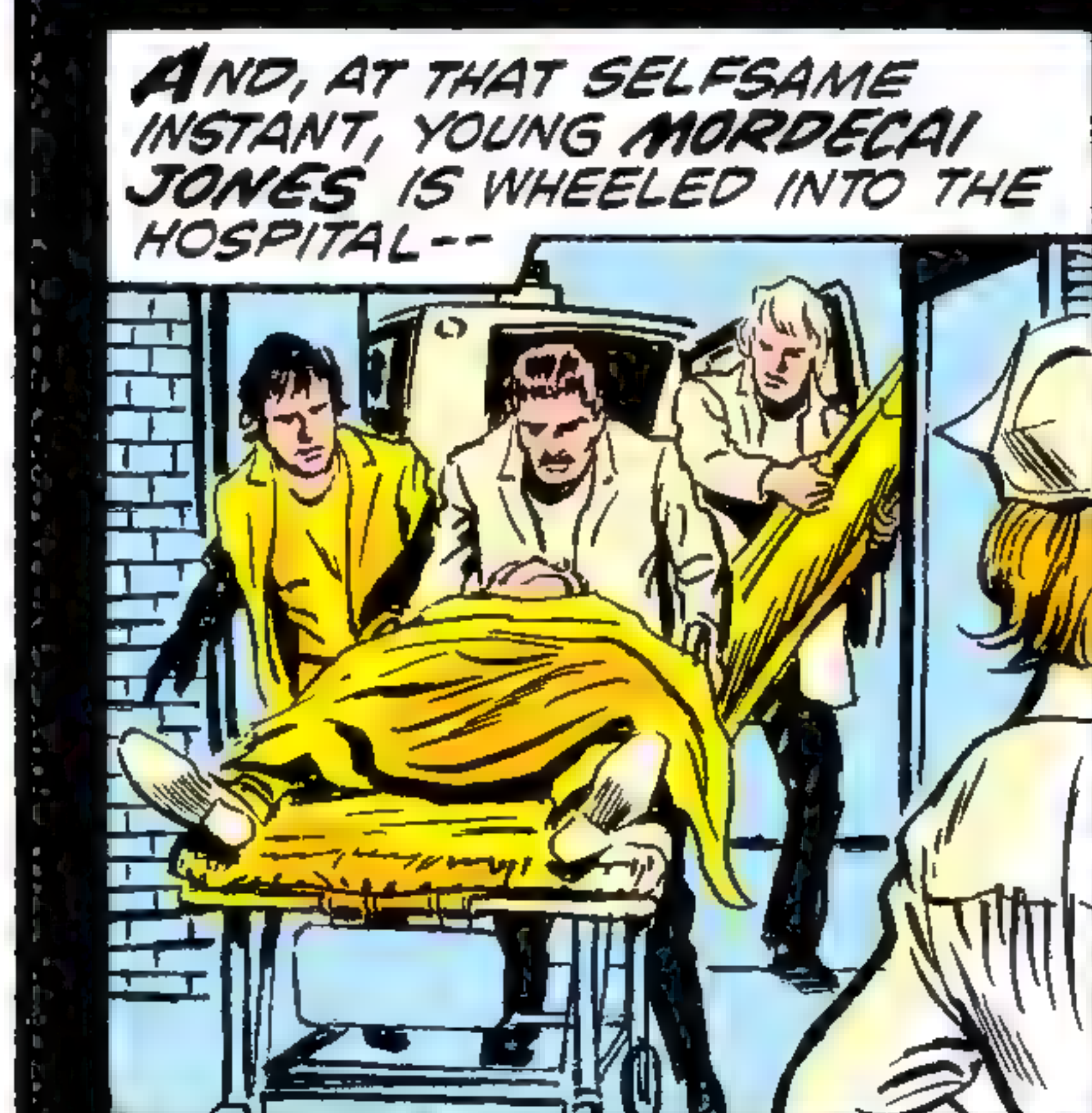
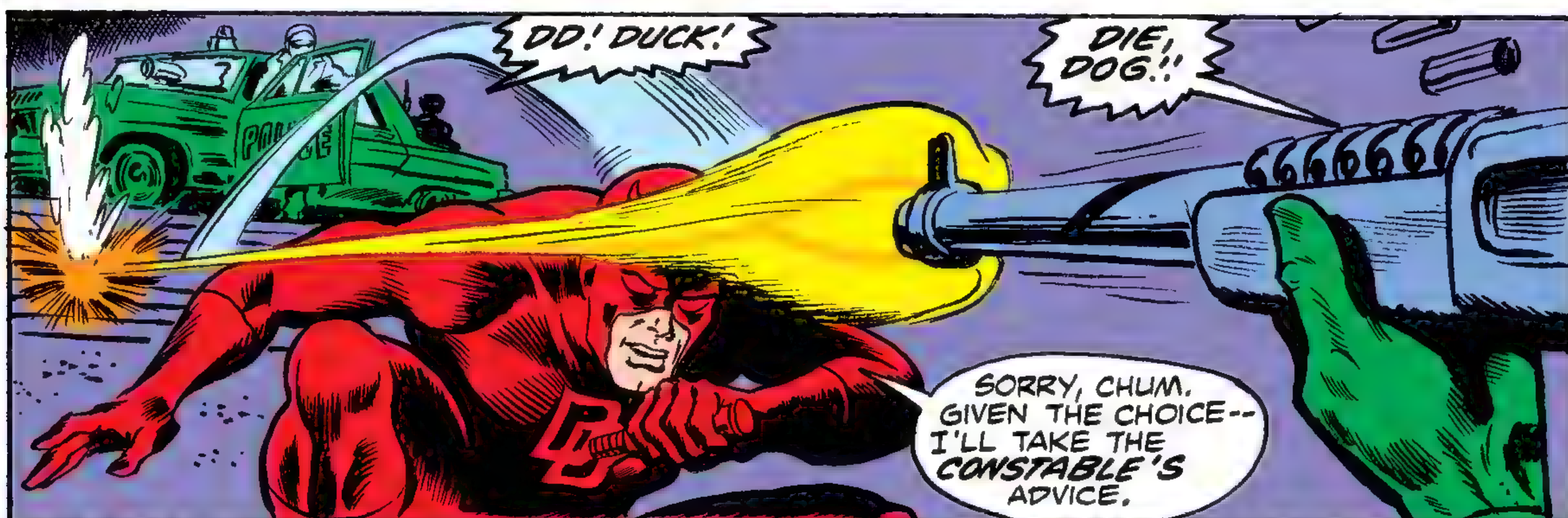
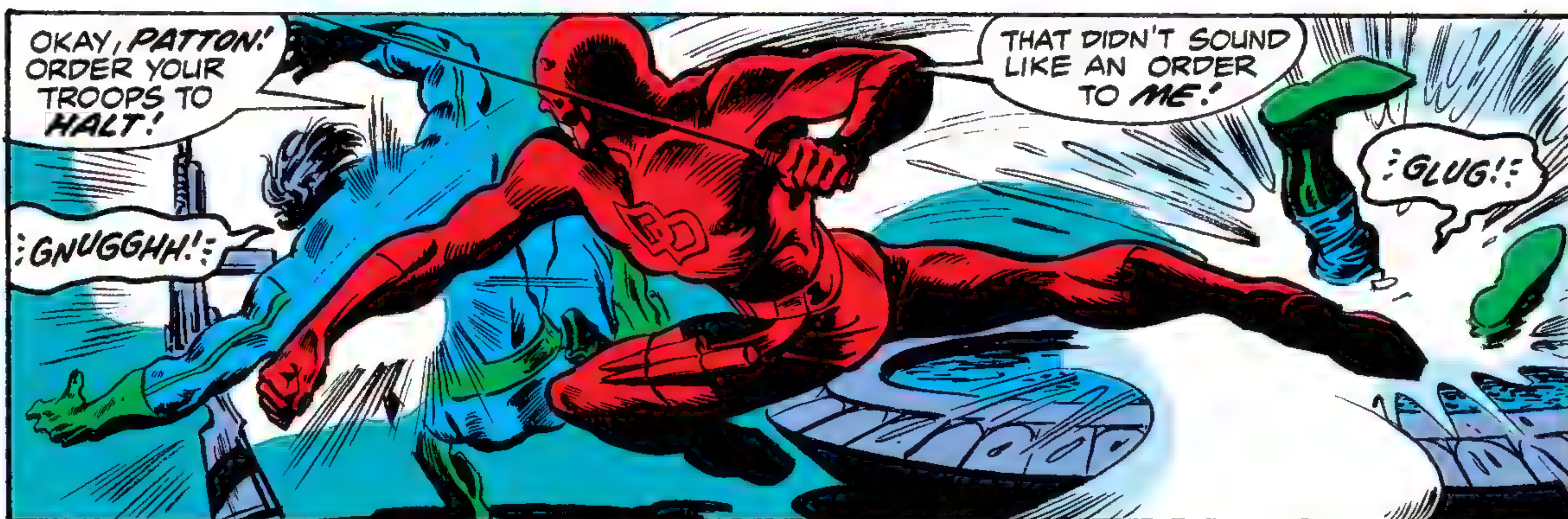
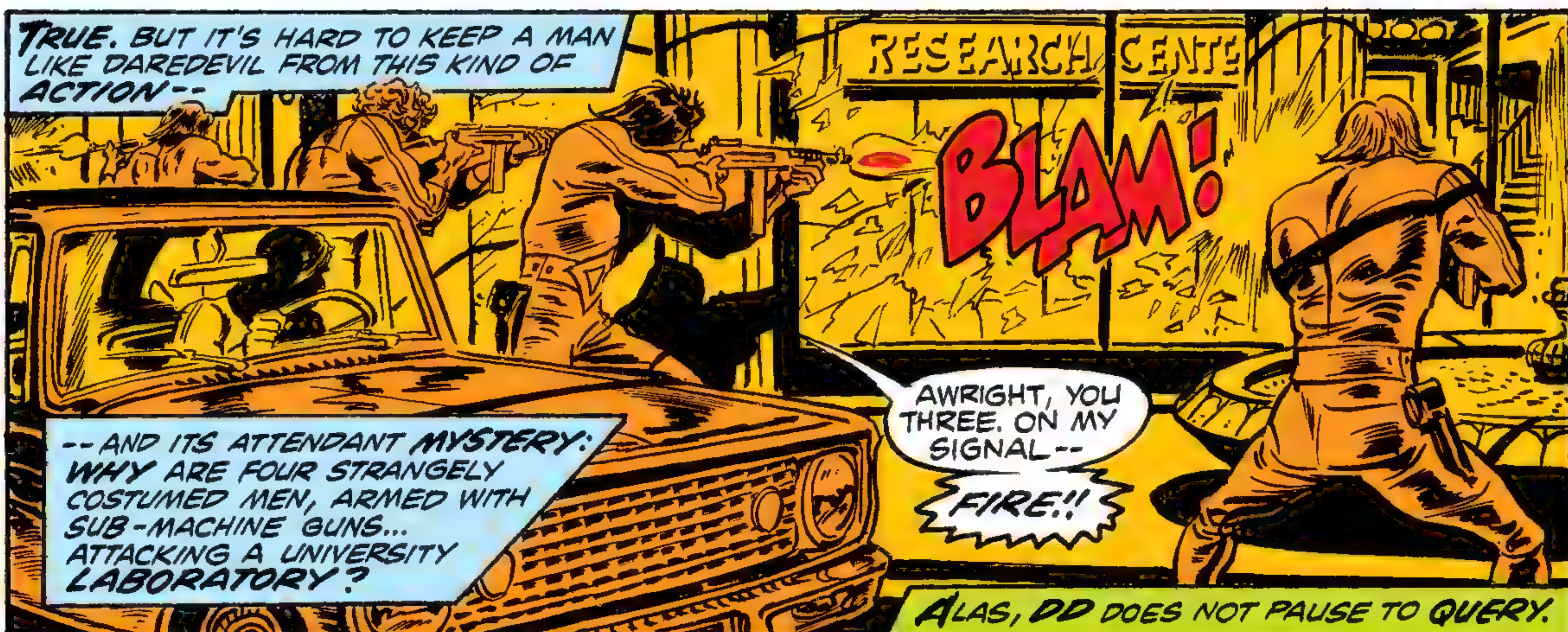
GET THAT DOG OUT OF HERE! AND SOMEONE CALL AN AMBULANCE!

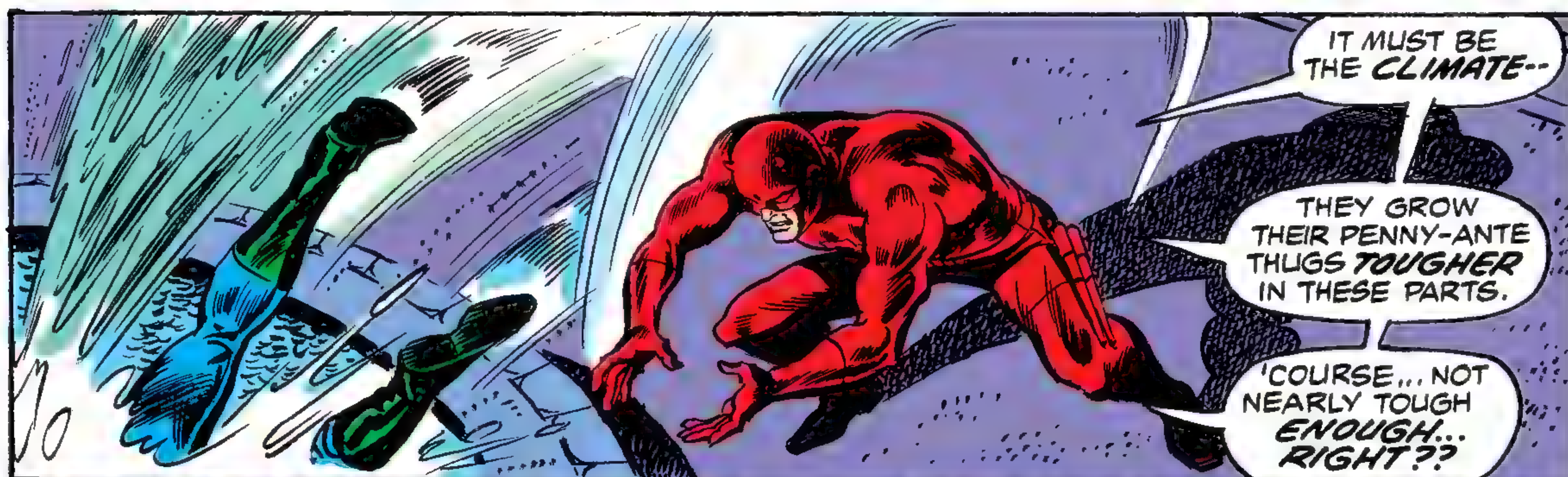
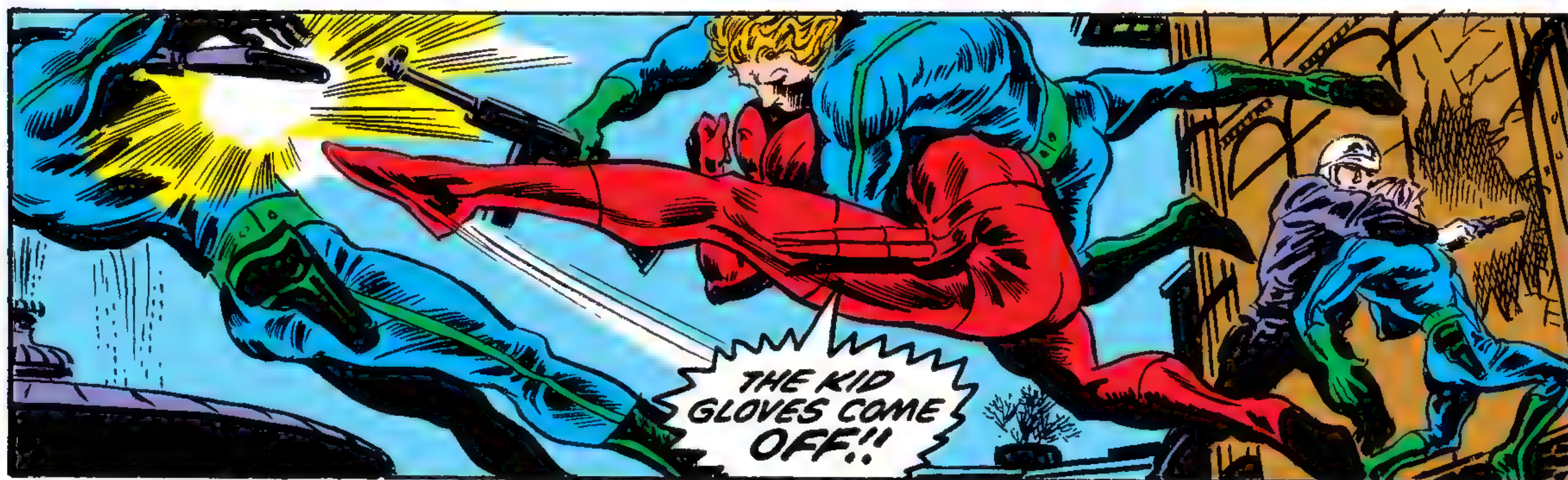
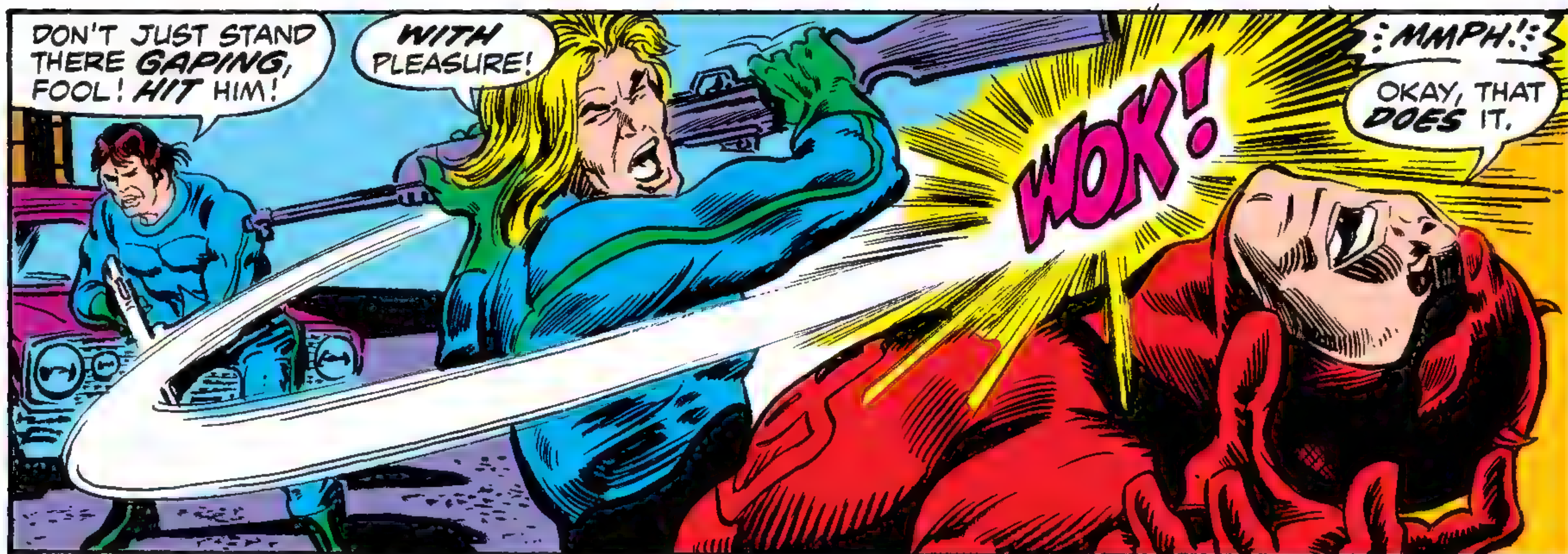
THIS KID NEEDS HELP-- FAST!

MY HEARING'S PICKING UP HIS HEARTBEAT... STILL STRONG... BUT IT'S GROWING WEAKER EVERY SECOND!

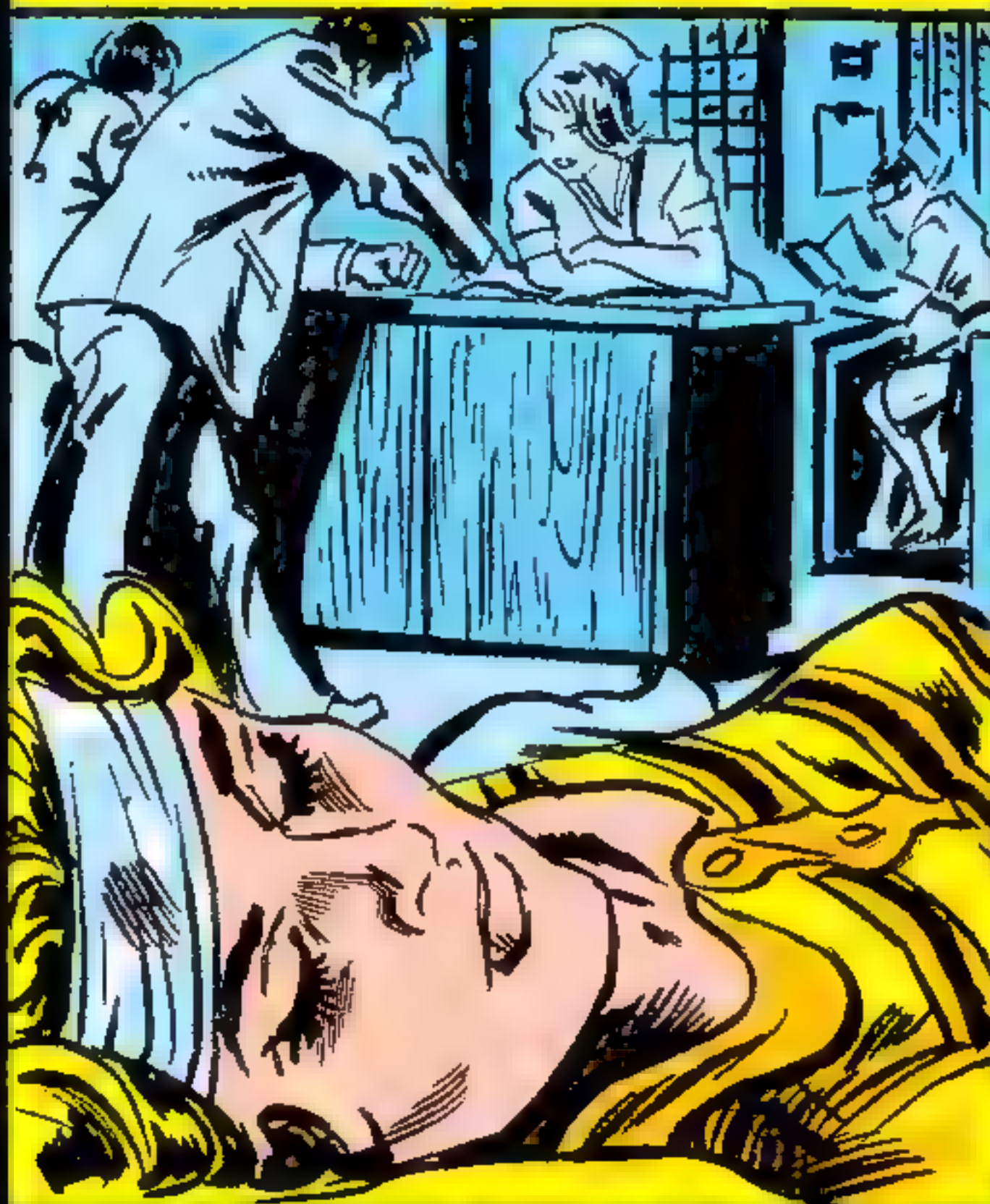
I'M... SORRY-- I--







--FORGOTTEN IN THE TIDE OF INSURANCE FORMS, SIGN-IN SHEETS, REQUISITIONS, IDLE CHATTER, AND, OH YES... OTHER PATIENTS.

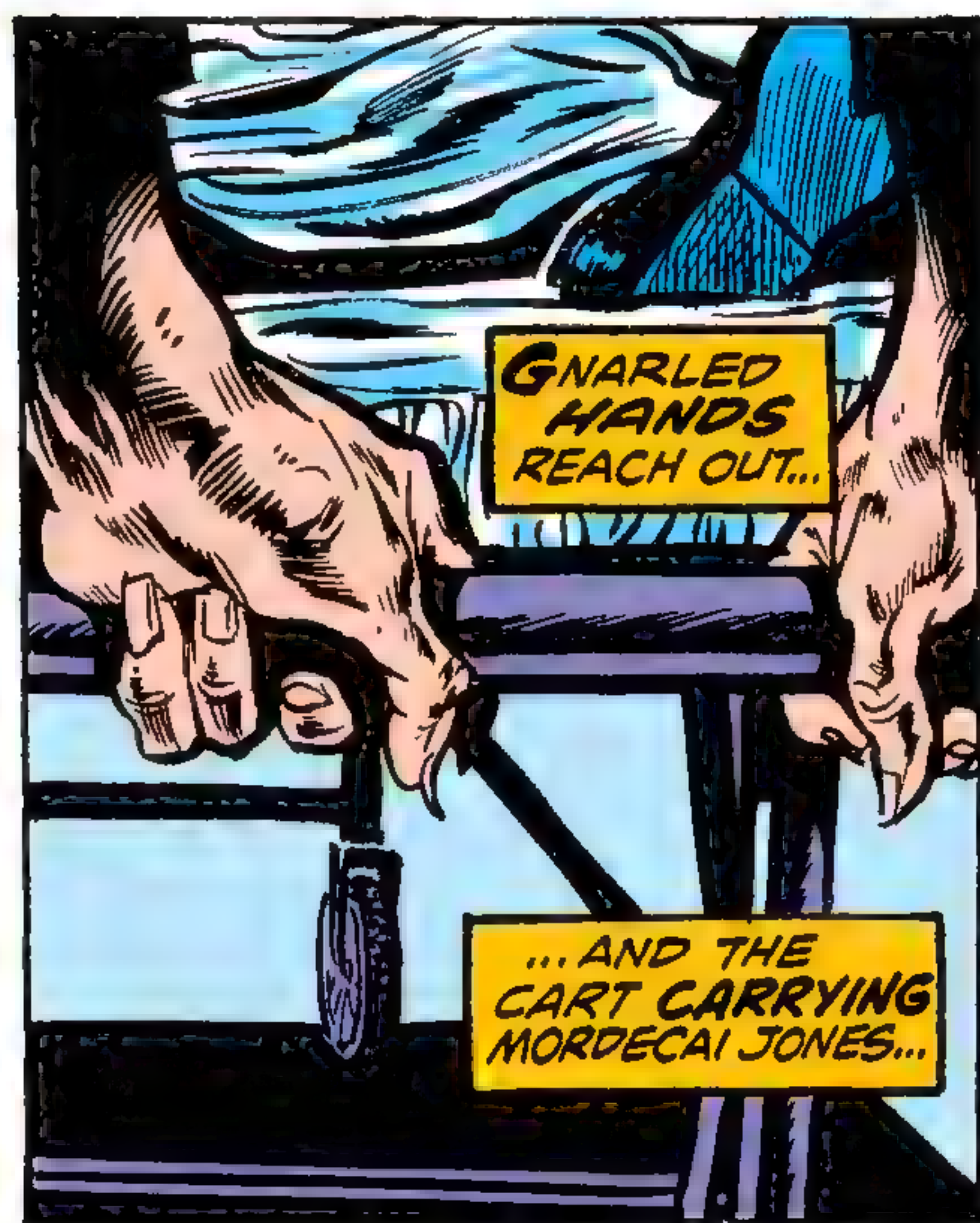
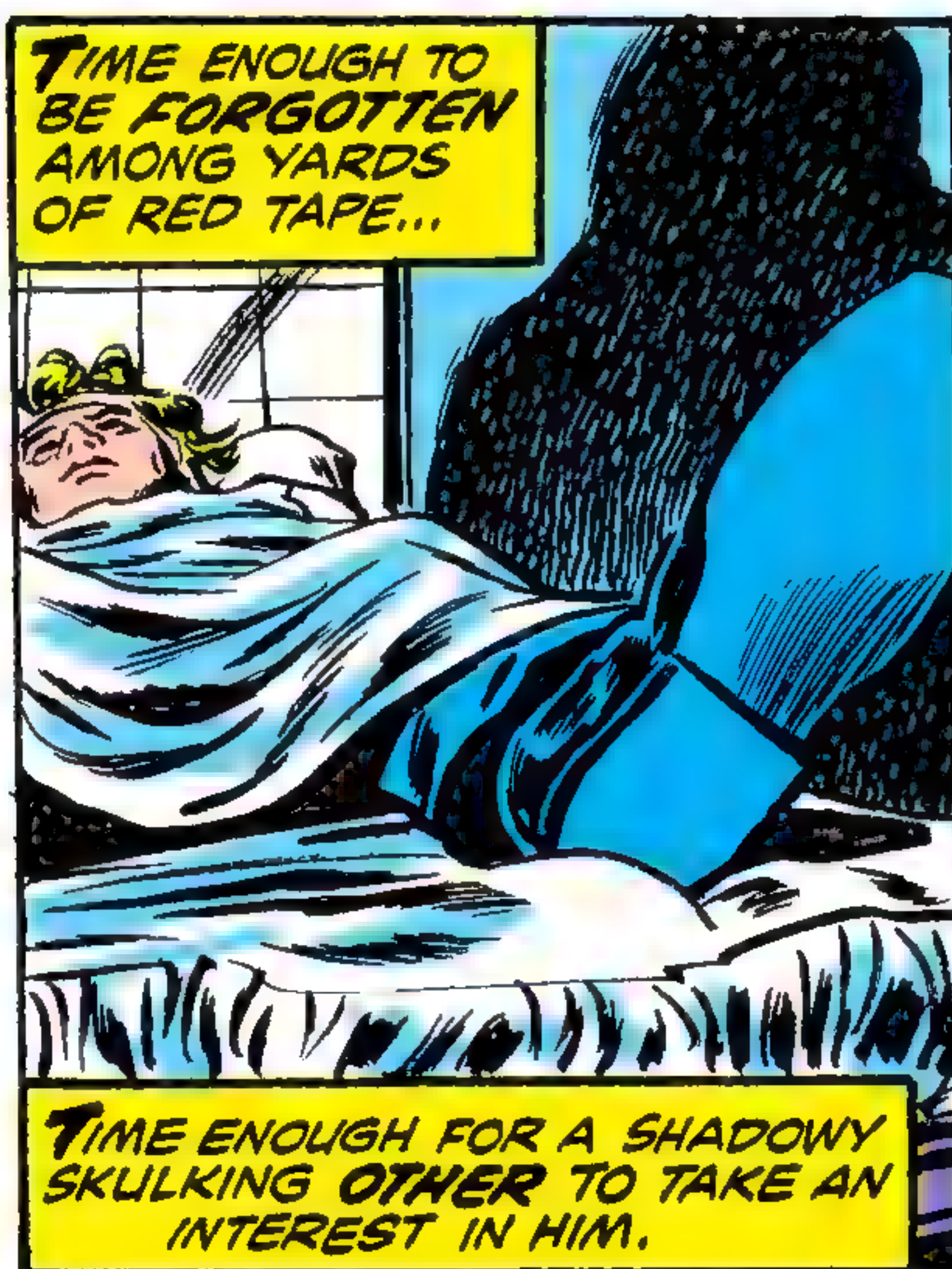
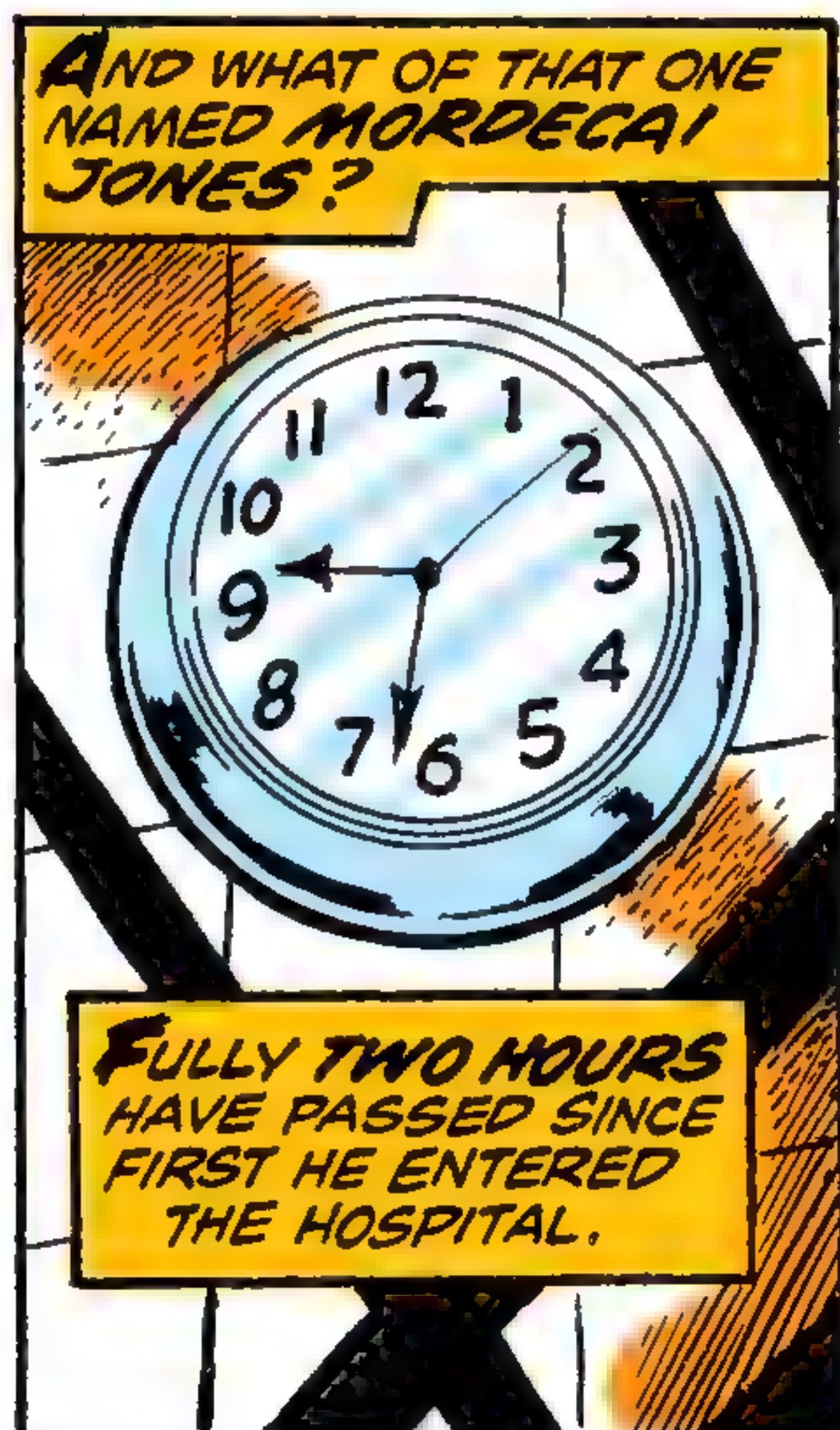
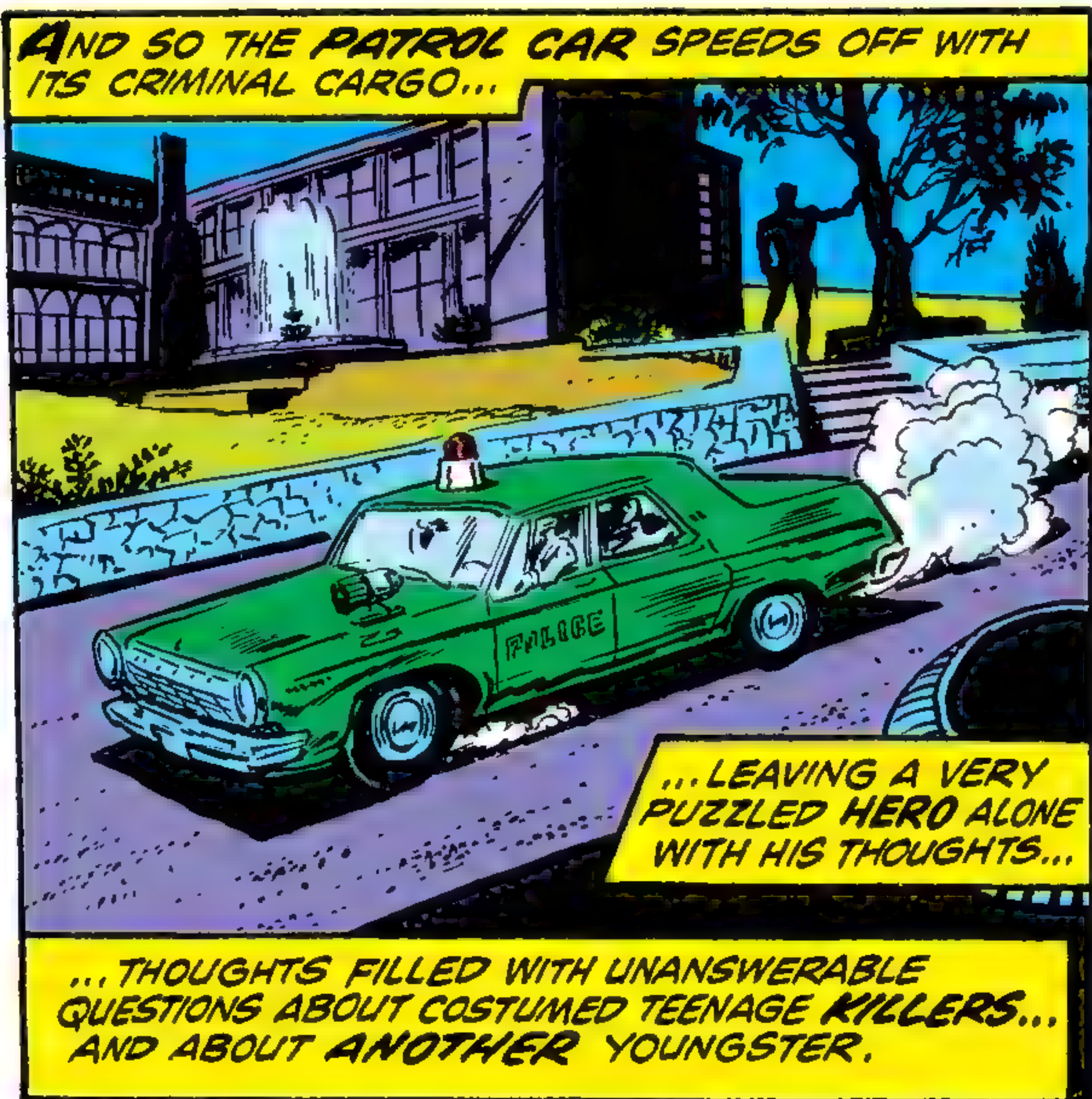
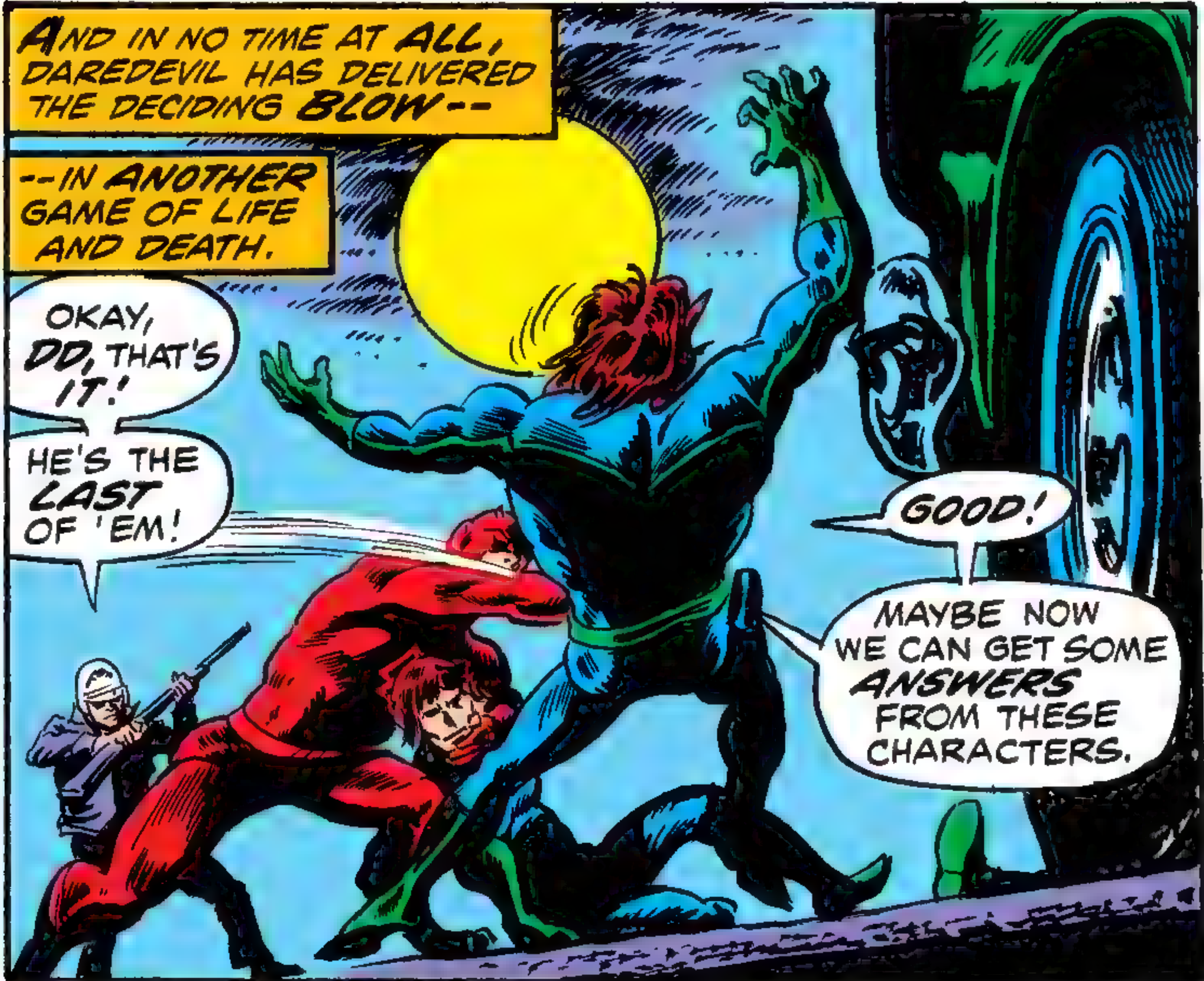


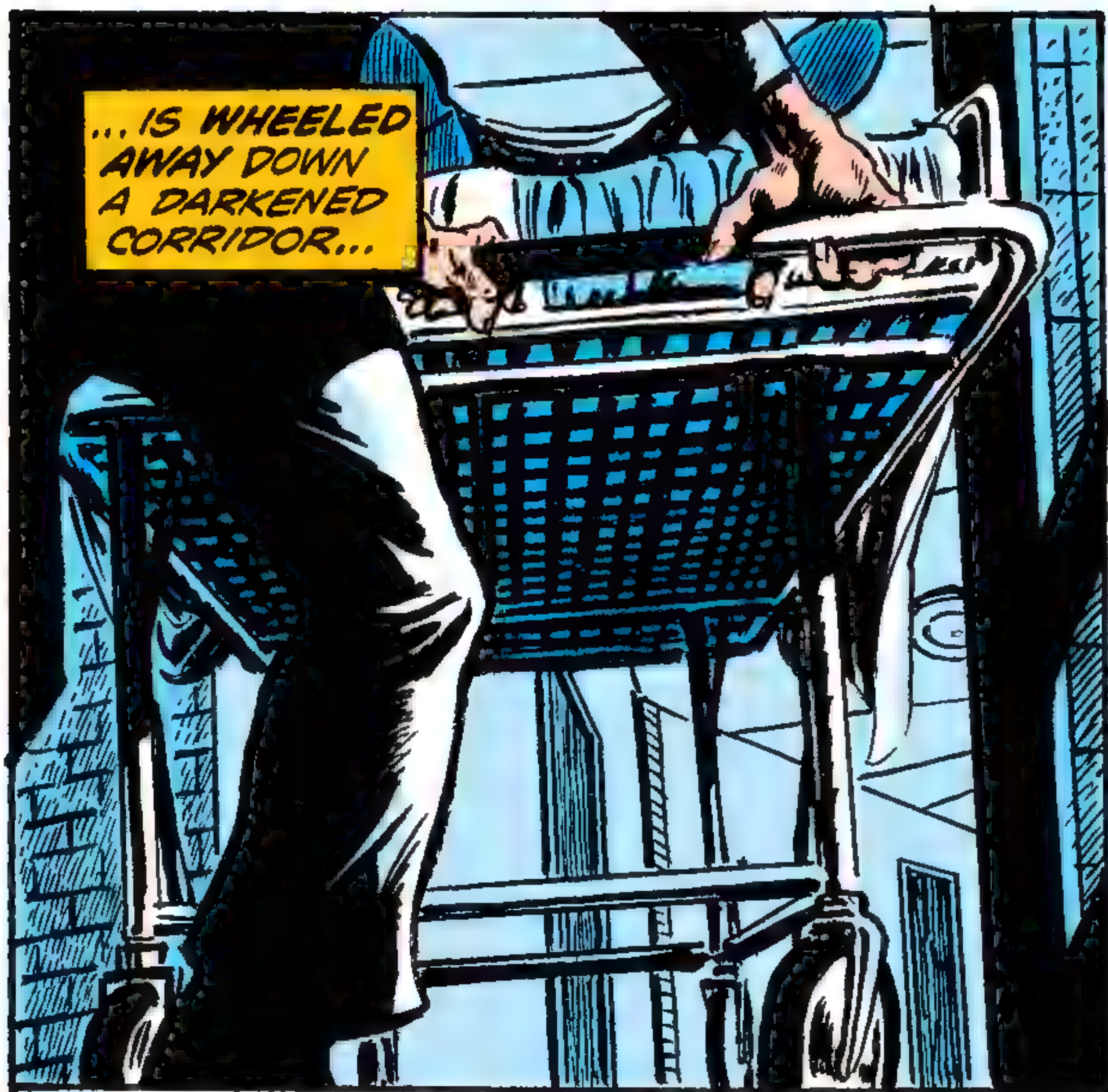
FOR A HOSPITAL IS A VERY LARGE PLACE, AND IN ORDER FOR IT TO FUNCTION SMOOTHLY, RULES MUST BE OBEYED, FIRST THINGS MUST COME FIRST...



... AND OTHERS MUST BE PUT ASIDE... UNTIL THERE IS TIME.





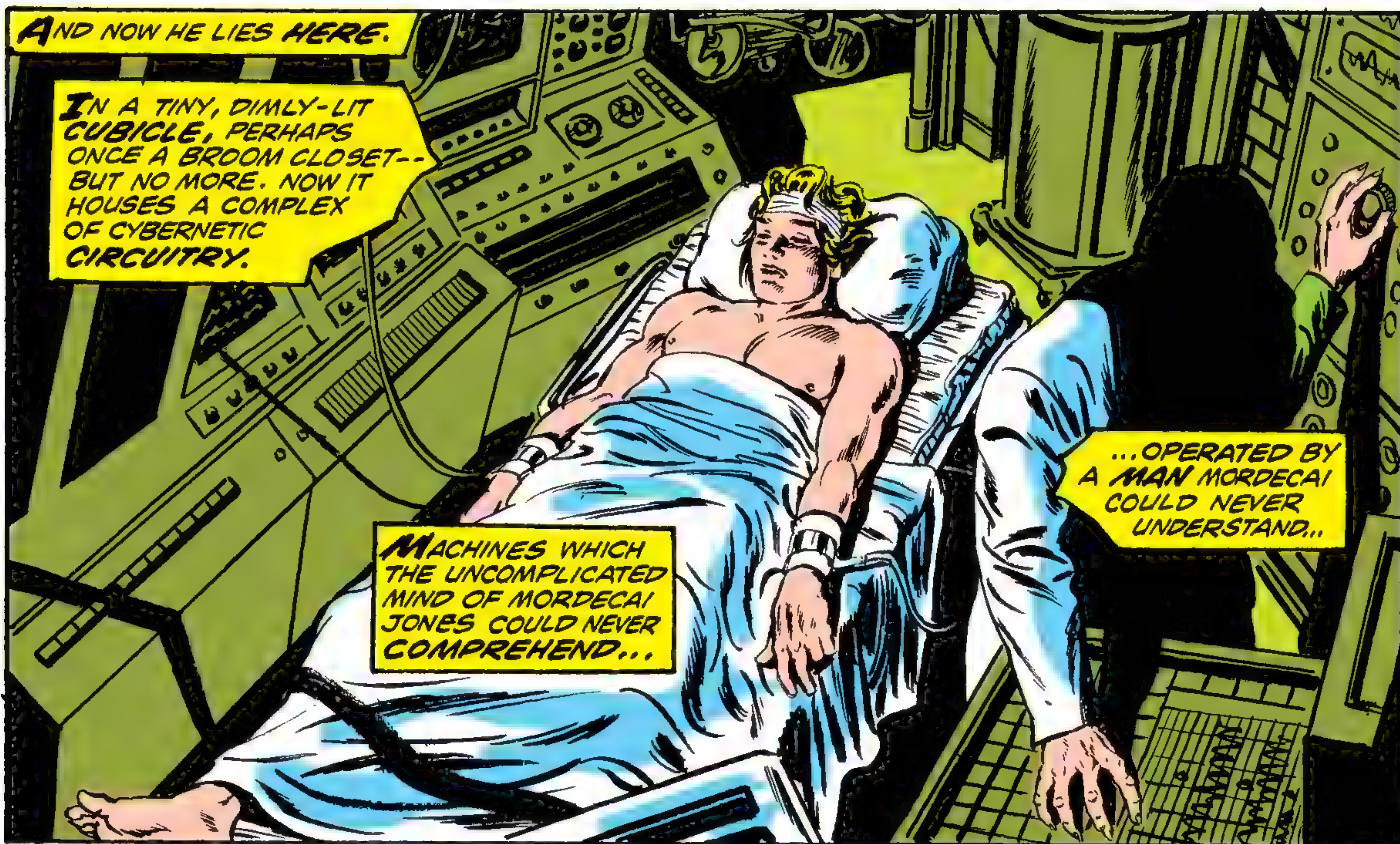


...IS WHEELED
AWAY DOWN
A DARKENED
CORRIDOR...



...UNNOTICED BY THOSE WHO SHOULD 'VE
CARED, SHOULD 'VE MINISTERED TO HIS
NEEDS.

UNNOTICED BY
ANGELS OF
MERCY-TURNED-
FILE CLERKS.

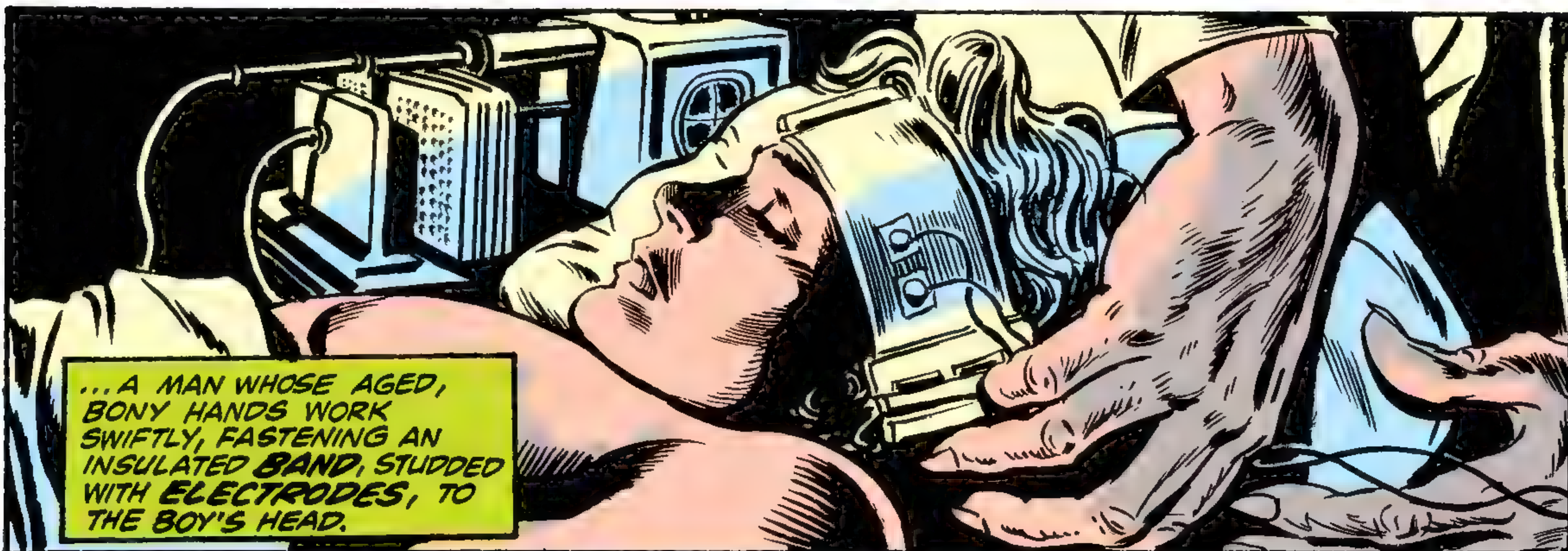


AND NOW HE LIES HERE.

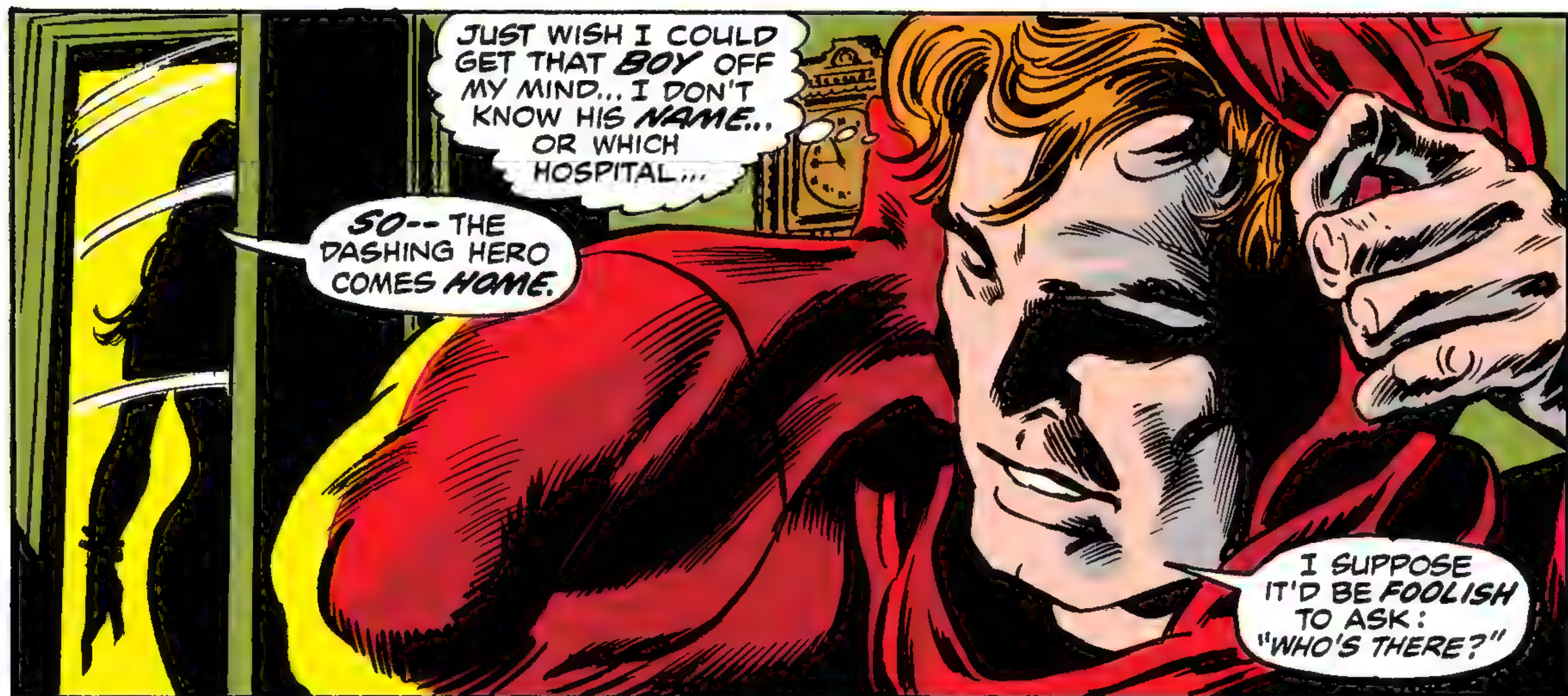
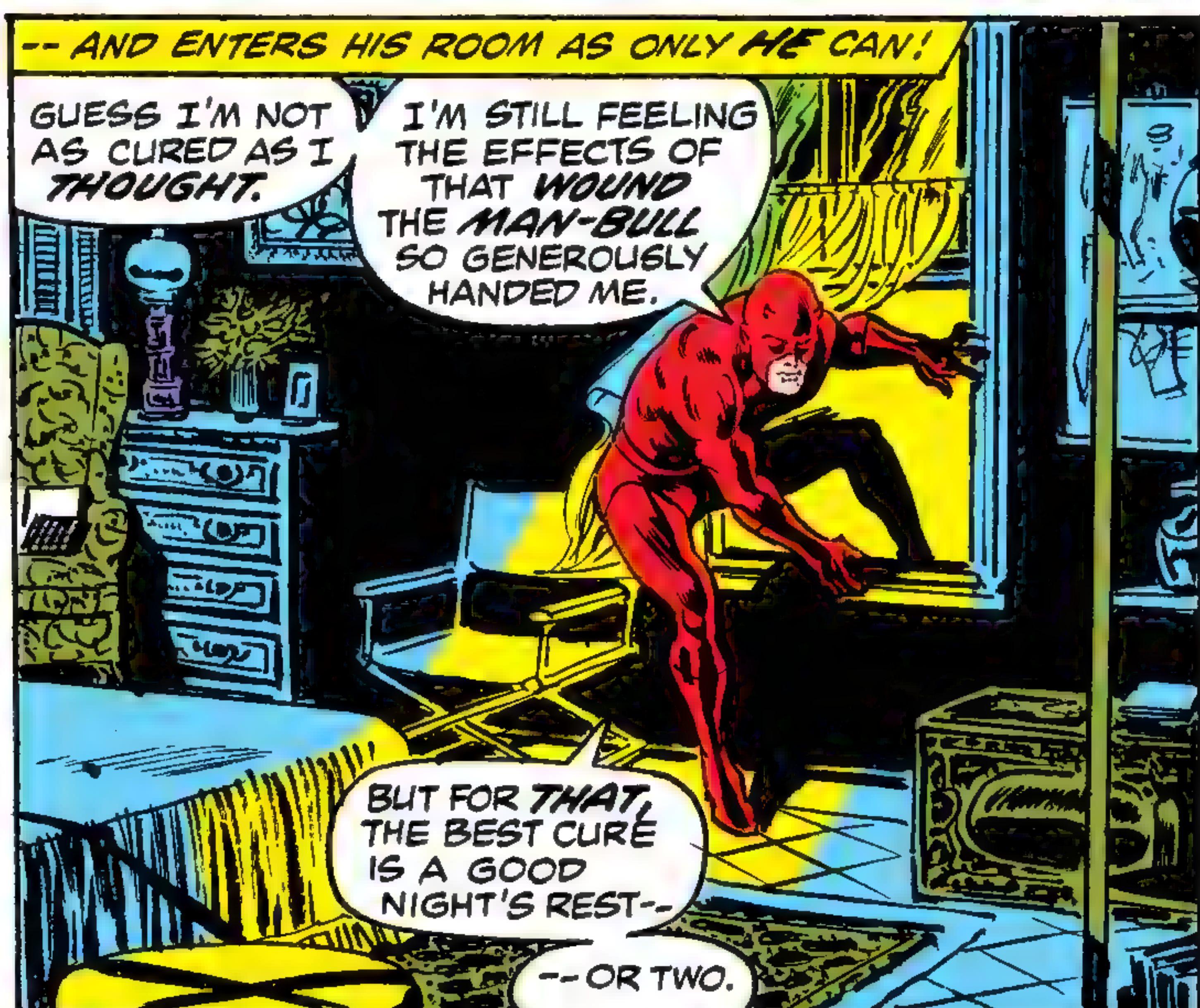
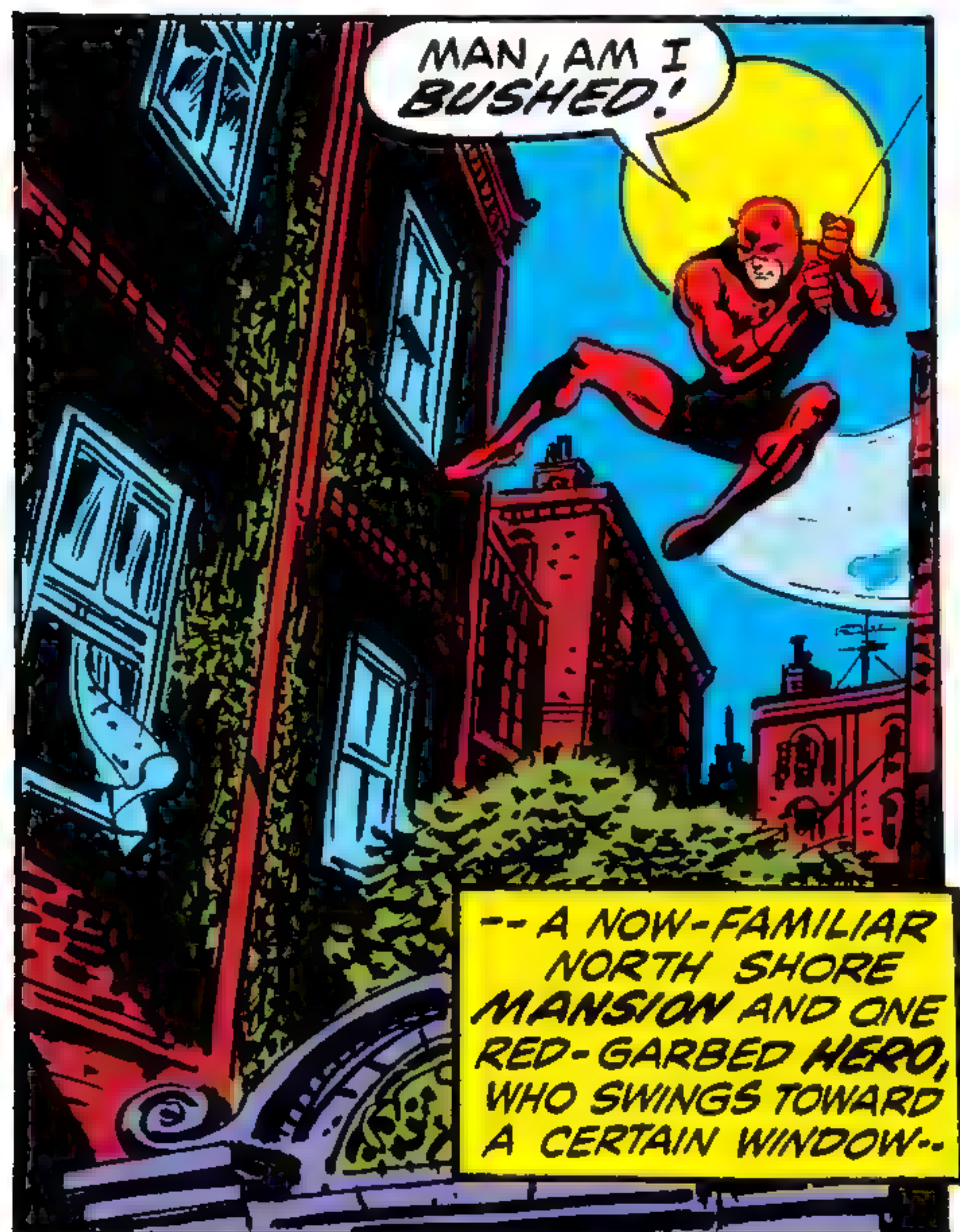
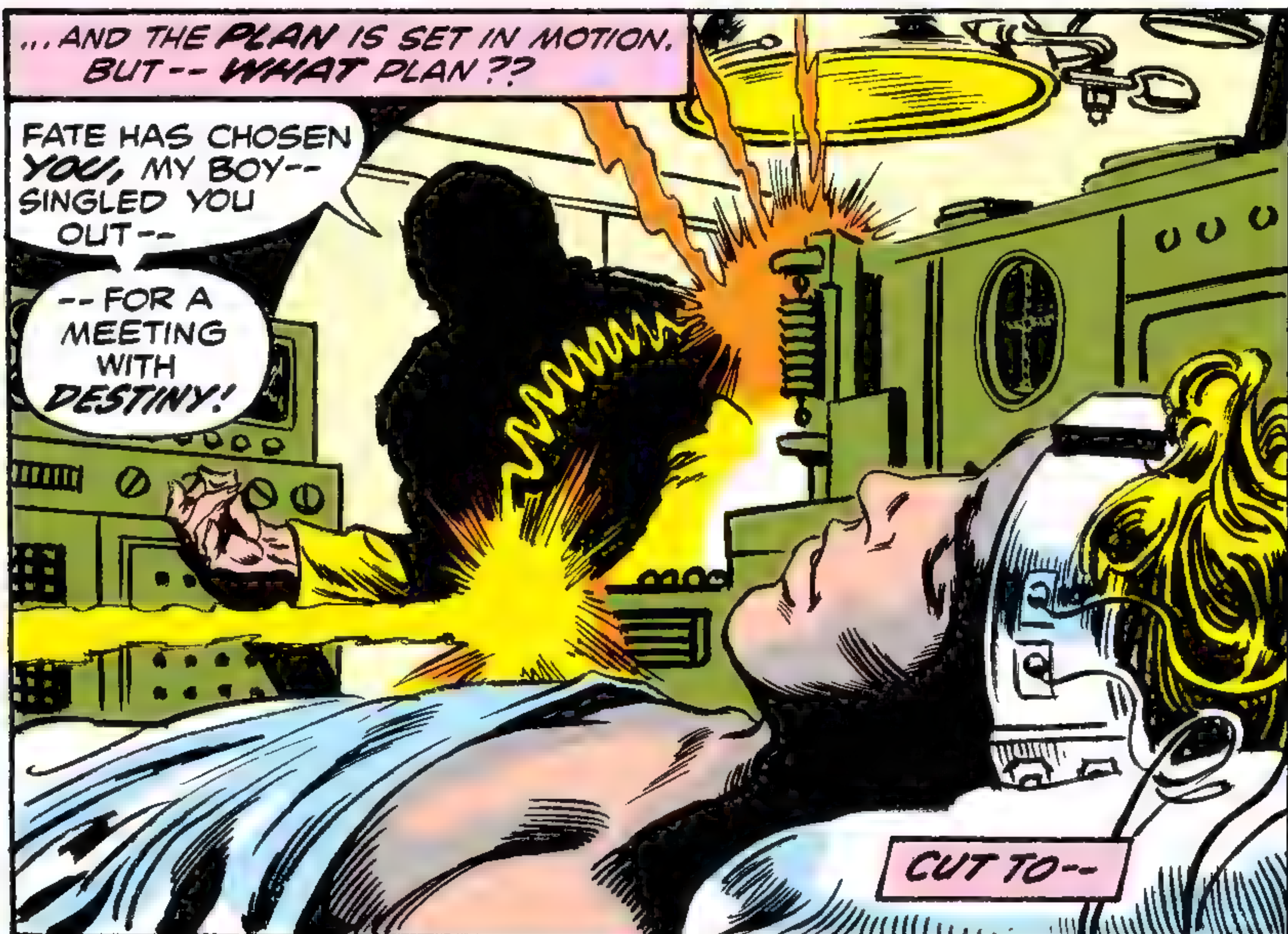
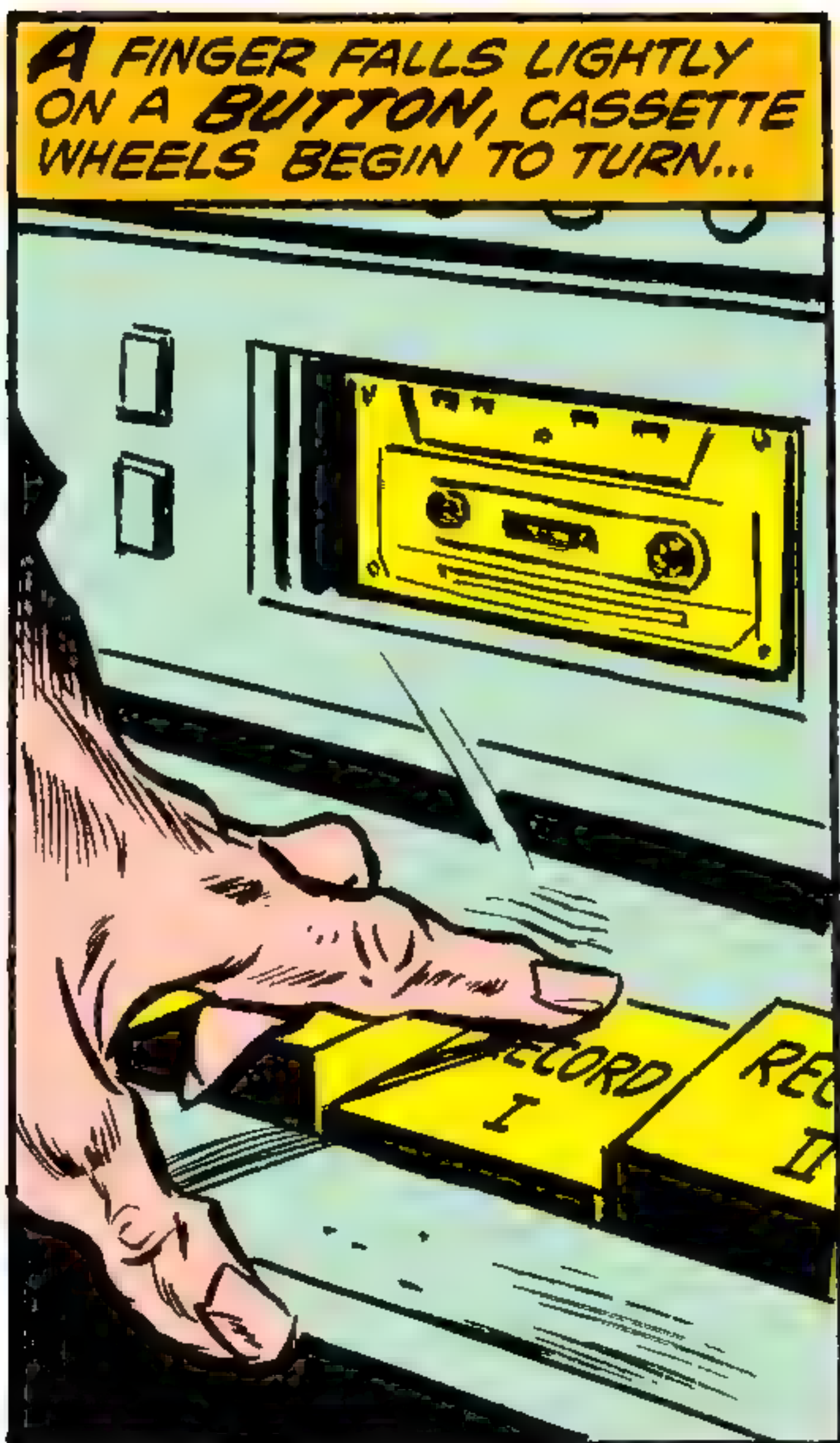
IN A TINY, DIMLY-LIT
CUBICLE, PERHAPS
ONCE A BROOM CLOSET--
BUT NO MORE. NOW IT
HOUSES A COMPLEX
OF CYBERNETIC
CIRCUITRY.

MACHINES WHICH
THE UNCOMPLICATED
MIND OF MORDECAI
JONES COULD NEVER
COMPREHEND...

...OPERATED BY
A MAN MORDECAI
COULD NEVER
UNDERSTAND...



...A MAN WHOSE AGED,
BONY HANDS WORK
SWIFTLY, FASTENING AN
INSULATED BAND, STUDDED
WITH ELECTRODES, TO
THE BOY'S HEAD.



WHY, **MATTHEW**-- IT'S NONE OTHER THAN YOUR MILDLY MAIMED **PARTNER**-- ALL DECKED OUT IN THE HEIGHT OF **FASHION**!

KNIT HALTER... SUEDE BELT... DENIM SLACKS... AND CLEAN **BANDAGE**.

YOU DO **REMEMBER**, DON'T YOU--? I WAS HURT BY **MAN-BULL**, TOO.*

OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN **THAT** THE SAME WAY YOU FORGOT--

*AS PAINFULLY PORTRAYED IN **DD/BW #96**. --ROY.

--THAT WE'RE **BOTH** SUPPOSED TO BE TAKING IT **EASY**!

AW, C'MON, 'TASHA-- MY WOUND'S ALMOST ALL **HEALED**.

BUT IT'S NOT **FAIR**! WHY MUST I SIT AT HOME, WHILE YOU--

HEY, NOW-- COME HERE...

PLEASE, MATT... NOT **NOW**.

OKAY, LADY, HAVE IT **YOUR** WAY.

I WON'T PRESS THE **ISSUE**.

OH, MATT-- I'M **SORRY**. IT'S NOT **YOUR** FAULT...

I JUST GET **CRANKY** WHEN I'M **INACTIVE**.

I WASN'T MADE FOR THE **SEDENTARY** LIFE.

I CAN **SYMPATHIZE**, TASHA.

I'M **SORRY**, TOO-- IF I GOT TOO **HARSH**.

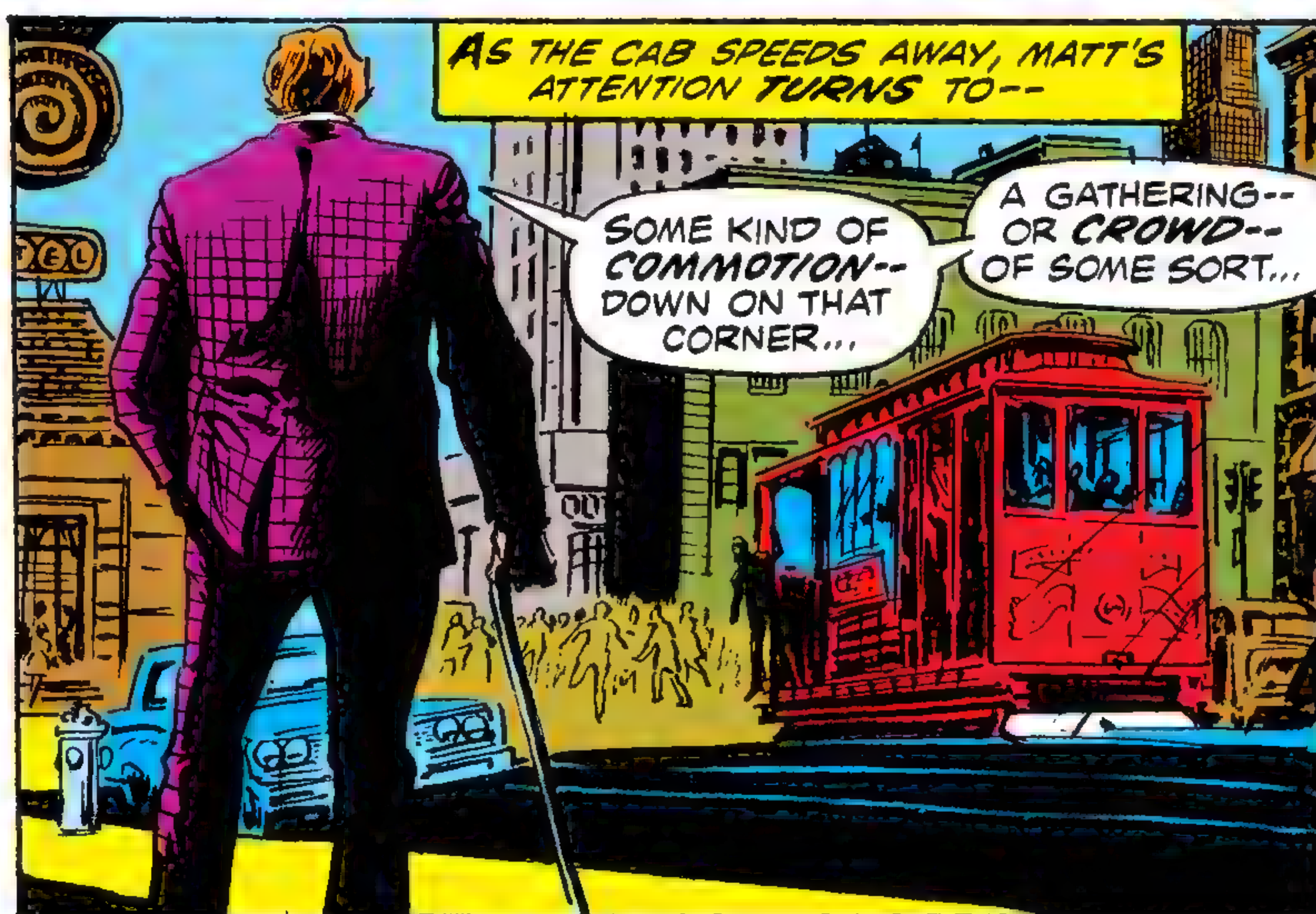
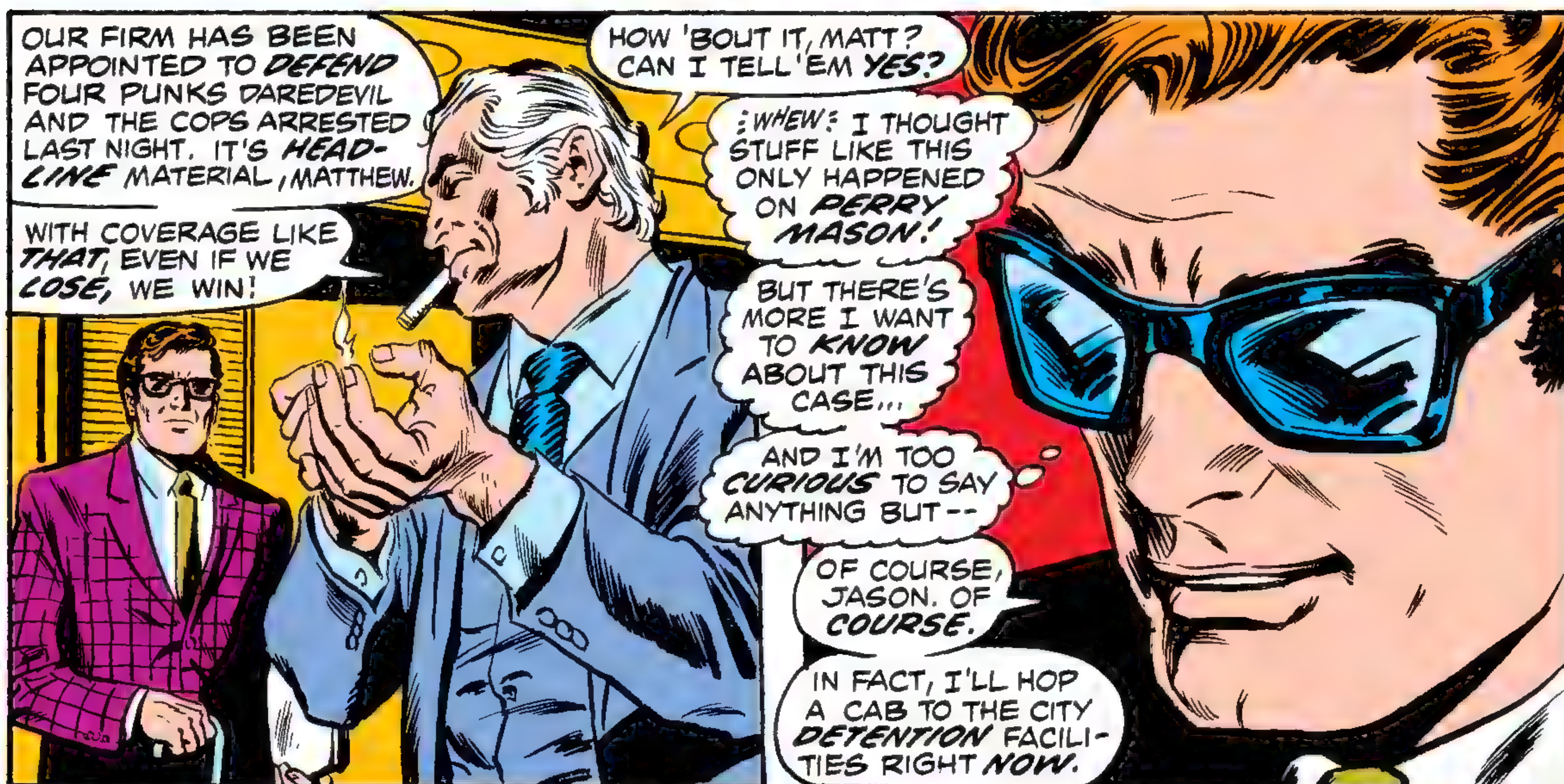
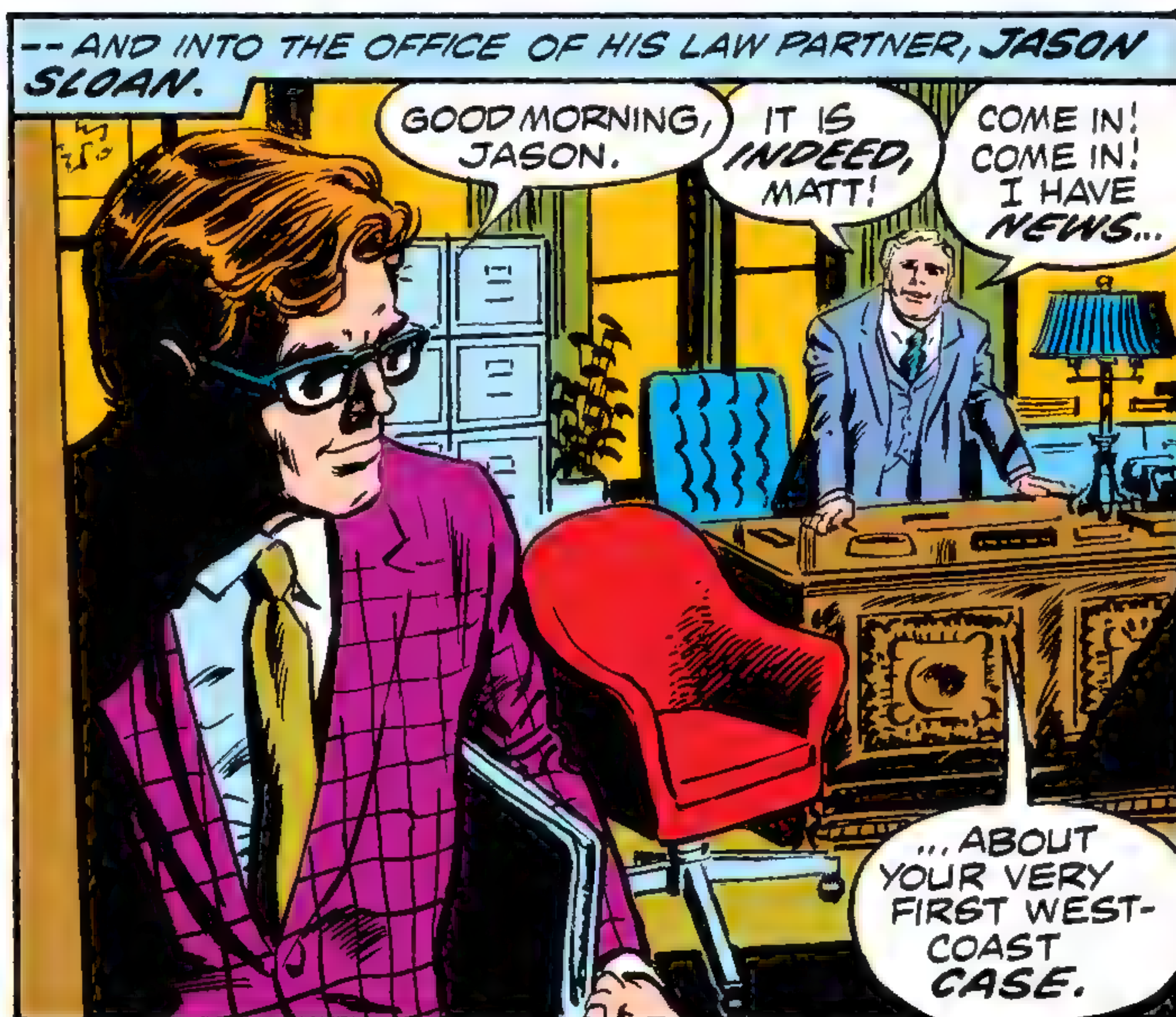
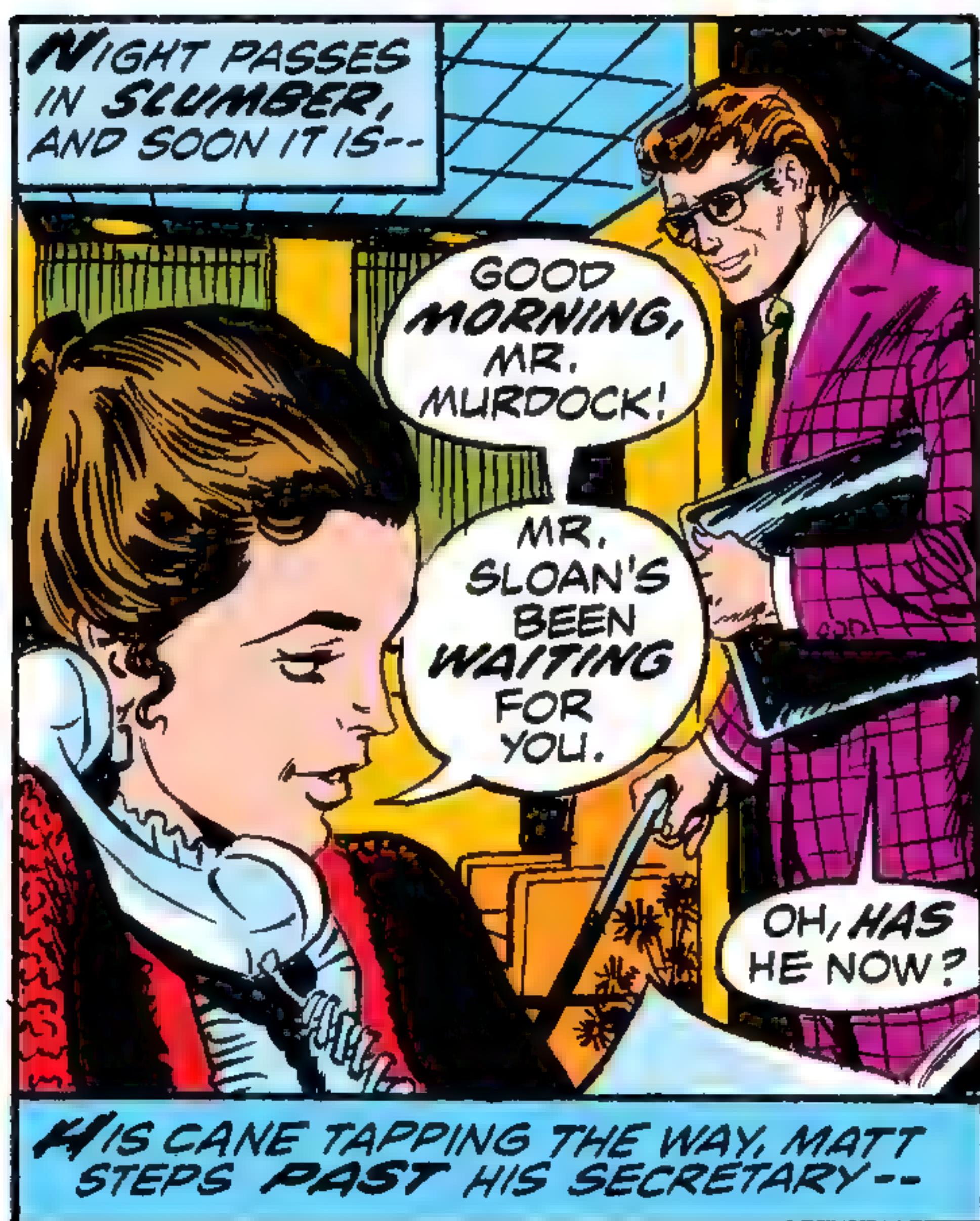
TASHA, HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT CALLING A **DOCTOR**? IT'S BEEN **TWO DAYS**.

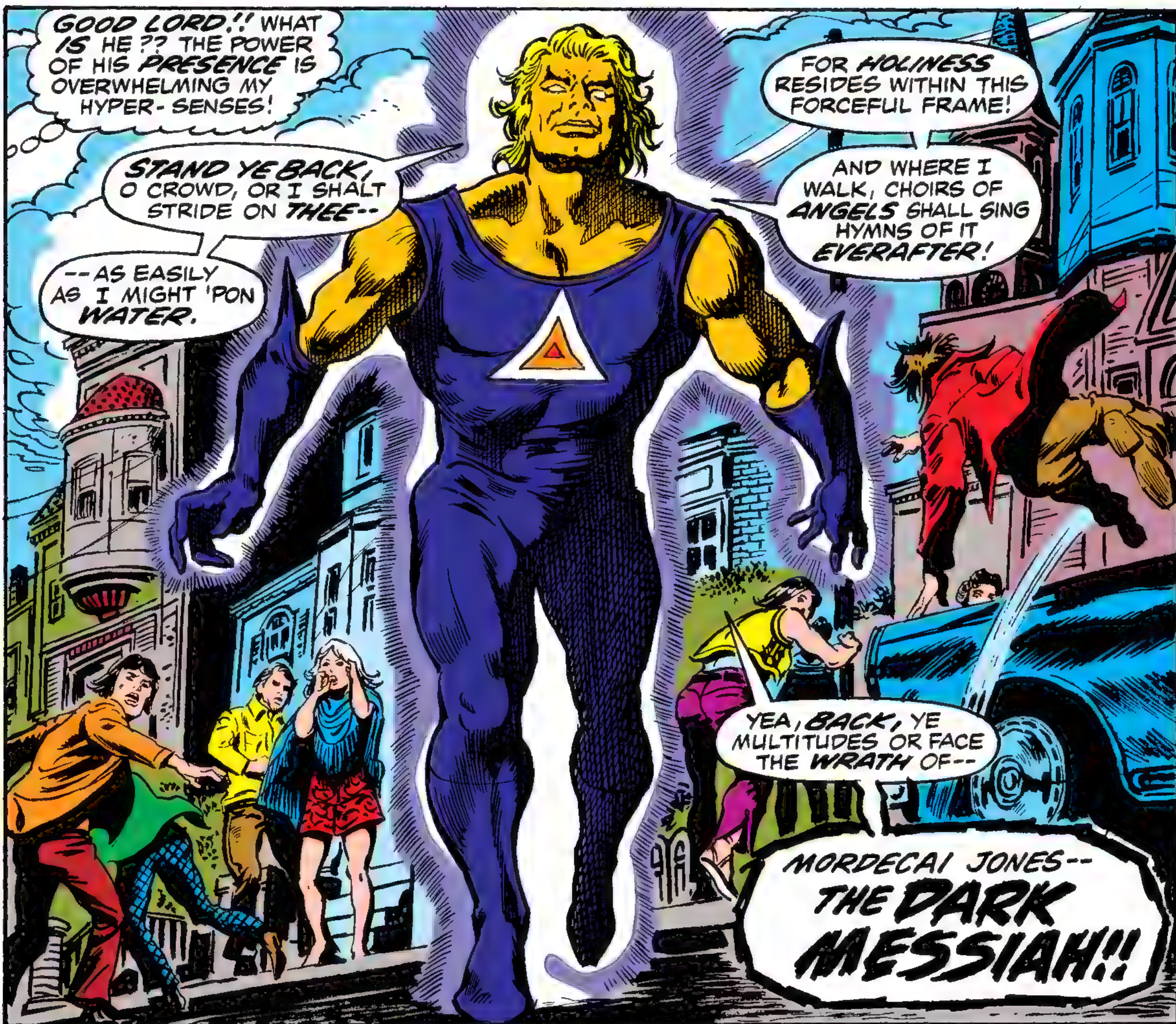
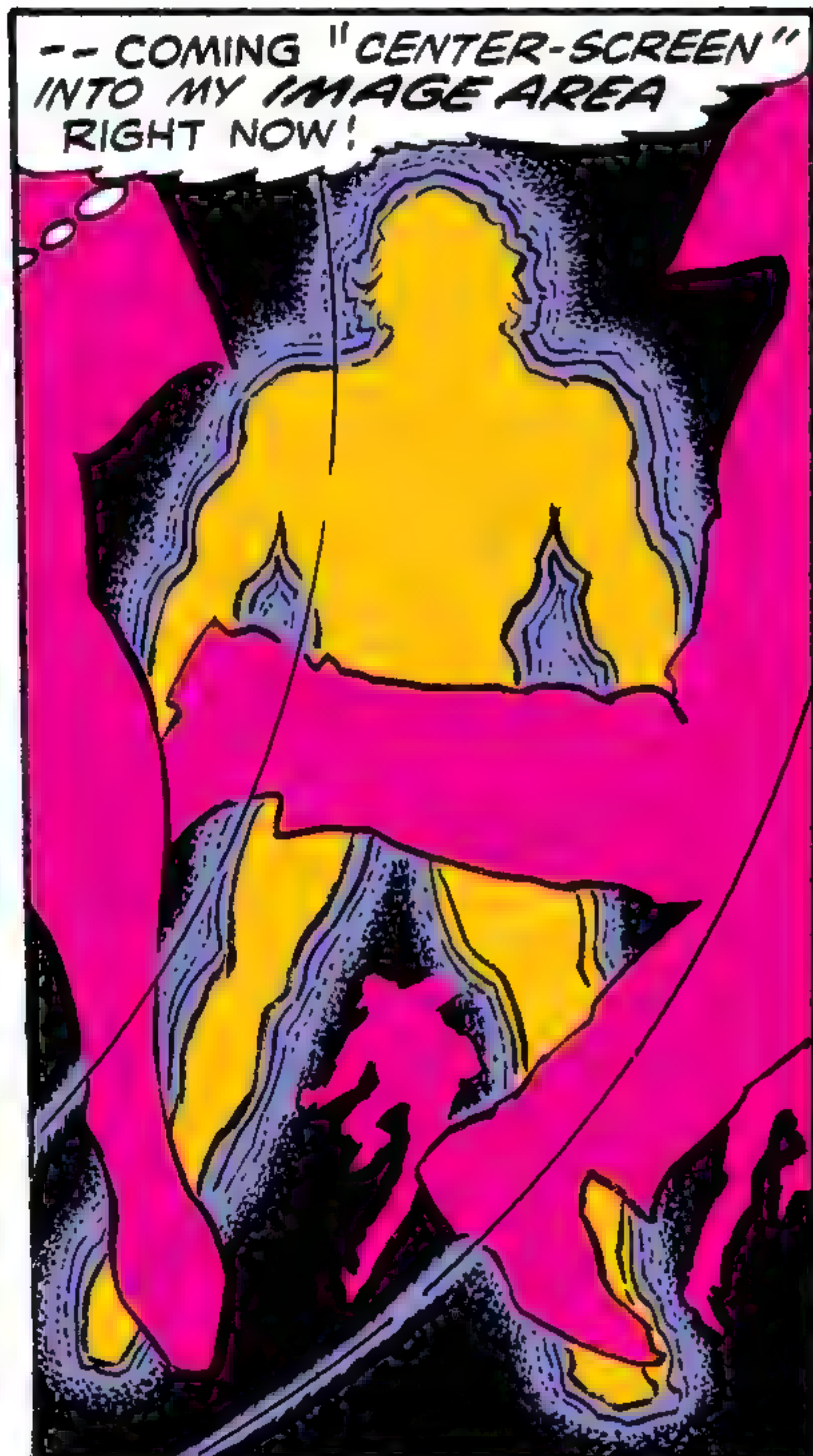
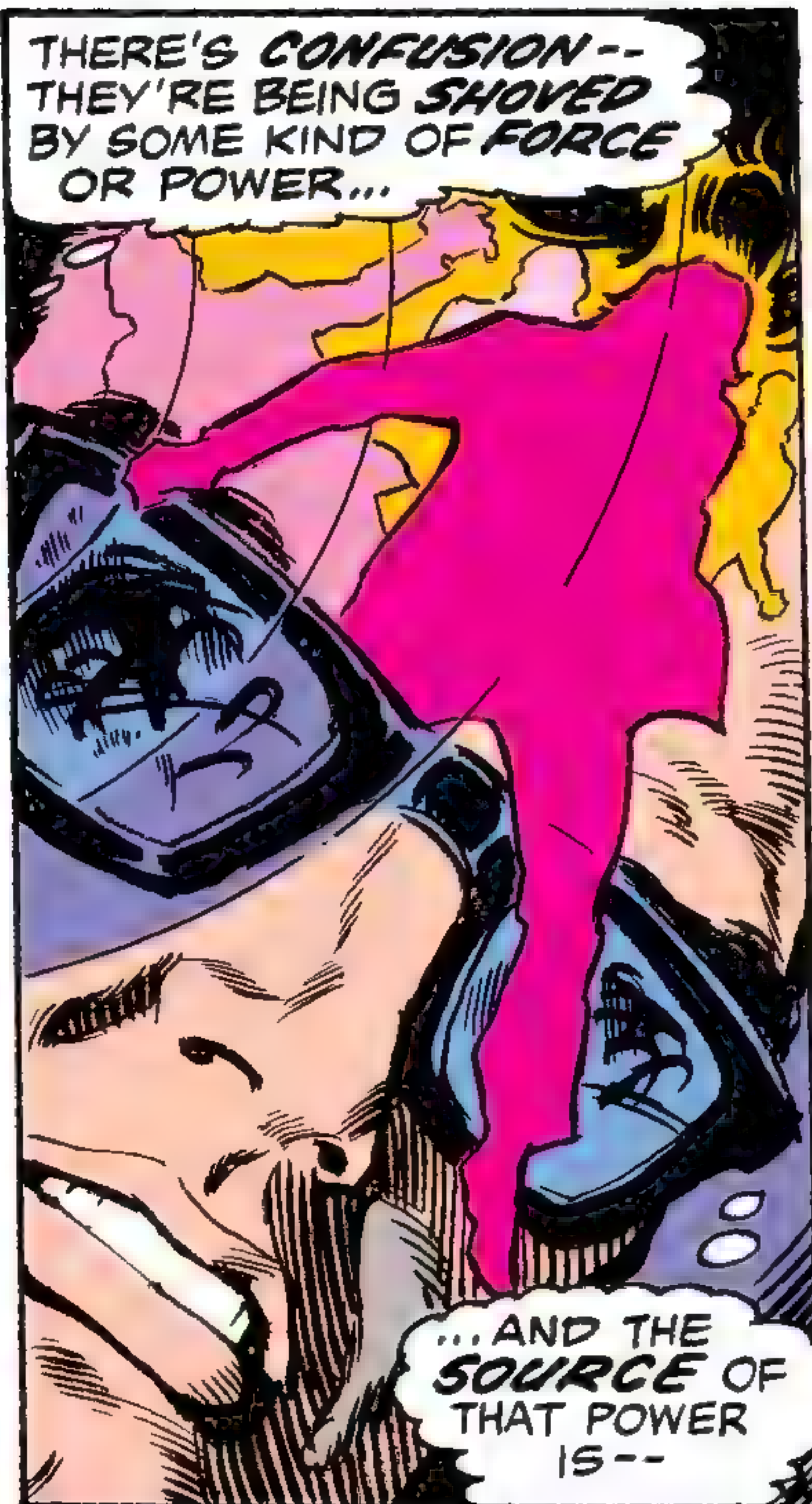
IVAN'S STILL **COLD**, HUH?*

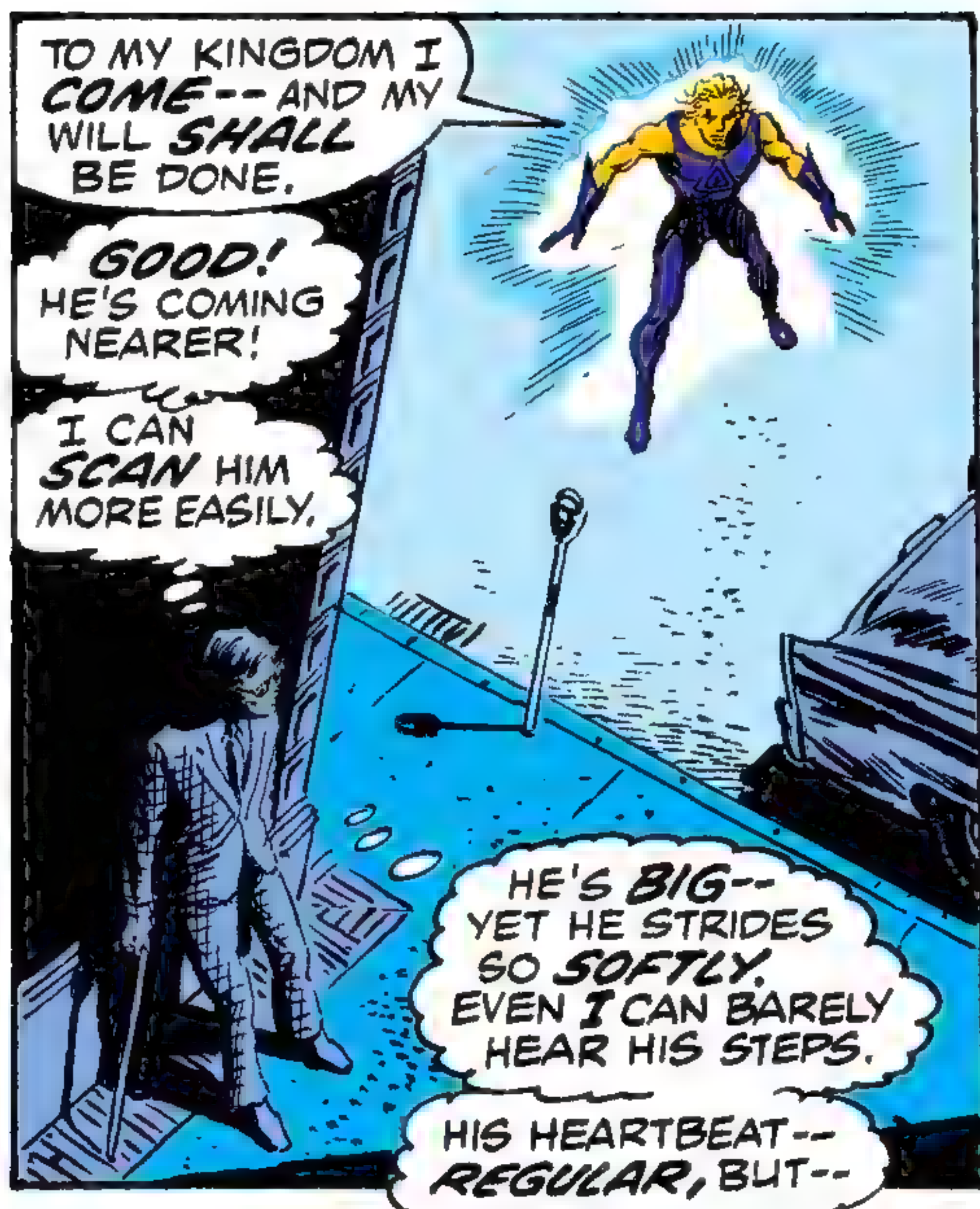
*ALSO THANX TO THE **MAN-BULL**. --ROY.

A **DOCTOR**? DON'T BE **ABSURD**. IVAN IS STRONG AS A **BULL**... ISN'T HE?

A **BULL**, PERHAPS... BUT A **MAN-BULL**-- I WISH I KNEW--







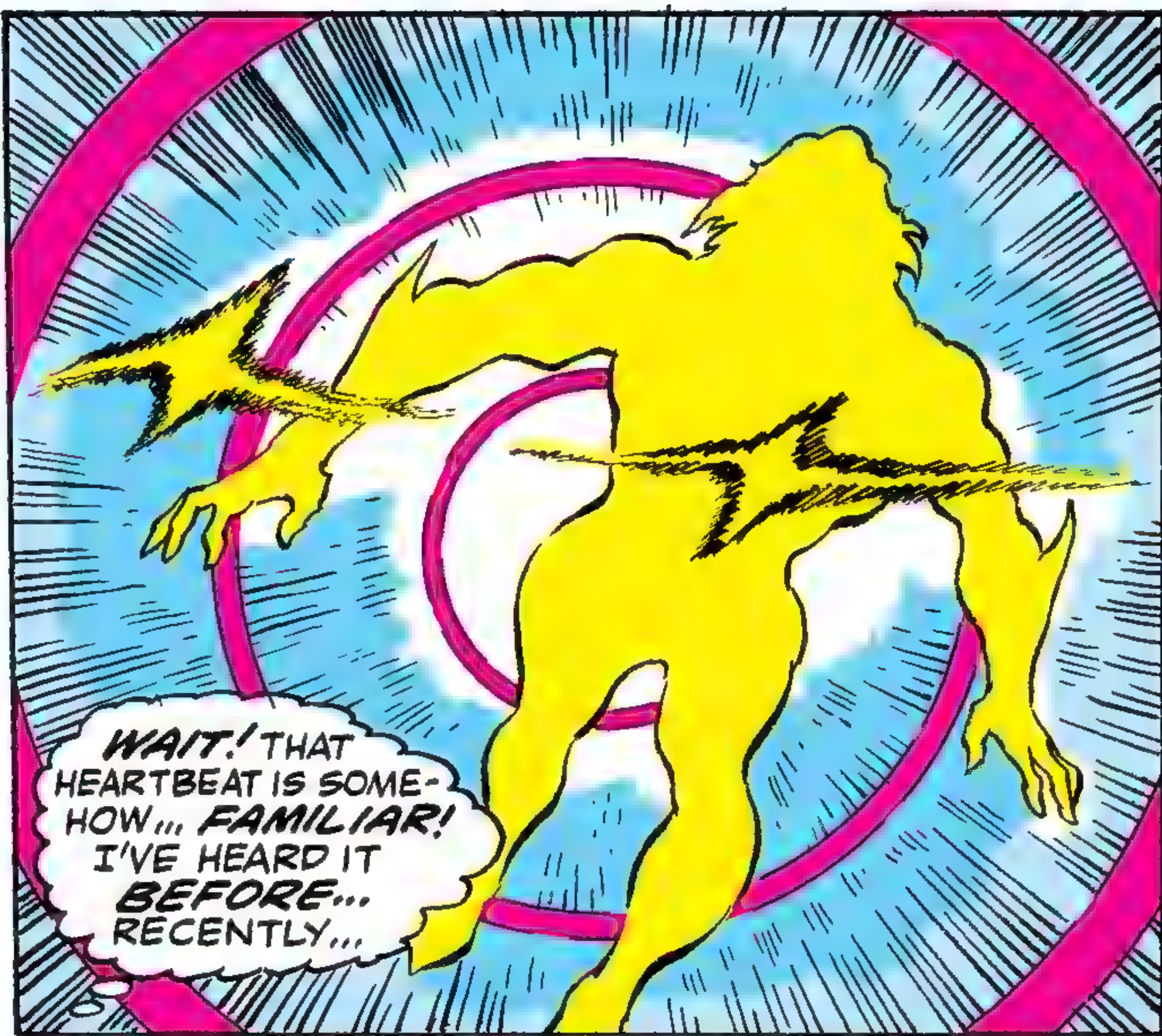
TO MY KINGDOM I
COME-- AND MY
WILL **SHALL**
BE DONE.

GOOD!
HE'S COMING
NEARER!

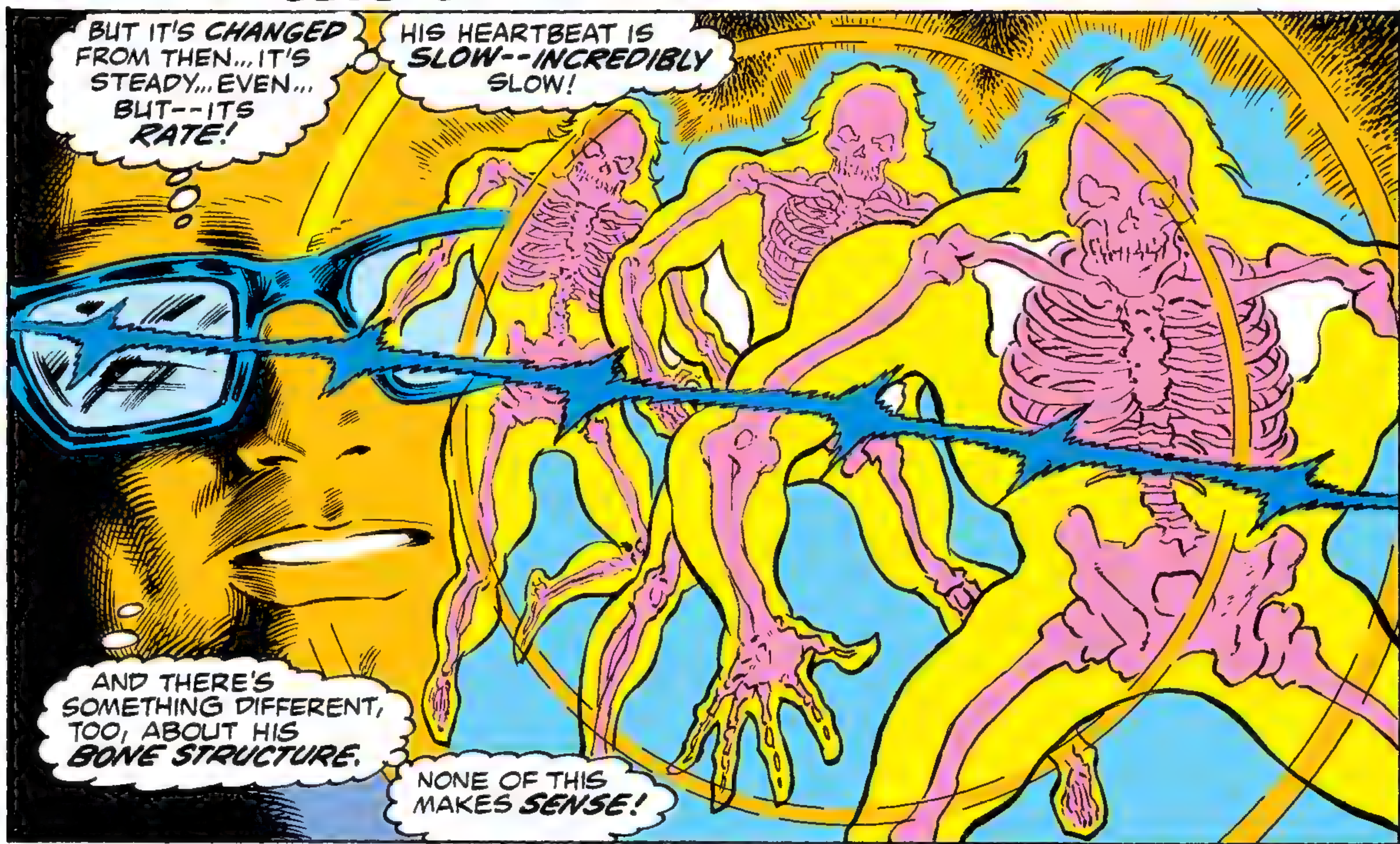
I CAN
SCAN HIM
MORE EASILY.

HE'S **BIG**--
YET HE STRIDES
SO **SOFTLY**.
EVEN I CAN BARELY
HEAR HIS STEPS.

HIS HEARTBEAT--
REGULAR, BUT--



WAIT! THAT
HEARTBEAT IS SOME-
HOW... **FAMILIAR!**
I'VE HEARD IT
BEFORE...
RECENTLY...

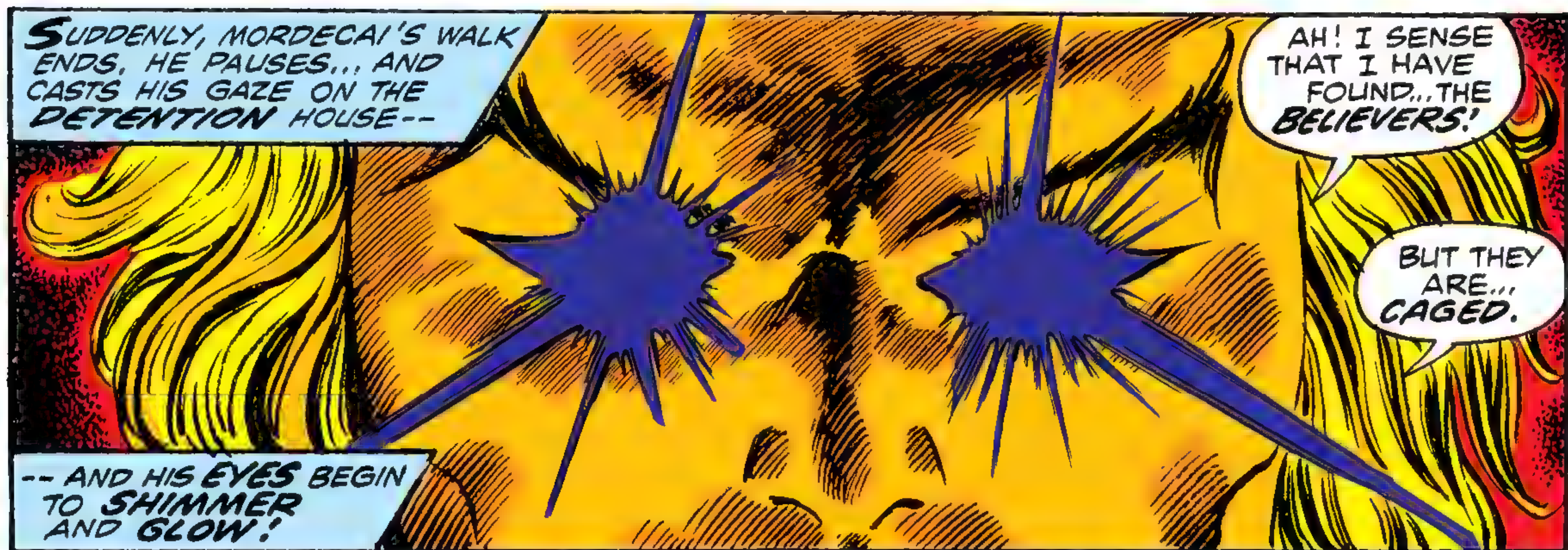


BUT IT'S CHANGED
FROM THEN... IT'S
STEADY... EVEN...
BUT--ITS
RATE!

HIS HEARTBEAT IS
SLOW--INCREDIBLY
SLOW!

AND THERE'S
SOMETHING DIFFERENT,
TOO, ABOUT HIS
BONE STRUCTURE.

NONE OF THIS
MAKES **SENSE!**

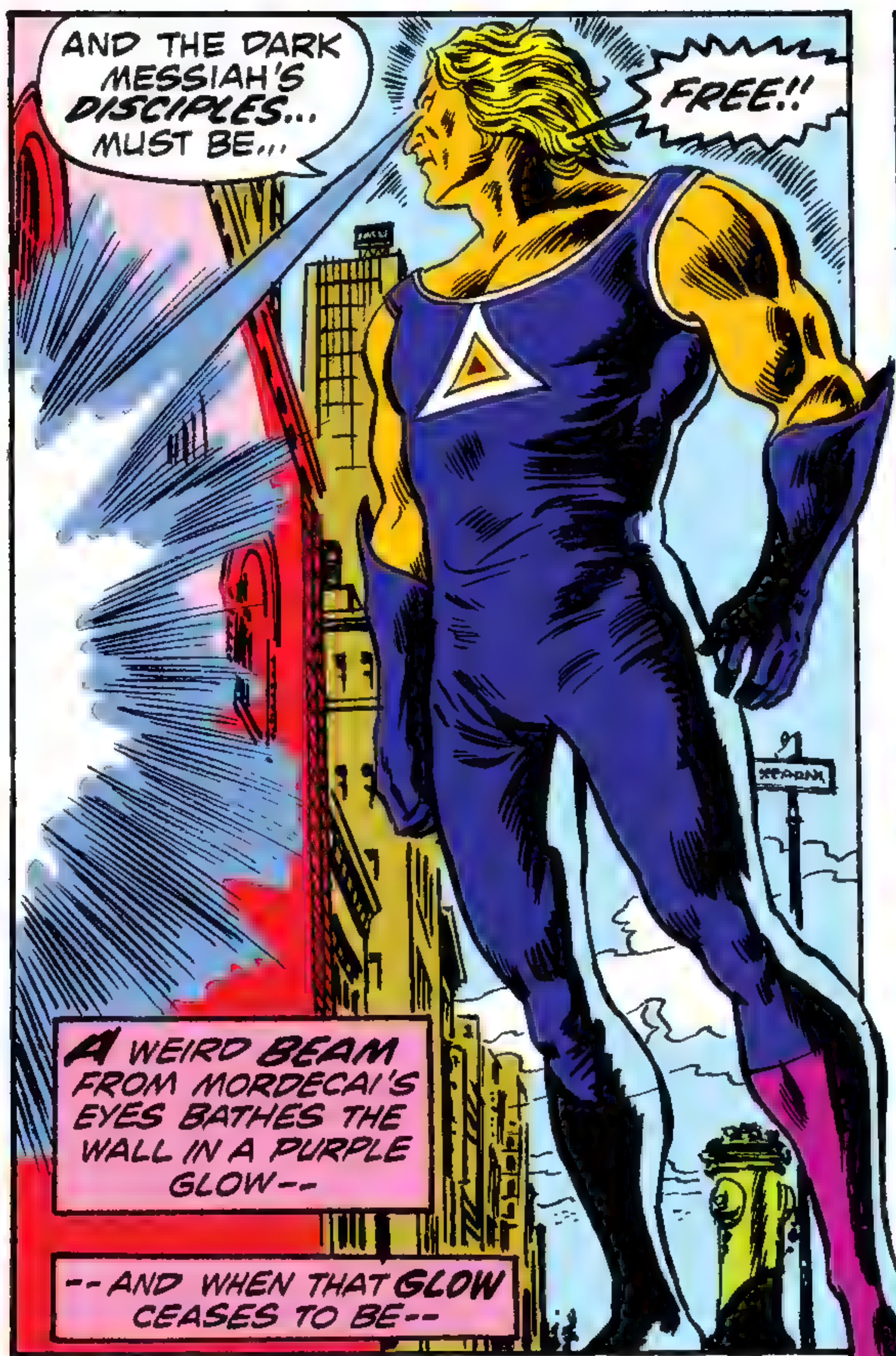


SUDDENLY, MORDECAI'S WALK
ENDS, HE PAUSES... AND
CASTS HIS GAZE ON THE
DETENTION HOUSE--

AH! I SENSE
THAT I HAVE
FOUND... THE
BELIEVERS!

BUT THEY
ARE...
CAGED.

-- AND HIS EYES BEGIN
TO **SHIMMER**
AND **GLOW!**

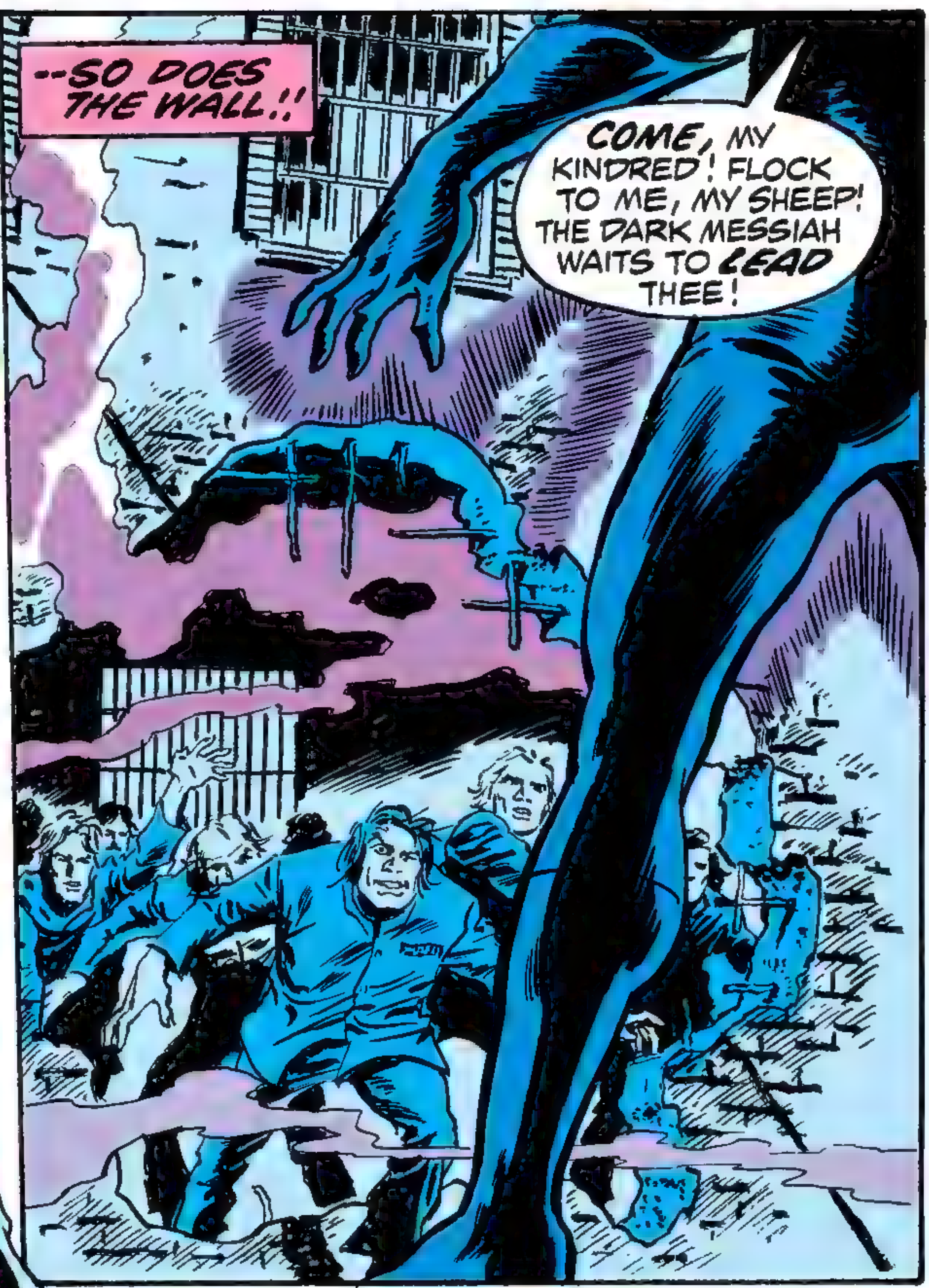


AND THE DARK
MESSIAH'S
DISCIPLES...
MUST BE...

FREE!!

A WEIRD BEAM
FROM MORDECAI'S
EYES BATHES THE
WALL IN A PURPLE
GLOW--

-- AND WHEN THAT GLOW
CEASES TO BE--



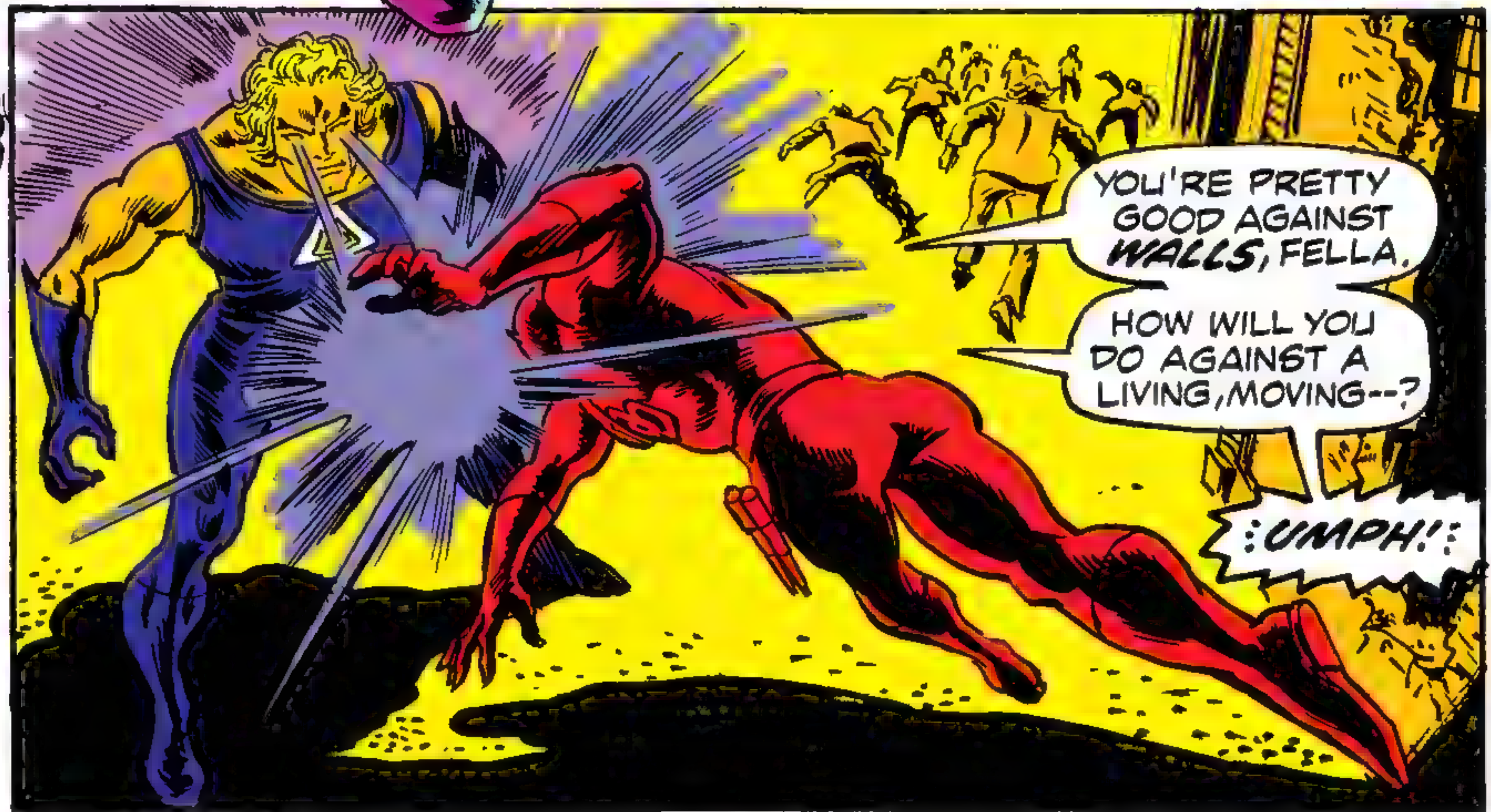
--SO DOES
THE WALL!!

COME, MY
KINDRED! FLOCK
TO ME, MY SHEEP!
THE DARK MESSIAH
WAITS TO LEAD
THEE!



WHATEVER
HE WAS... } HE'S JUST
WHATEVER } LOOSED
HE'S } AN ARMY
BECOME... } OF CRIMINALS
ON THE CITY.

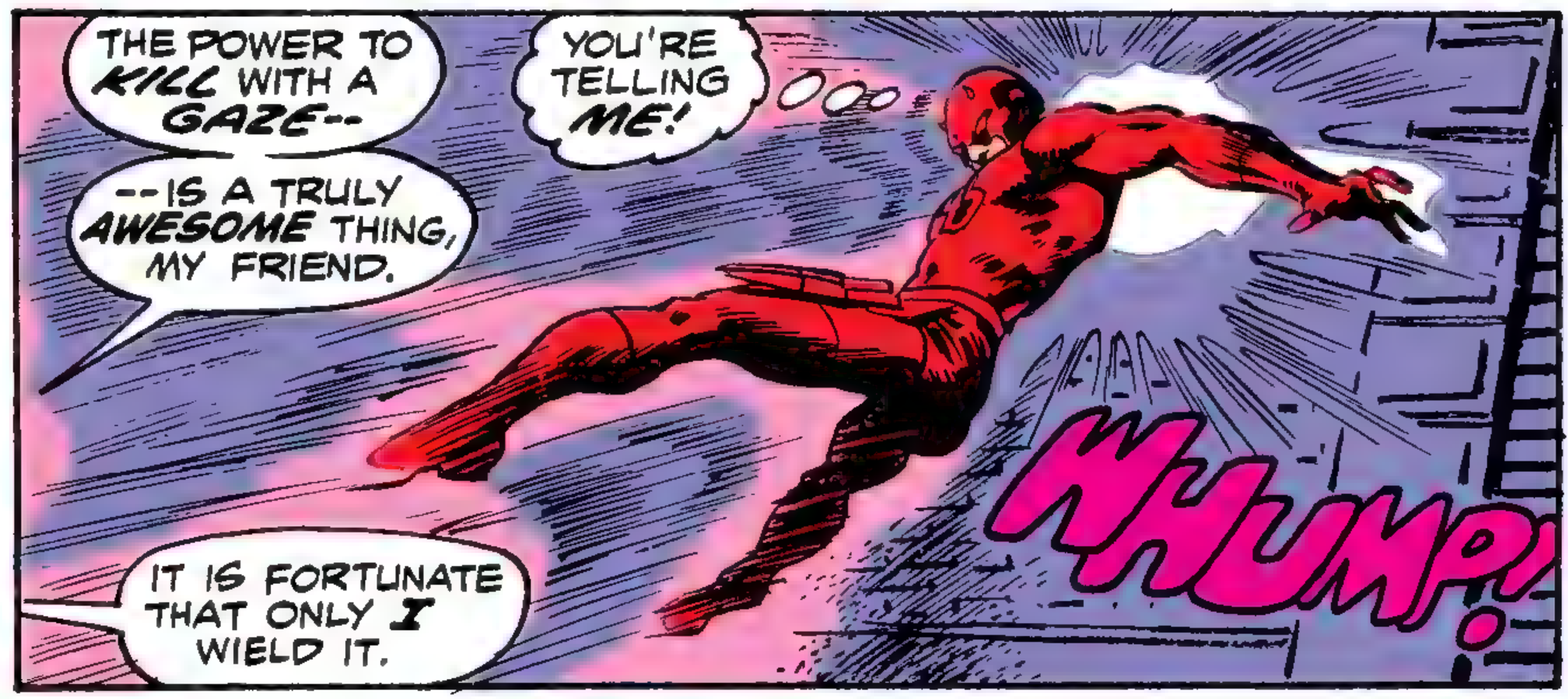
WHICH
MEANS...
IT'S TIME
DARE-
DEVIL
STEPPED
IN!



YOU'RE PRETTY
GOOD AGAINST
WALLS, FELLA.

HOW WILL YOU
DO AGAINST A
LIVING, MOVING--?

UMPH!!



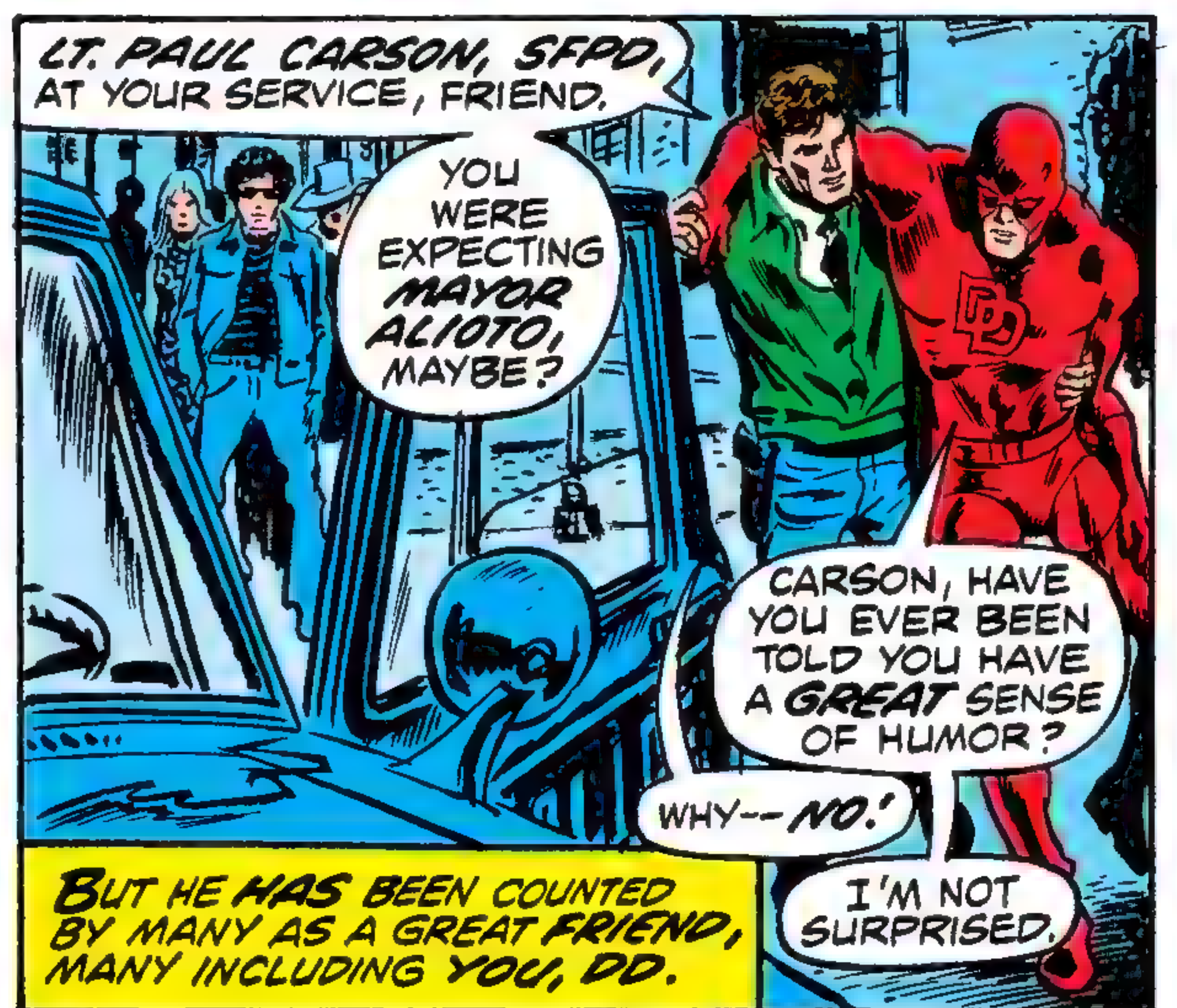
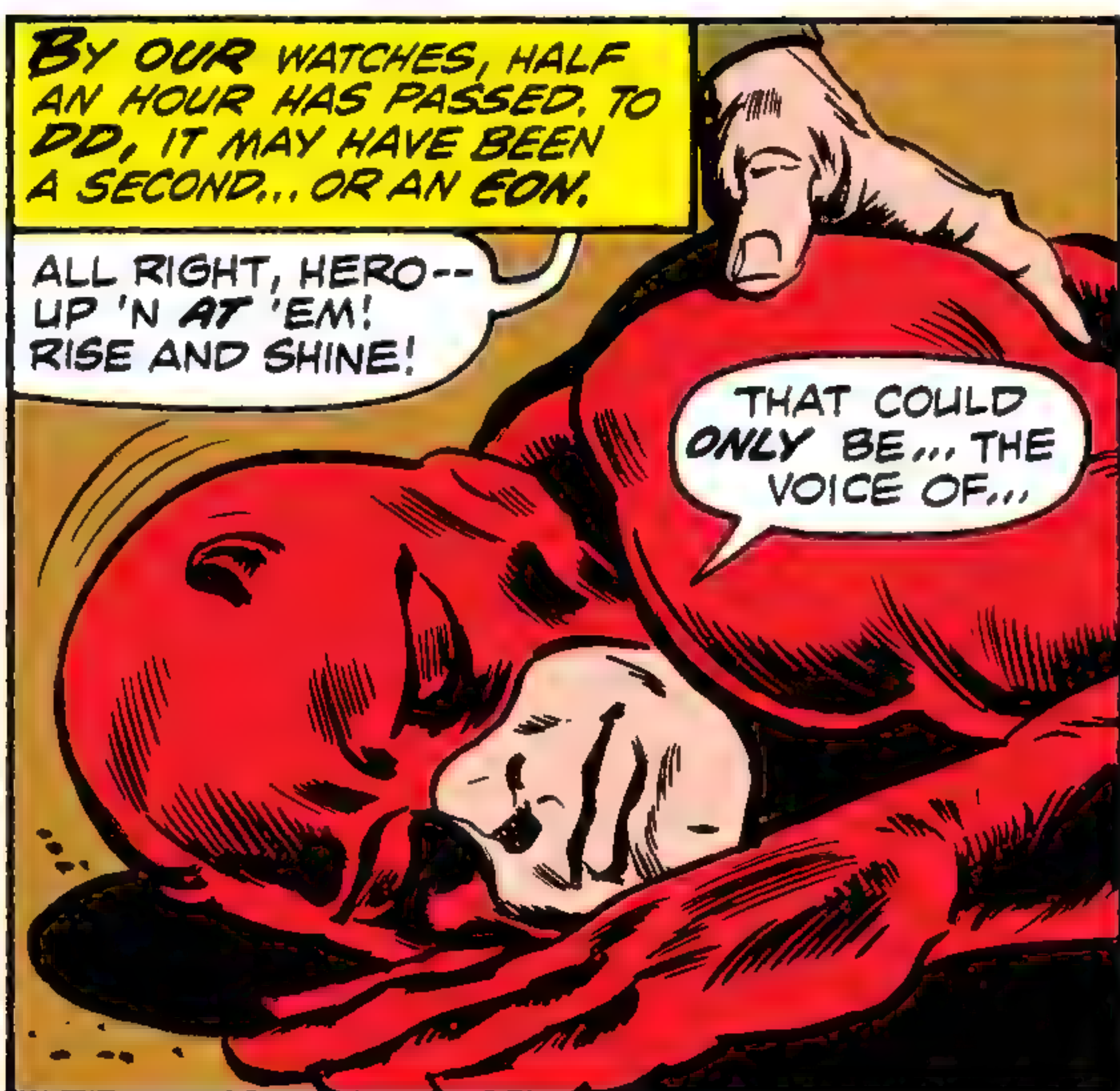
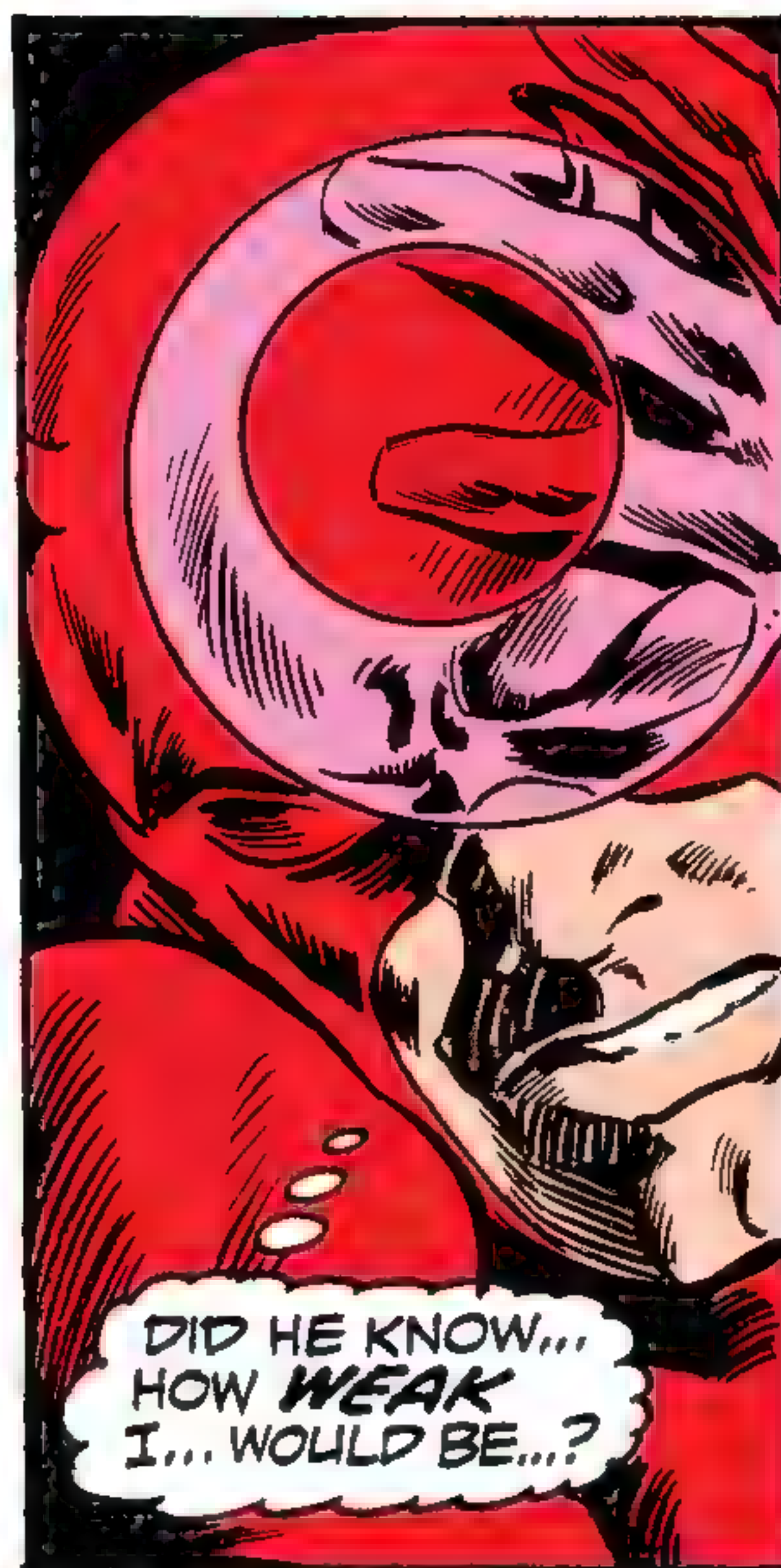
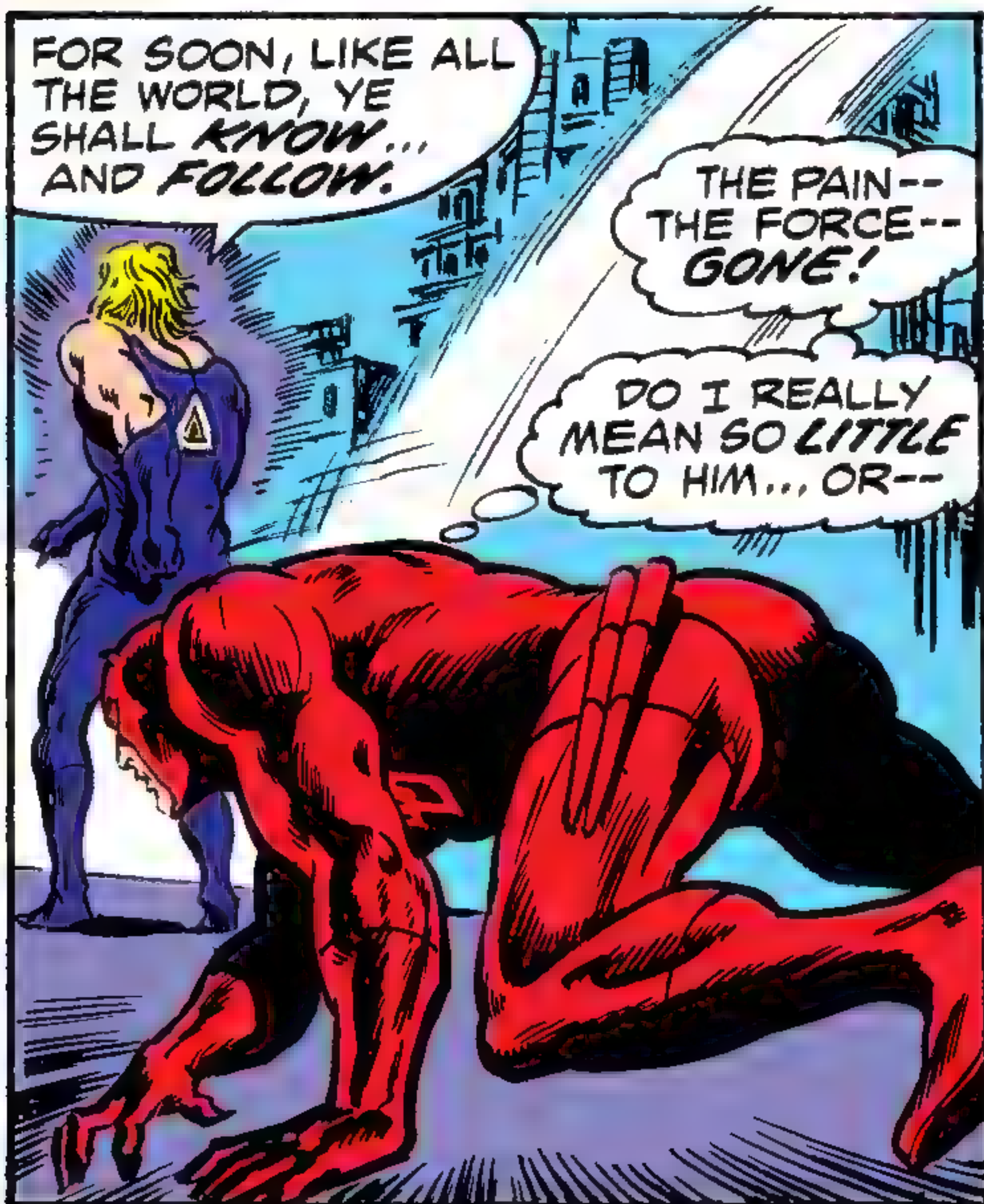
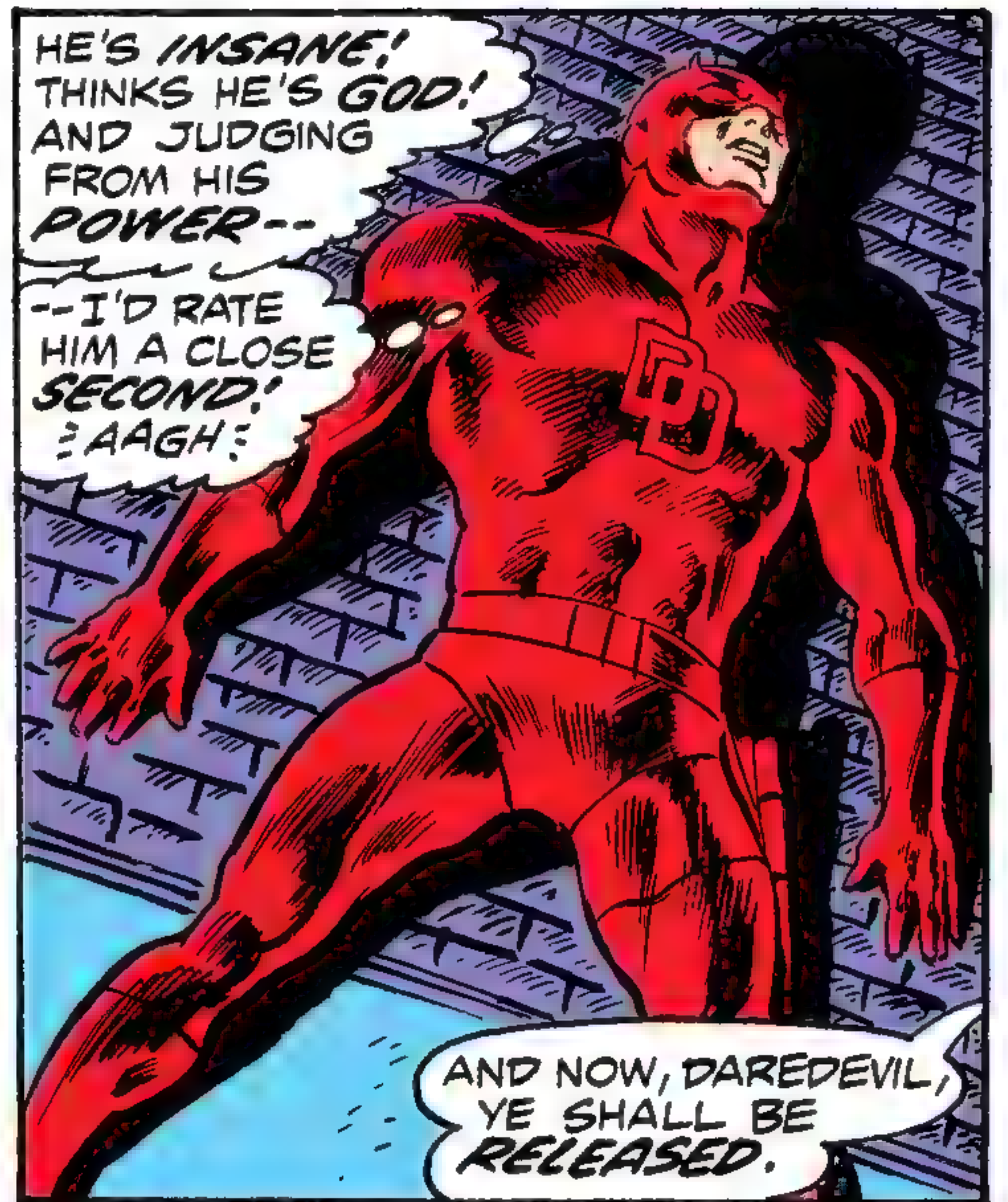
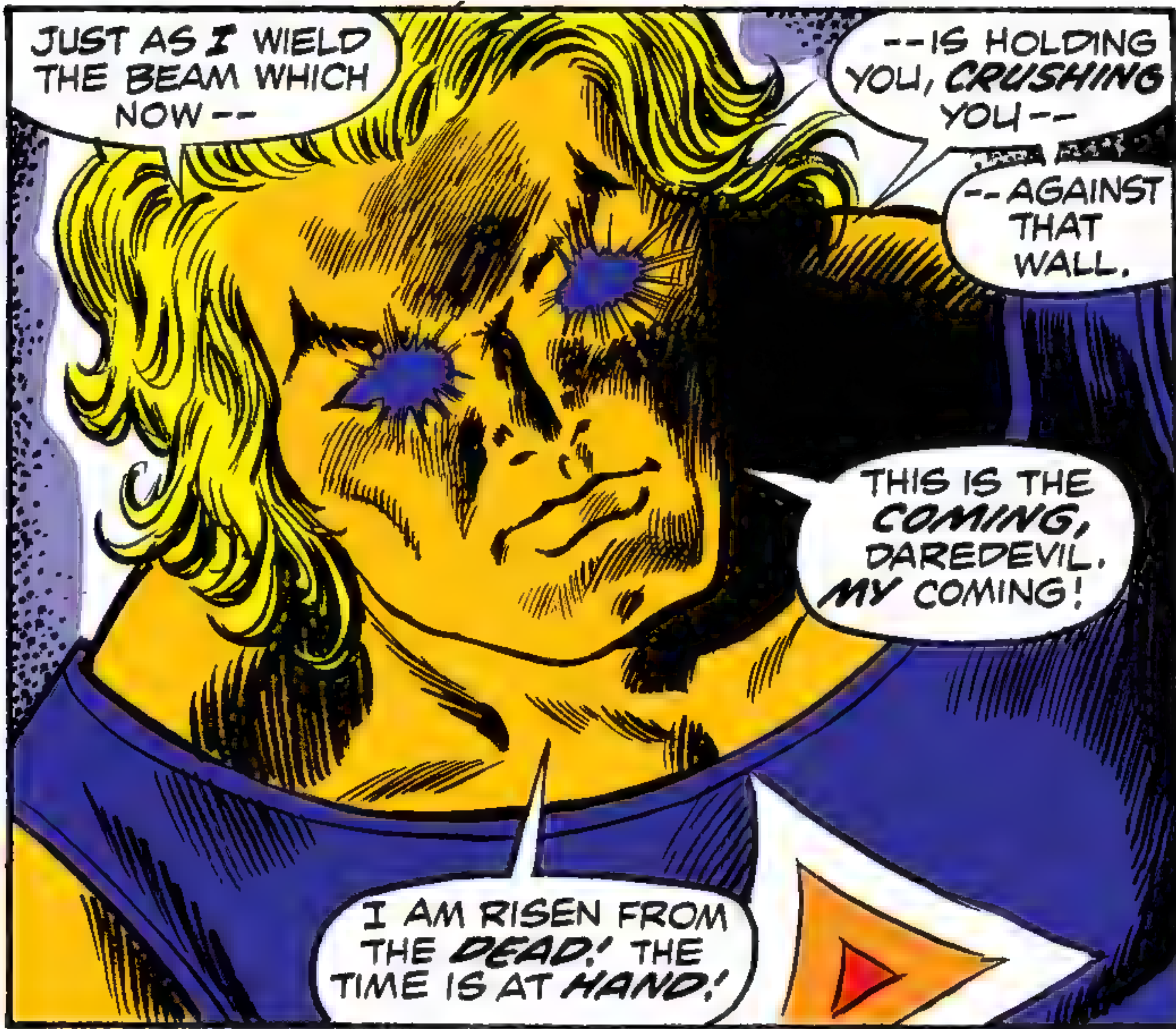
THE POWER TO
KILL WITH A
GAZE--

YOU'RE
TELLING
ME!

--IS A TRULY
AWESOME THING,
MY FRIEND.

IT IS FORTUNATE
THAT ONLY I
WIELD IT.

WHUMP!



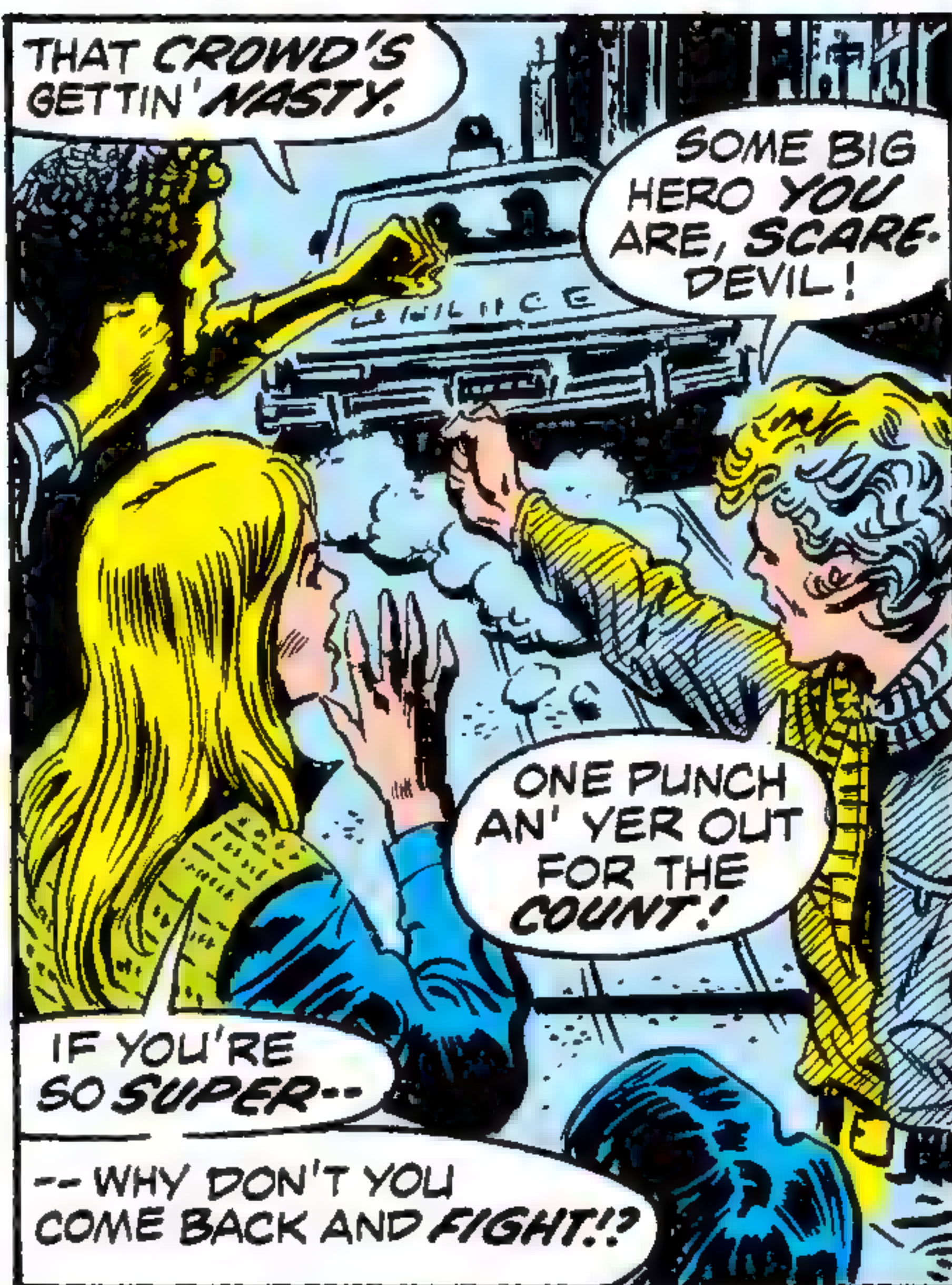


WELL, *WELL!* A REAL LIVE SUPER-HERO IN *MY* PATROL CAR!

PERMIT ME, *DD--* MY PARTNER *MCHEENY*.

MY PLEASURE, I'M SURE.

IT WON'T BE *ANYBODY'S* PLEASURE IF WE DON'T CLEAR OUTTA HERE-- *FAST*.



THAT *CROWD'S* GETTIN' *NASTY*.

SOME BIG HERO *YOU* ARE, *SCARE-DEVIL!*

ONE PUNCH AN' YER OUT FOR THE *COUNT!*

IF YOU'RE *SO SUPER--*

-- WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK AND *FIGHT!?*

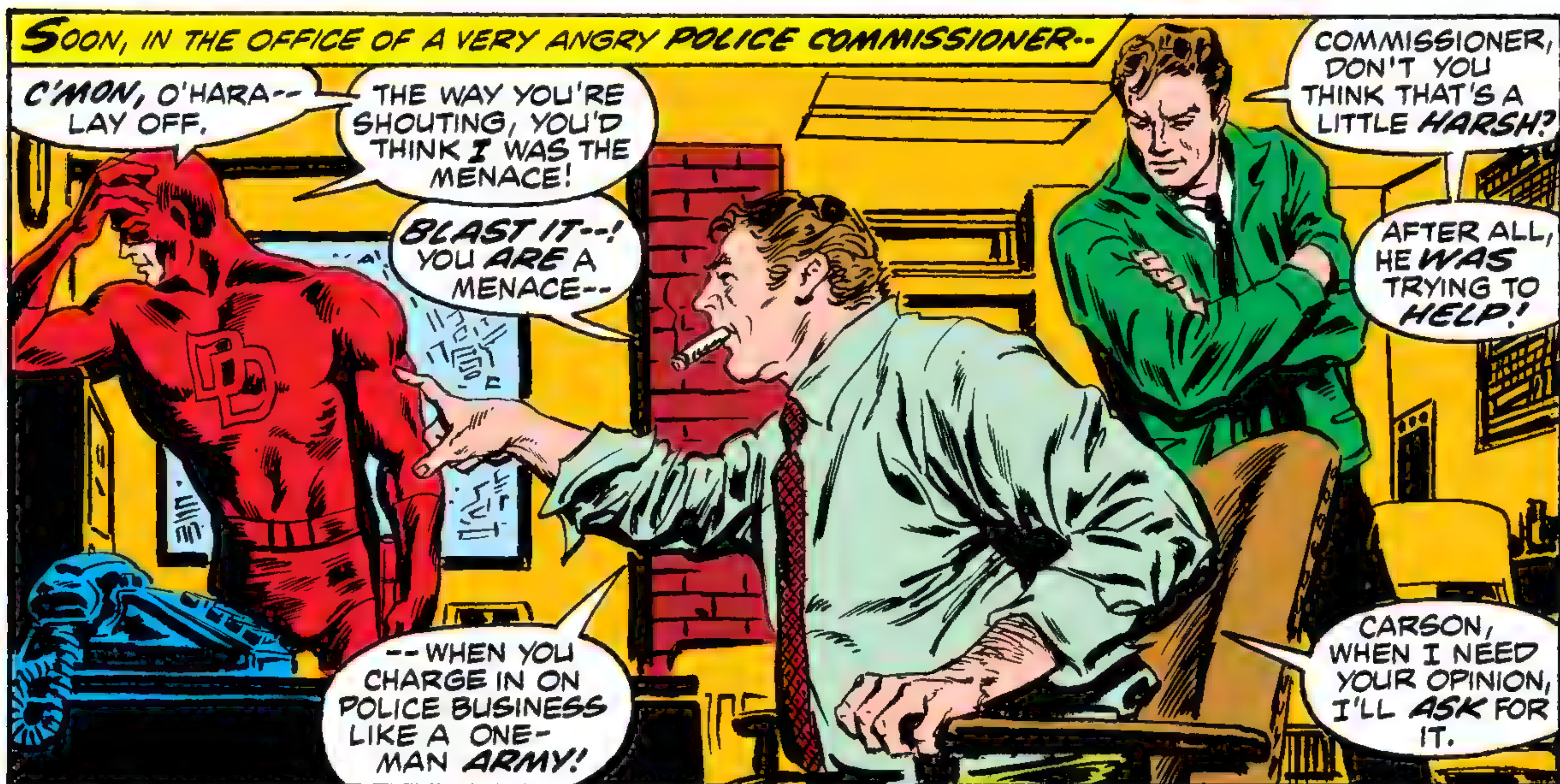


LOOK AT THIS! BEFORE NOW, NOBODY CARED IF I *LEFT* SAN FRANCISCO-- LOCK, STOCK, AND BILLY CLUB!

NOW THEY WANT ME TO BE THEIR OWN PRIVATE *VIGILANTE*.

PEOPLE--! WHO CAN *FIGGER* 'EM?

KNOW WHAT I *MEAN?*



SOON, IN THE OFFICE OF A VERY ANGRY POLICE COMMISSIONER--

C'MON, O'HARA-- LAY OFF.

THE WAY YOU'RE SHOUTING, YOU'D THINK I WAS THE *MENACE!*

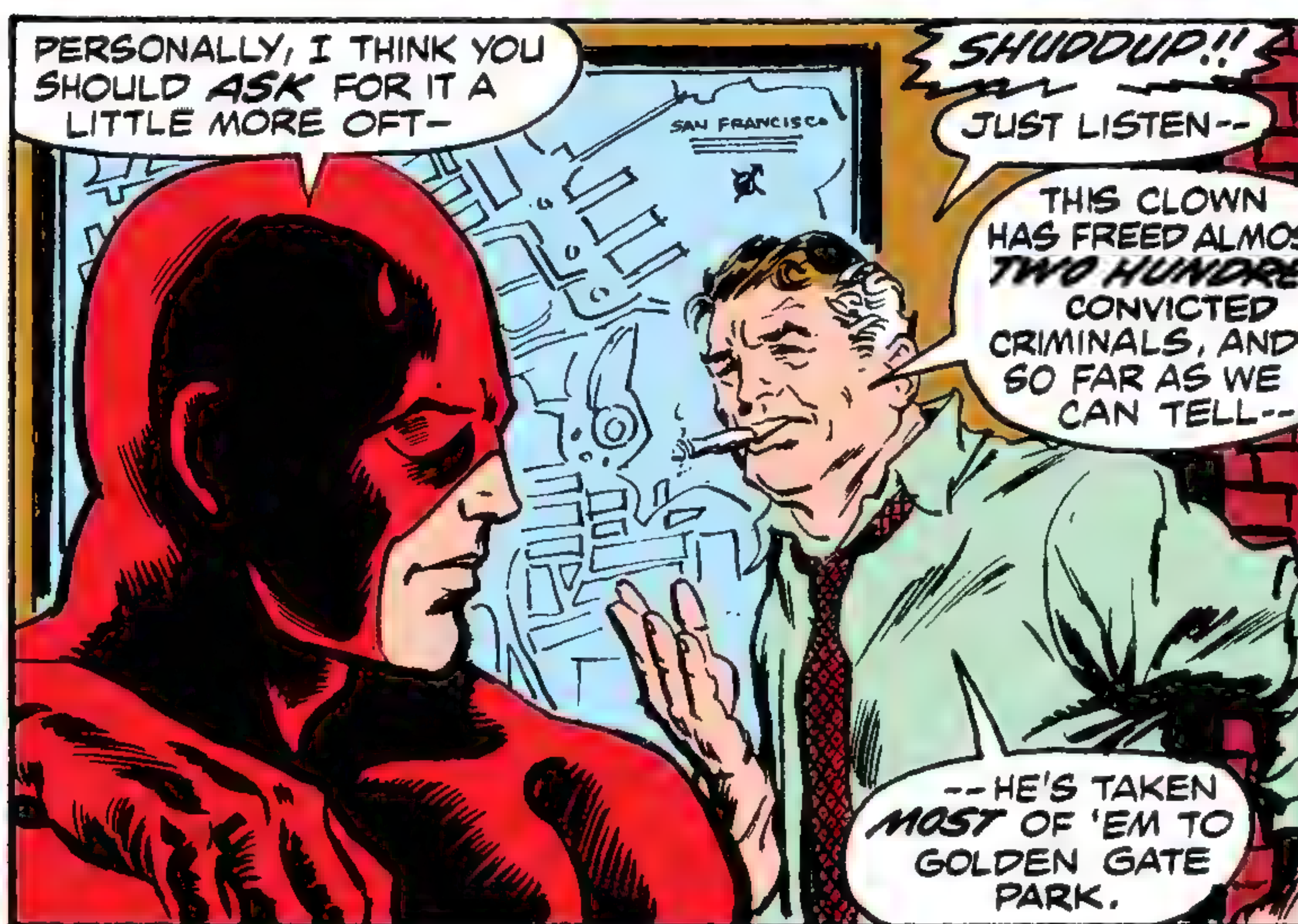
BLAST IT--! YOU ARE A *MENACE--*

-- WHEN YOU CHARGE IN ON POLICE BUSINESS LIKE A ONE-MAN *ARMY!*

COMMISSIONER, DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S A LITTLE *HARSH?*

AFTER ALL, HE *WAS* TRYING TO *HELP!*

CARSON, WHEN I NEED YOUR OPINION, I'LL *ASK* FOR IT.



PERSONALLY, I THINK YOU SHOULD *ASK* FOR IT A LITTLE MORE *OFF--*

SHUDDUP!! JUST LISTEN--

THIS CLOWN HAS FREED ALMOST *TWO HUNDRED* CONVICTED CRIMINALS, AND SO FAR AS WE CAN TELL--

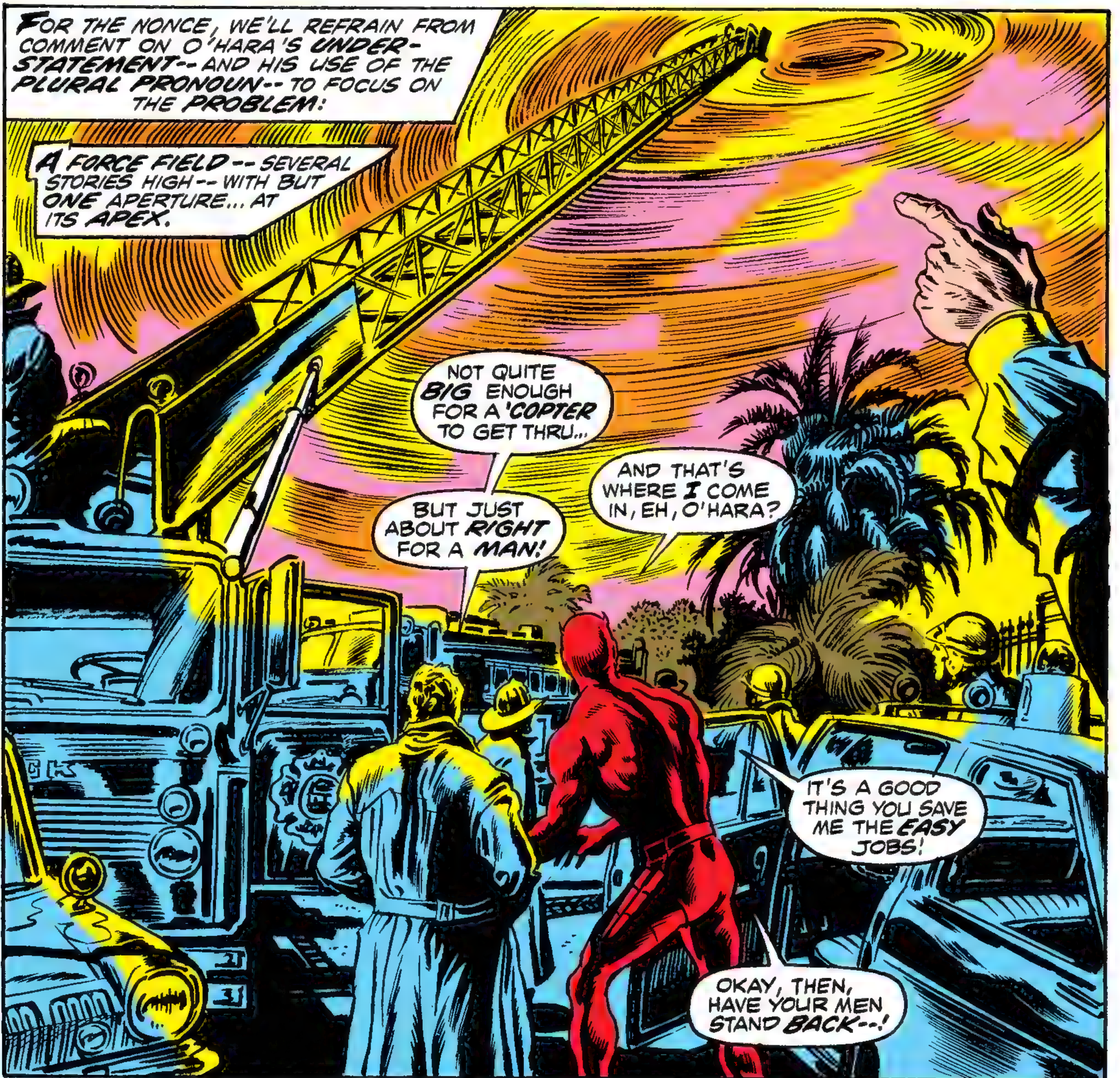
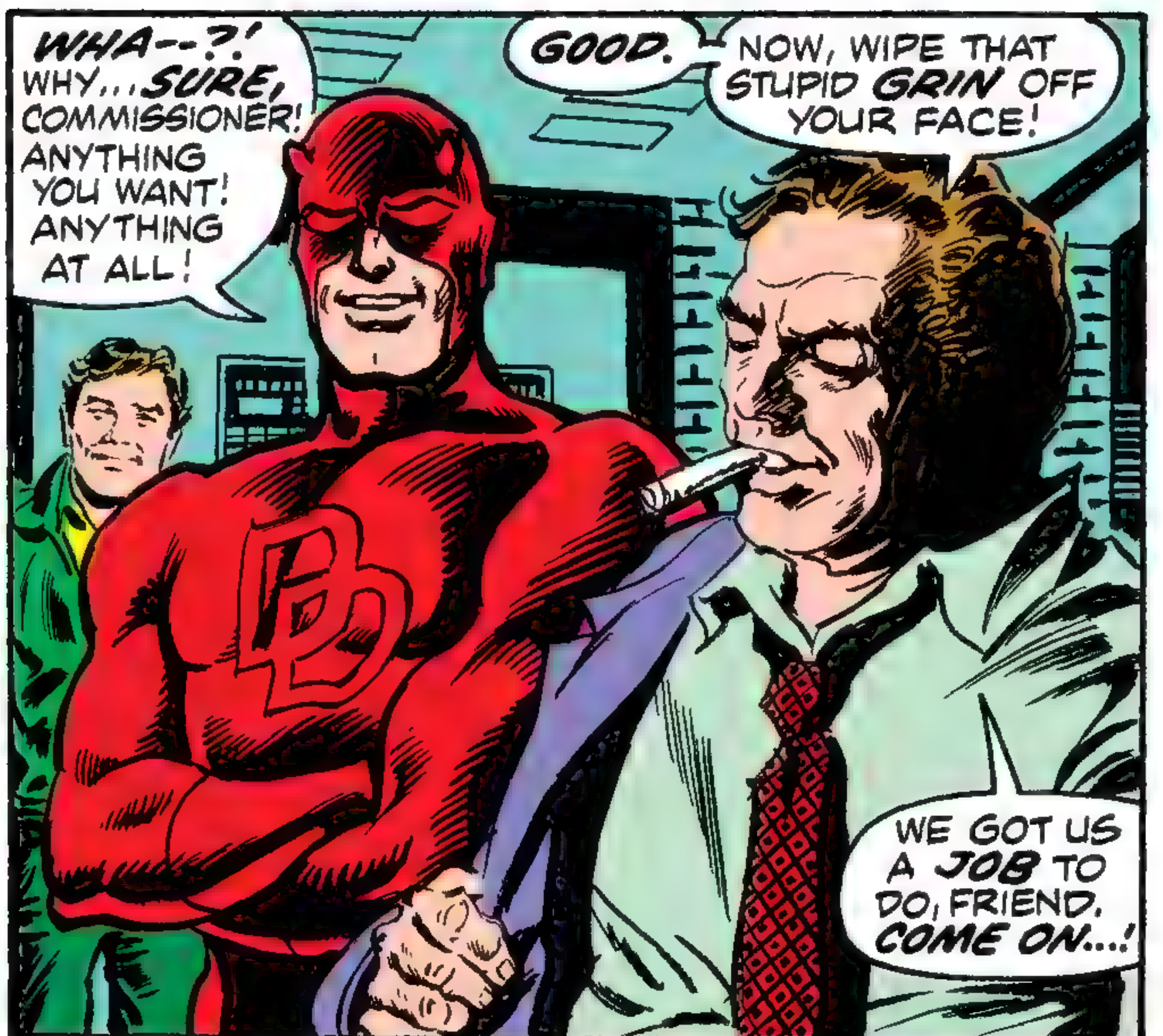
-- HE'S TAKEN *MOST* OF 'EM TO GOLDEN GATE PARK.



HERE!

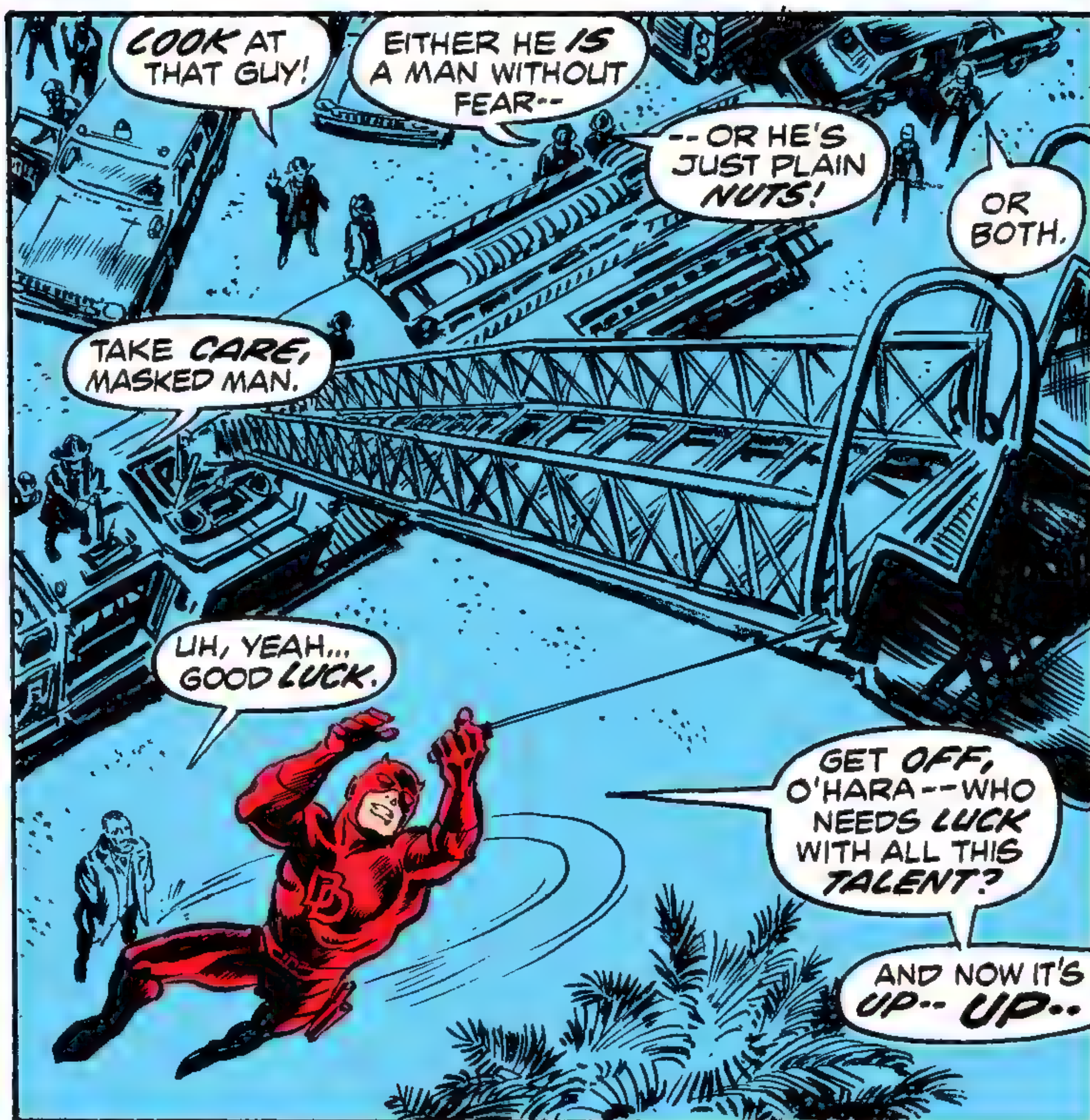
BUT HE'S PUT UP SOME KIND OF *BARRIER* AROUND THE PARK--!

MY MEN CAN'T GET IN TO *GET* HIM.





'CAUSE HERE GOES EVERYTHING!



COOK AT THAT GUY!

EITHER HE IS A MAN WITHOUT FEAR--

-- OR HE'S JUST PLAIN NUTS!

OR BOTH.

TAKE CARE, MASKED MAN.

UH, YEAH... GOOD LUCK.

GET OFF, O'HARA-- WHO NEEDS LUCK WITH ALL THIS TALENT?

AND NOW IT'S UP-- UP..



-- AND THROUGH!

UNNGH!!

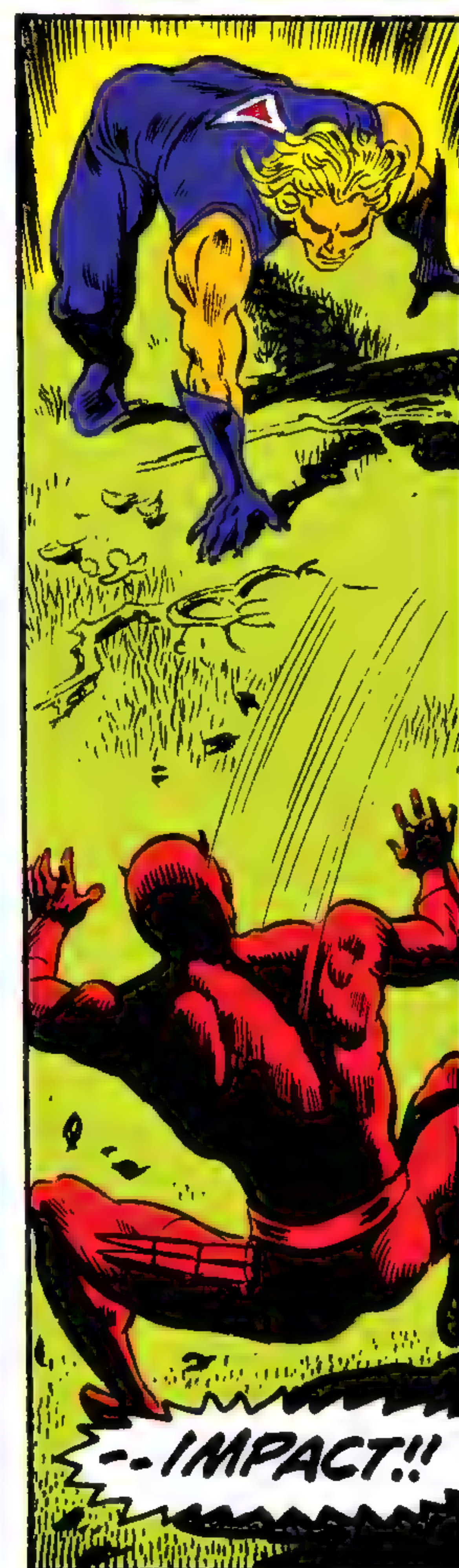
NOT "THROUGH," HERETIC-- FINISHED!

THERE IS NO DOUBT FROM WHOSE LIPS THOSE WORDS ARE ISSUED -- NO QUESTION AS TO THE EXTENT OF THAT ONE'S POWER.

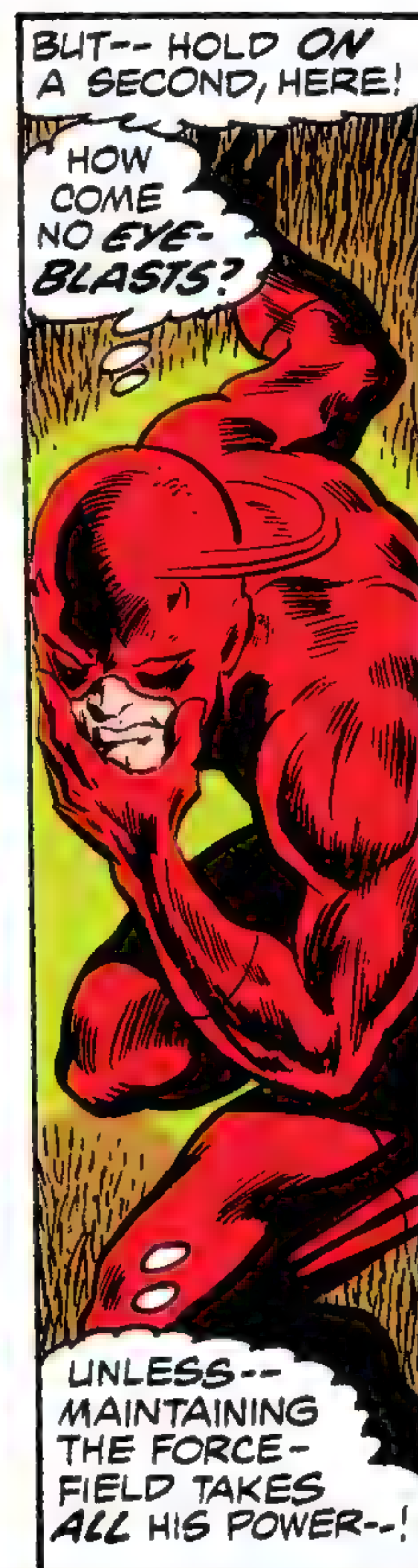
THERE IS ONLY THE RUSH OF AIR--

-- AND THE RUSTLING OF LEAVES--

-- AND THE PREPARATION IN DAREDEVIL'S LIMBS FOR THE MOMENT OF--



IMPACT!!





LONG ENOUGH
HAVE I DAWDLED
WITH THEE, DEVIL-
SPAWN, I HAVE
THINGS TO DO.

AND SO, YOU
MUST LEARN--
THE MARCH
HAS *BEGUN!*

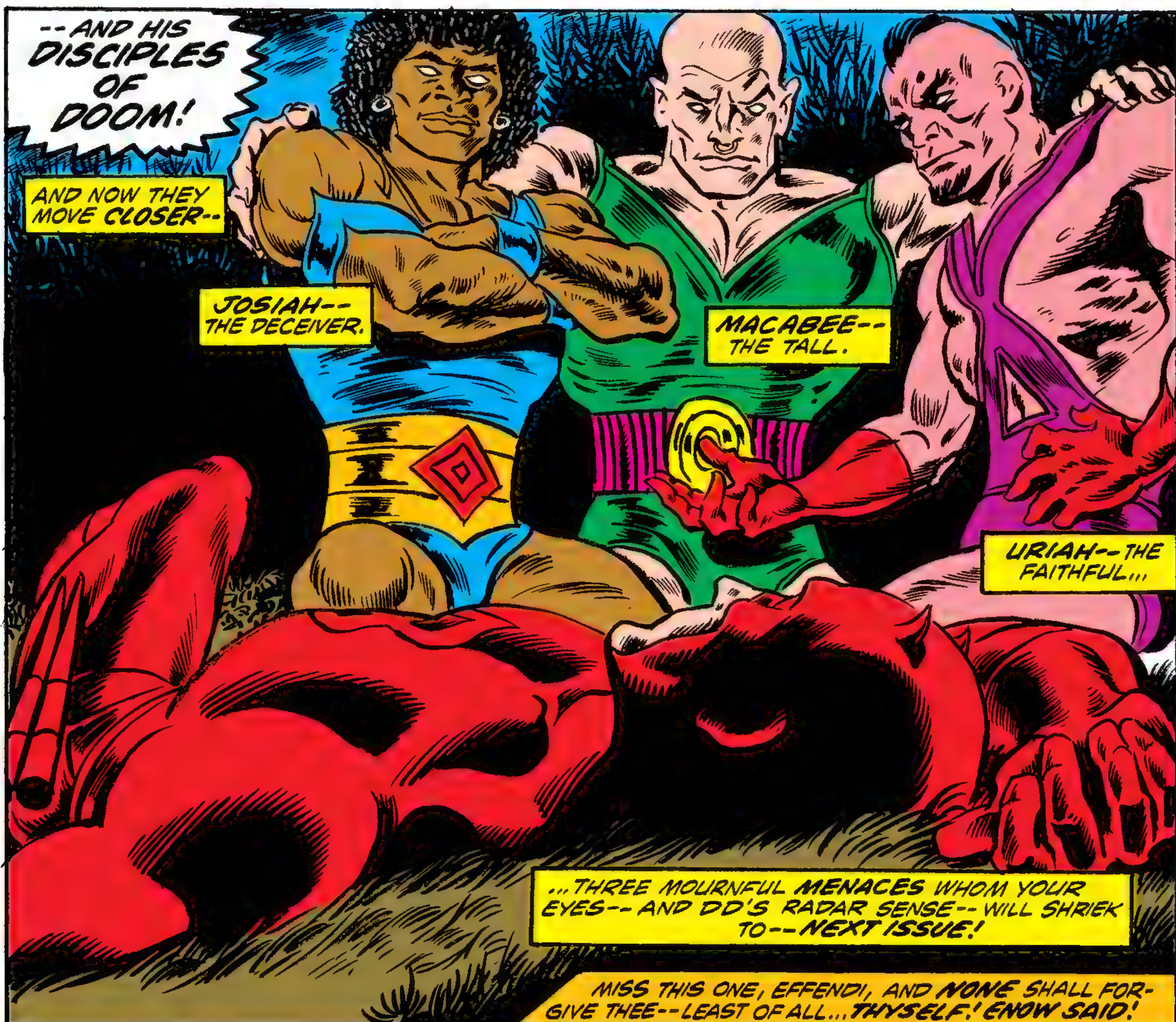


I'VE NEVER
BEEN... HIT... SO
HARD! AND NOW
MY RADAR
SENSE-- GOING
MAD! NO-- IT
CAN'T BE!

FOR THE LOVE
OF-- IT CAN'T
BE!!

NOT A
MAN MAY
STOP--

-- THE
**DARK
MESSIAH--**



-- AND HIS
DISCIPLES
OF
DOOM!

AND NOW THEY
MOVE CLOSER--

JOSIAH--
THE DECEIVER.

MACABEE--
THE TALL.

URIAH-- THE
FAITHFUL...

...THREE MOURNFUL MENACES WHOM YOUR
EYES-- AND DD'S RADAR SENSE-- WILL SHRIEK
TO-- NEXT ISSUE!

MISS THIS ONE, EFFENDI, AND NONE SHALL FOR-
GIVE THEE-- LEAST OF ALL... *THYSELF!* ENOW SAID!

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

20¢

98

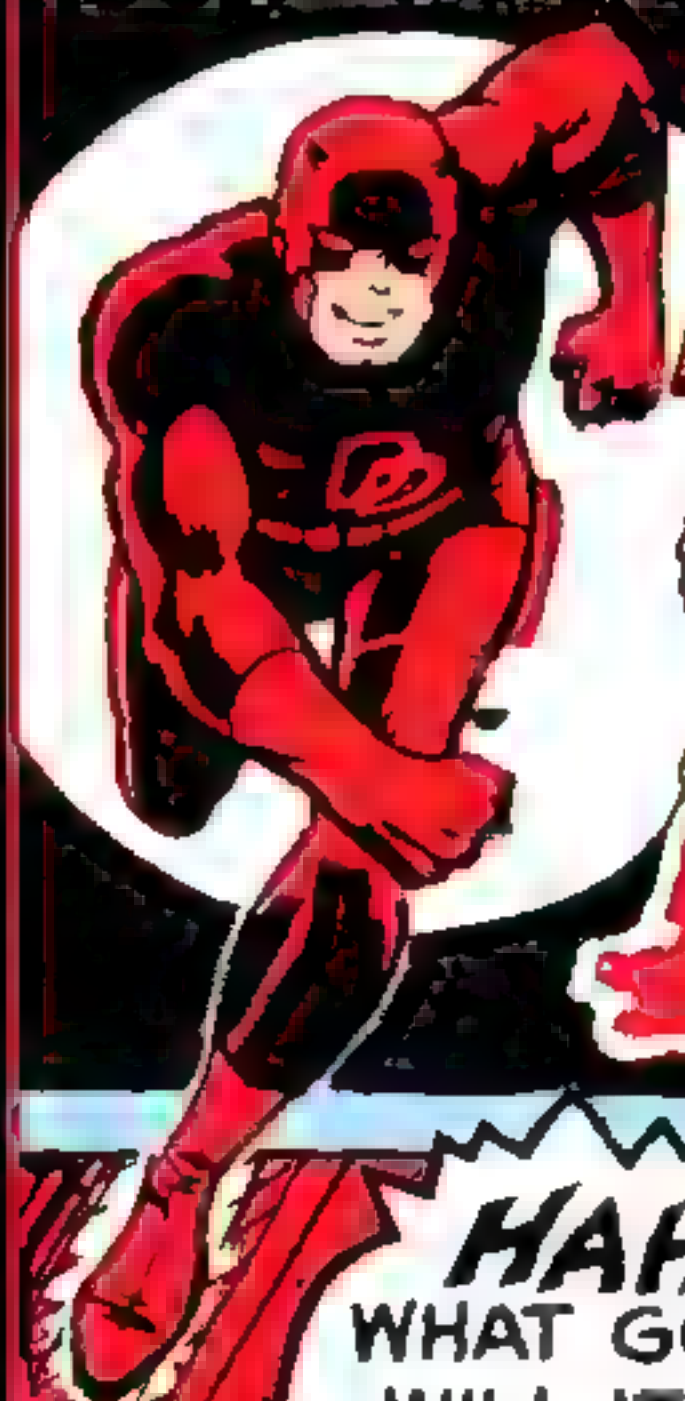
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DAREDEVIL

AND THE

BLACK WIDOW



HAH!
WHAT GOOD
WILL IT DO
YOU TO SAVE
THE **GIRL**,
MASKED
MAN--

--WHEN THE
VERY EARTH
CRUMBLES
BENEATH YOUR
FEET??

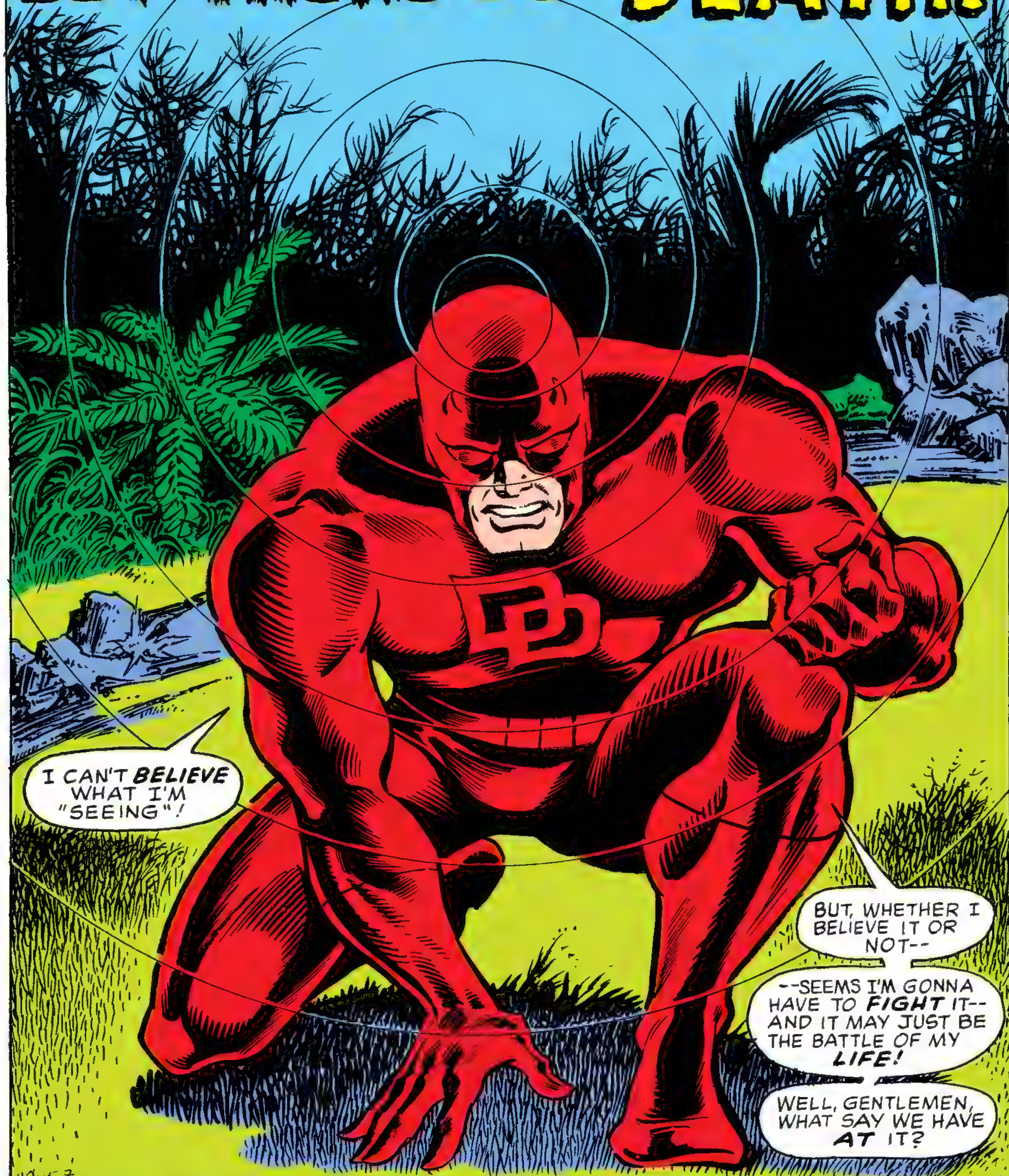
WE'LL
SEE,
MACABEE--

WE'LL
JUST
SEE!!

LET THERE BE...
THE DISCIPLES OF
DOOM!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL**, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

LET THERE BE--DEATH!



I CAN'T **BELIEVE**
WHAT I'M
"SEEING"!

BUT, WHETHER I
BELIEVE IT OR
NOT--

--SEEMS I'M GONNA
HAVE TO **FIGHT** IT--
AND IT MAY JUST BE
THE BATTLE OF MY
LIFE!

WELL, GENTLEMEN,
WHAT SAY WE HAVE
AT IT?

1205 Z

GERRY CONWAY	STEVE GERBER	GENE COLAN	ERNIE CHUA	SHELLY LEFERMAN, LETTERING	ROY THOMAS
PLOT	SCRIPT	PENCILS	INKS	GEORGE ROUSSOS, COLORING	EDITOR

NOW!

FOLLOW THE BOUNCING
HERO, CREEPS--!

FOOL! THERE IS BUT ONE
TRUE LIVING HERO--

--AND HE IS OUR MASTER!

YOU ARE BUT AN
AGENT OF HELL--
A SERVITOR OF
SATAN!

DEATH TO
YOU, RED ONE!

NYAAH!
YOU
MISSED!

IF YOU'RE THE CURIOUS TYPE,
YOU MAY BE WONDERING: WHAT'S
GOING ON HERE?!

WELL, IT ALL BEGAN LAST
ISH, WHEN A YOUNG MAN
WAS INJURED, TAKEN TO A
HOSPITAL, IGNORED BY THE
DOCTORS AND NURSES--

--AND THEN EXPLOITED
BY A STRANGE OLD MAN
WITH A PENCHANT FOR
HIDING IN SHADOW.

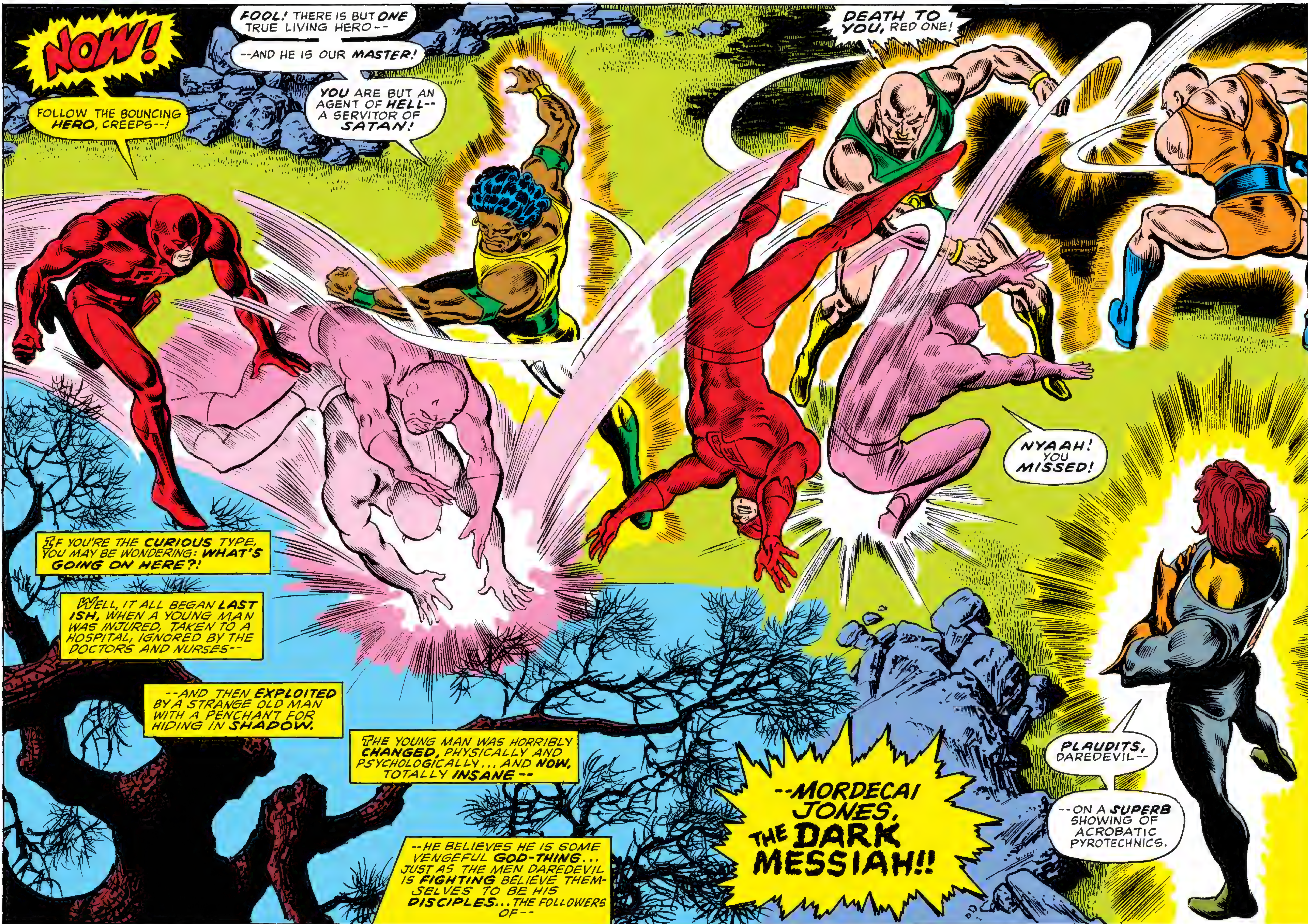
THE YOUNG MAN WAS HORRIBLY
CHANGED, PHYSICALLY AND
PSYCHOLOGICALLY... AND NOW,
TOTALLY INSANE--

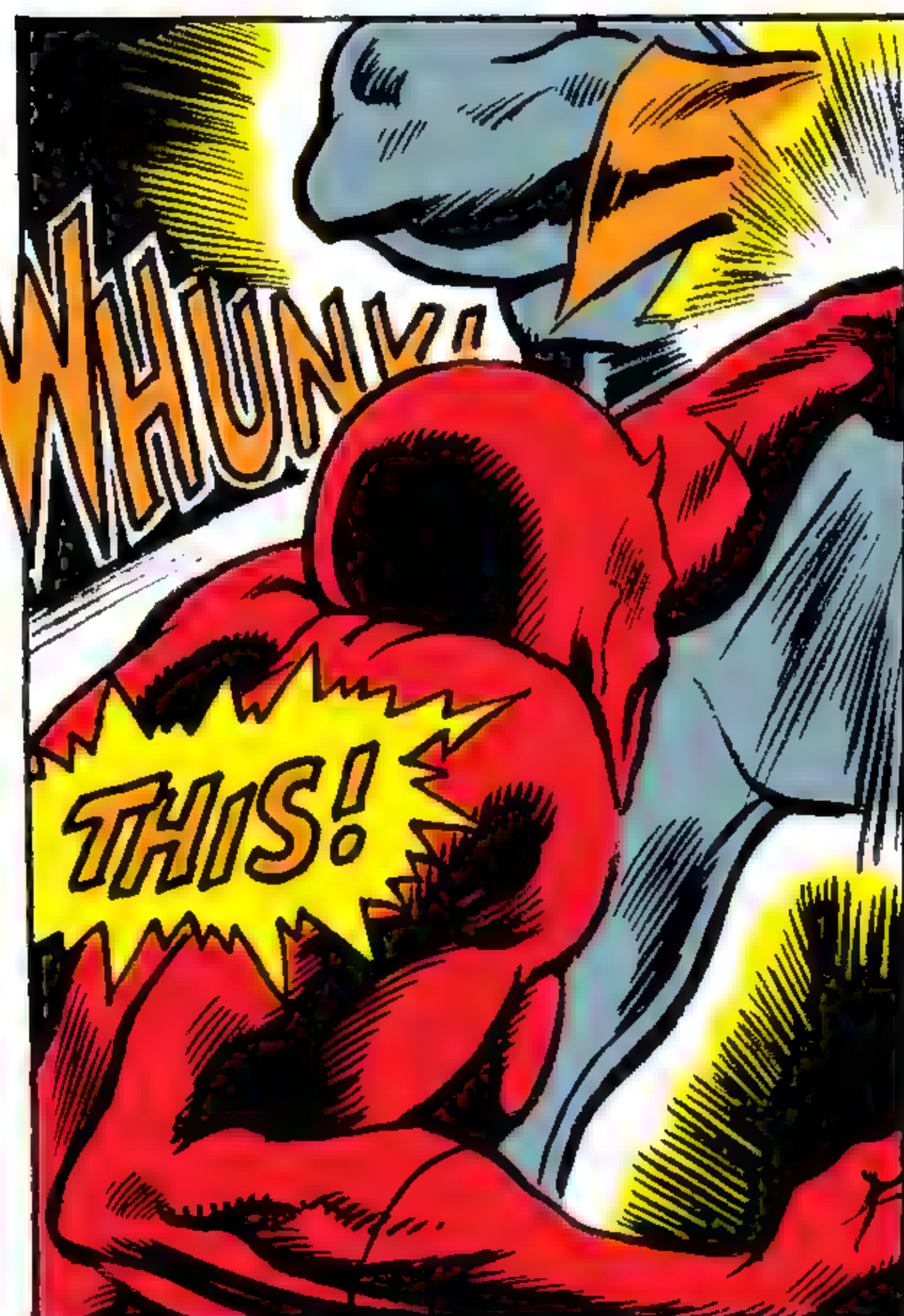
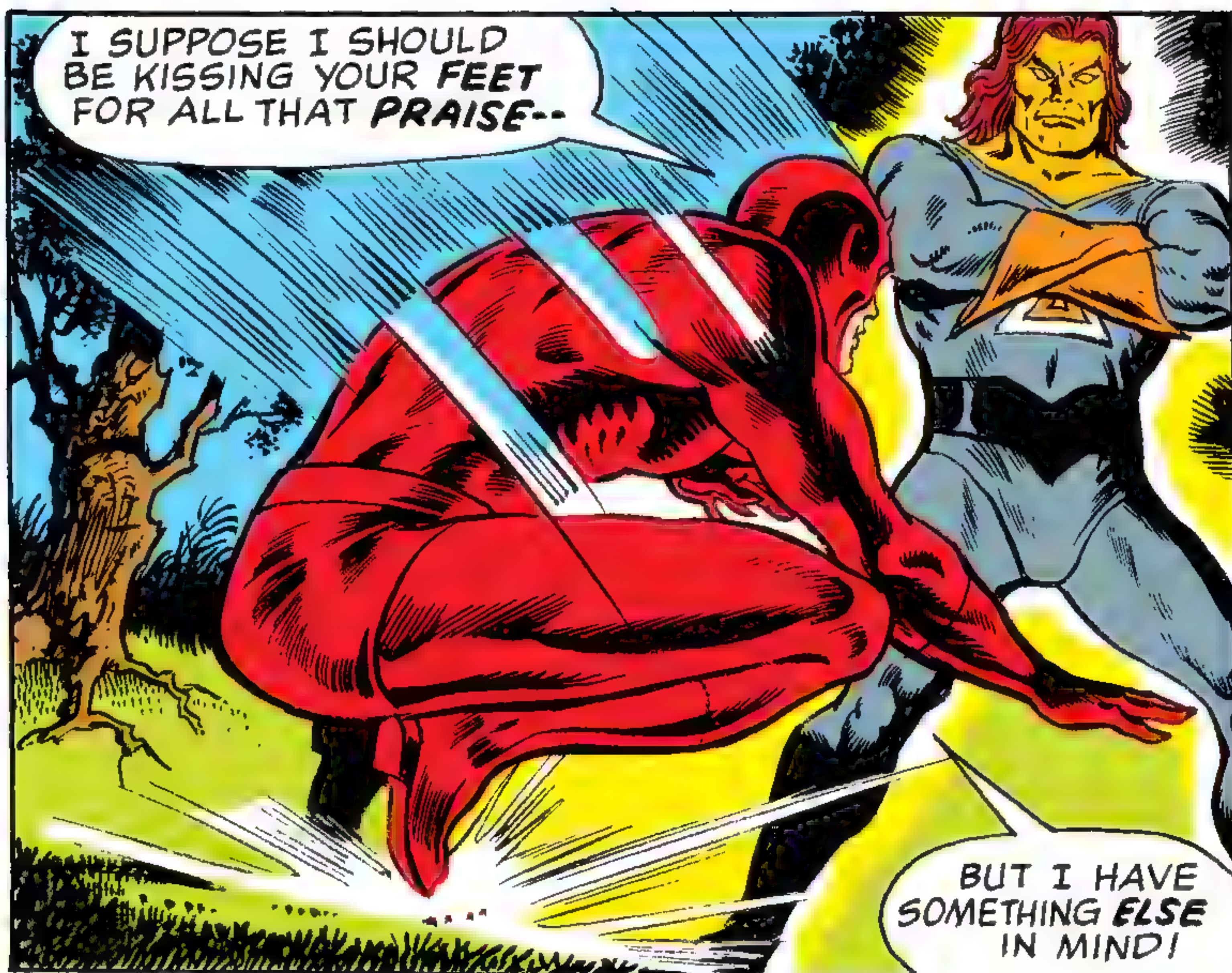
--HE BELIEVES HE IS SOME
VENGEFUL GOD-THING...
JUST AS THE MEN DAREDEVIL
IS FIGHTING BELIEVE THEM-
SELVES TO BE HIS
DISCIPLES... THE FOLLOWERS
OF--

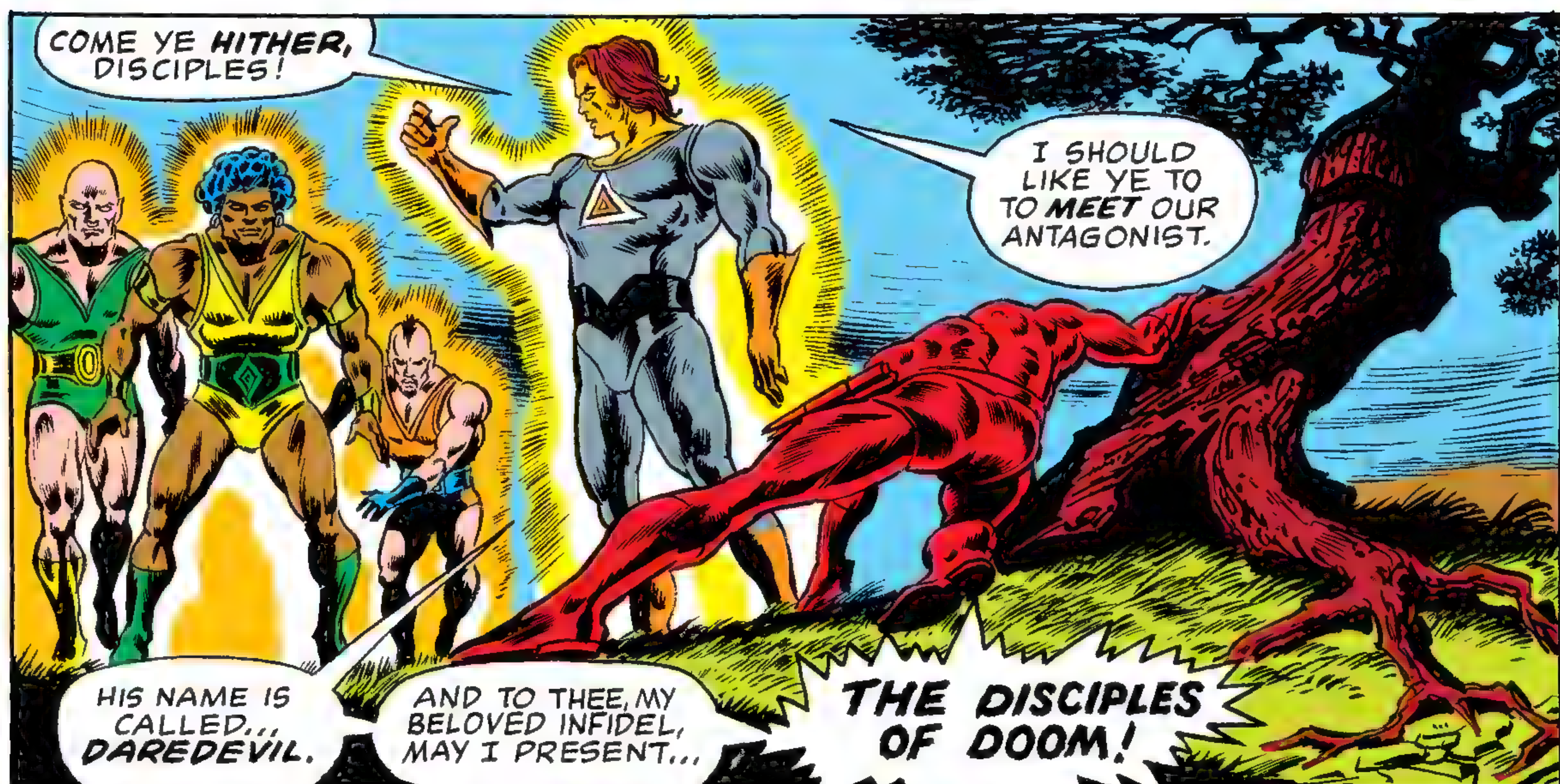
--MORDECAI
JONES,
THE DARK
MESSIAH!!

PLAUDITS,
DAREDEVIL--

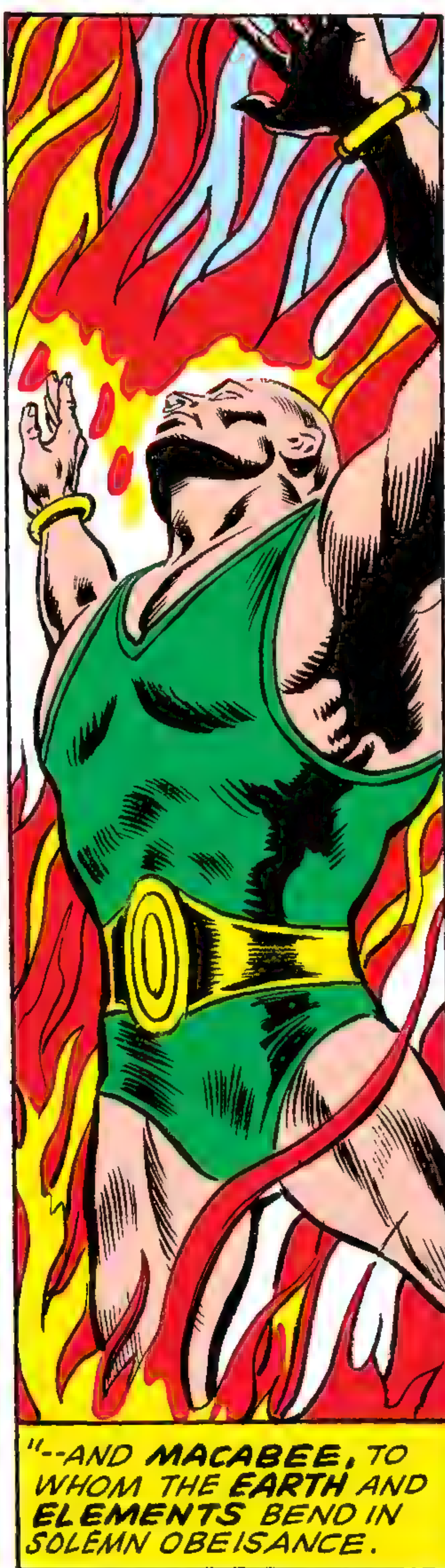
--ON A SUPERB
SHOWING OF
ACROBATIC
PYROTECHNICS.



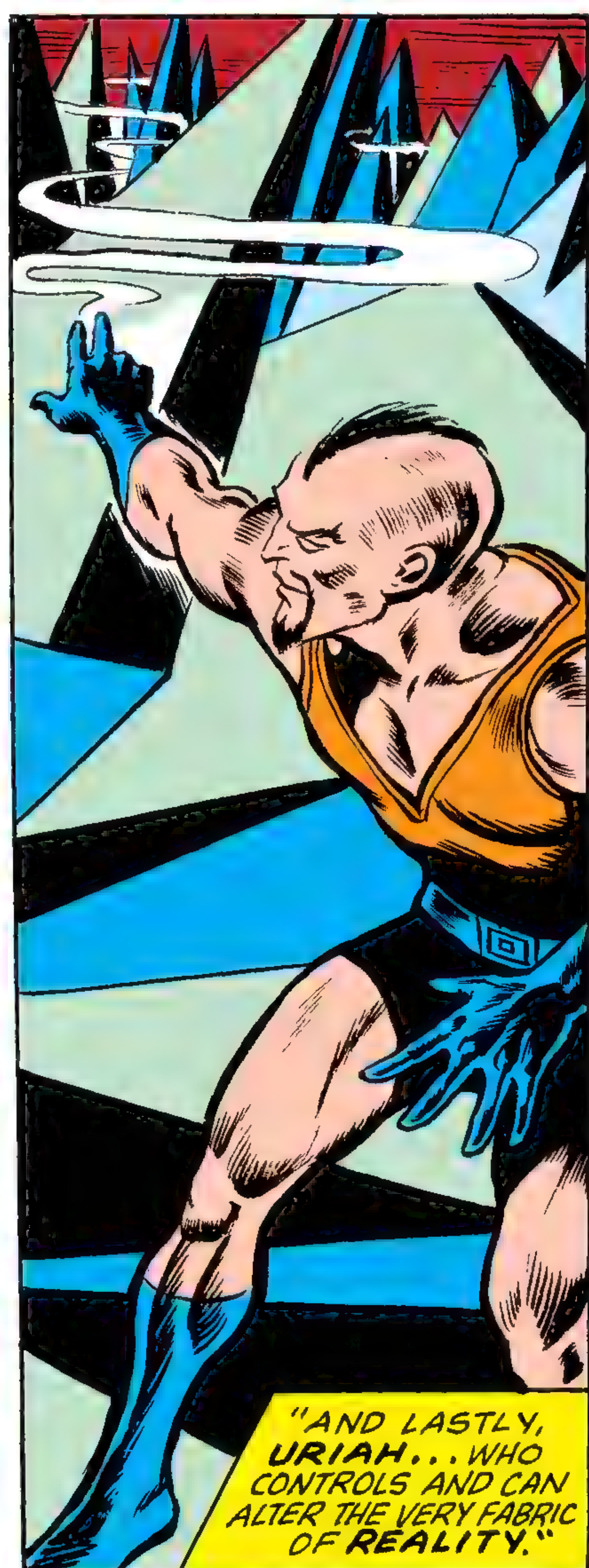




"FIRST, JOSIAH--
WHOSE HANDS
HOLD IN SWAY
THE TERRIBLE
POWER OF
SONIC
VIBRATION--!"



"--AND MACABEE, TO
WHOM THE EARTH AND
ELEMENTS BEND IN
SOLENN OBEISANCE."



"AND LASTLY,
URIAH... WHO
CONTROLS AND CAN
ALTER THE VERY FABRIC
OF REALITY."



A MAGNIFICENT **DISPLAY**,
MY DISCIPLES!

BUT NOW--**BEGONE!**
YE HAVE WORKS
TO DO.

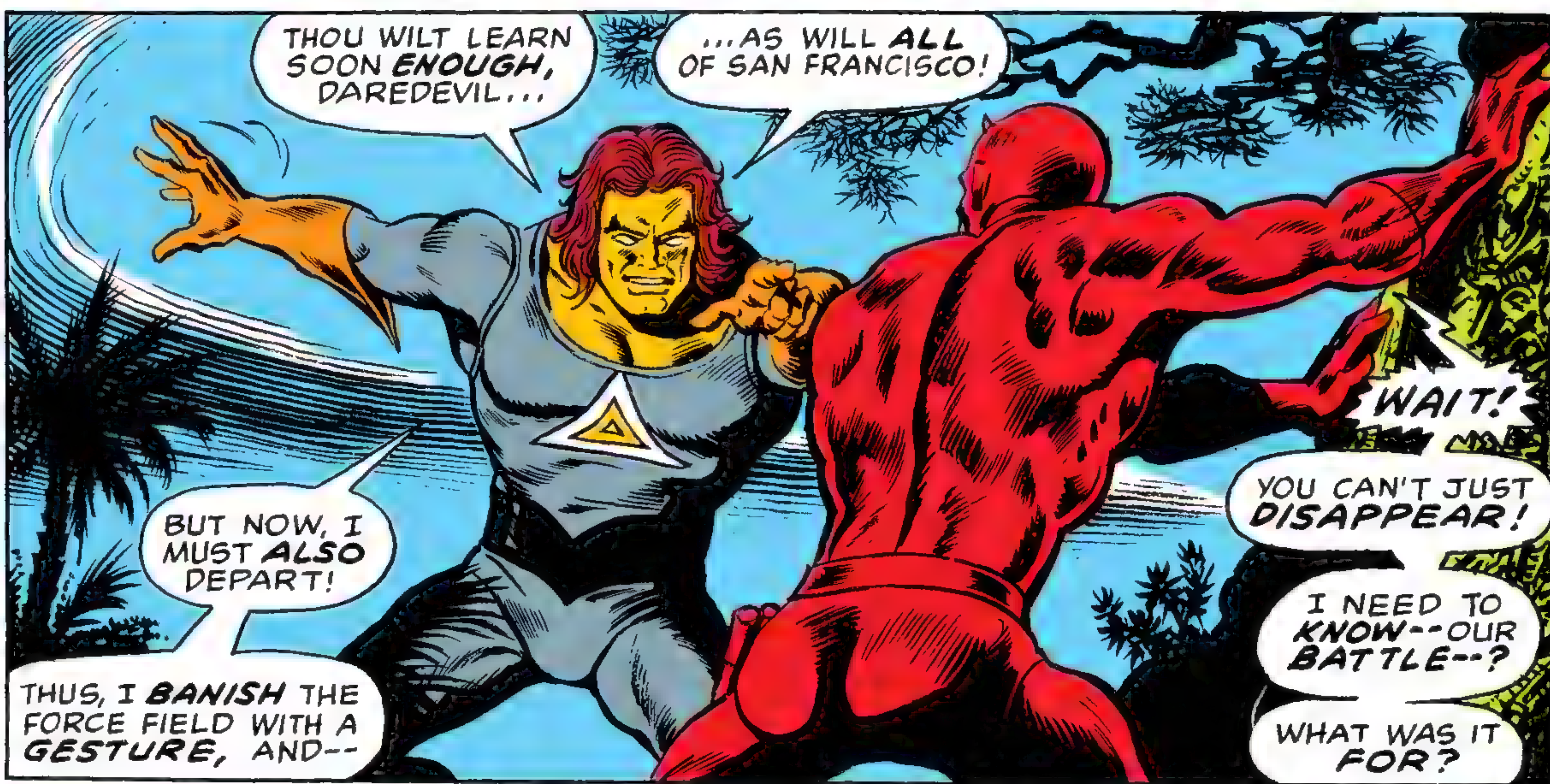


IT GETS
MADDER BY
THE **SECOND!**
THEY'RE--

--**VANISHING!**
JUST FADING
AWAY LIKE
PHANTOMS--!



WHERE ARE
THEY **GOING?**
WHERE?



THOU WILT LEARN
SOON **ENOUGH**,
DAREDEVIL...

...AS WILL ALL
OF SAN FRANCISCO!

BUT NOW, I
MUST **ALSO**
DEPART!

THUS, I **BANISH** THE
FORCE FIELD WITH A
GESTURE, AND--

WAIT!
YOU CAN'T JUST
DISAPPEAR!

I NEED TO
KNOW--OUR
BATTLE--?

WHAT WAS IT
FOR?



HAHAHAHAHA

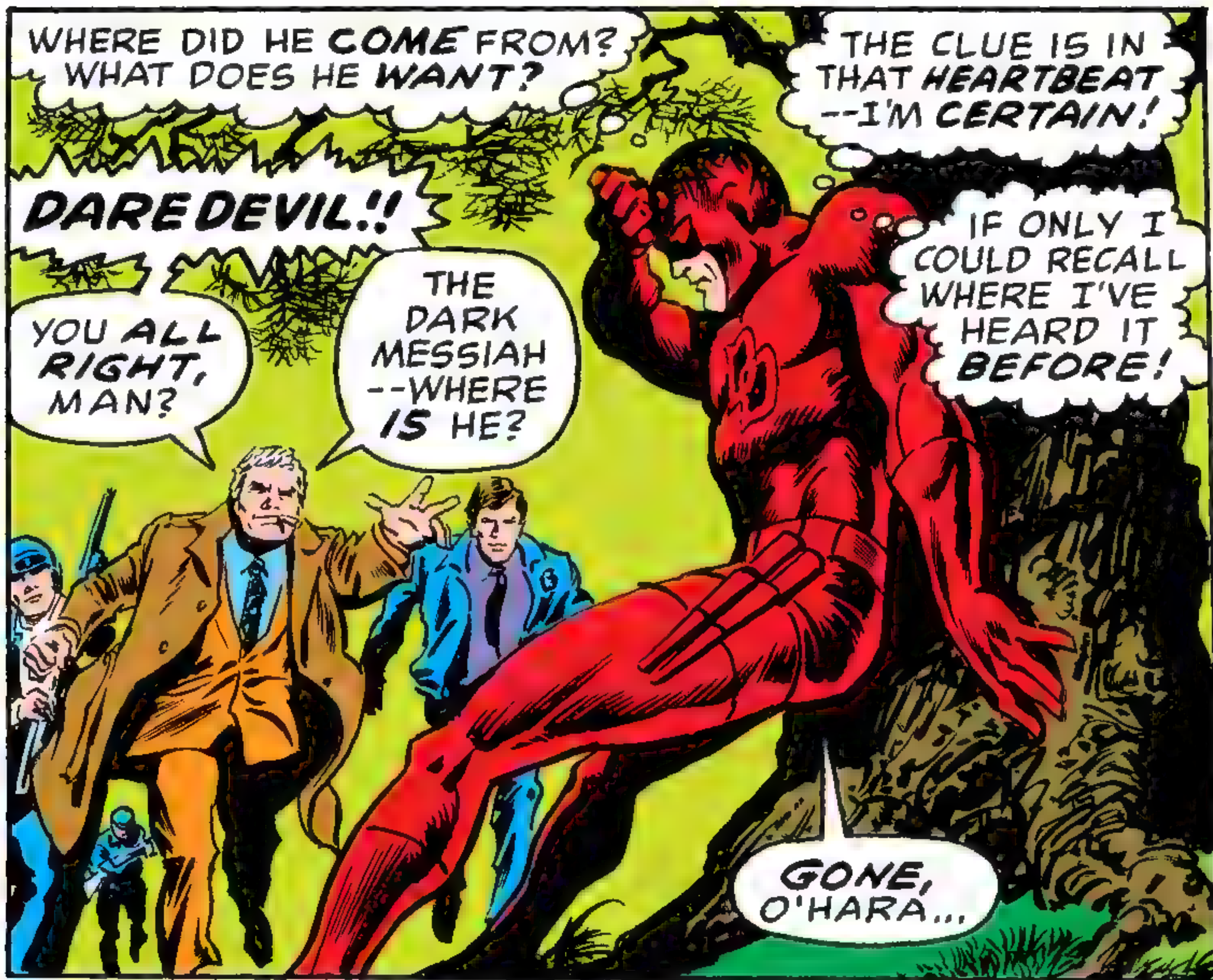
NO ANSWER!
JUST HIS MOCKING
LAUGHTER--

--AND THAT INCREDIBLY SLOW
HEARTBEAT OF HIS--FADING OUT...

...SLOWING
EVEN **MORE.**

AND
NOW--

GONE.



WHERE DID HE COME FROM?
WHAT DOES HE WANT?

THE CLUE IS IN
THAT HEARTBEAT
--I'M CERTAIN!

DAREDEVIL!!

YOU ALL
RIGHT,
MAN?

THE
DARK
MESSIAH
--WHERE
IS HE?

IF ONLY I
COULD RECALL
WHERE I'VE
HEARD IT
BEFORE!

GONE,
O'HARA...



YOU DID IT, BOY!
I KNEW YOU'D
COME THRU!



FROM THE VERY
BEGINNING, I
SAID...

UH... SOMETHING
WRONG, HORN-
HEAD?

YOU'RE NOT ACTING
MUCH LIKE THE
CONQUERING
HERO.



I THINK YOU KNOW
WHAT'S WRONG, CHIEF.

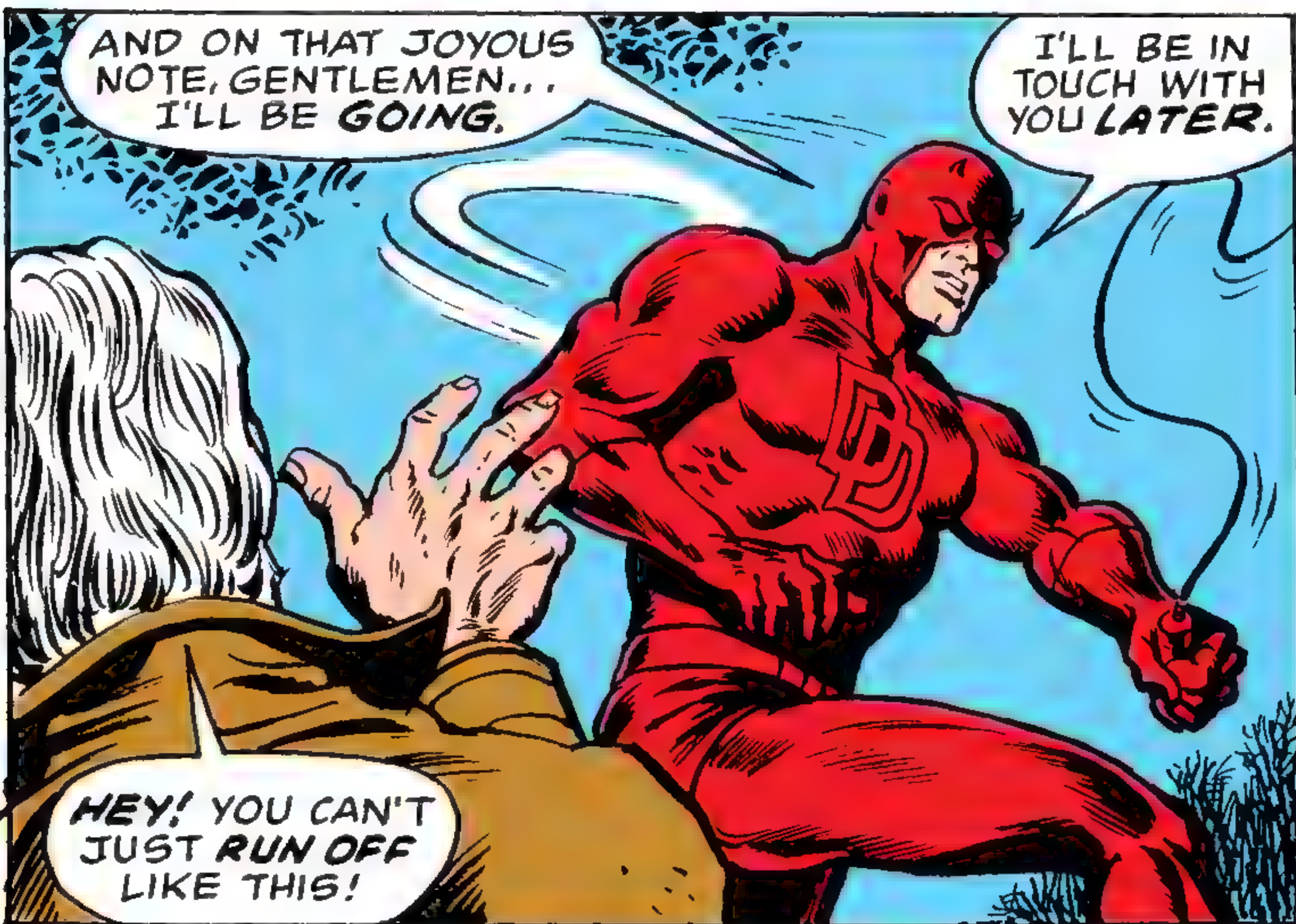
HE DIDN'T BEAT
THAT MANIAC--
AND WE'RE STILL
IN TROUBLE.

RIGHT,
DD?

WRONG,
PAUL.

WE DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHAT TROUBLE
IS--

--YET.



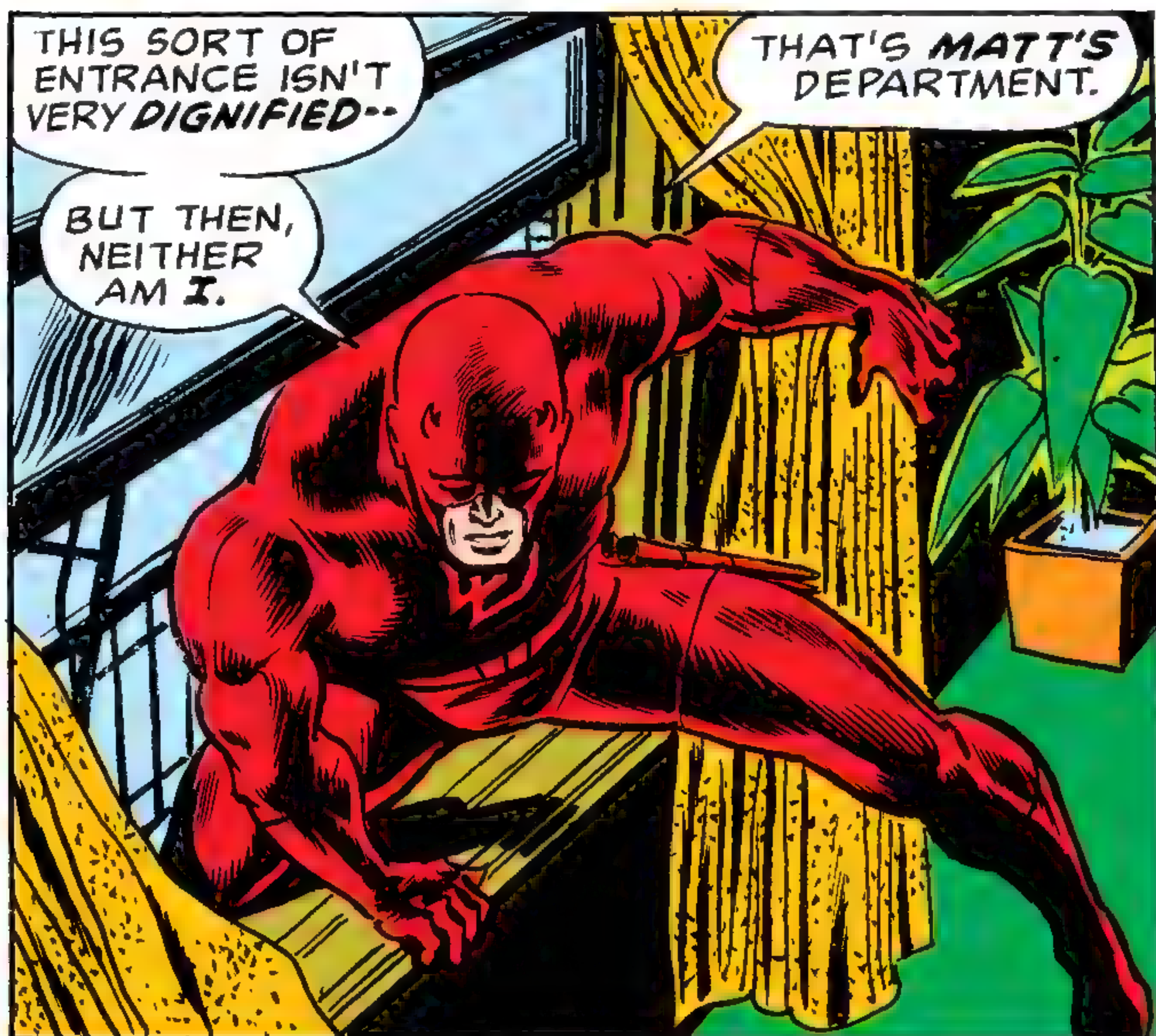
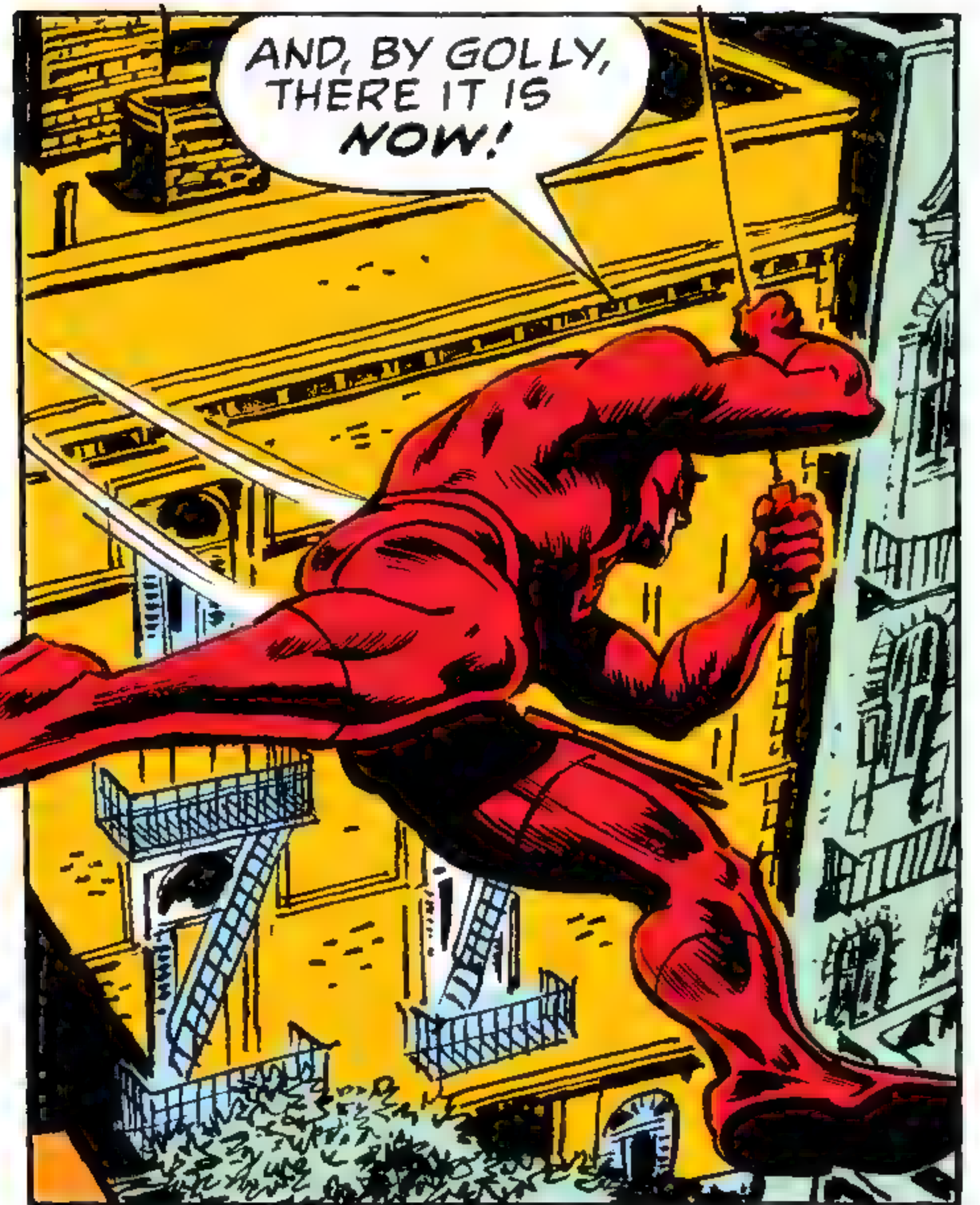
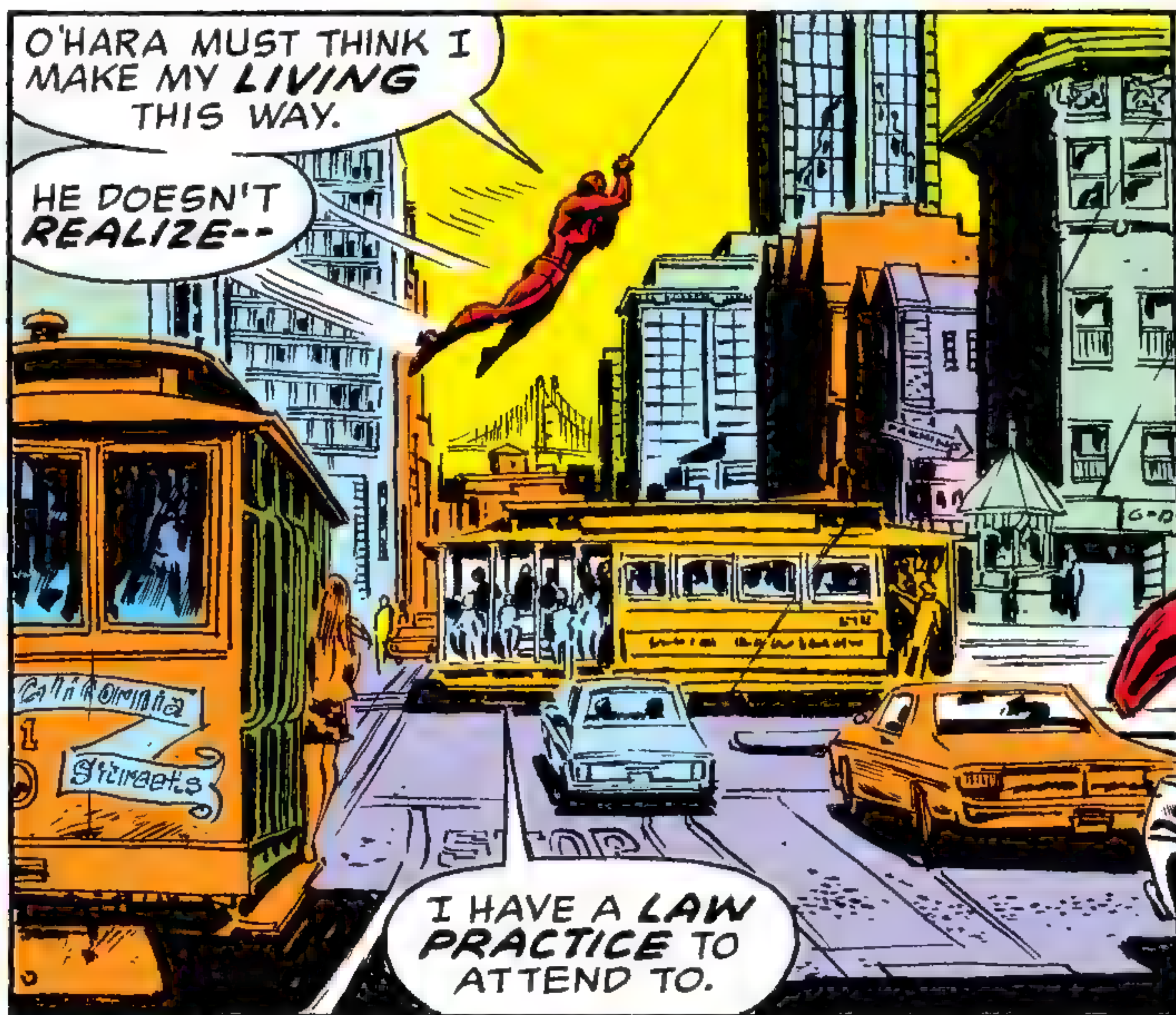
AND ON THAT JOYOUS
NOTE, GENTLEMEN...
I'LL BE GOING.

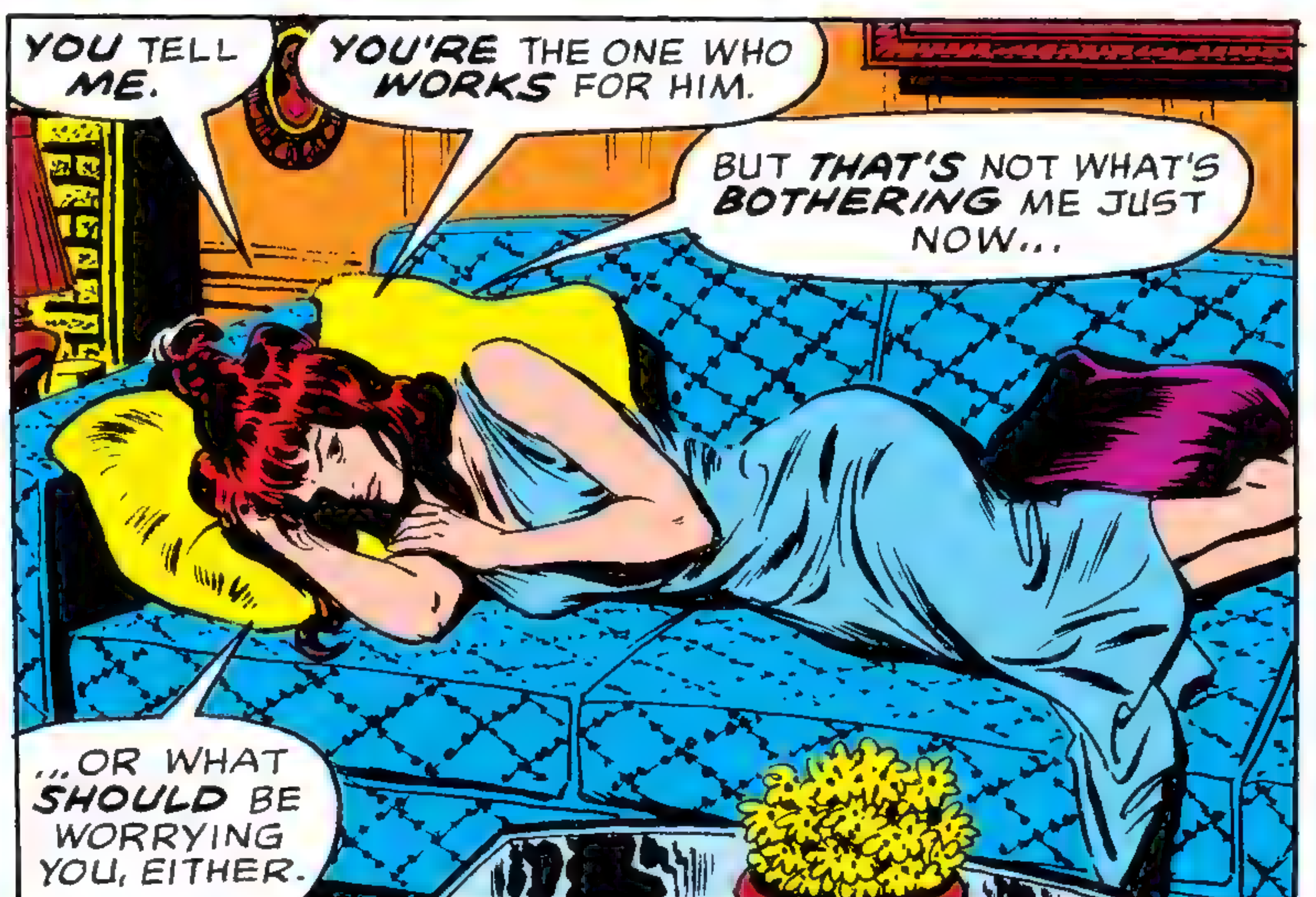
I'LL BE IN
TOUCH WITH
YOU LATER.

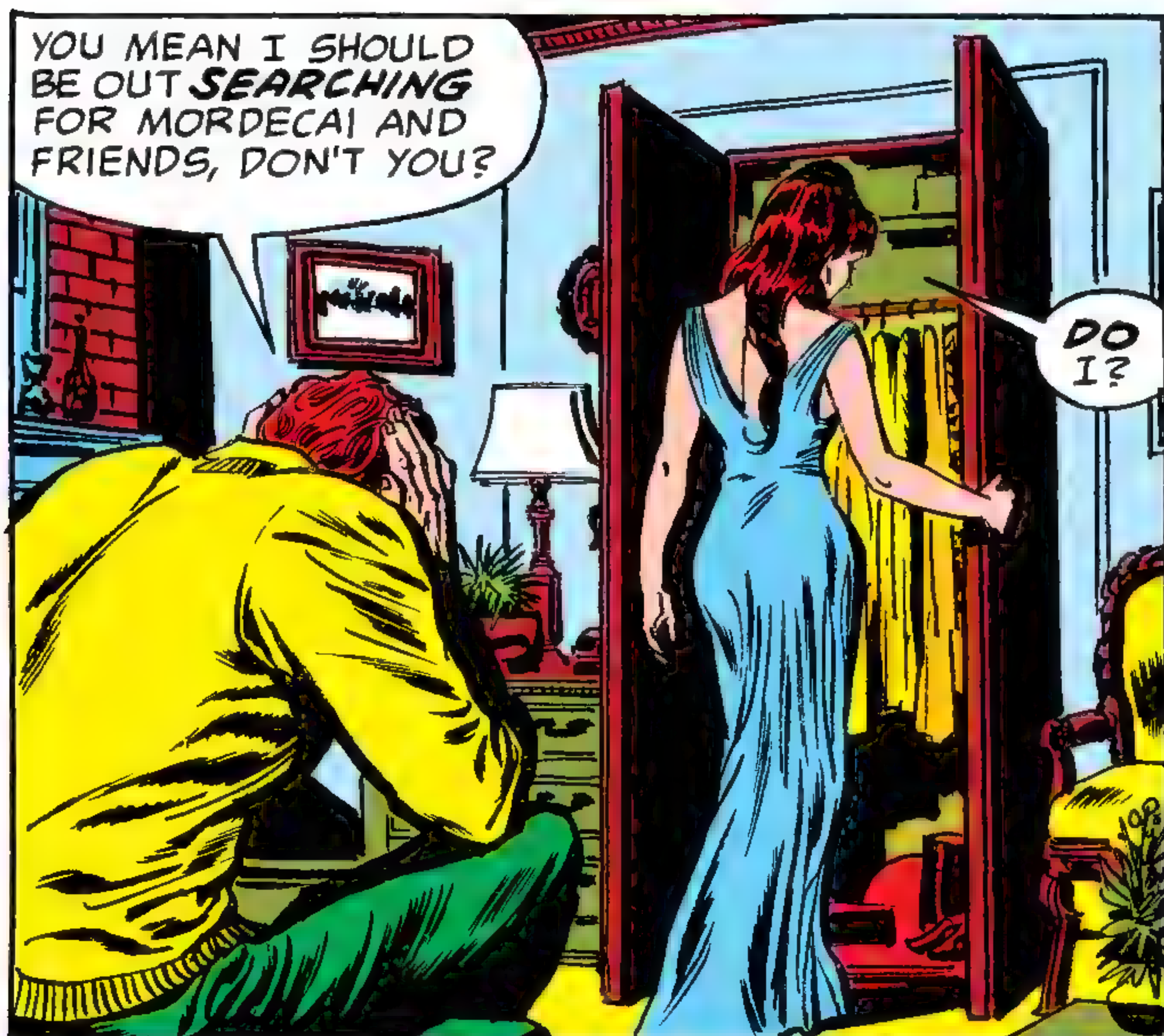
HEY! YOU CAN'T
JUST RUN OFF
LIKE THIS!



OH--CAN'T
HE?





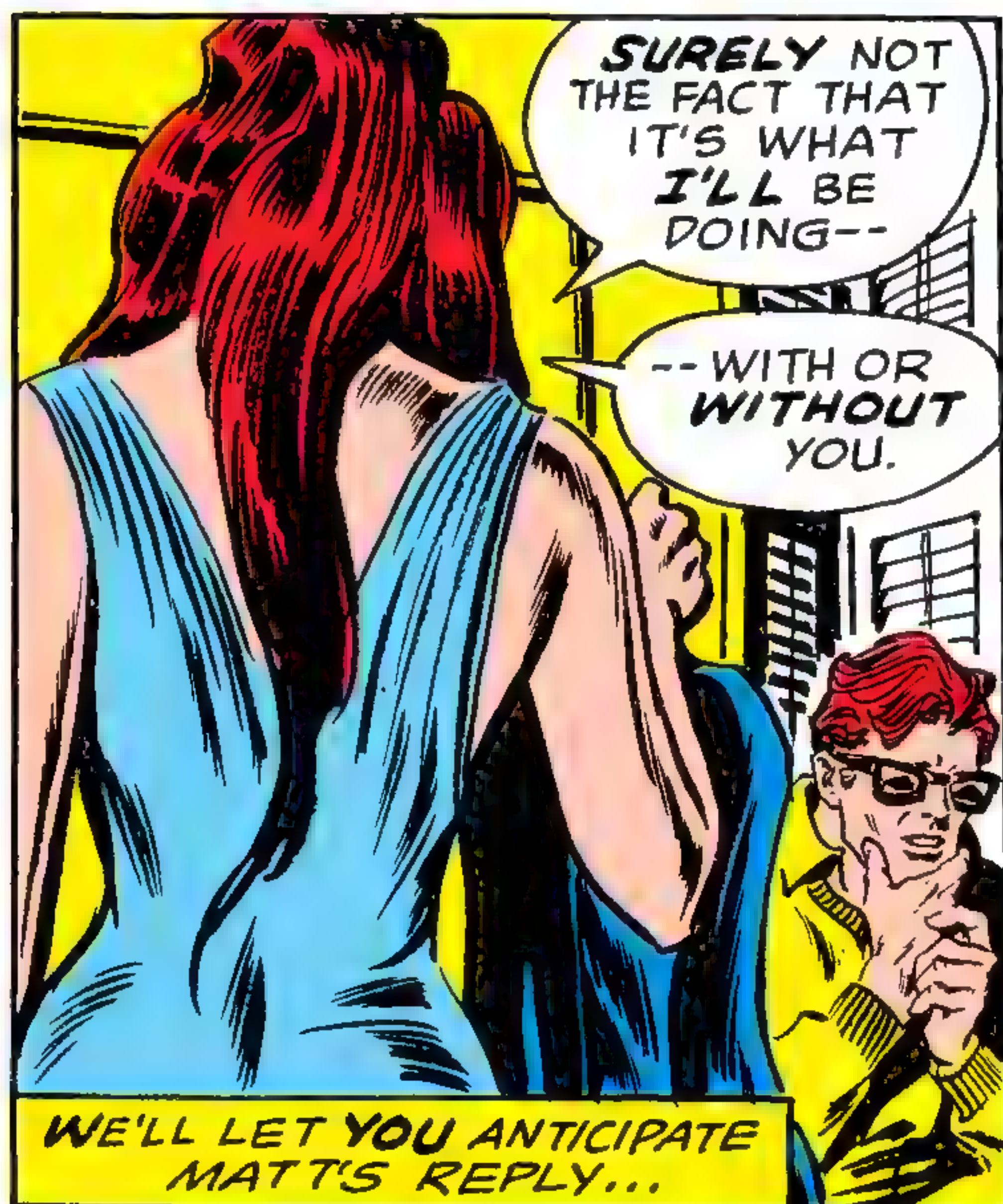


YOU MEAN I SHOULD BE OUT **SEARCHING** FOR MORDECAI AND FRIENDS, DON'T YOU?

DO I?



WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?

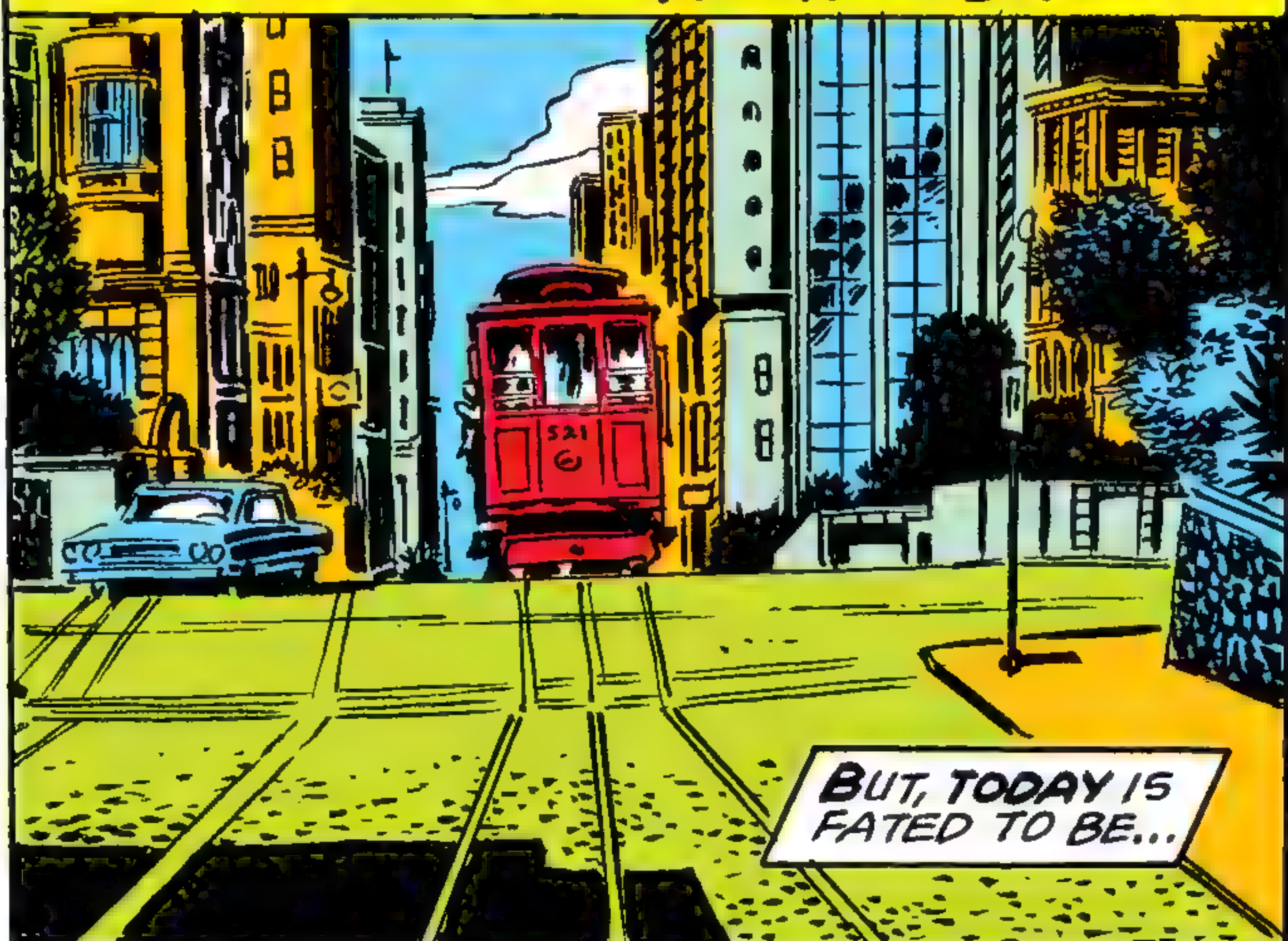


SURELY NOT THE FACT THAT IT'S WHAT I'LL BE DOING--

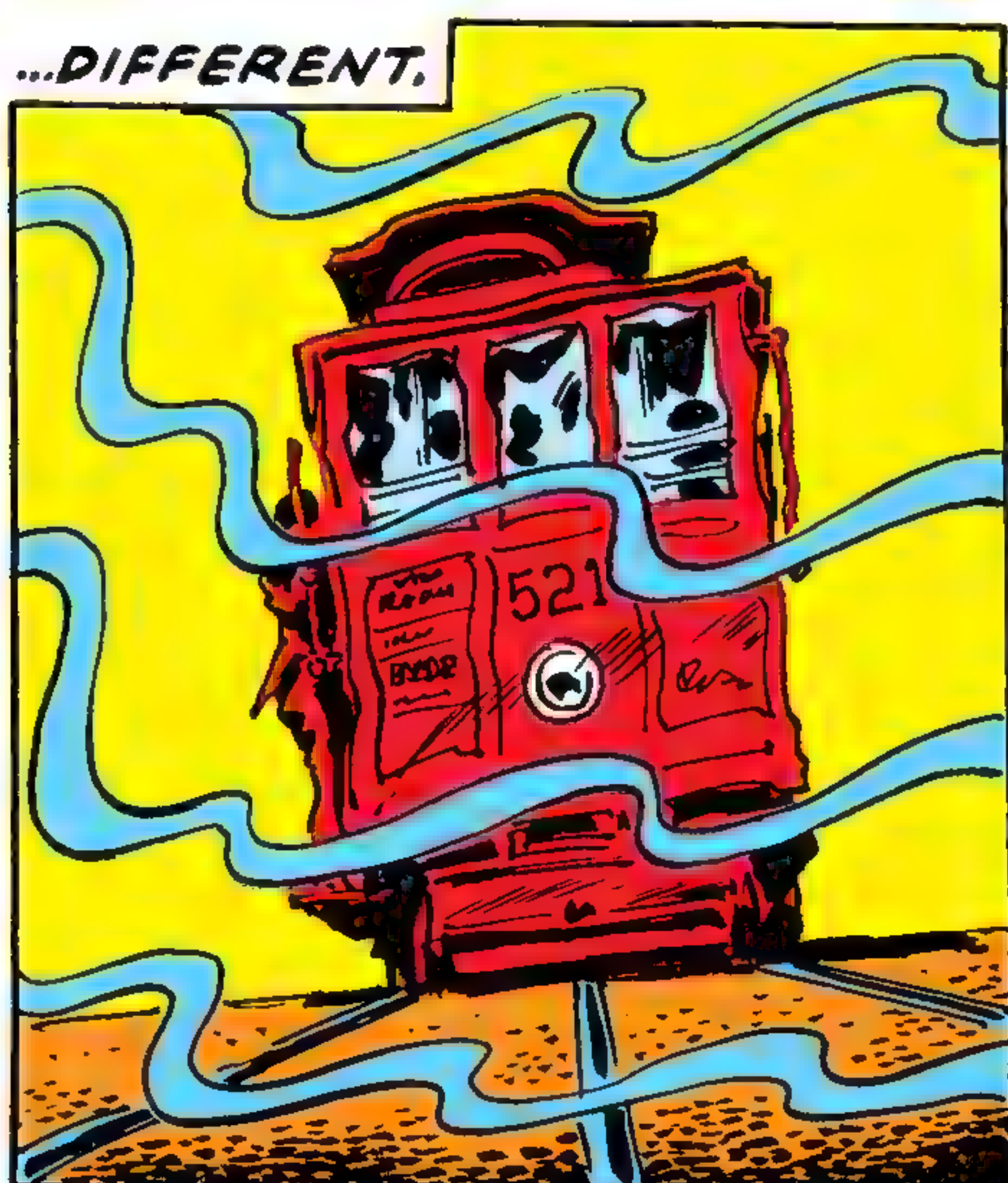
-- WITH OR WITHOUT YOU.

WE'LL LET YOU ANTICIPATE MATT'S REPLY...

...WHILE WE TURN OUR ATTENTION TO AN ORDINARY SAN FRANCISCO CABLECAR CLICKETY-CLACKING ITS WAY ALONG THE SAME ROUTE IT HAS FOLLOWED FOR A QUARTER-CENTURY.



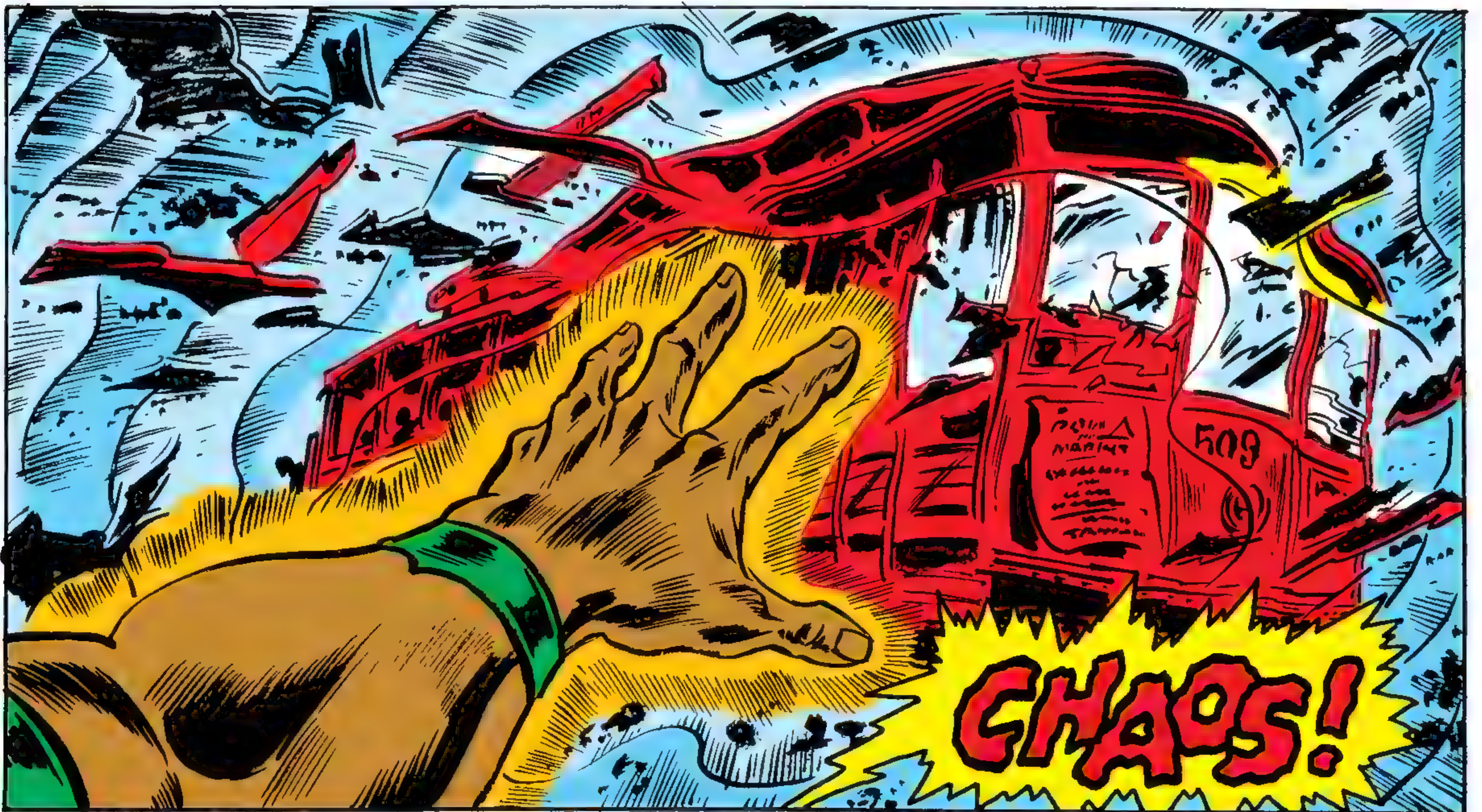
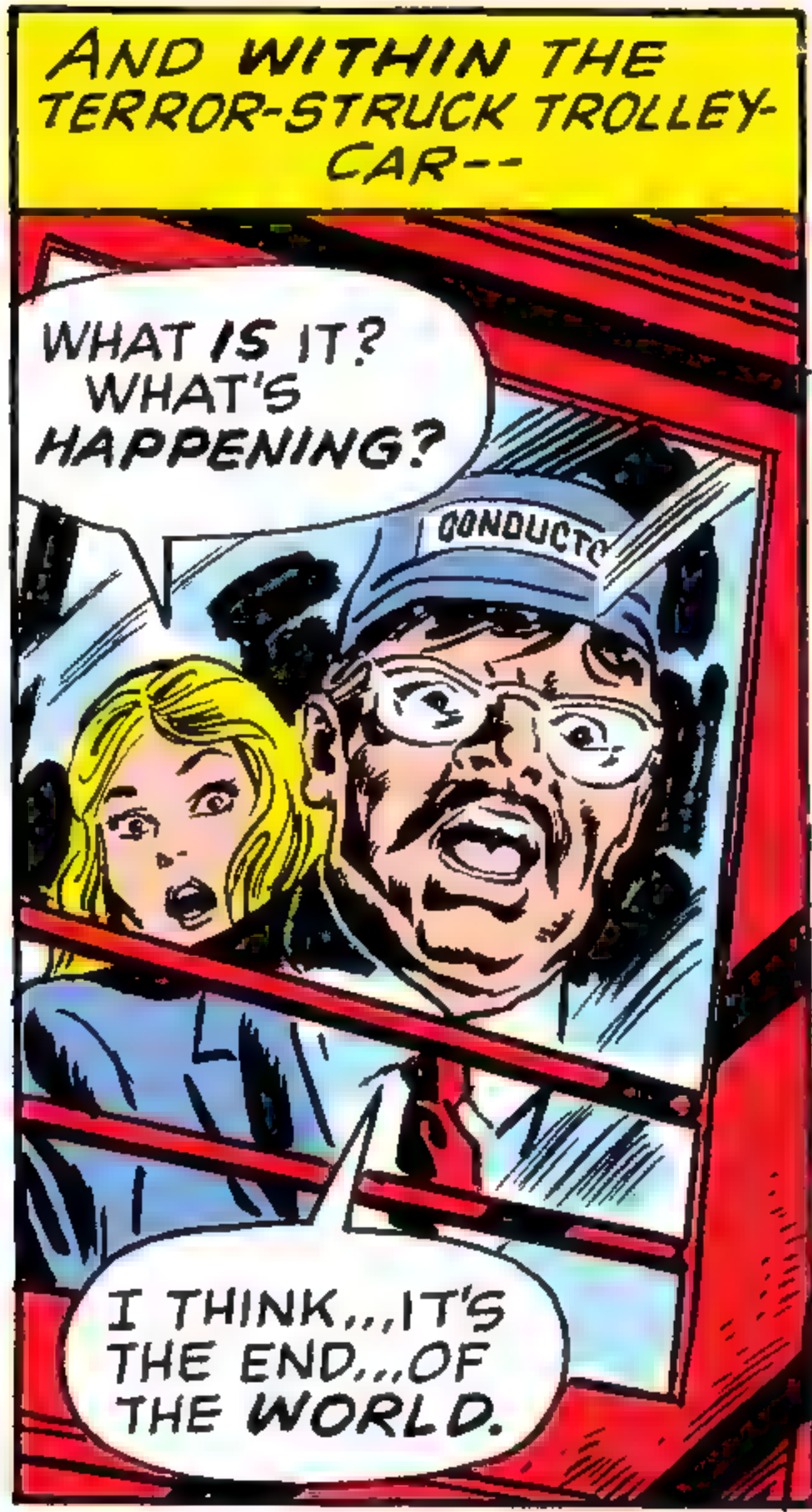
BUT, TODAY IS FATED TO BE...



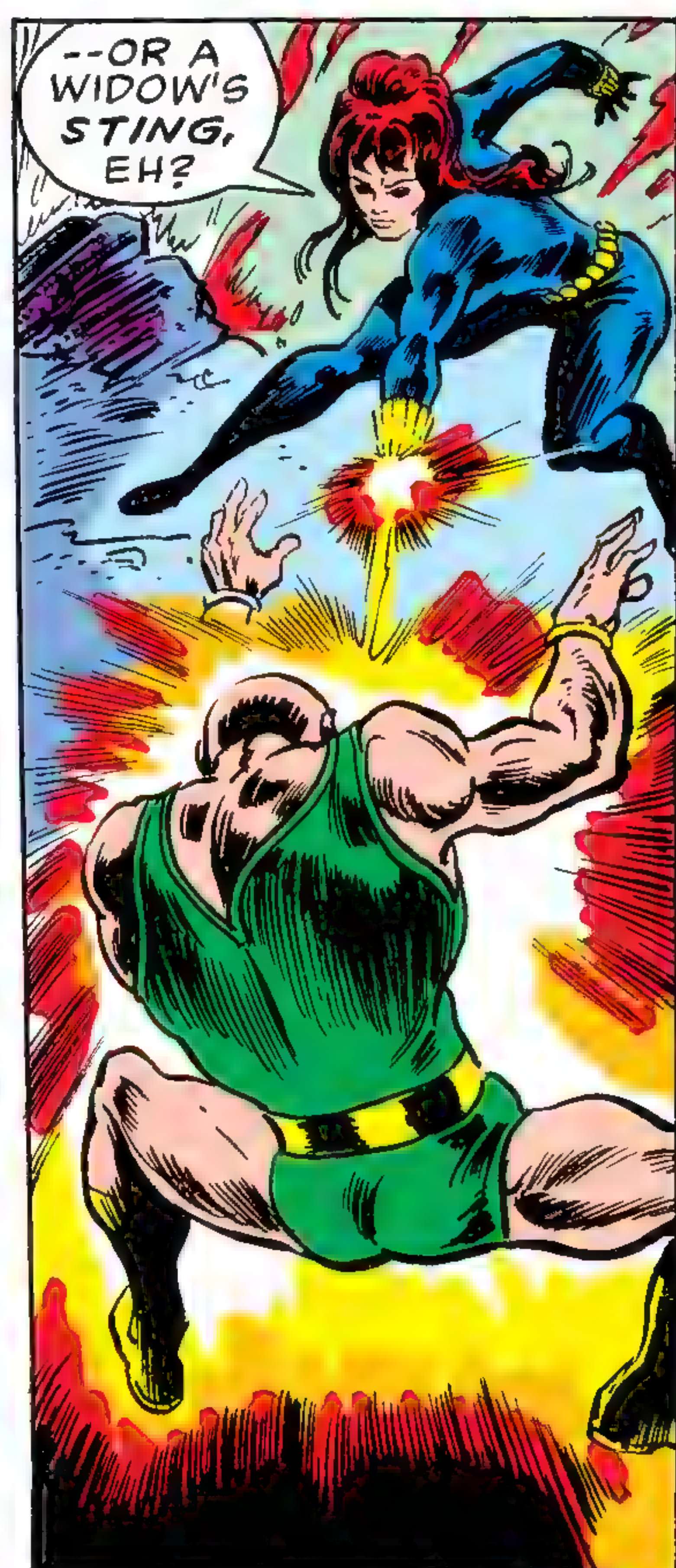
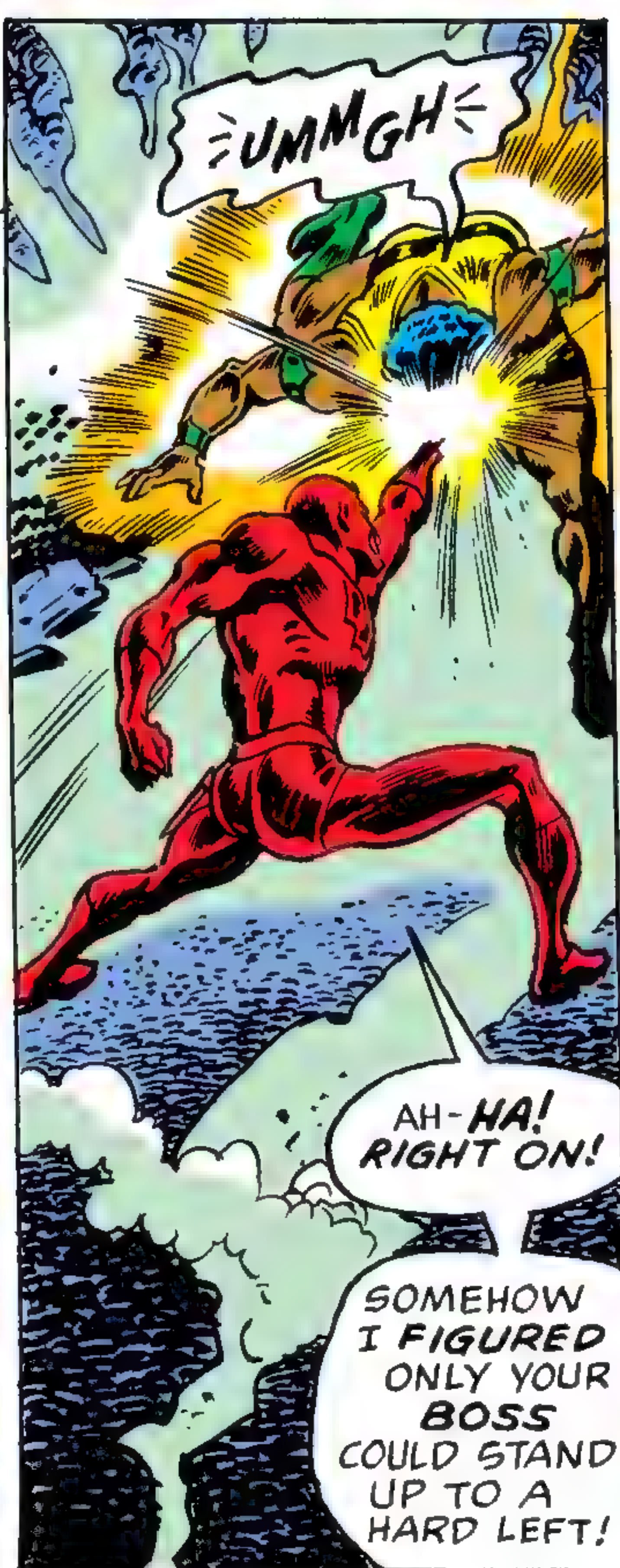
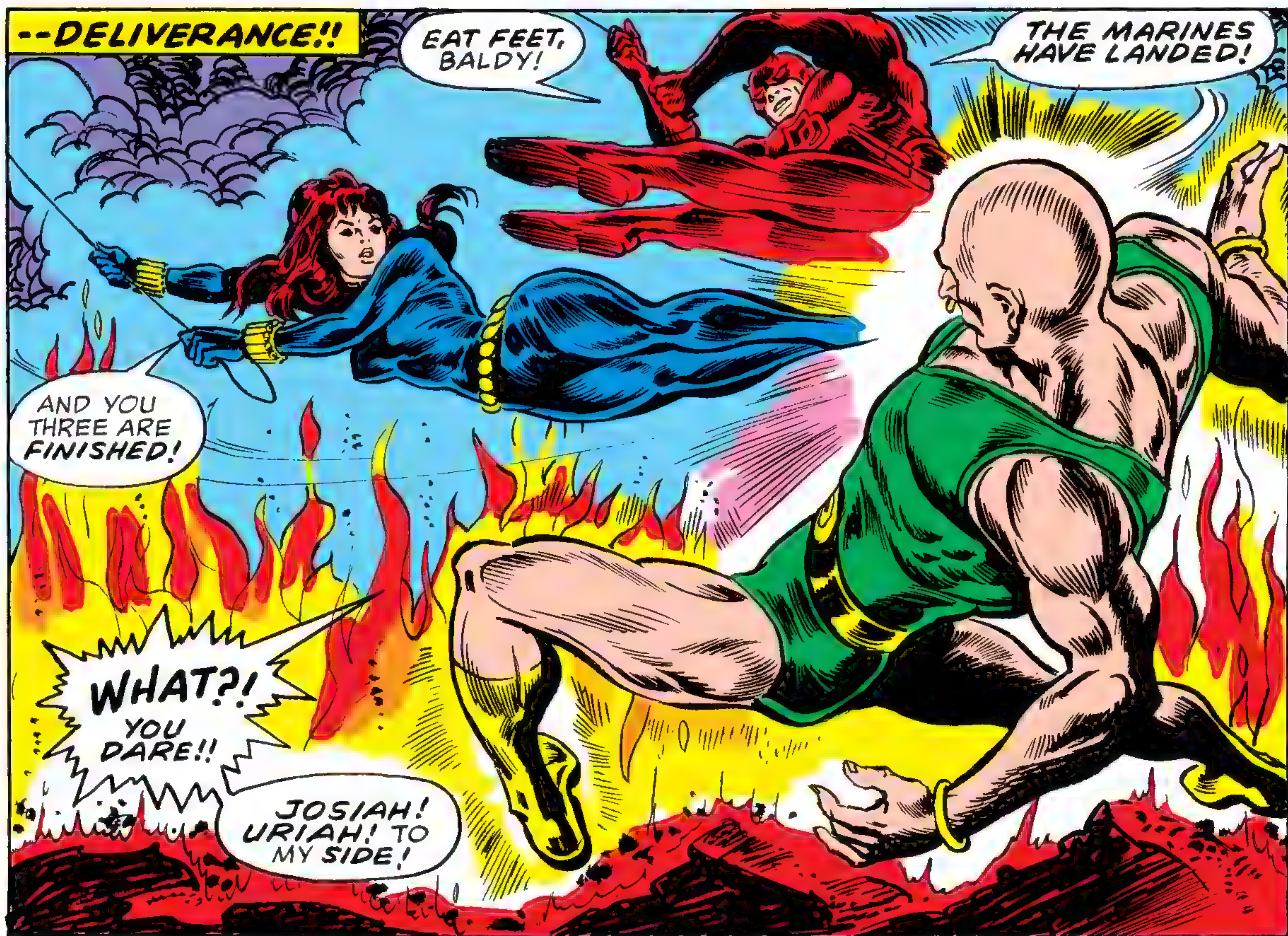
...DIFFERENT.

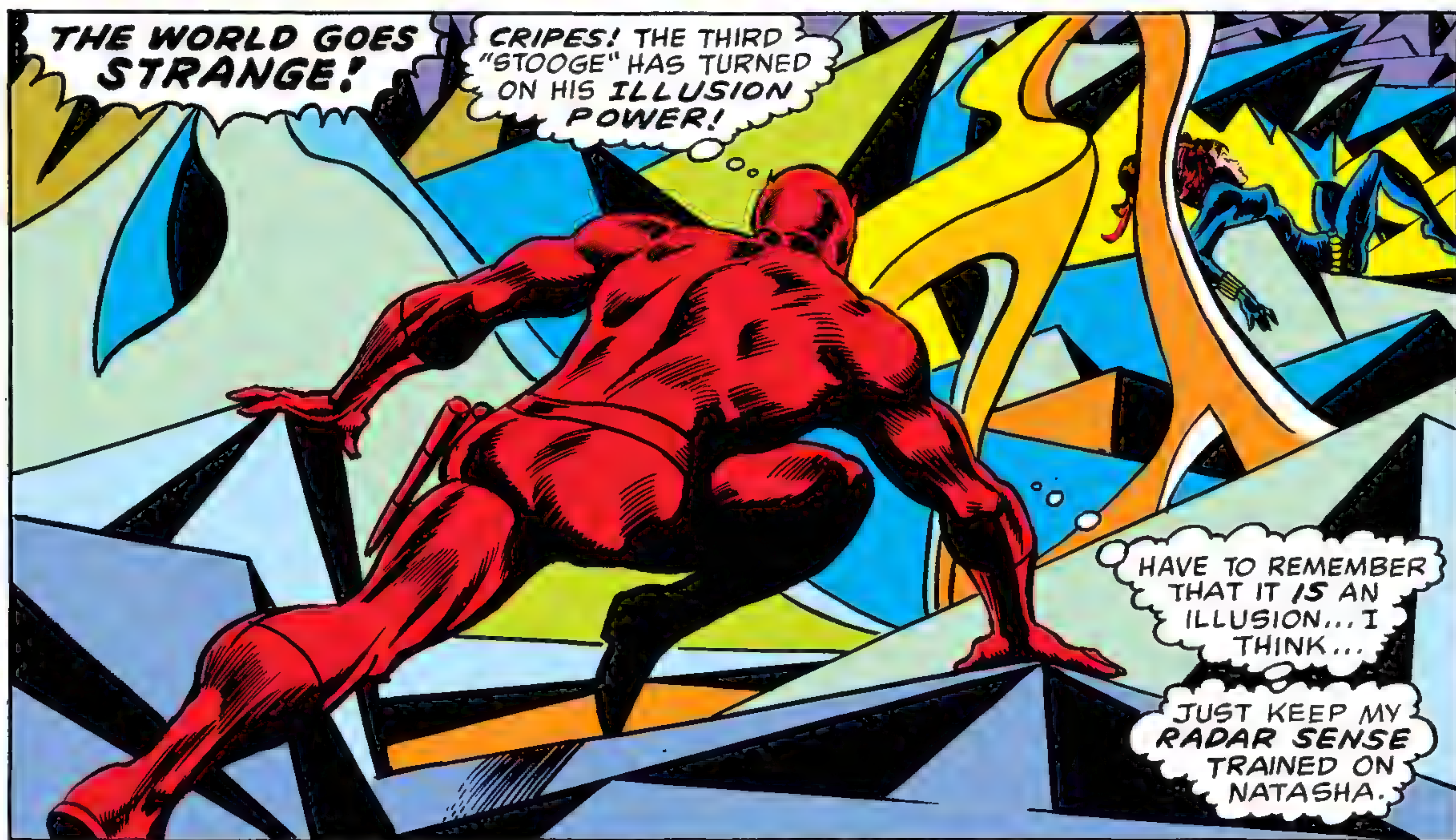
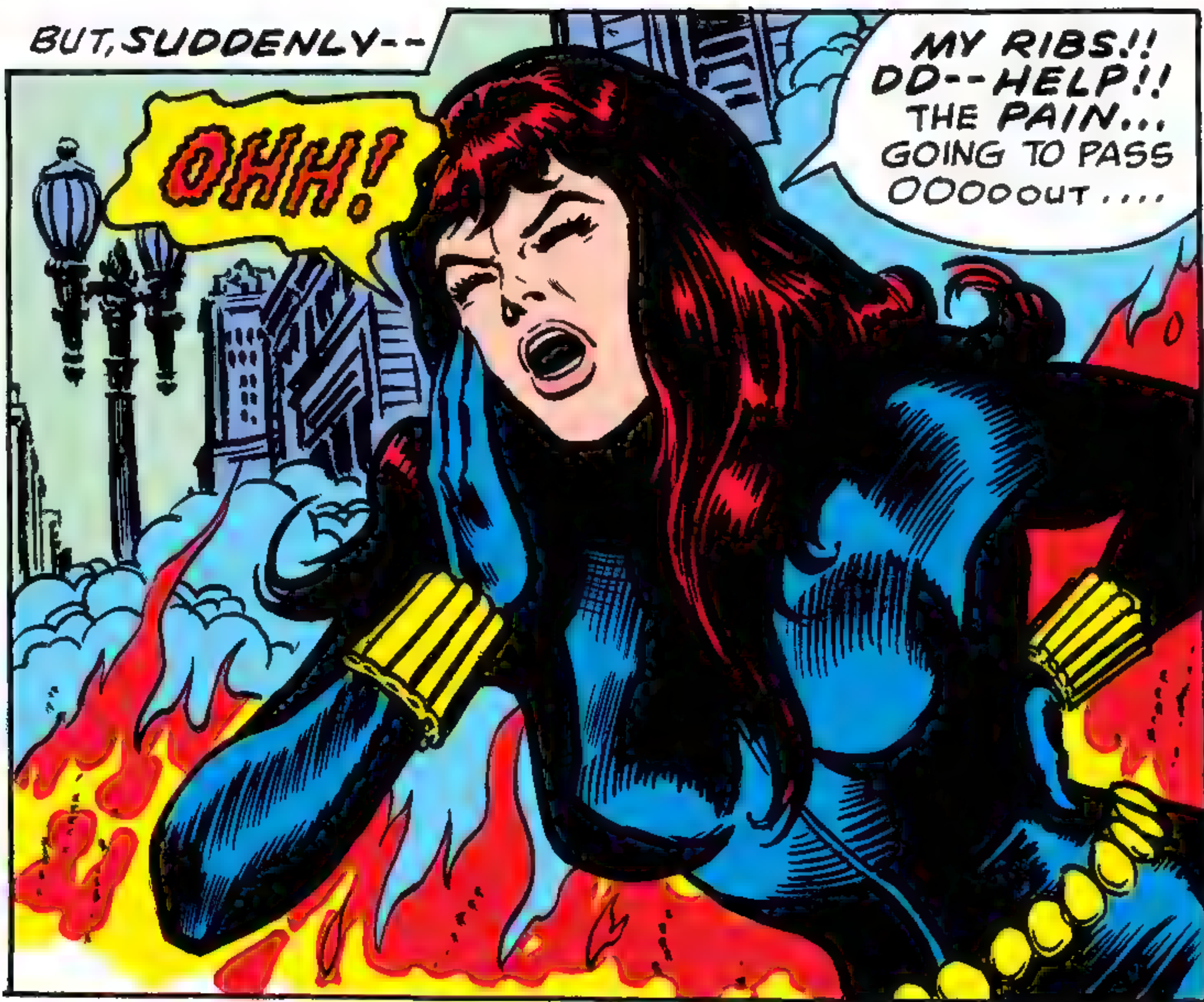


IT BEGINS, BROTHERS-- THE CLEANSING!

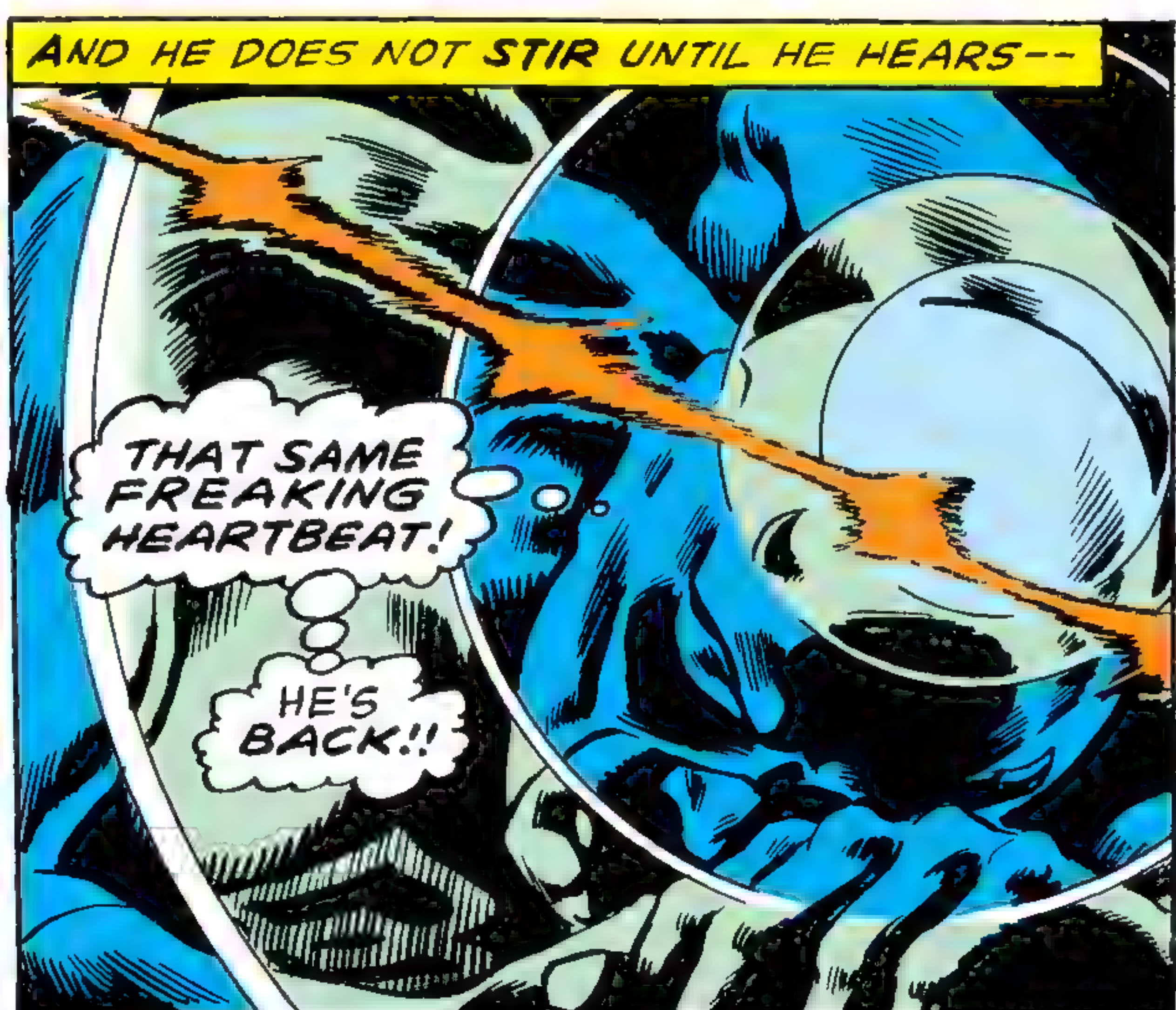
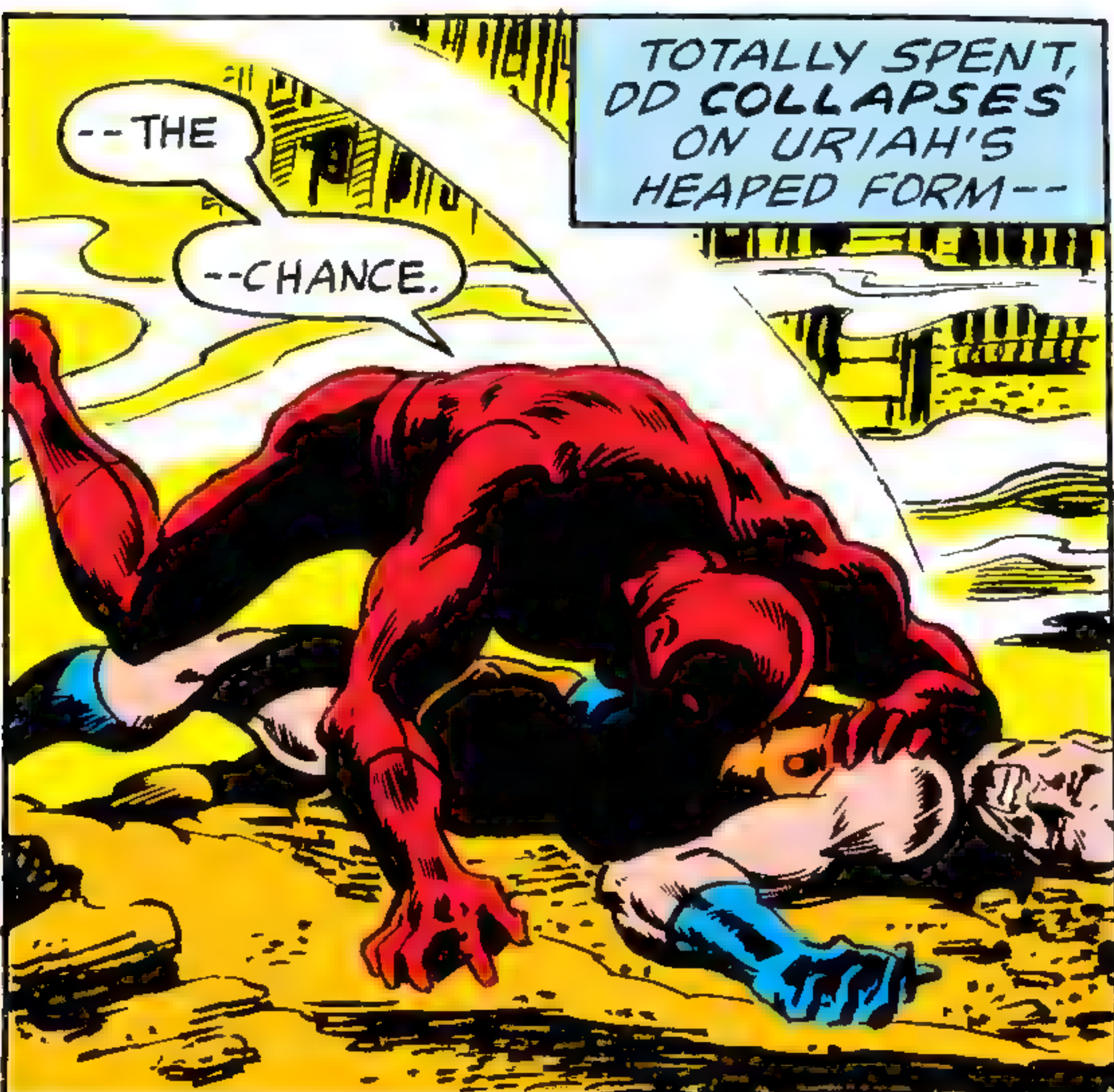
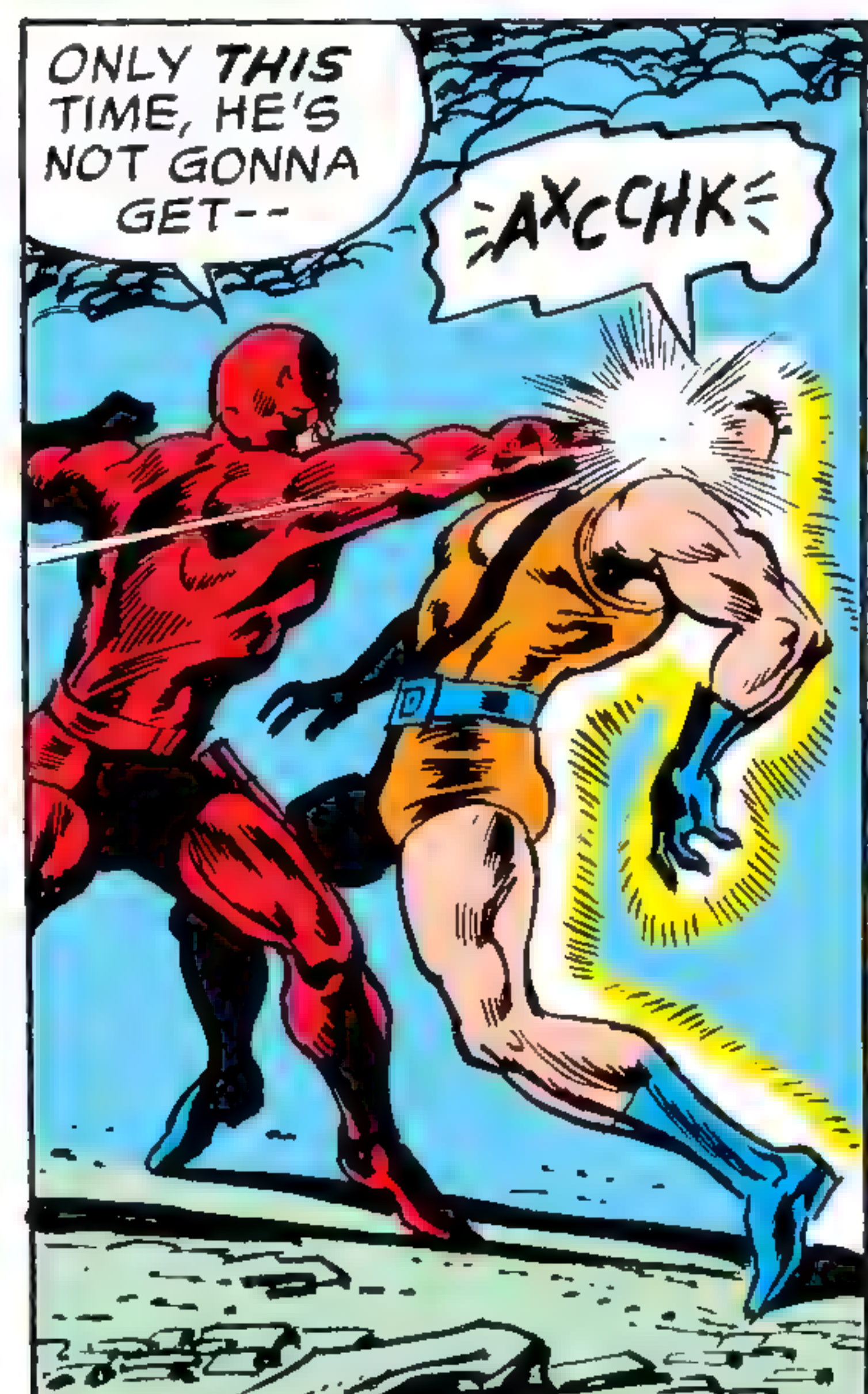
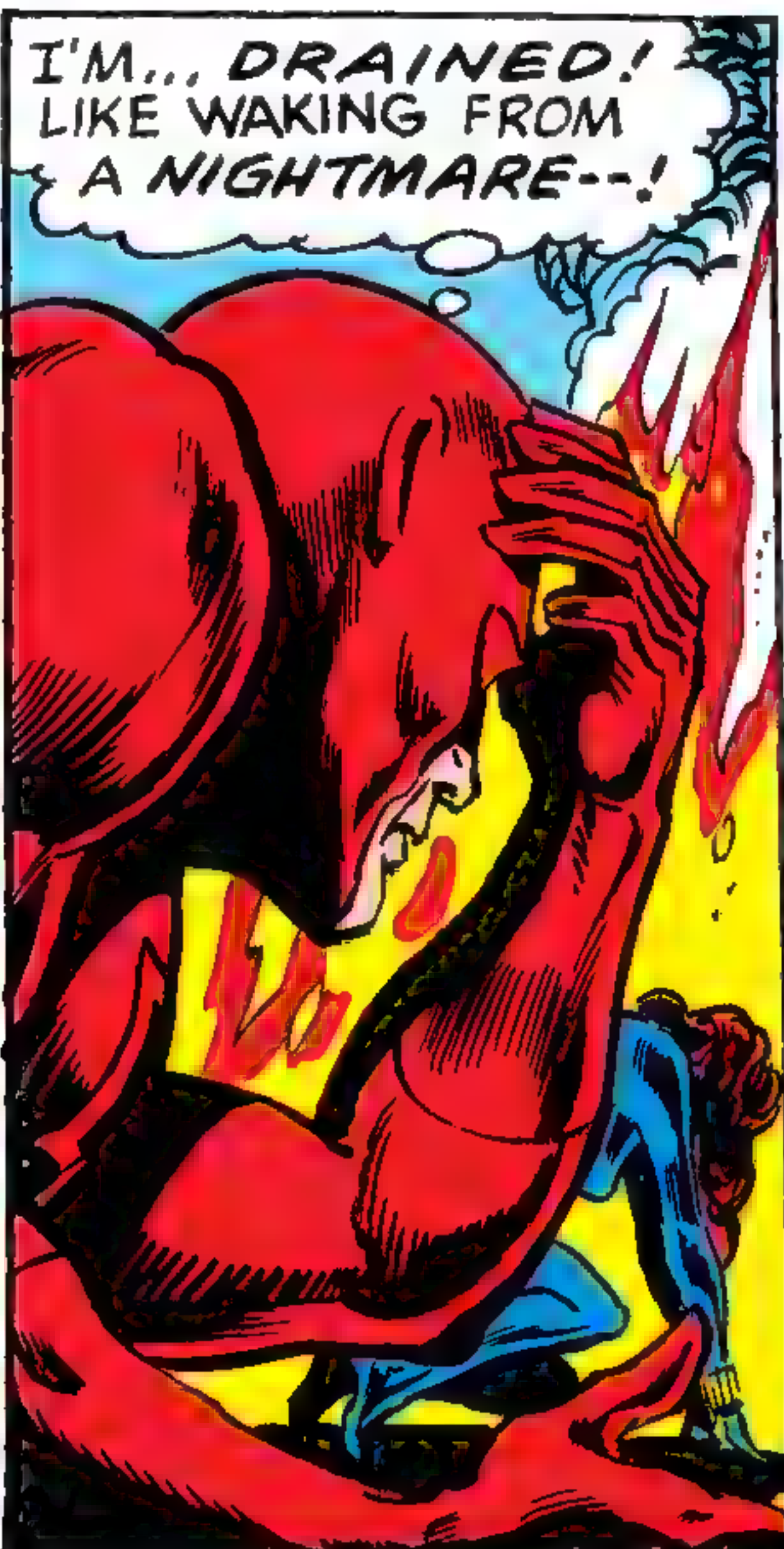








BUT EVEN AS DD STRAINS
HIS WILL TO THE TASK--



SLOWLY, MIND AND MUSCLES ACHING, DD STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET, HIS HYPERSENSITIVE HEARING ATTUNED TO THE DECELERATED PULSE OF THE DARK MESSIAH--

SO!

THOU DOST AWAKE!

--HIS RADAR SENSE SENDING BACK PARCELS OF STRANGE INFORMATION!

AS USUAL, ANY RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN WHAT JUST OCCURRED AND LOGIC--

--IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL!

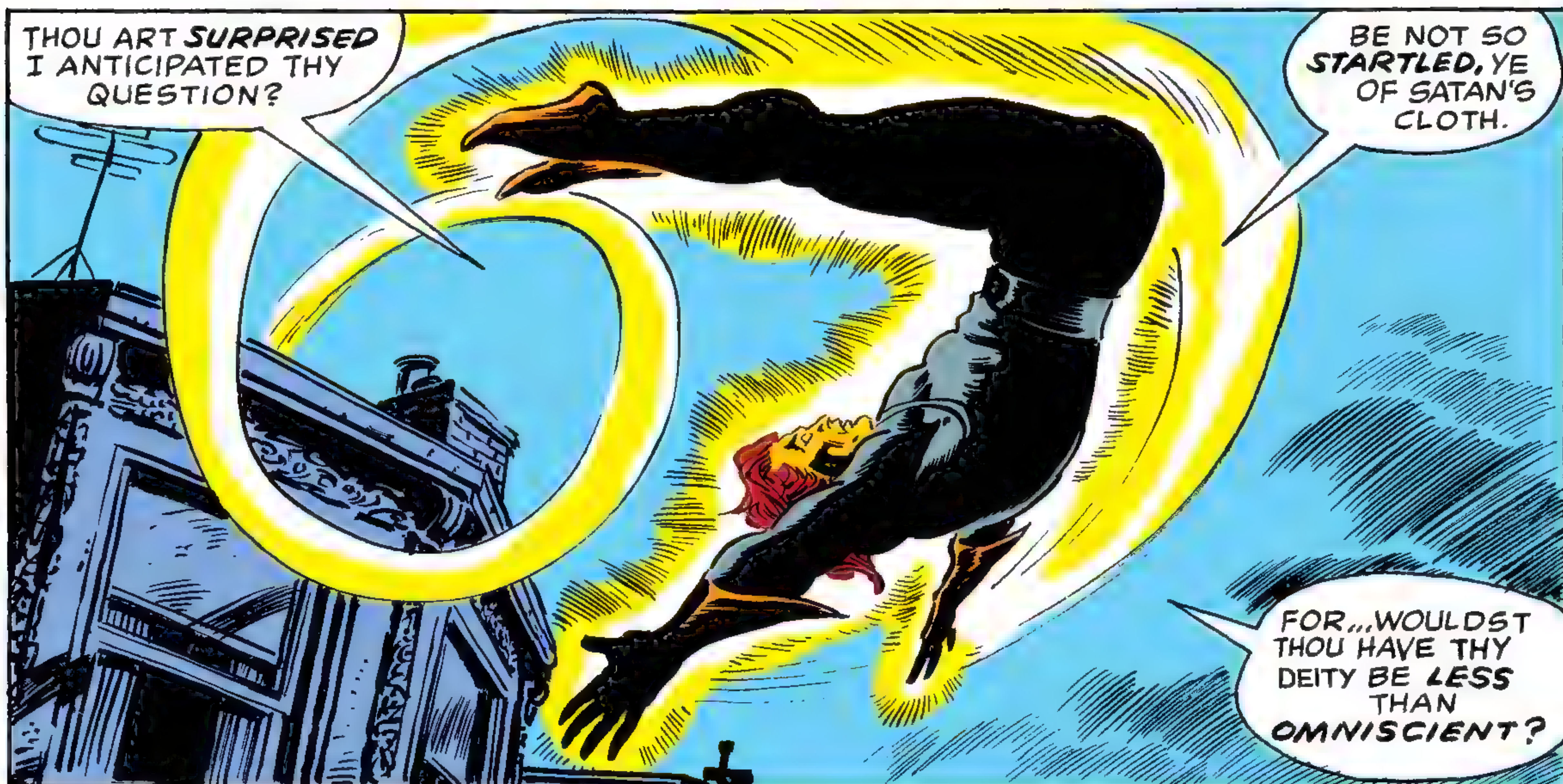
FOR SOME UNFATHOMABLE REASON, THE "DISCIPLES" HAVE CHANGED--THEY'RE HUMAN IN ALL RESPECTS!

BUT--JUST BECAUSE WE KNOCKED THEM OUT??

LIKE SOME GRIM HARLEQUIN, MORDECAI SMILES... AND ANSWERS DAREDEVIL'S UNSPOKEN QUERY--

BECAUSE THEY WERE BUT PAWNS, FOOL! MERE DECOYS--

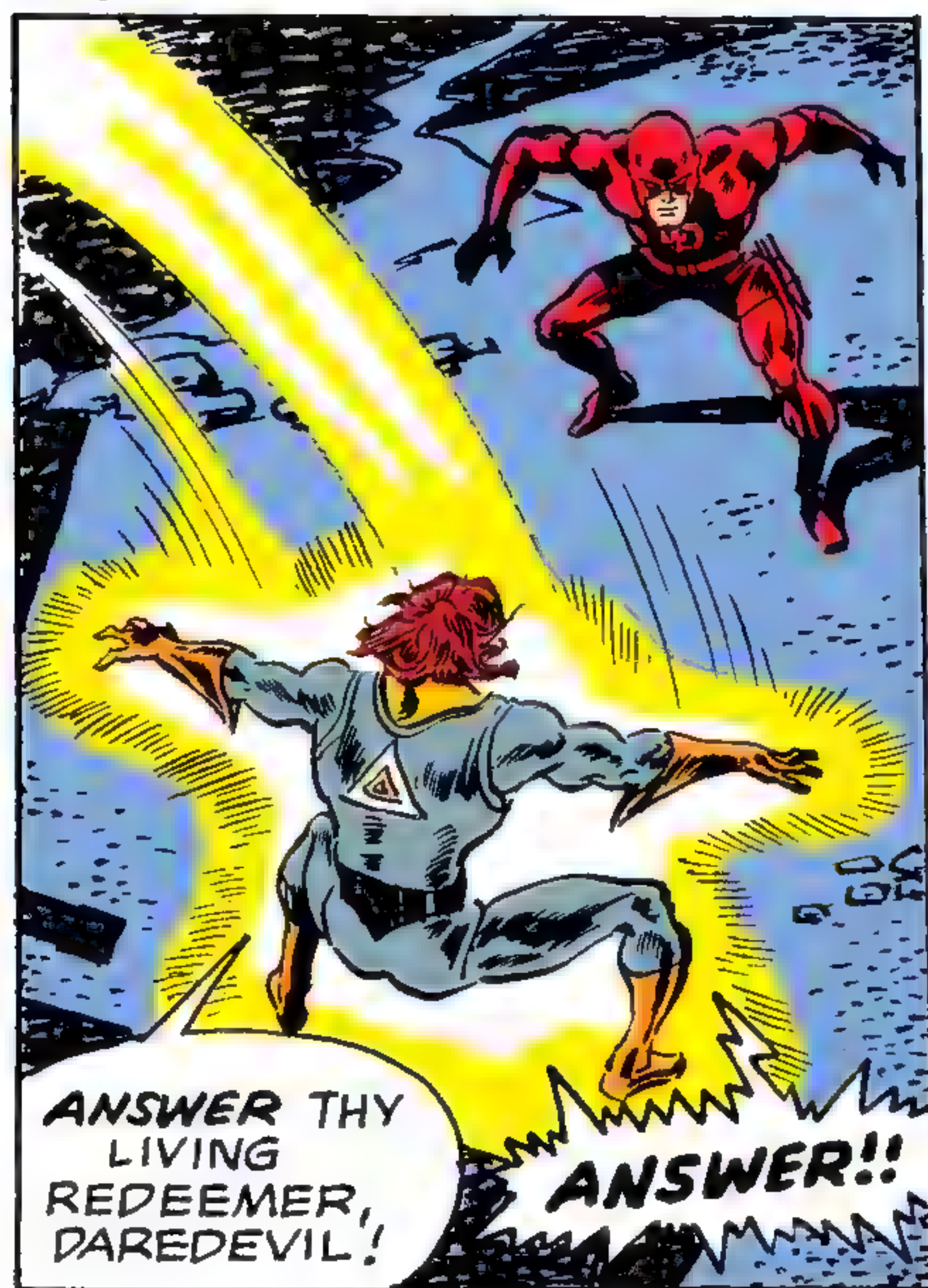
--CREATED ONLY TO ADVANCE THE DIVINE DESTINY OF THE DARK MESSIAH!



THOU ART **SURPRISED**
I ANTICIPATED THY
QUESTION?

BE NOT SO
STARTLED, YE
OF SATAN'S
CLOTH.

FOR...WOULDST
THOU HAVE THY
DEITY BE **LESS**
THAN
OMNISCIENT?



ANSWER THY
LIVING
REDEEMER,
DAREDEVIL!

ANSWER!!



HE'S PLAYING FOR
KEEPS THIS TIME!
HIS HEARTBEAT
NEVER **VARIES**--

--BUT HIS **AURA**
IS MORE INTENSE--
HIS **STRIDE**
HEAVIER!



I'M MORE CERTAIN **NOW**
THAN **EVER** THAT I **KNOW**
THAT HEARTBEAT!

IF ONLY--

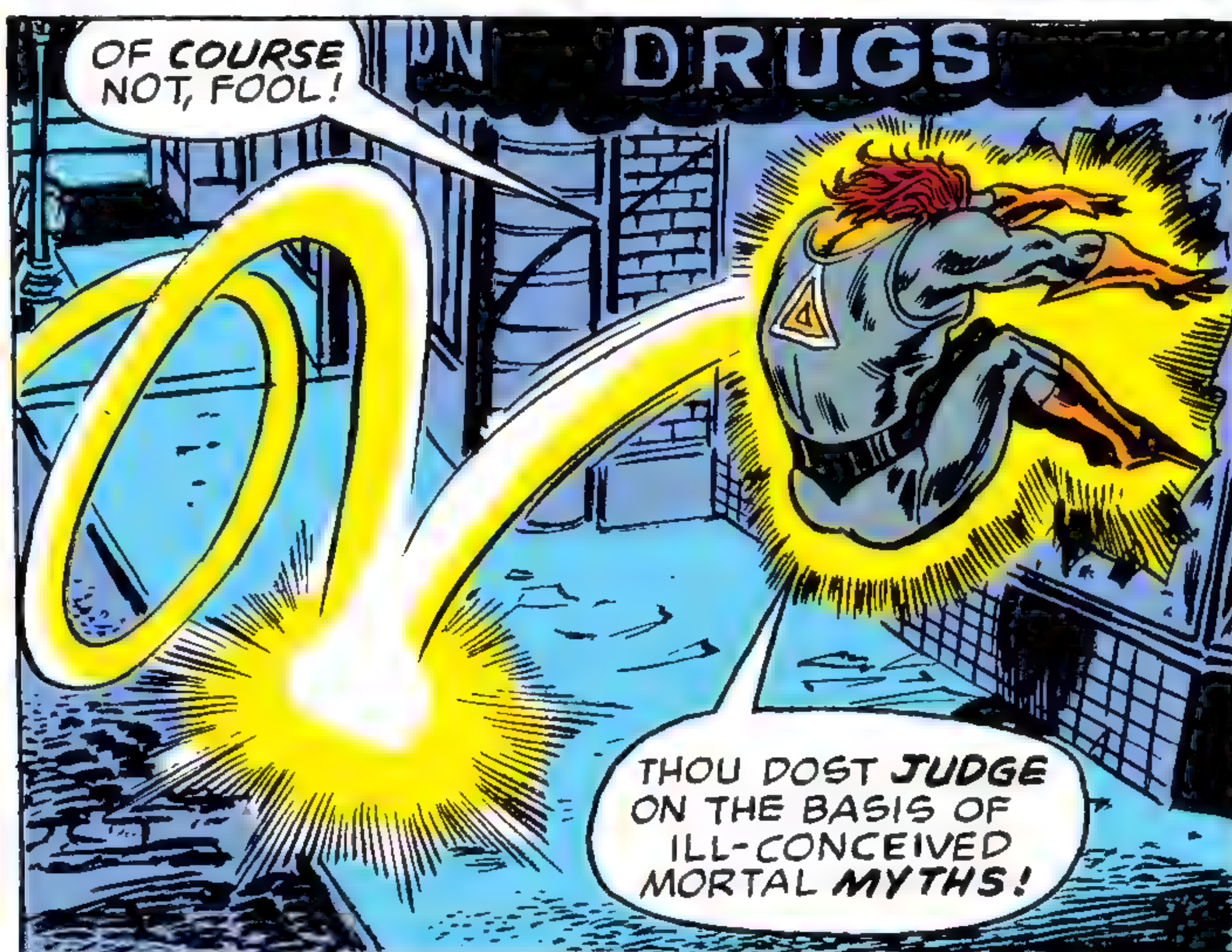
ARGH!!

THY **MAKER**
HATH MET THEE,
MORTAL--AND
FOUND THEE
WANTING!



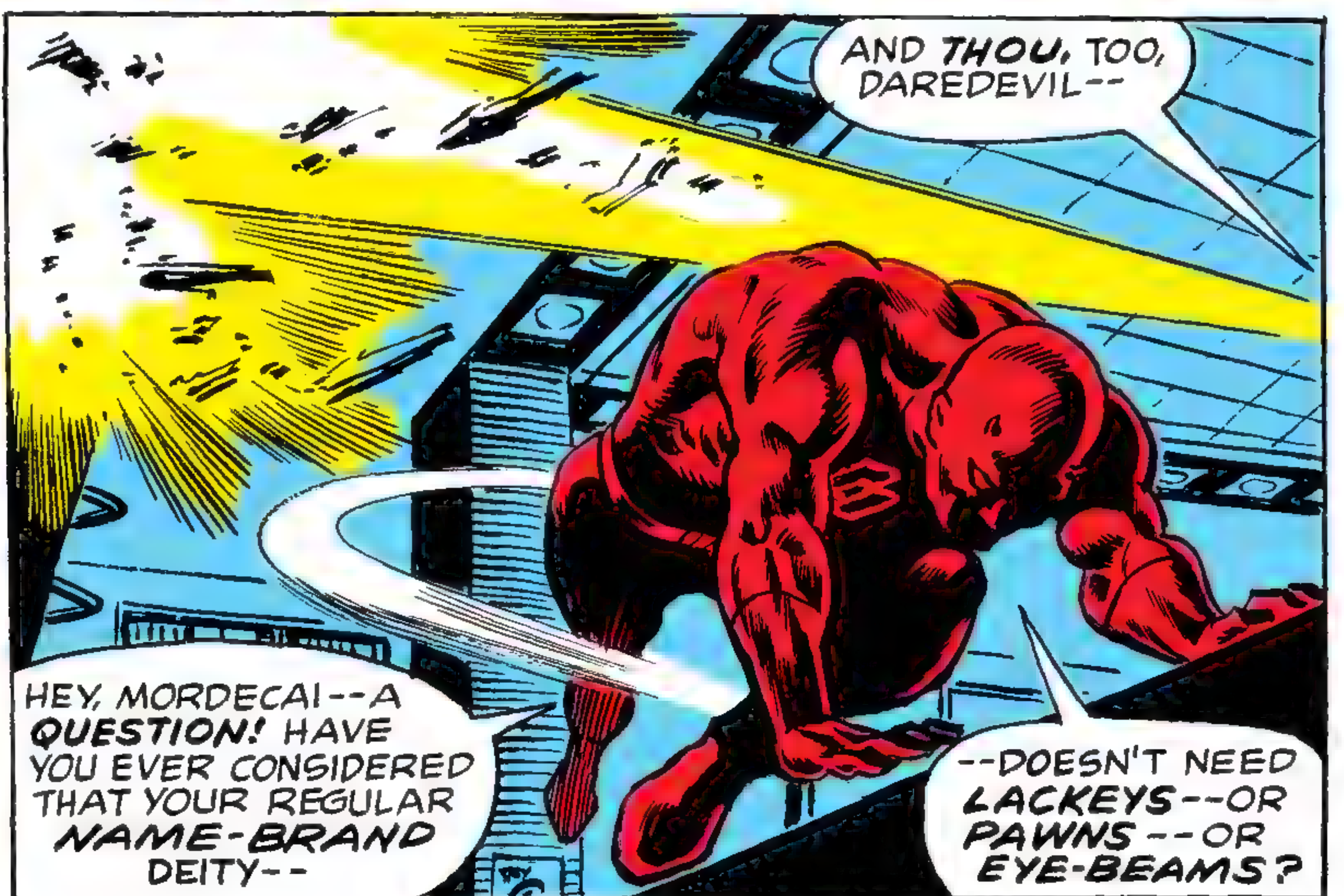
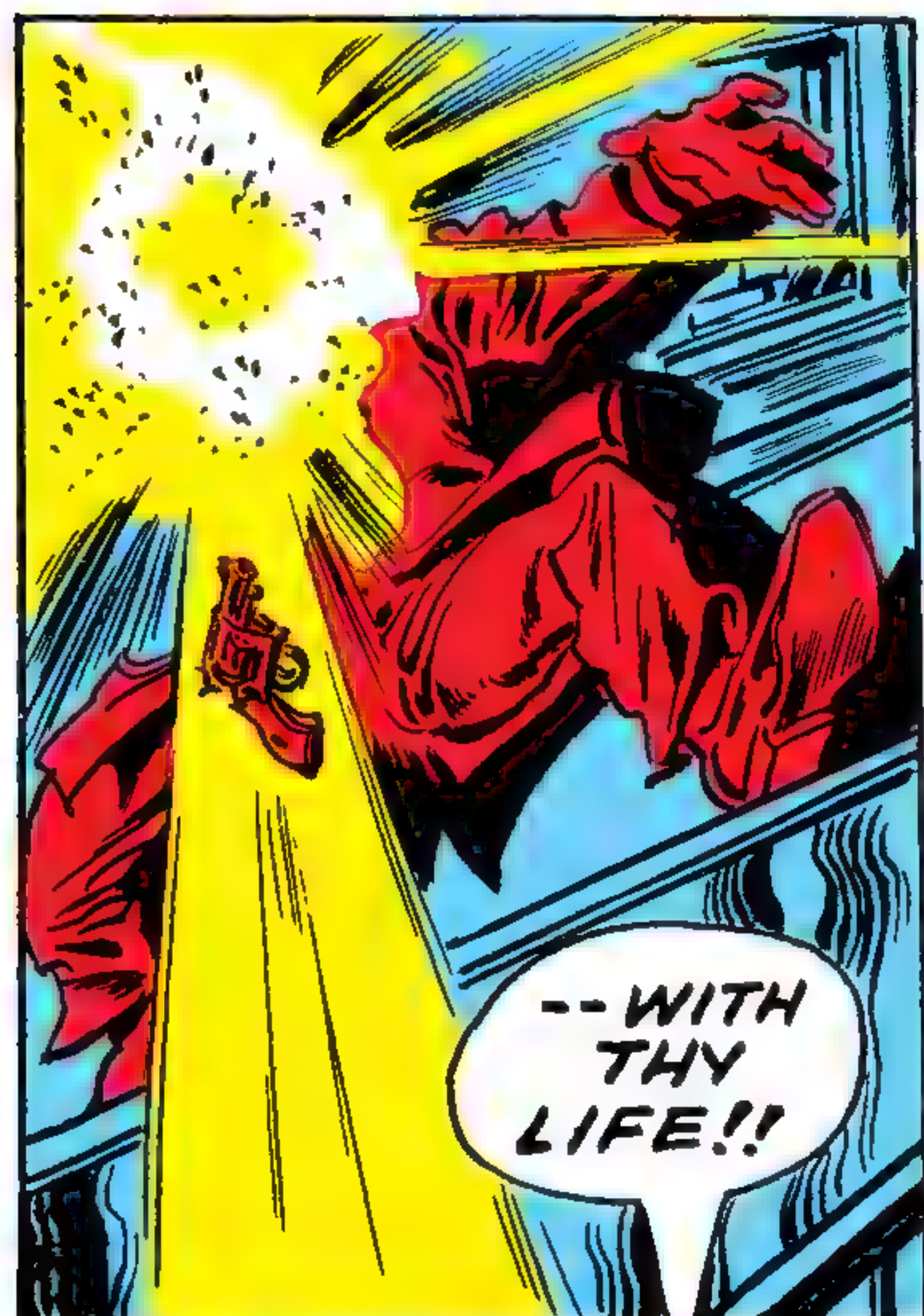
YEAH? WELL,
THIS ISN'T
EXACTLY MY
IDEA--

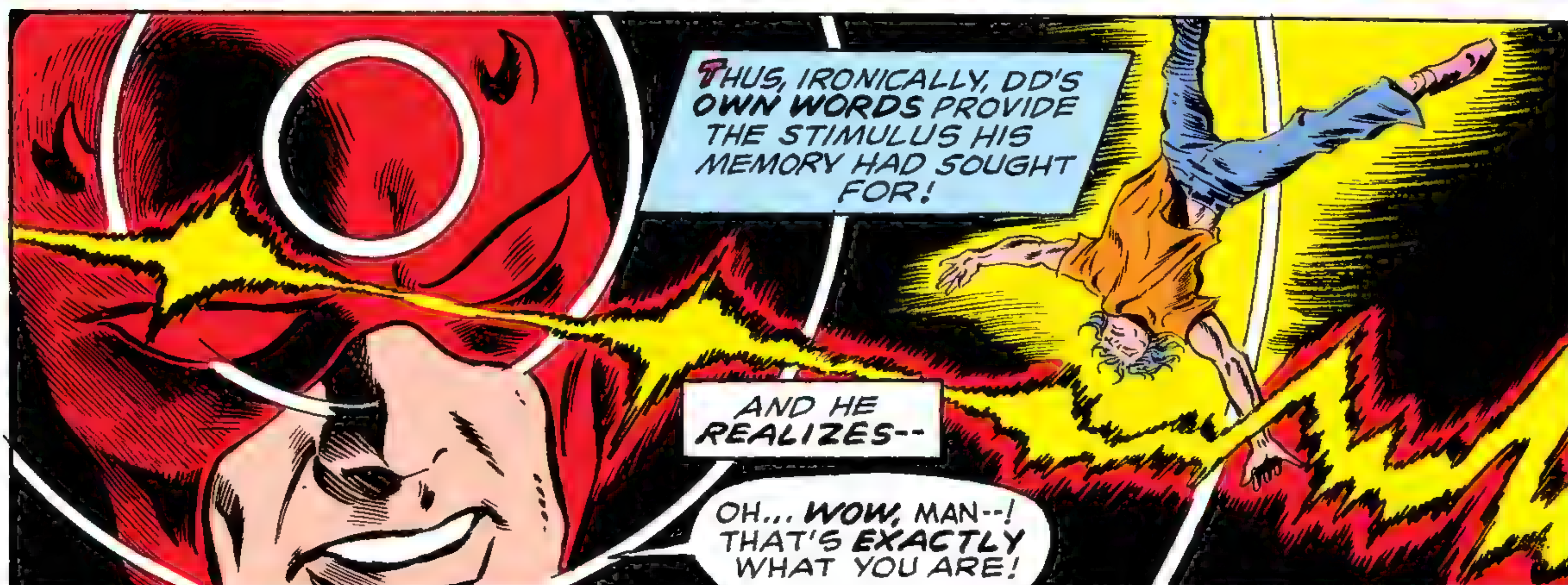
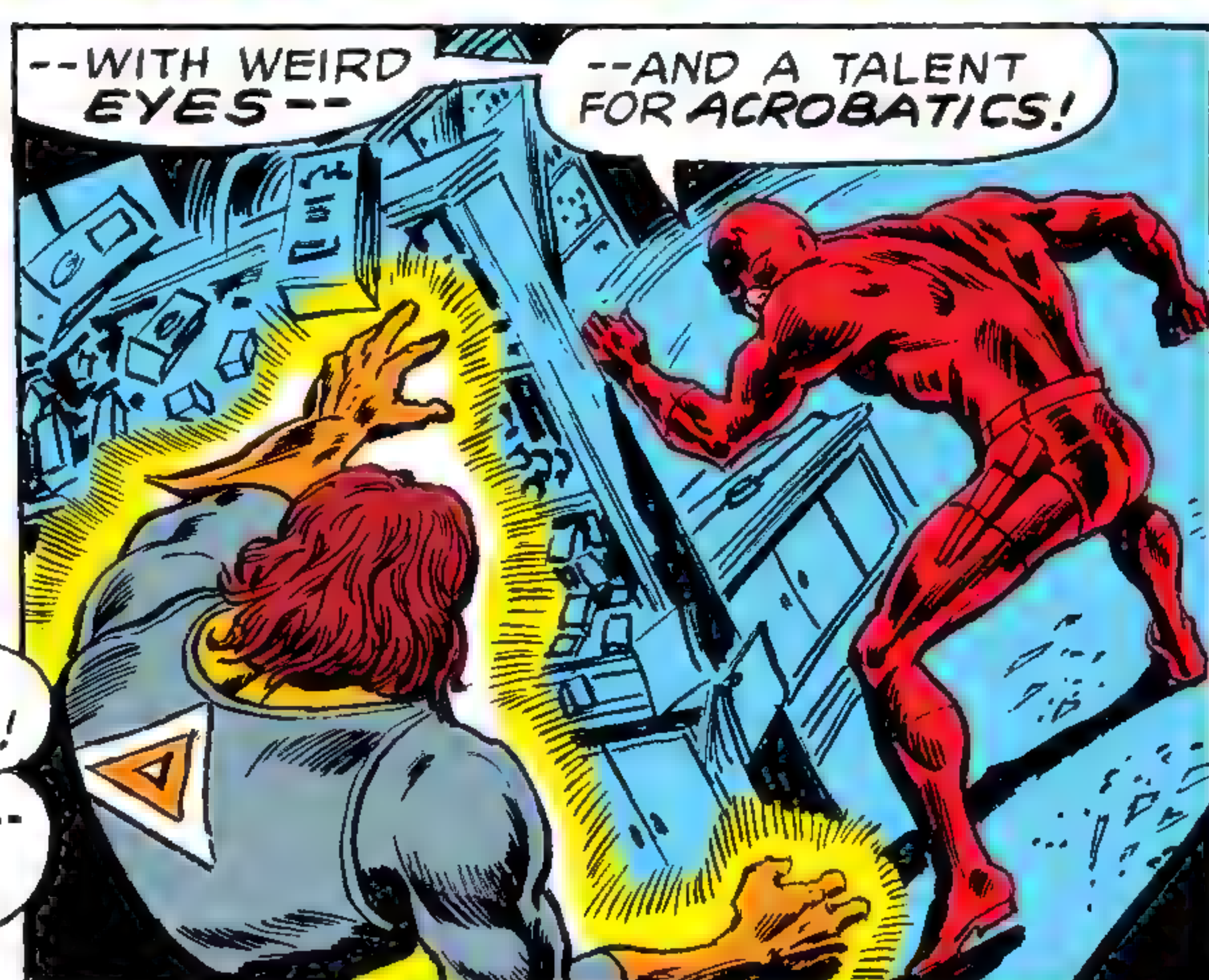
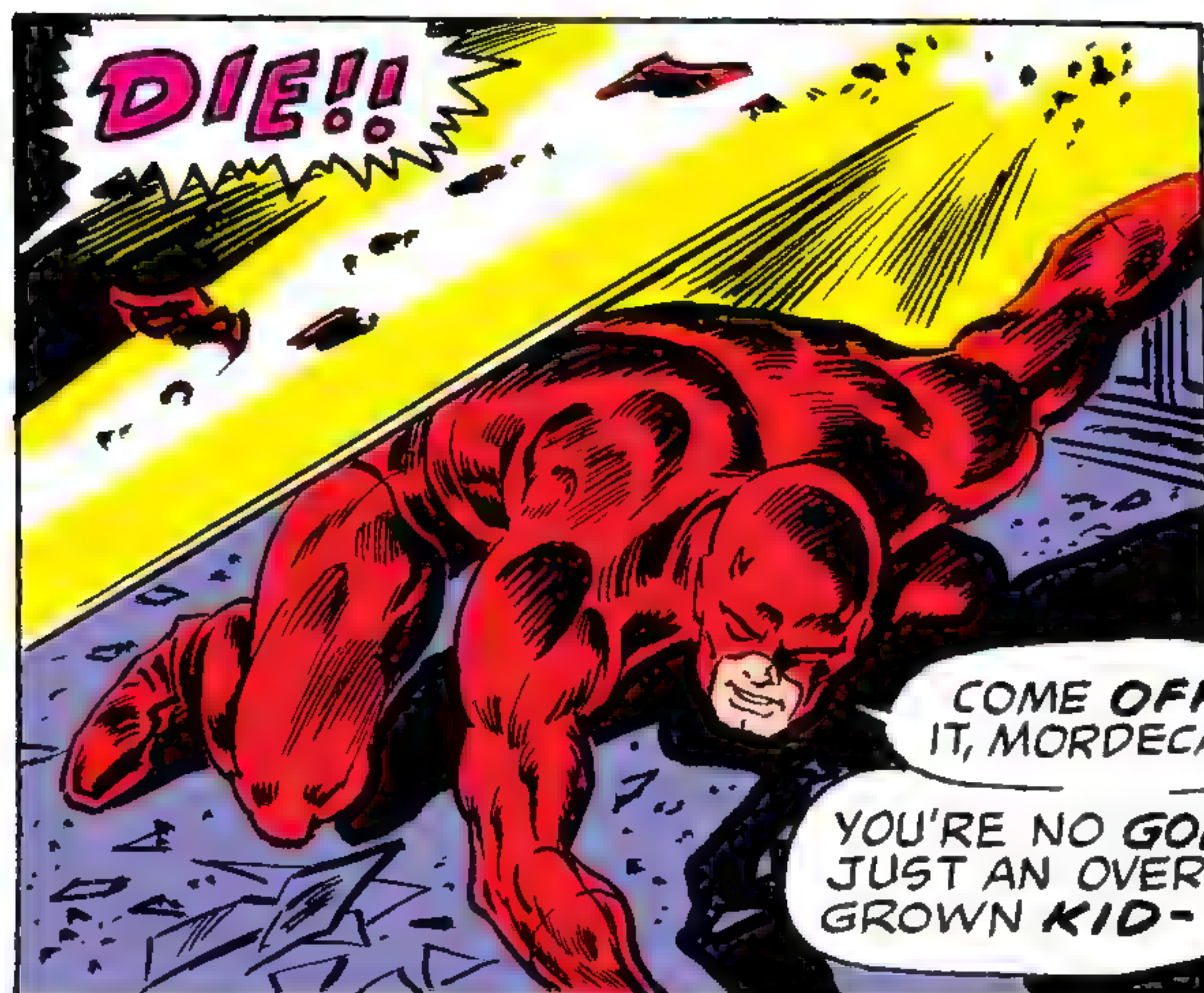
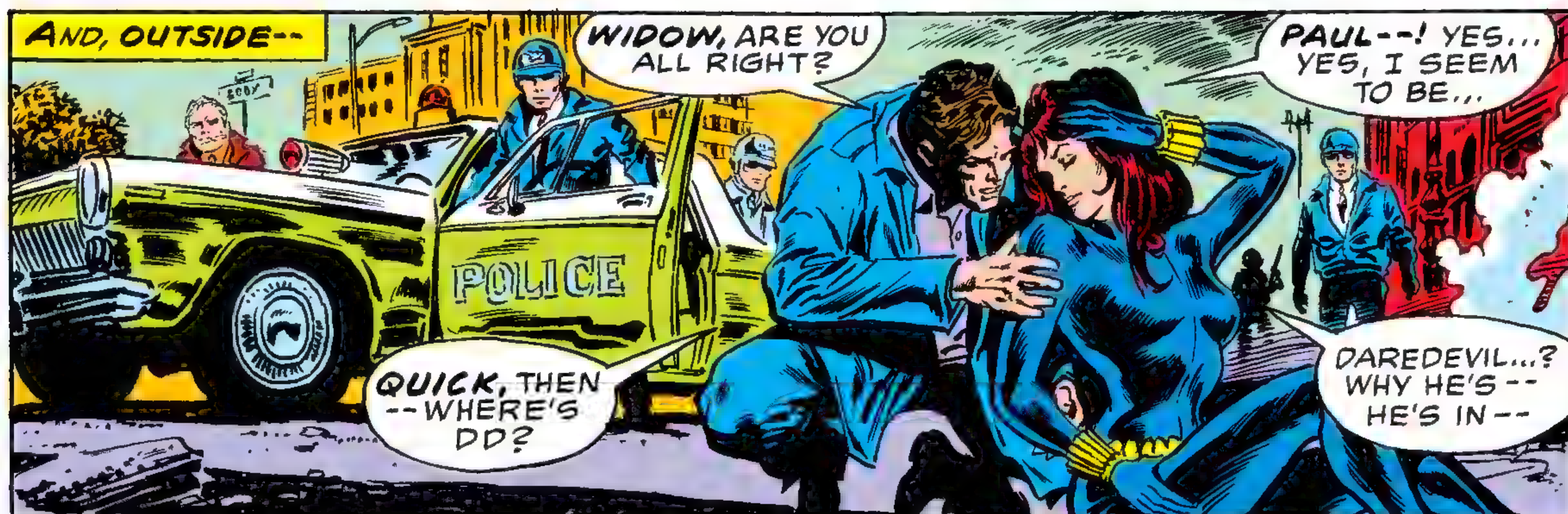
--OF
SALVATION,
EITHER!



OF COURSE
NOT, FOOL!

THOU DOST **JUDGE**
ON THE BASIS OF
ILL-CONCEIVED
MORTAL **MYTHS!**

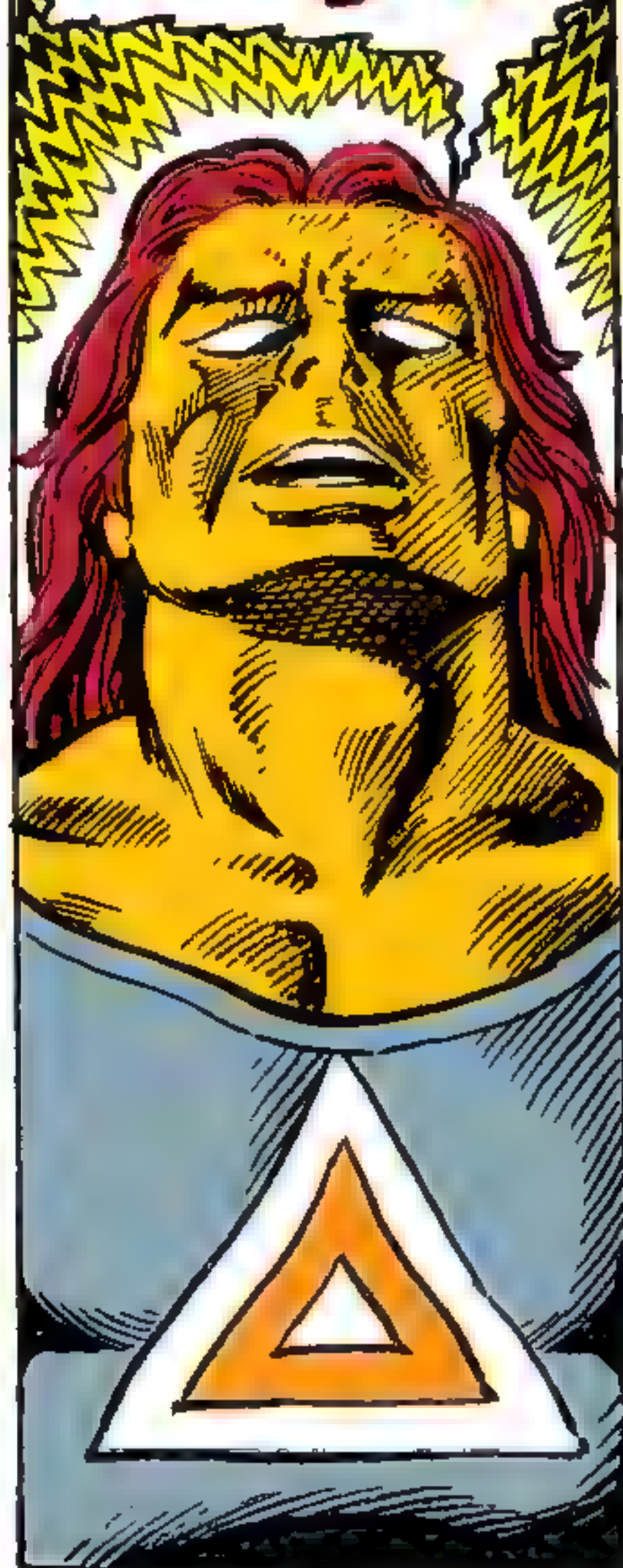




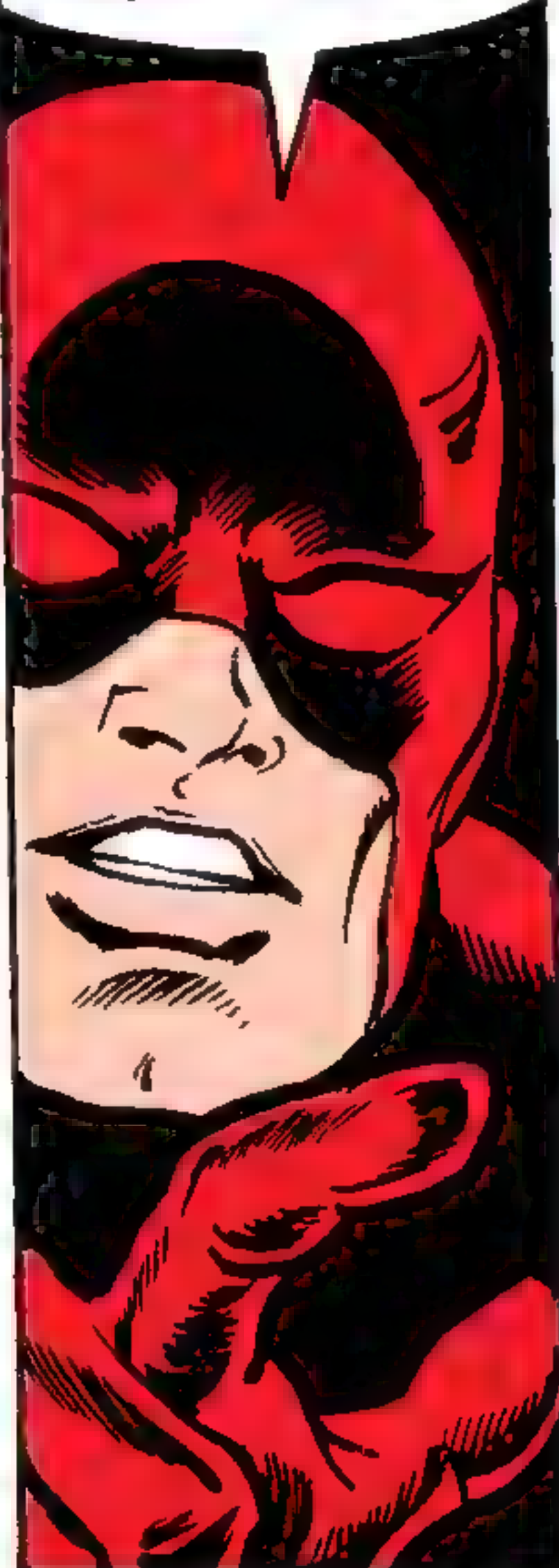
YOU'RE THE BOY FROM
THE **THEATRE**--THE
ONE WHO WAS **HURT**--
THE **STREETCORNER**
ACROBAT!



NO!



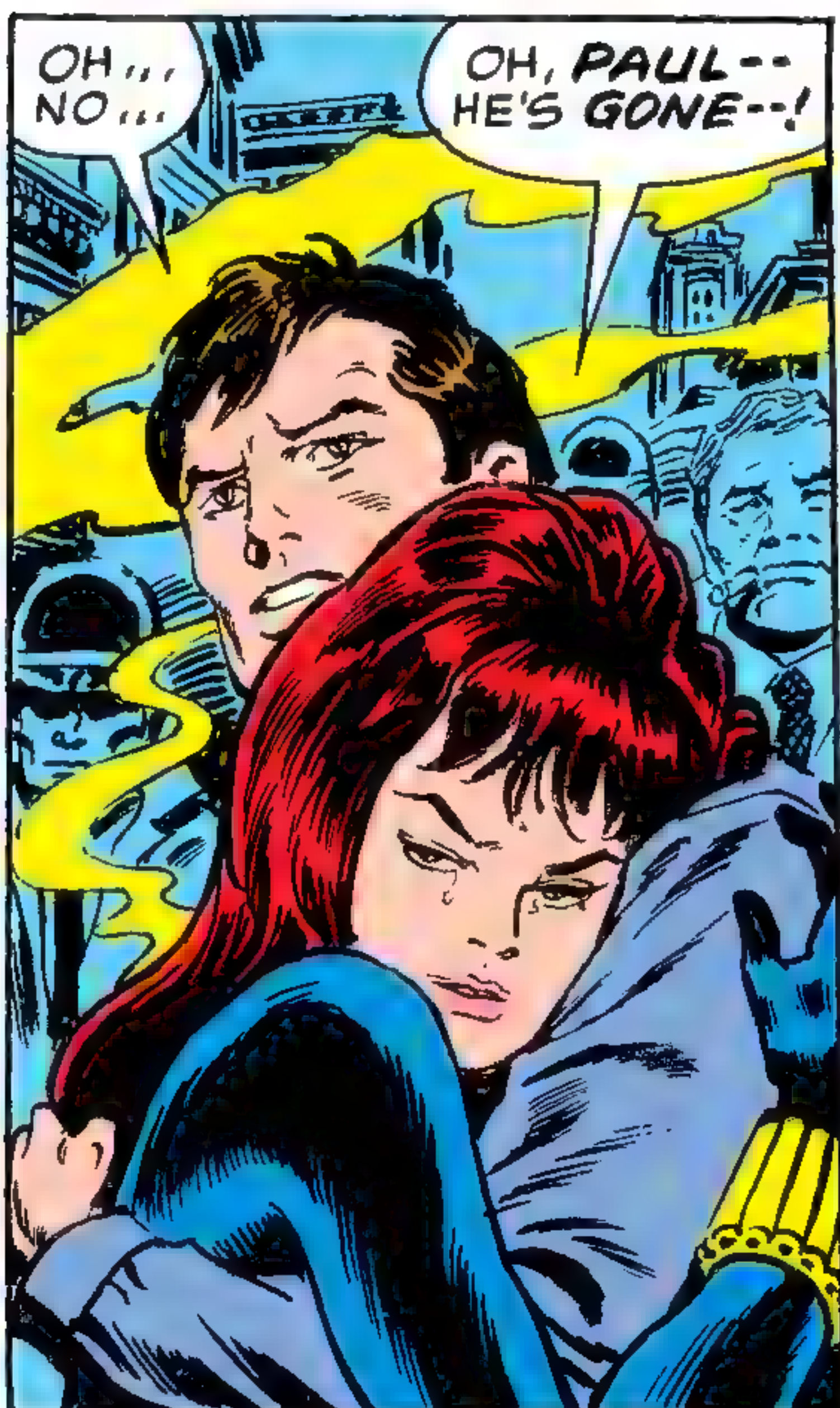
YES--YES!
YOU ARE!
TRY TO
REMEMBER!



**NO--
NO!!**

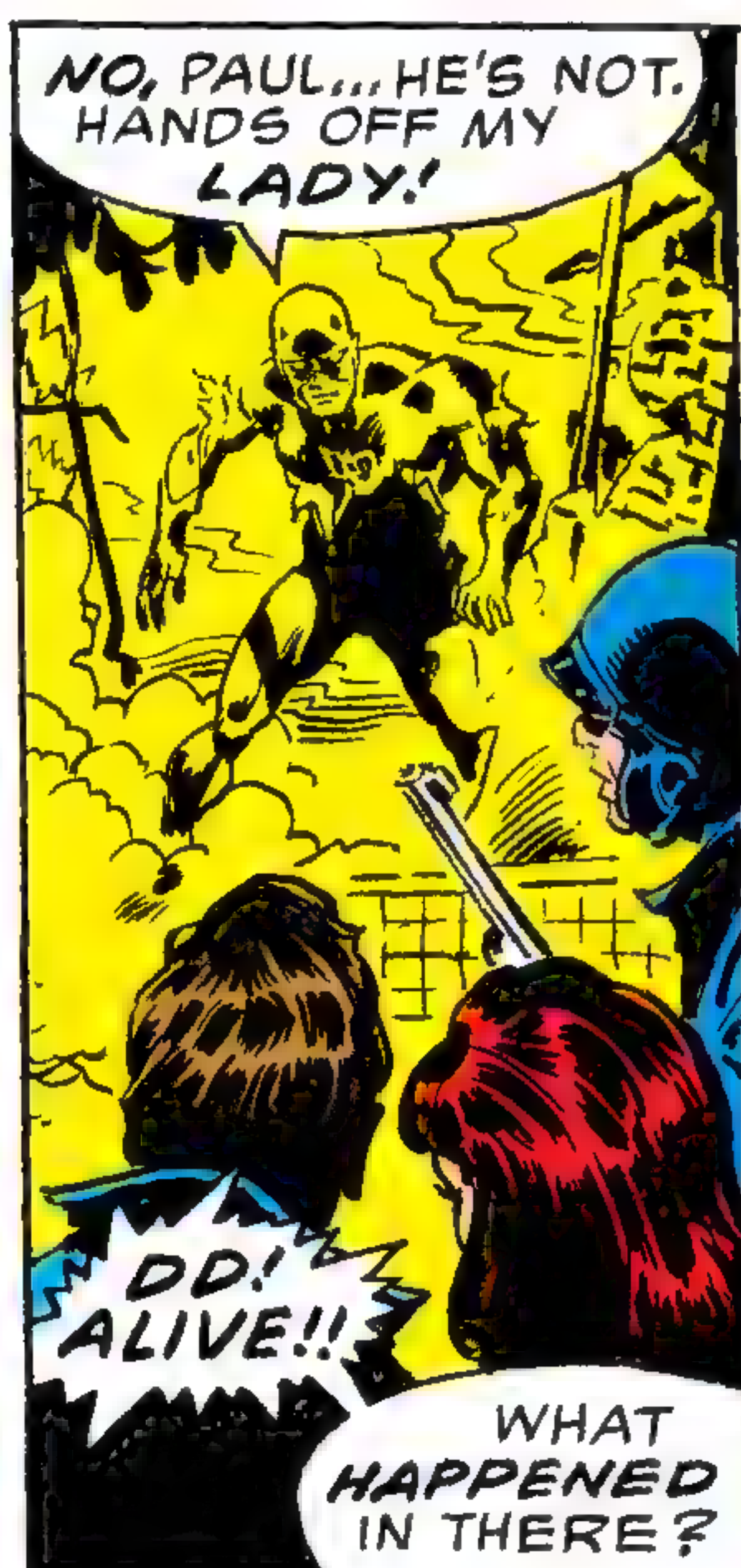


IT'S NOT--
TRUEEEEE



OH...
NO...

OH, PAUL--
HE'S GONE--!



NO, PAUL... HE'S NOT.
HANDS OFF MY
LADY!

DD!
ALIVE!!

WHAT
HAPPENED
IN THERE?



I DON'T KNOW, PAUL-- I THINK A
MAN SIMPLY REALIZED WHAT HE'D
BECOME--AND ULTIMATELY--

--COULDN'T FACE
...THE TRUTH.

I WONDER...
COULD ANY
OF US?

NEXT: WHEN CALL THE...
AVENGERS

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



20¢

99
MAY

©

02459

DAREDEVIL

AND THE

BLACK WIDOW





STEVE GERBER
WRITER

SAM KWESKIN
DESIGNER

SYD SHORES
EMBELLISHER

ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER
STAN G., COLORIST

ROY THOMAS
EDITOR

...THEY MUST COME FACE-TO-FACE WITH--

--AN OLD FRIEND!

FLAT-FOOT, YOUR
SENSE OF *HUMOR*
RIVALS THE HULK'S
GOOD LOOKS.

AND AS FOR YOU,
HORN-HEAD, I ALMOST
DIED *MYSELF*
THIS AFTERNOON--

--OF
BOREDOM!

I'VE BEEN PERCHED
LIKE A PARTRIDGE IN
THAT *PEAR TREE*
OVER YONDER...FOR
TWO HOURS AND
38 MINUTES--

--JUST
WAITING
FOR YOU
CLOWNS TO
GET
HOME!

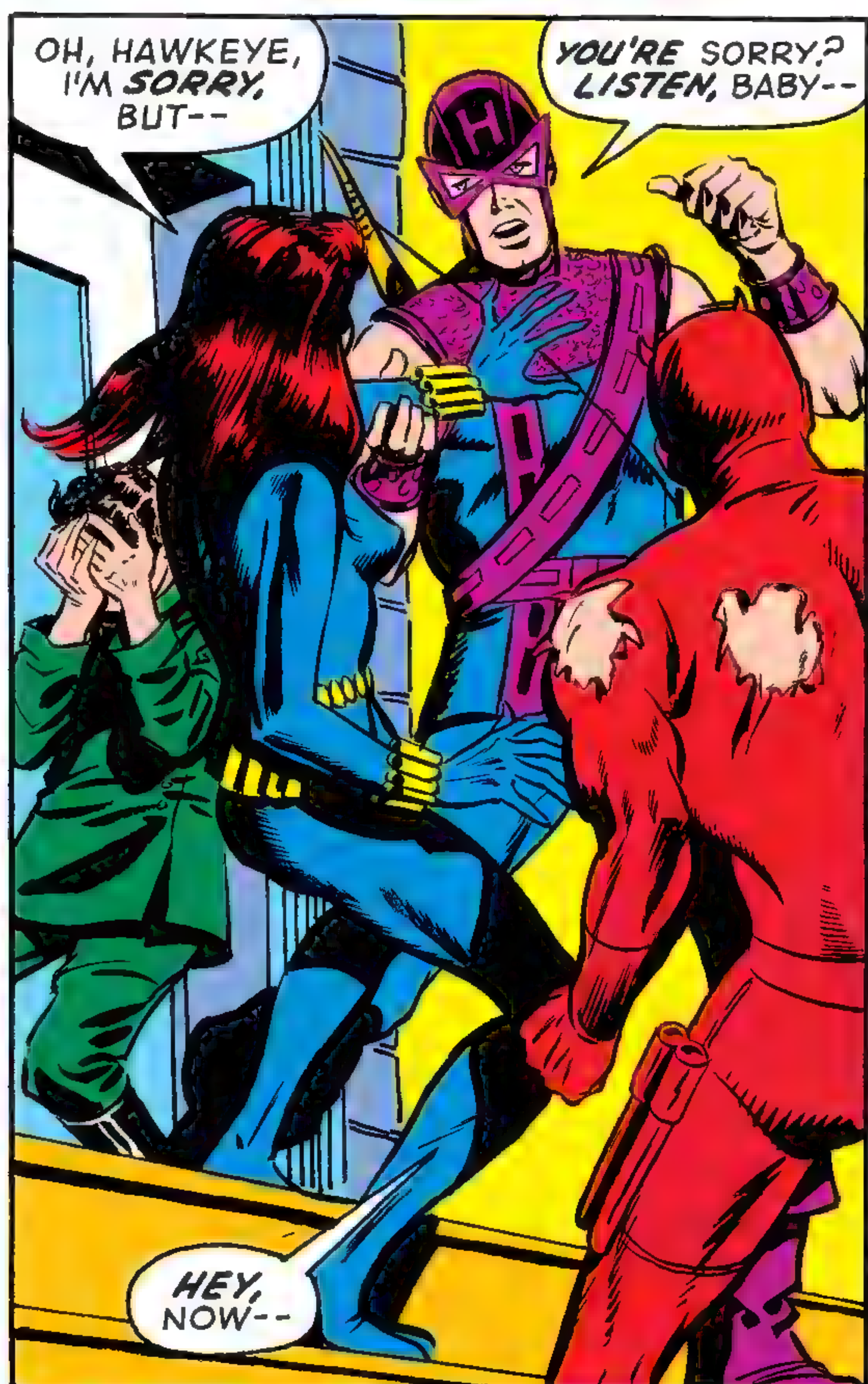
I'M
SORRY,
KITTEN...

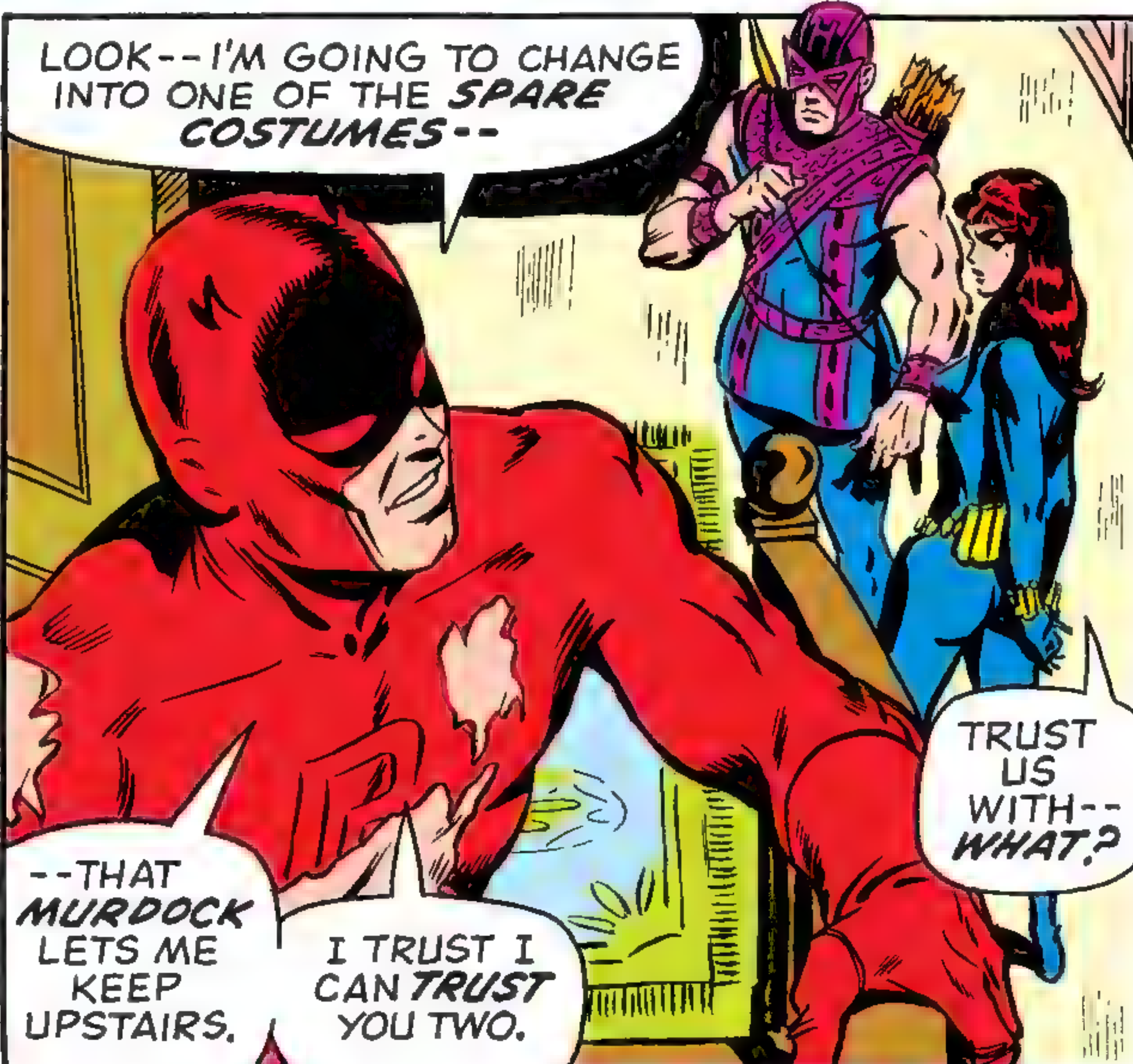
I *TRIED* TO
SEND HIM
AWAY, BUT
I'VE BEEN...
SO WEAK...

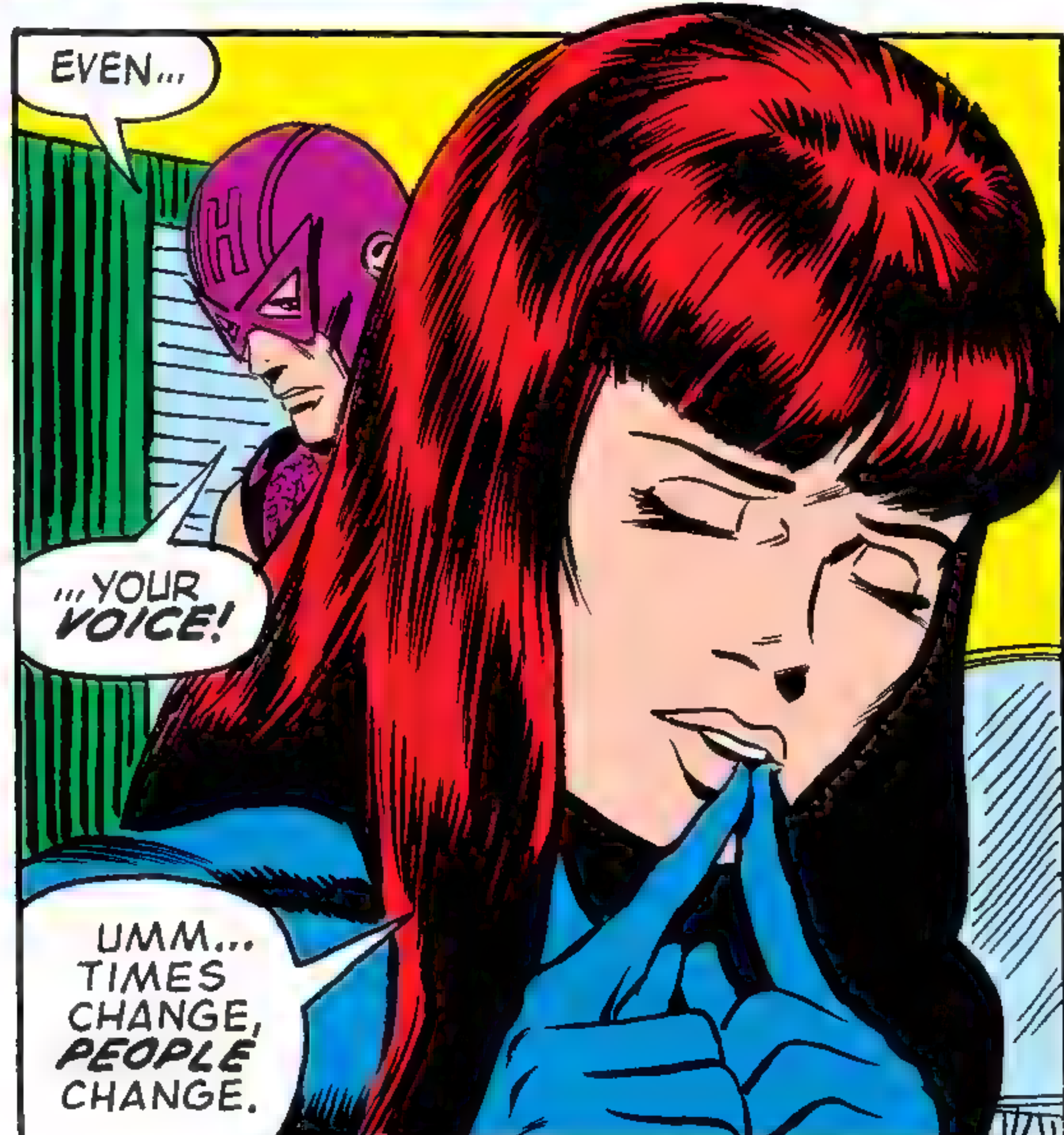
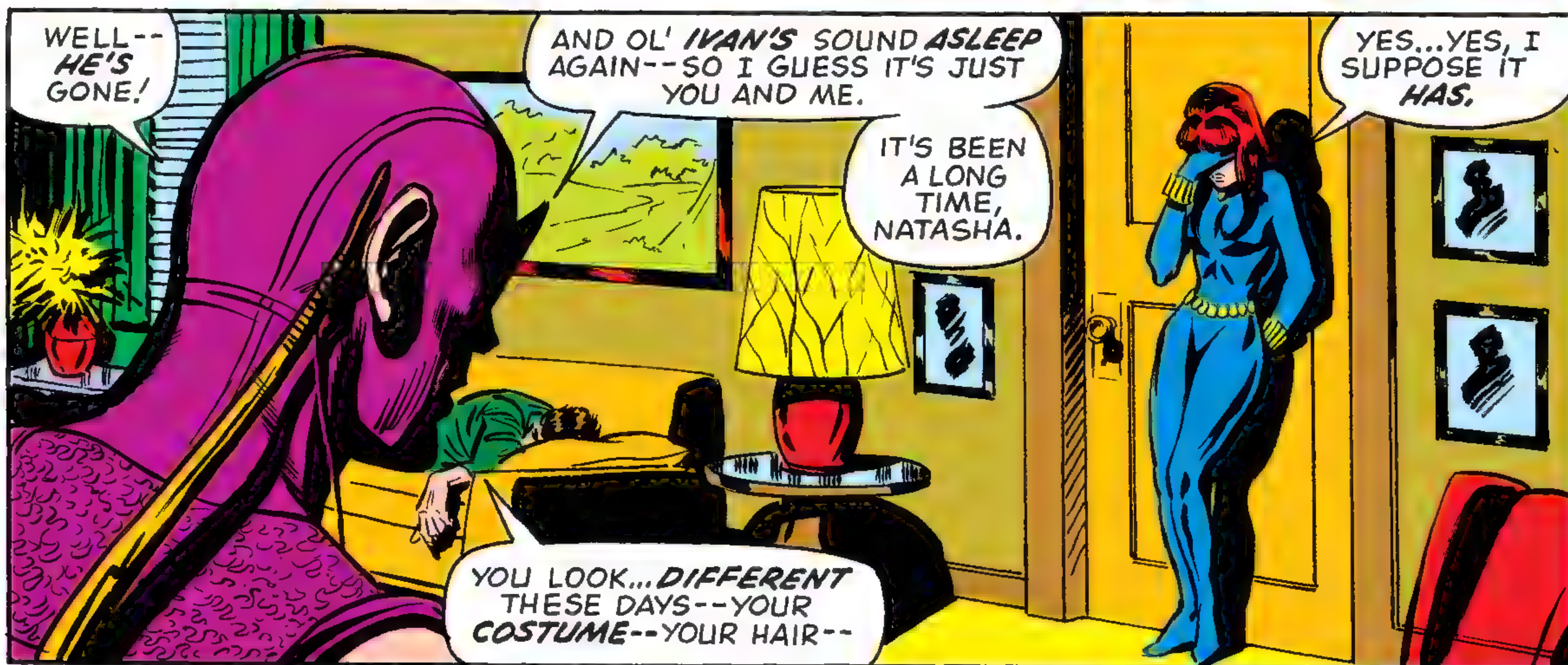
IVAN!!

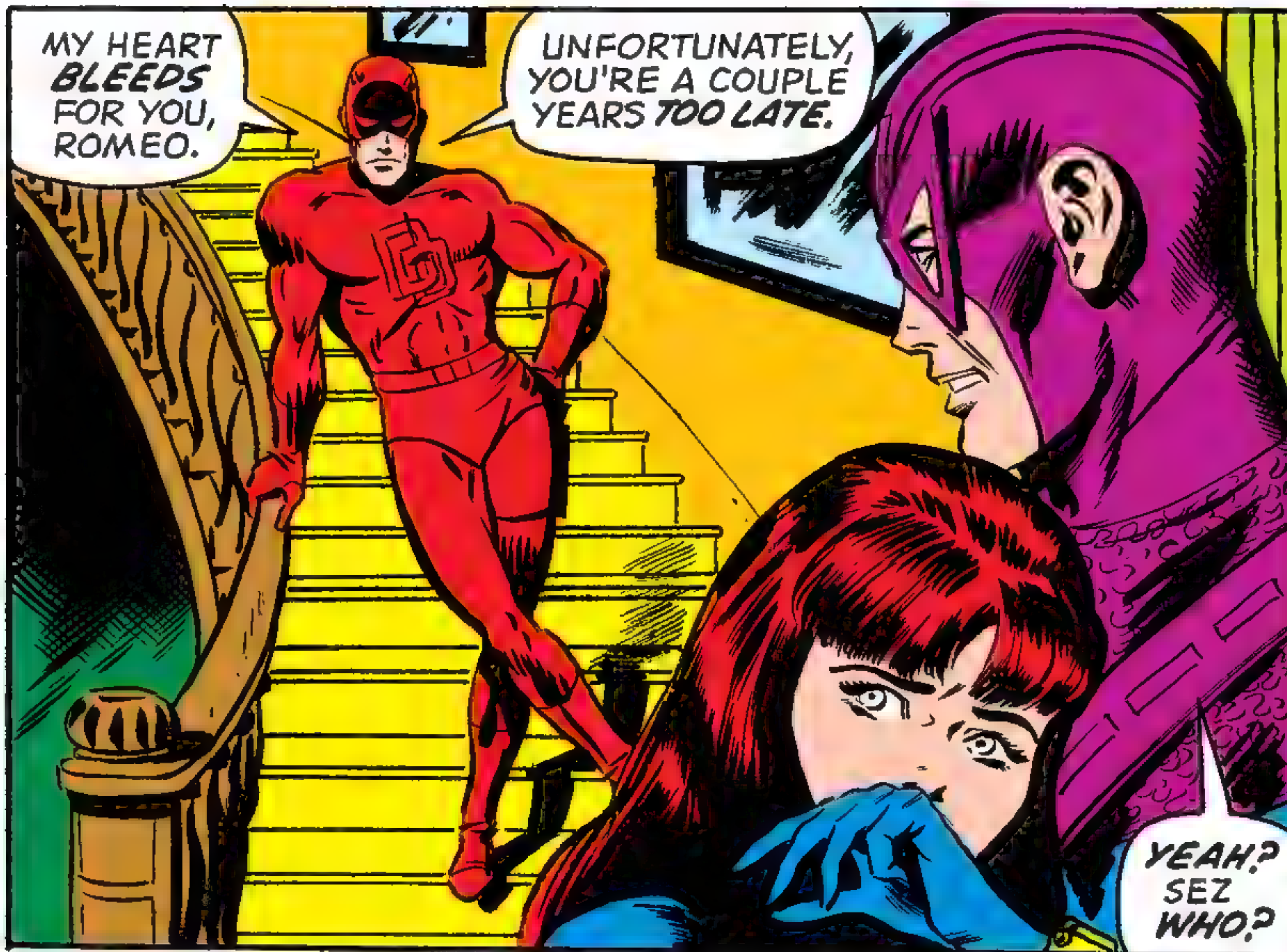
LOOK,
DAREDEVIL!
IVAN'S
REVIVED!
HE'S WELL!

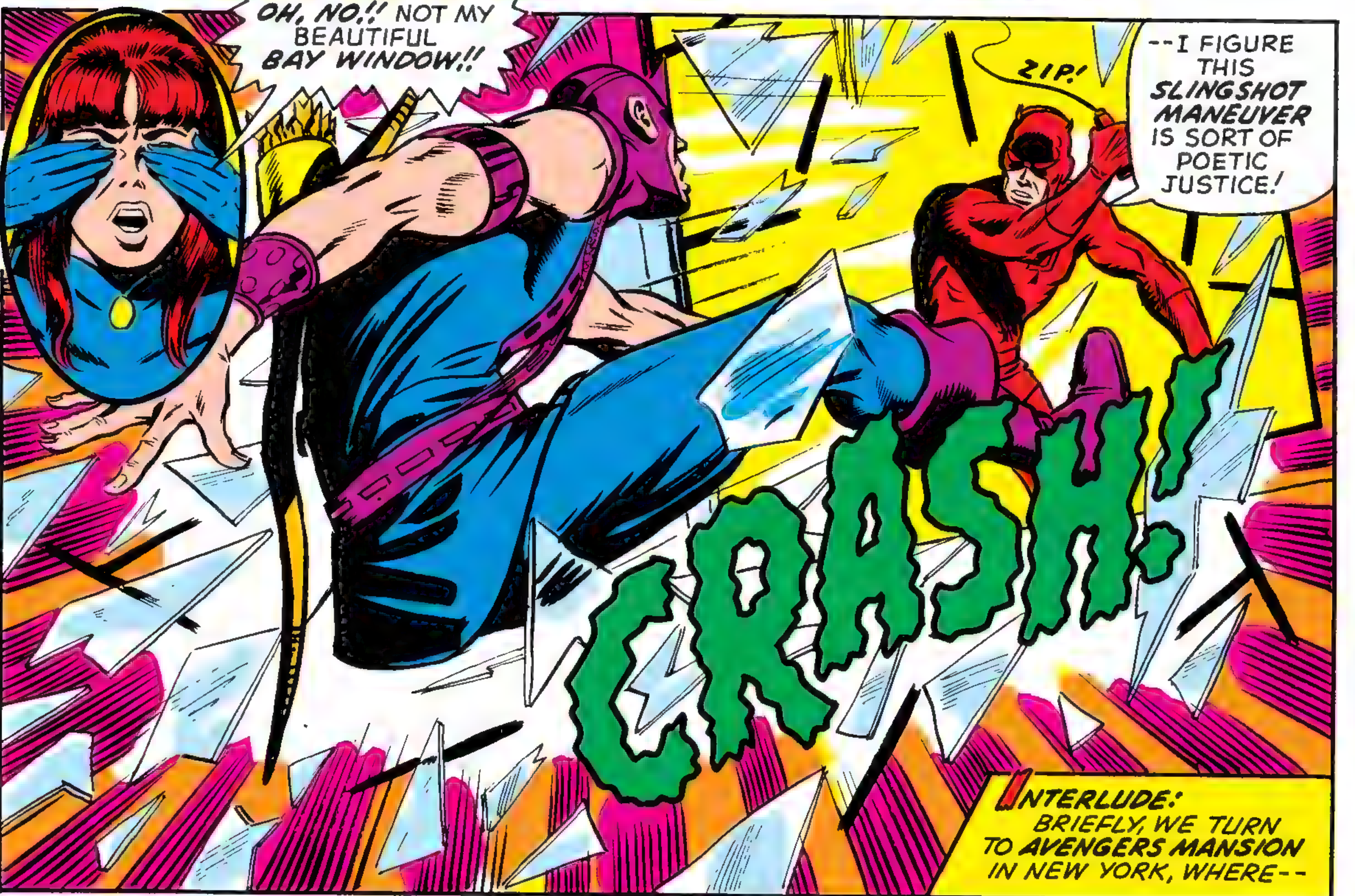
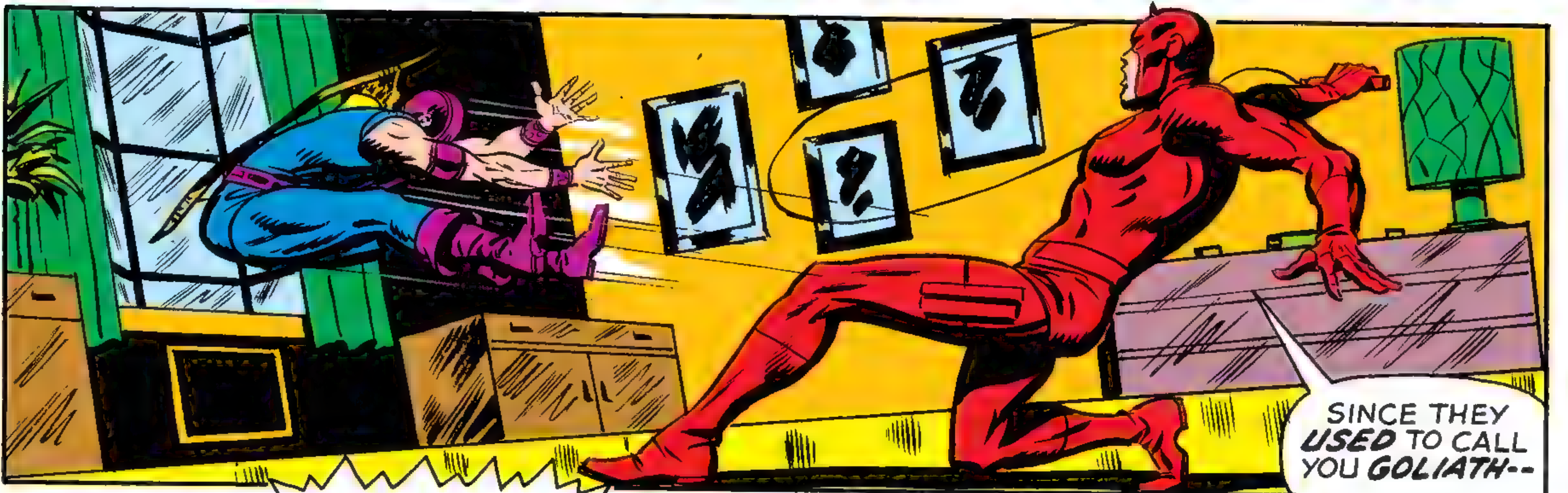
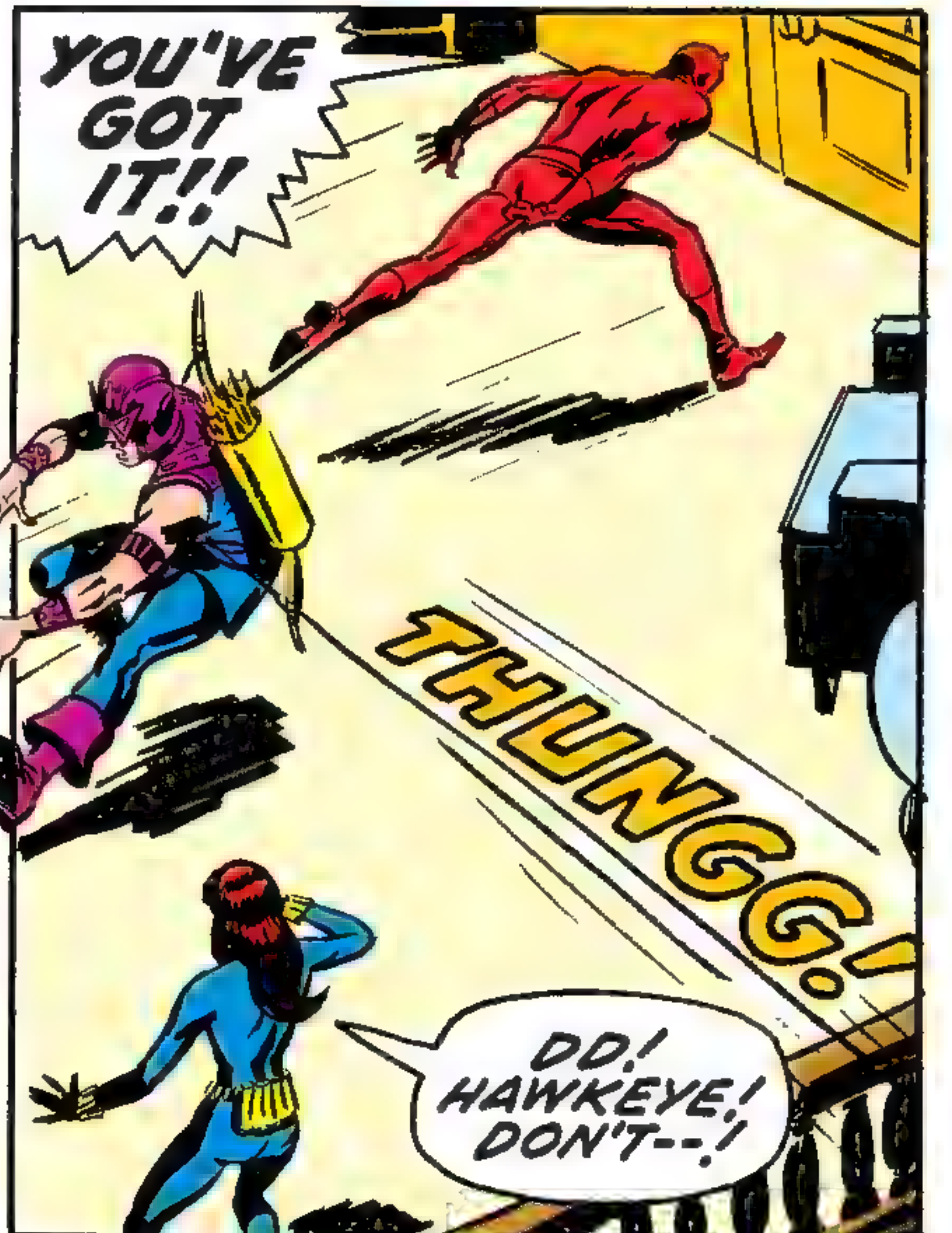
THE MARK OF
HAWKEYE!

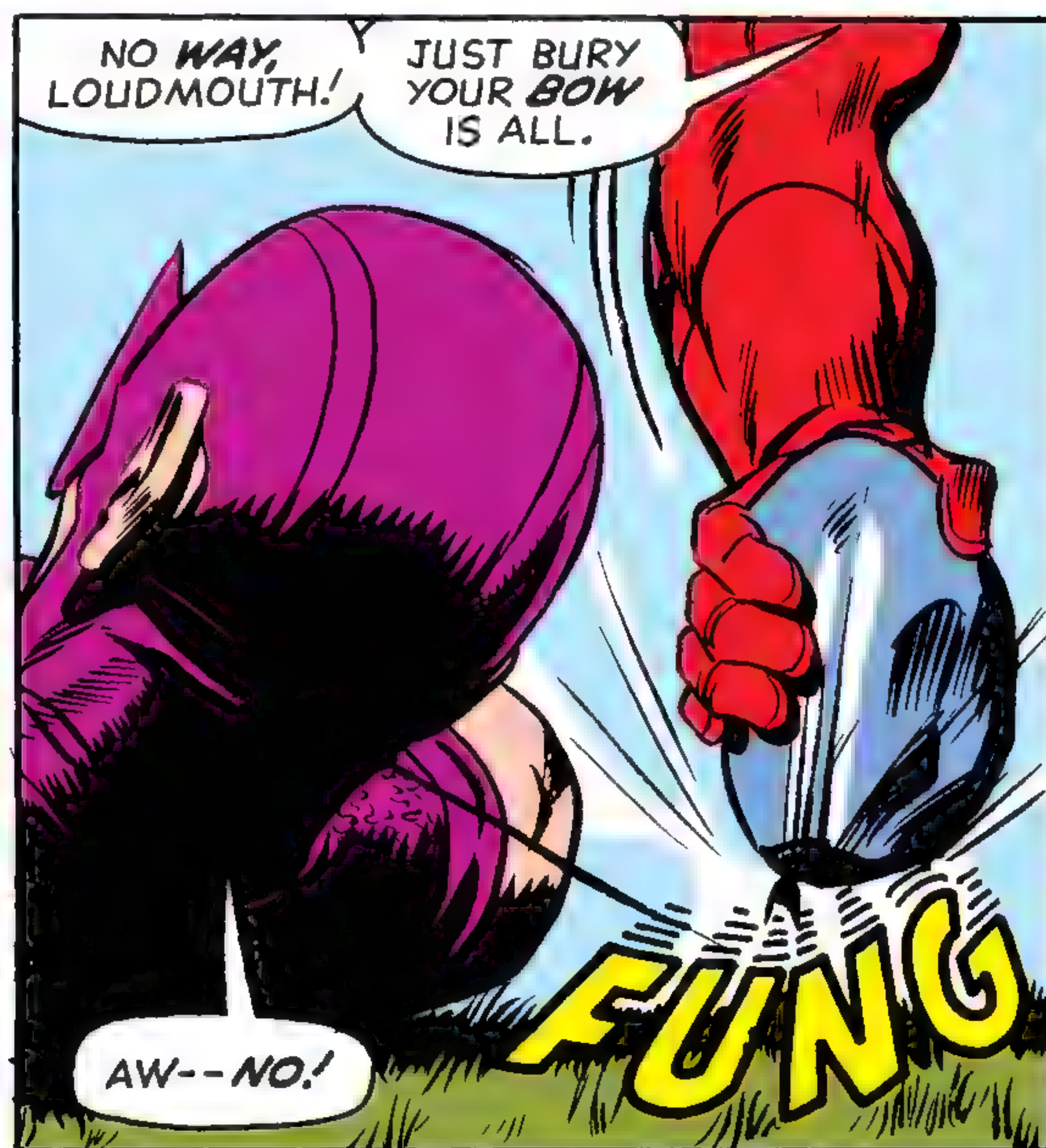
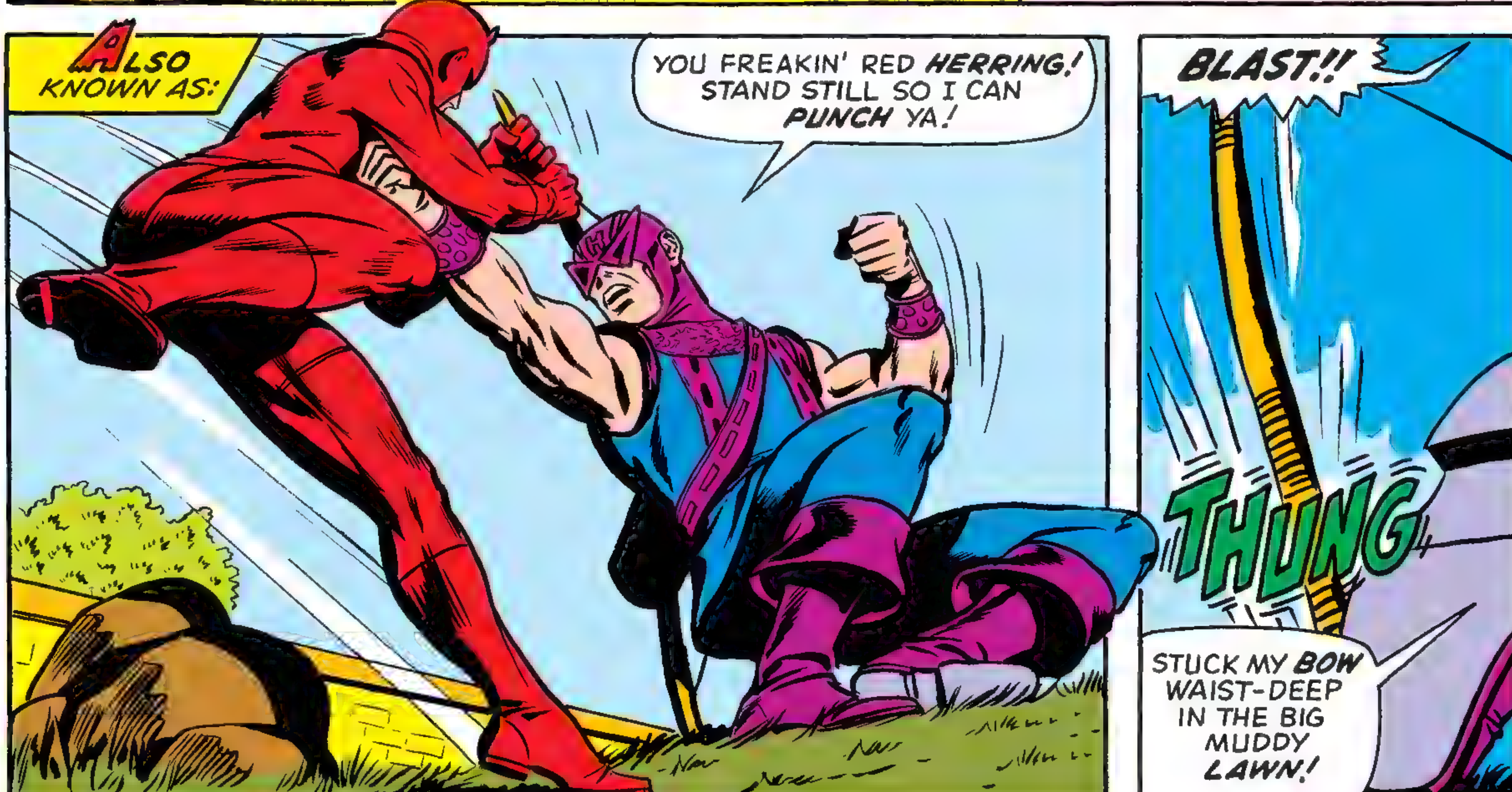
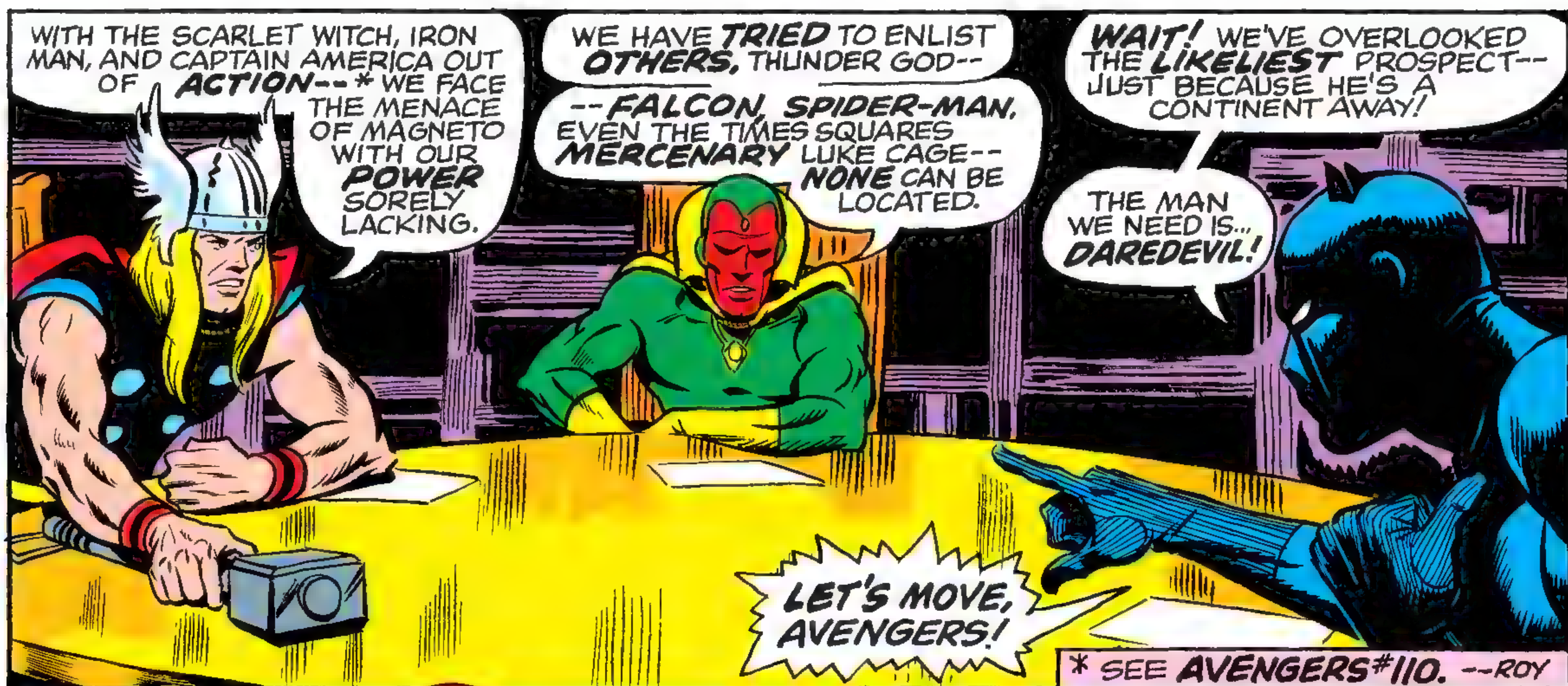


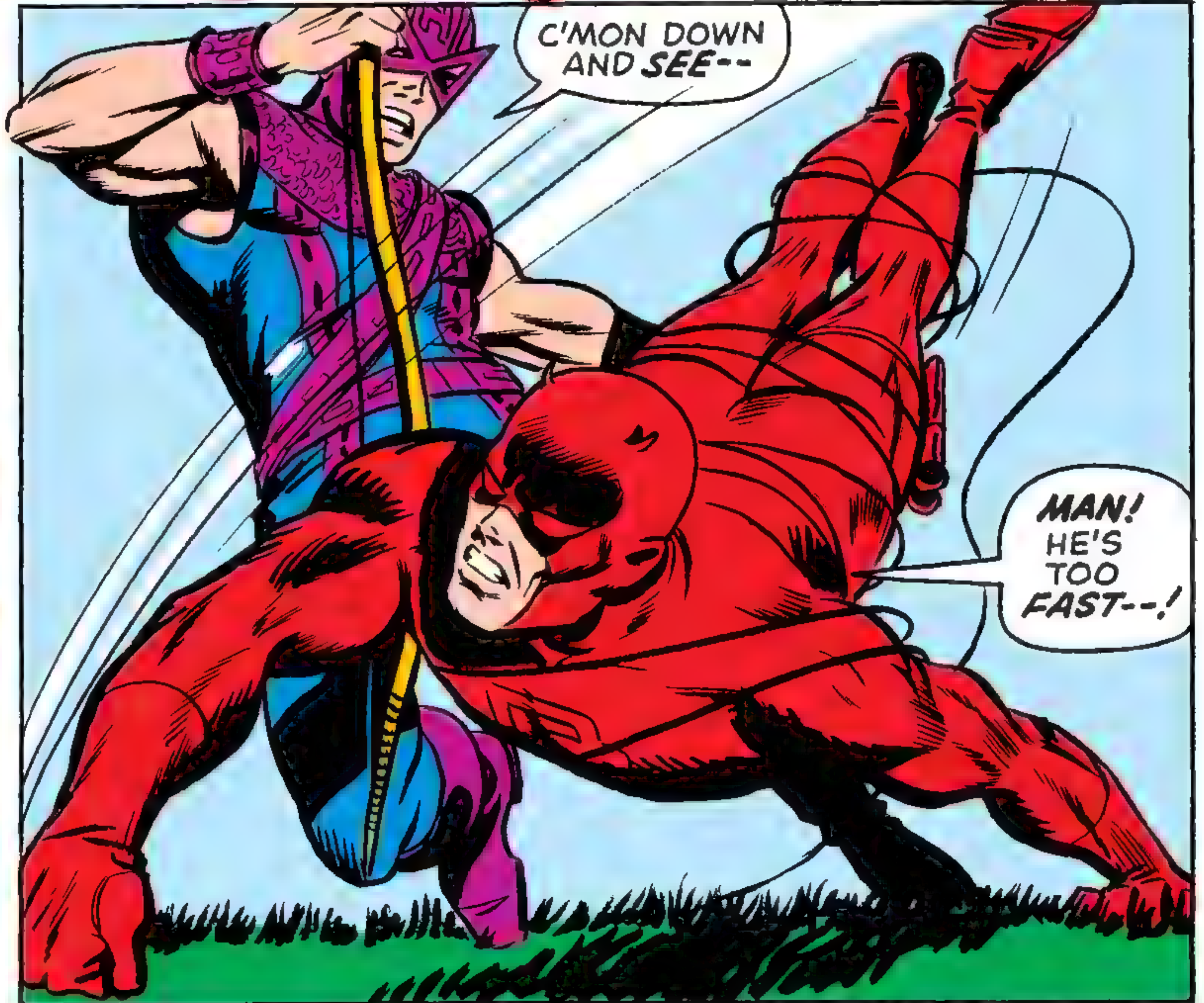
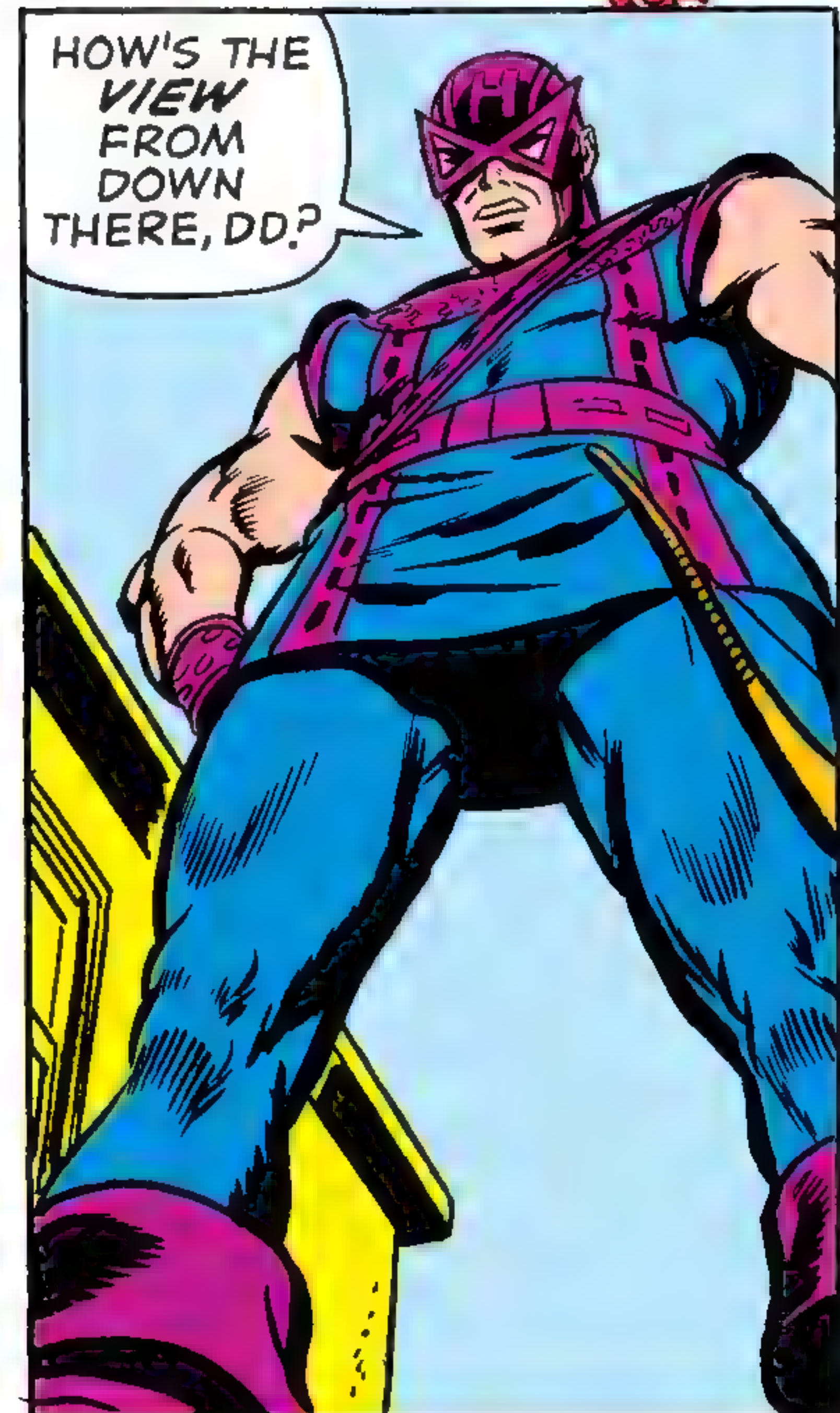
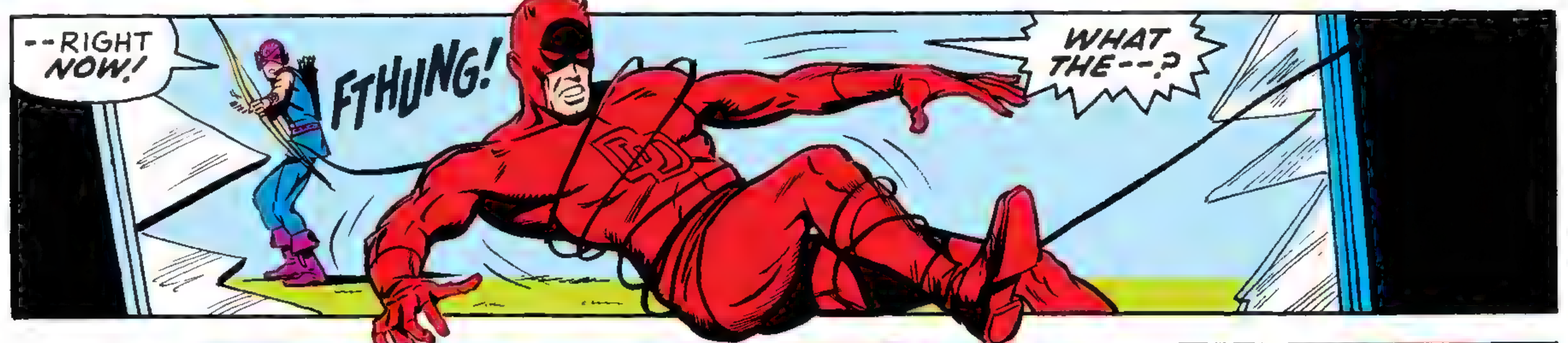
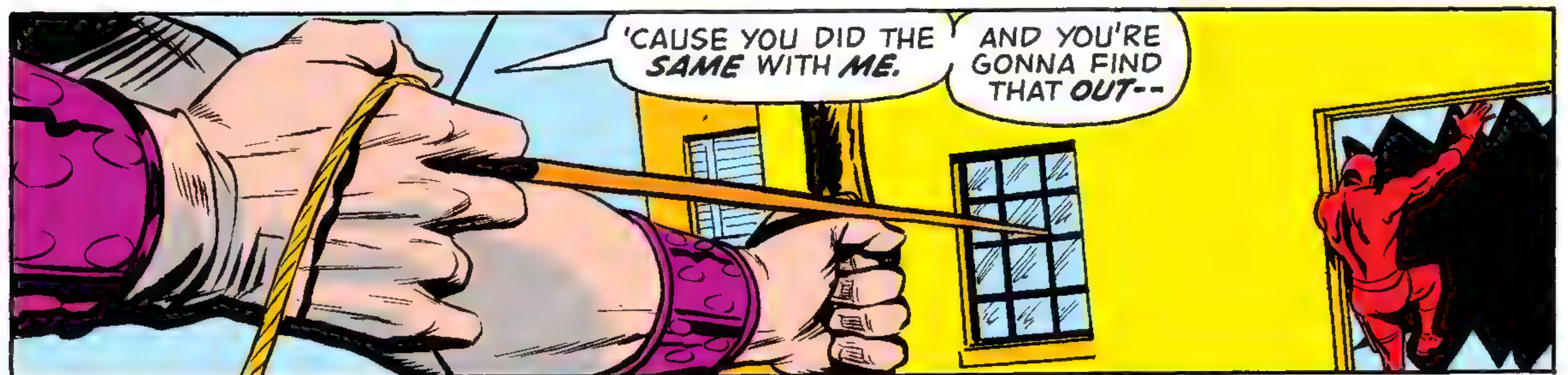
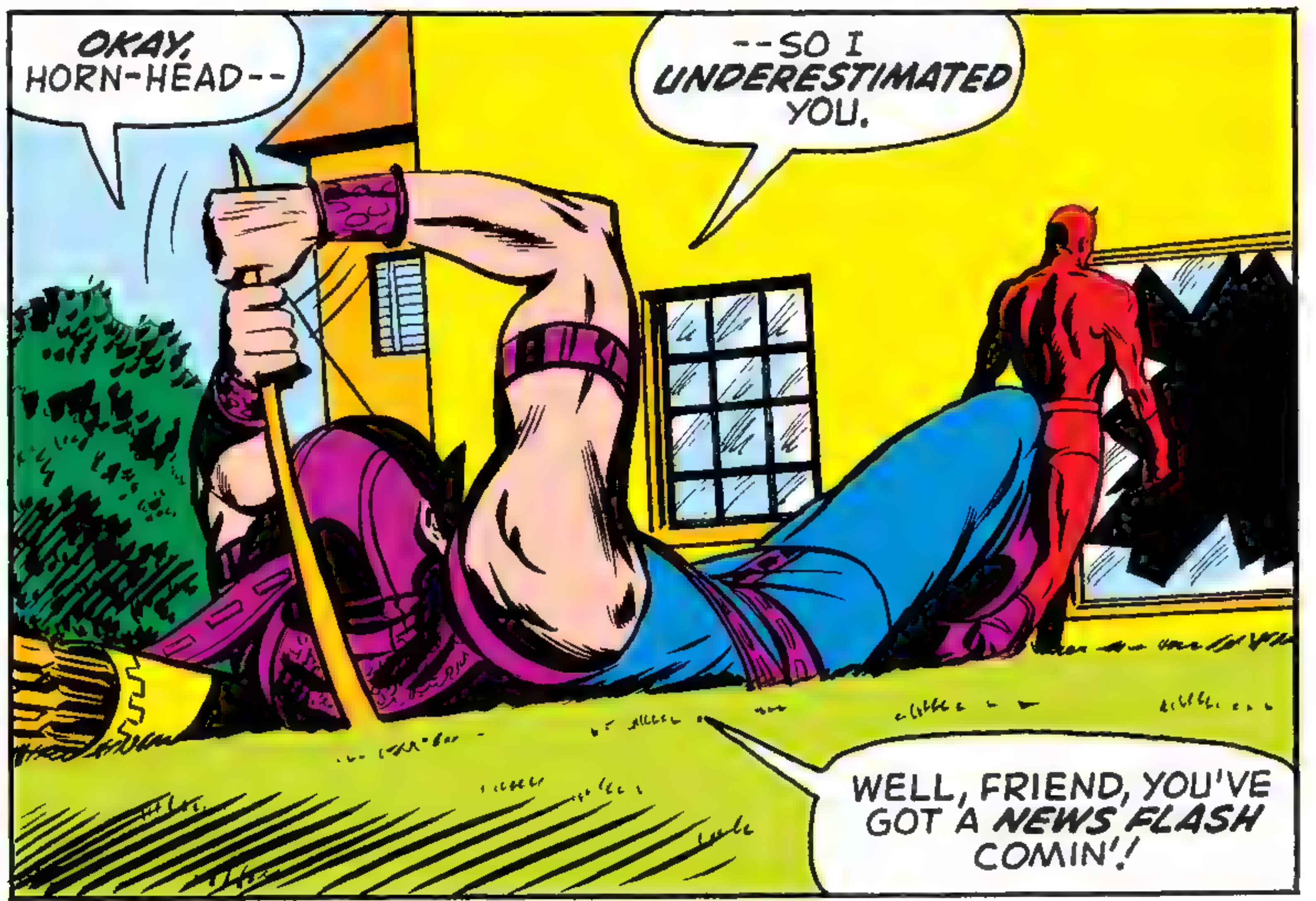














--FOR MY *FIST*, ANYWAY.

BUT NOT FOR MY EVER-TWINKLY *TOES*!



AND NOW THAT I'M FREE OF THOSE *BONDS*--

--YOU'RE PERFECTLY SET UP FOR MY *NEXT* MANEUVER!

OBSERVE, PEON! YOU DON'T GET TO BE AN AVENGER--

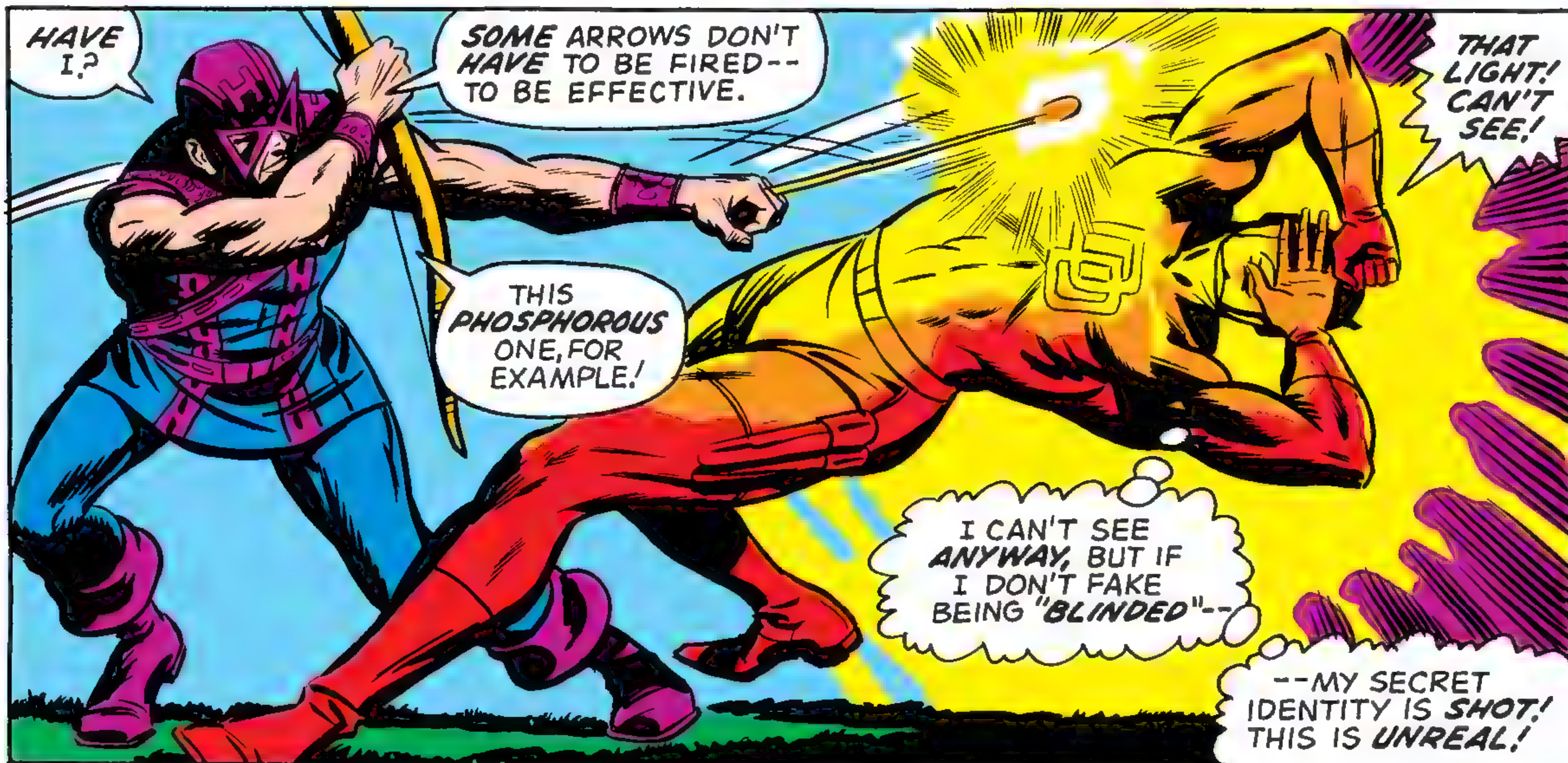


--WITH JUST ONE *SHTICK*.

AN *ARROW*? WHEN I'M CLOSE ENOUGH TO REACH OUT AND *SNAP* IT?



ARCHER, YOU'VE *FLIPPED*.



HAVE I?

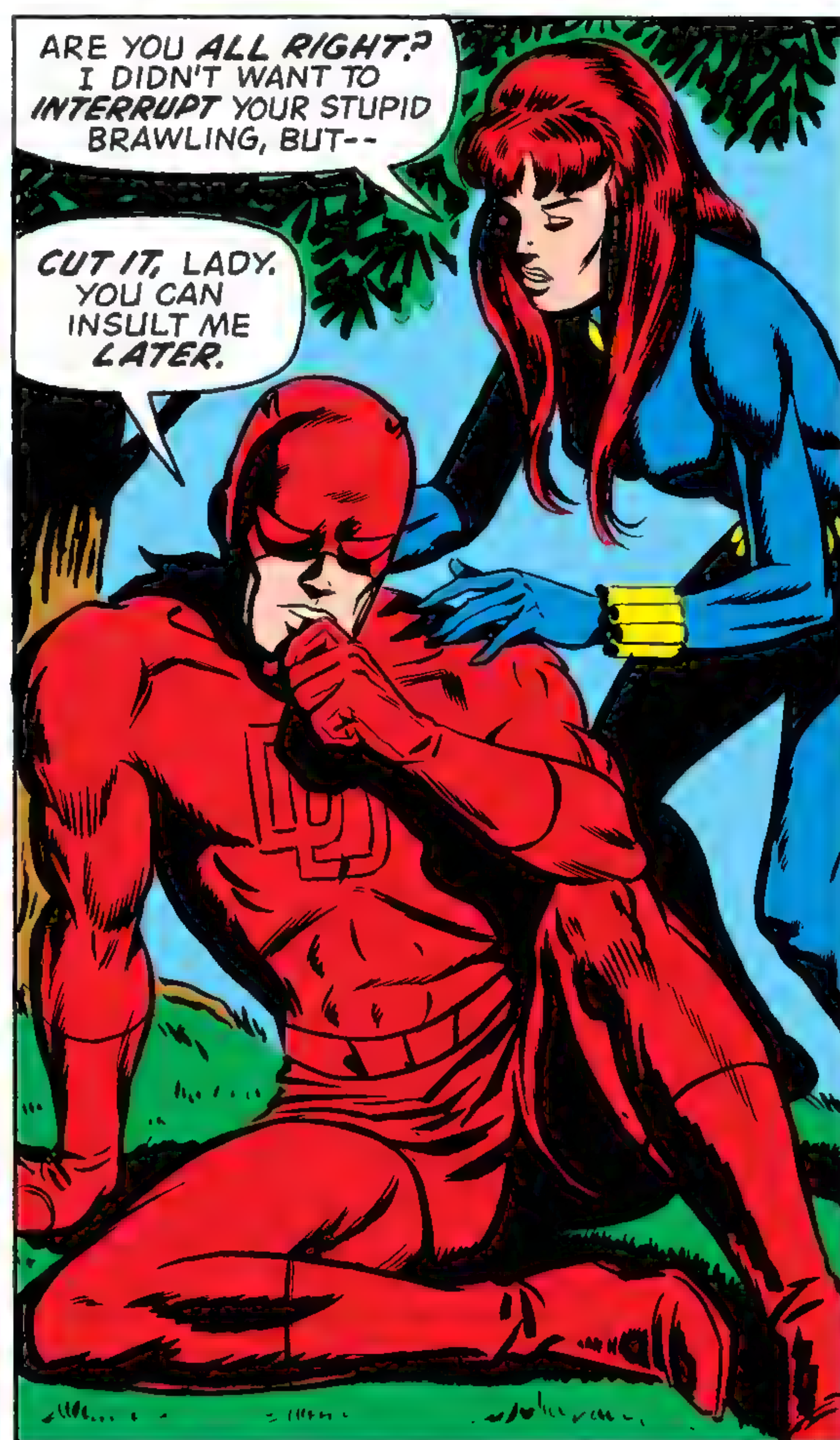
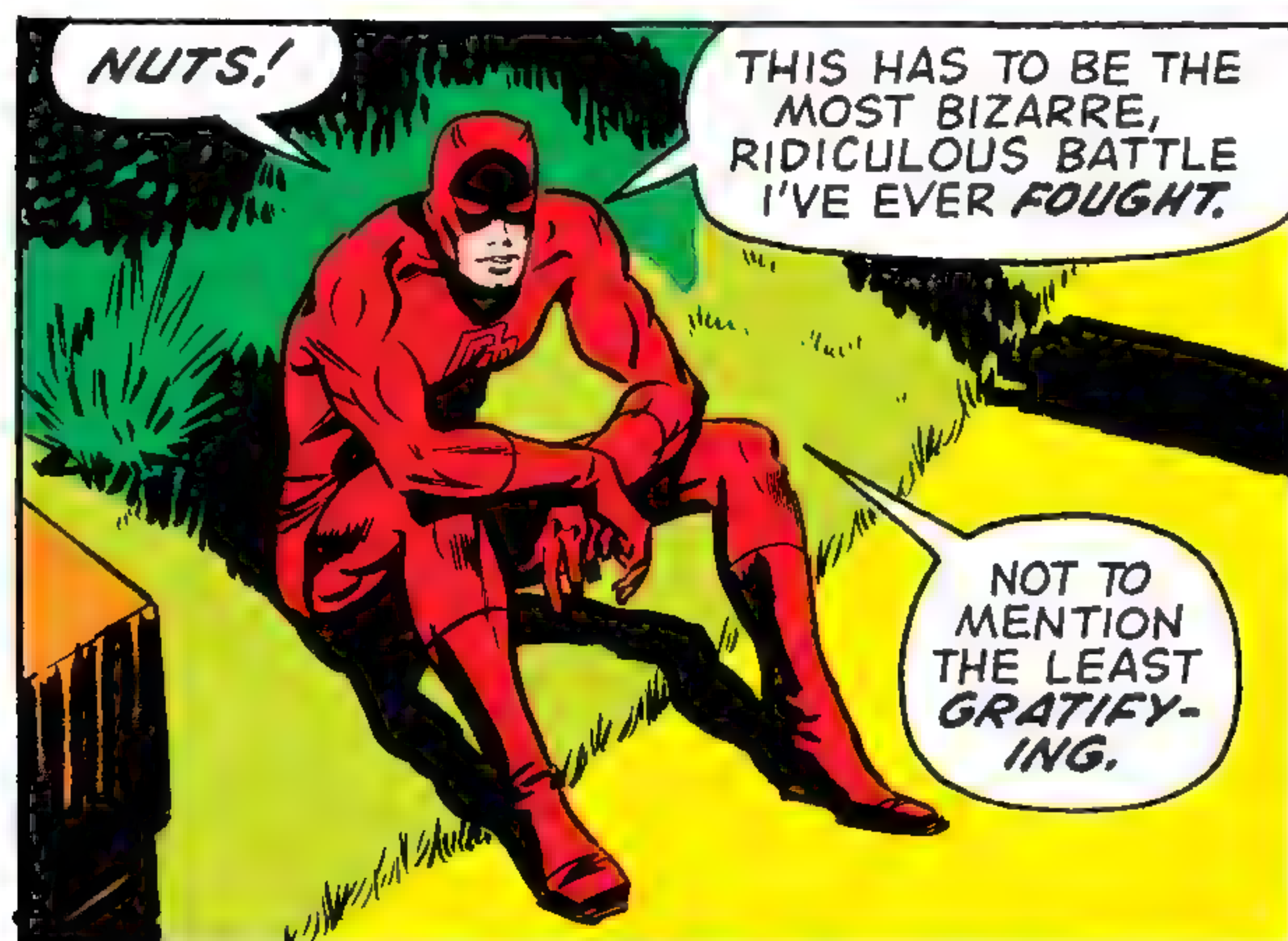
SOME ARROWS DON'T HAVE TO BE FIRED-- TO BE EFFECTIVE.

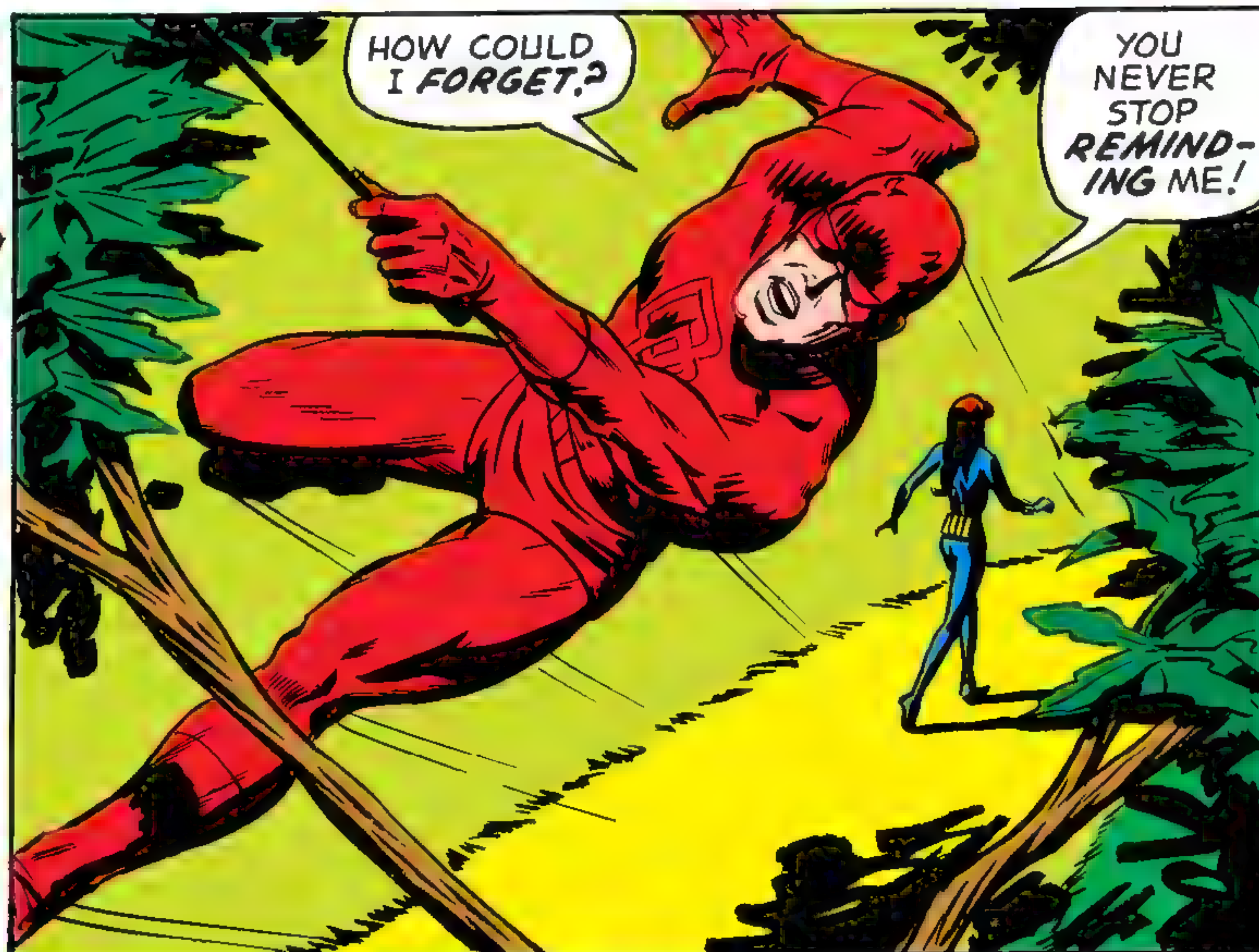
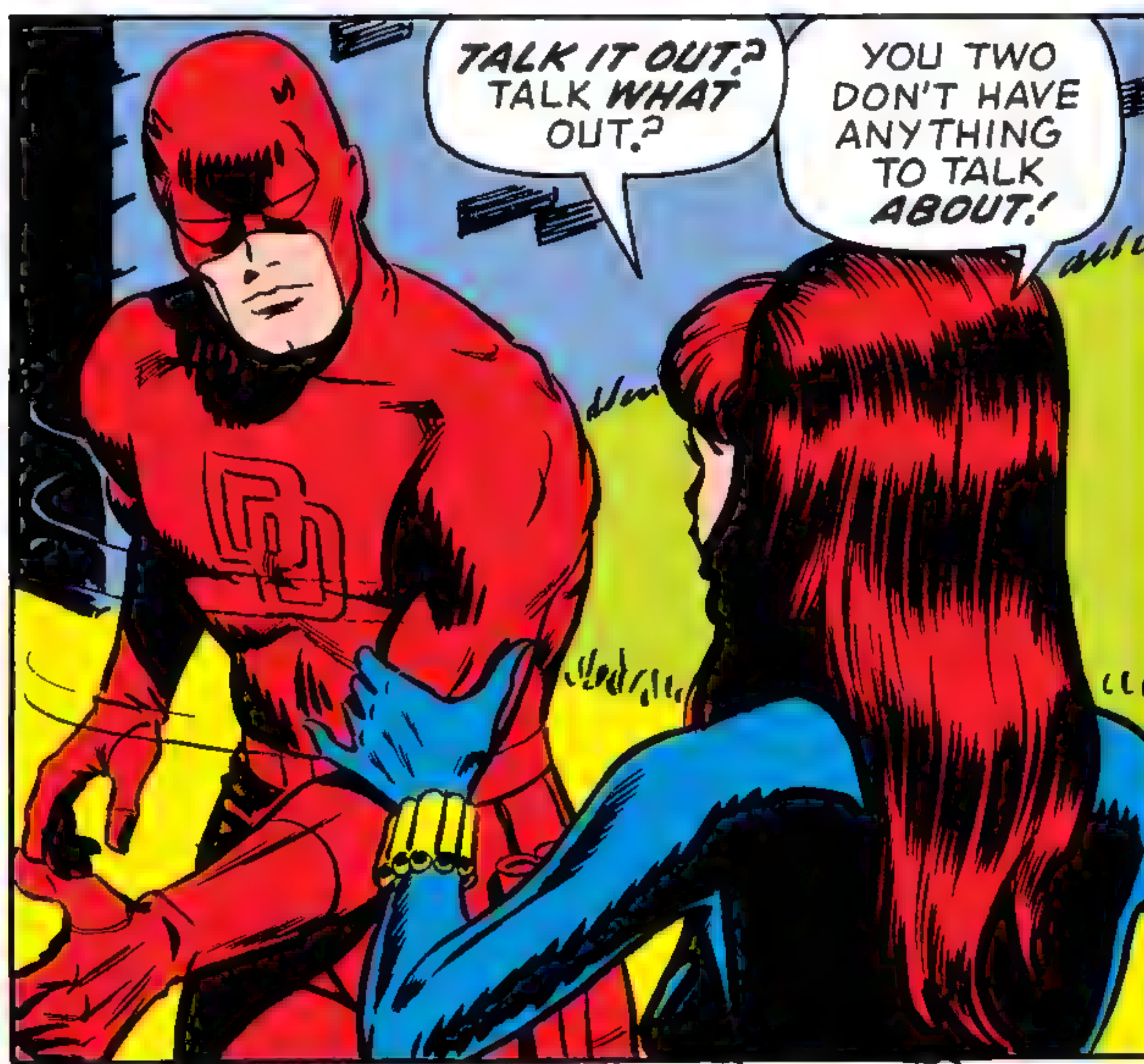
THIS *PHOSPHOROUS* ONE, FOR EXAMPLE!

THAT *LIGHT*! CAN'T SEE!

I CAN'T SEE ANYWAY, BUT IF I DON'T FAKE BEING "*BLINDED*"--

--MY SECRET IDENTITY IS *SHOT*! THIS IS *UNREAL*!





WHILE DD SWINGS, THE WIDOW BURNS, AND THE WORLD TURNS, LET US FOCUS ON DOWNTOWN S.F. AND OUR BELEAGUERED BOWMAN HIMSELF...

NO SIGN OF DAREDEVIL YET-- AND I GOTTA WONDER--

DO I REALLY WANT HIM TO SHOW UP?

I'VE PROBABLY **BLOWN** IT WITH TASHA ALREADY--IF THERE WAS ANYTHING TO BLOW.

MAYBE IT'S TIME I WENT **HOME**--HOOKED UP WITH THE ASSEMBLERS AGAIN...

'SCUSE ME, FELLA.

"EXCUSE ME" AINT GOOD ENOUGH, FREAKER.

NOBODY BUMPS A HELLBIRD--

--WITHOUT GETTIN' WASTED!

BY YOU AND WHAT **ARMY**, SMELLY?

PHWEET

YOU'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT, VIOLET!

WELL, WHADDAYA **KNOW**? A WHOLE PLATOON, RIGHT OUTTA THE WOODWORK!

SAVE THE WISECRACKS FOR YER **DOCTOR**, CRUMB. TAKE HIM, GUYS!

APPARENTLY, YOU JOES DON'T READ THE **PAPERS**!

HEY! DUCK!

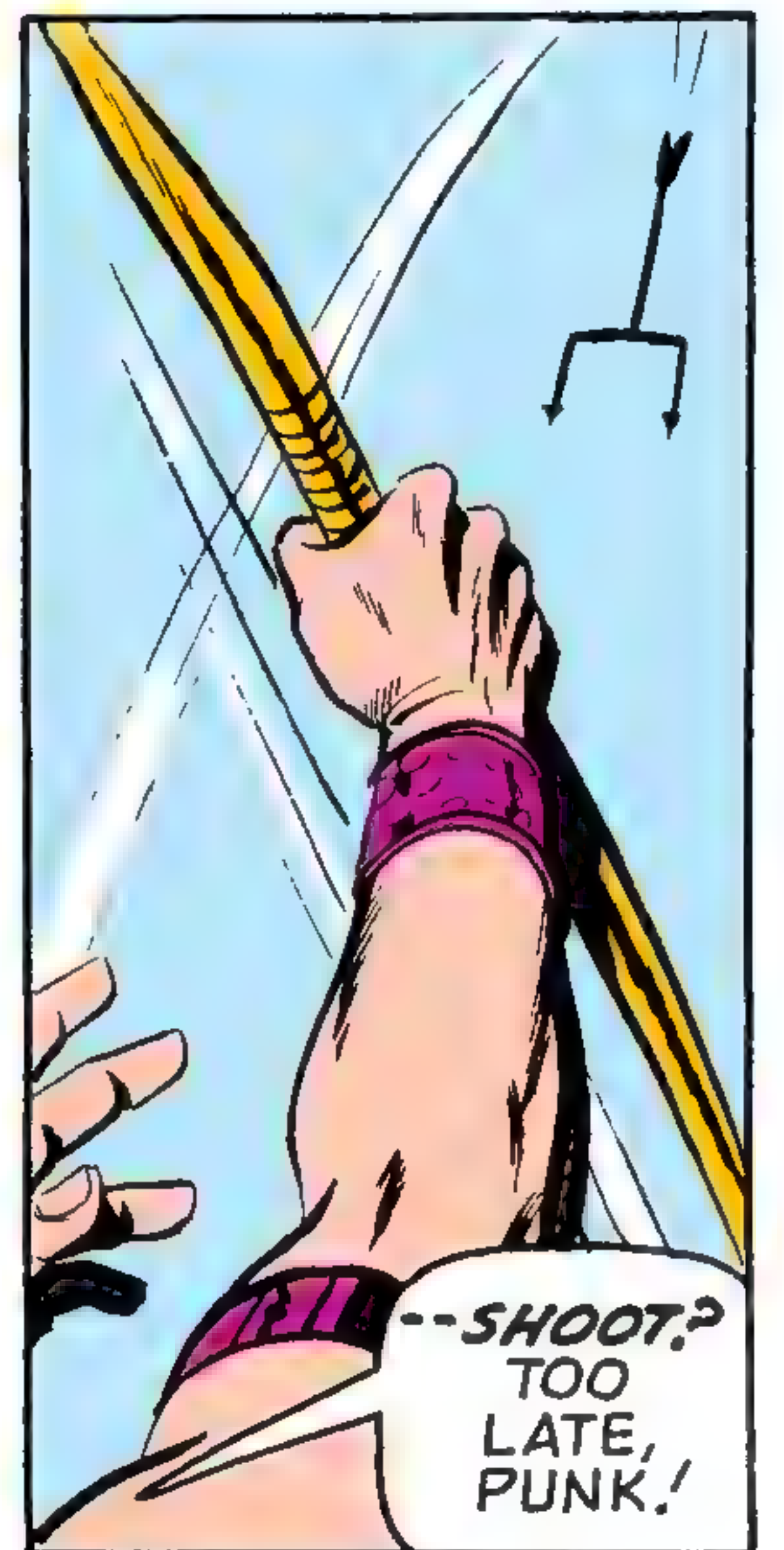
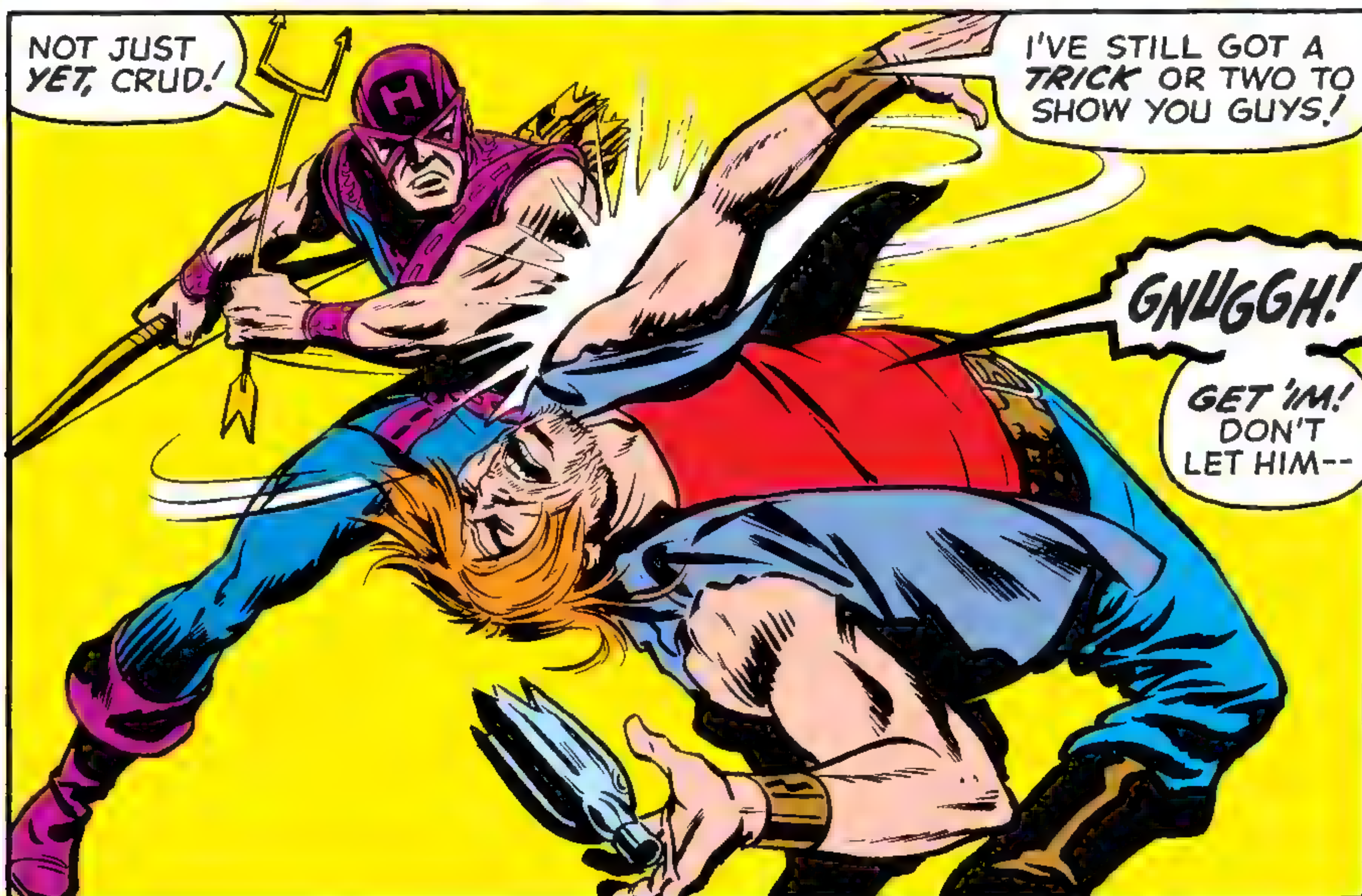
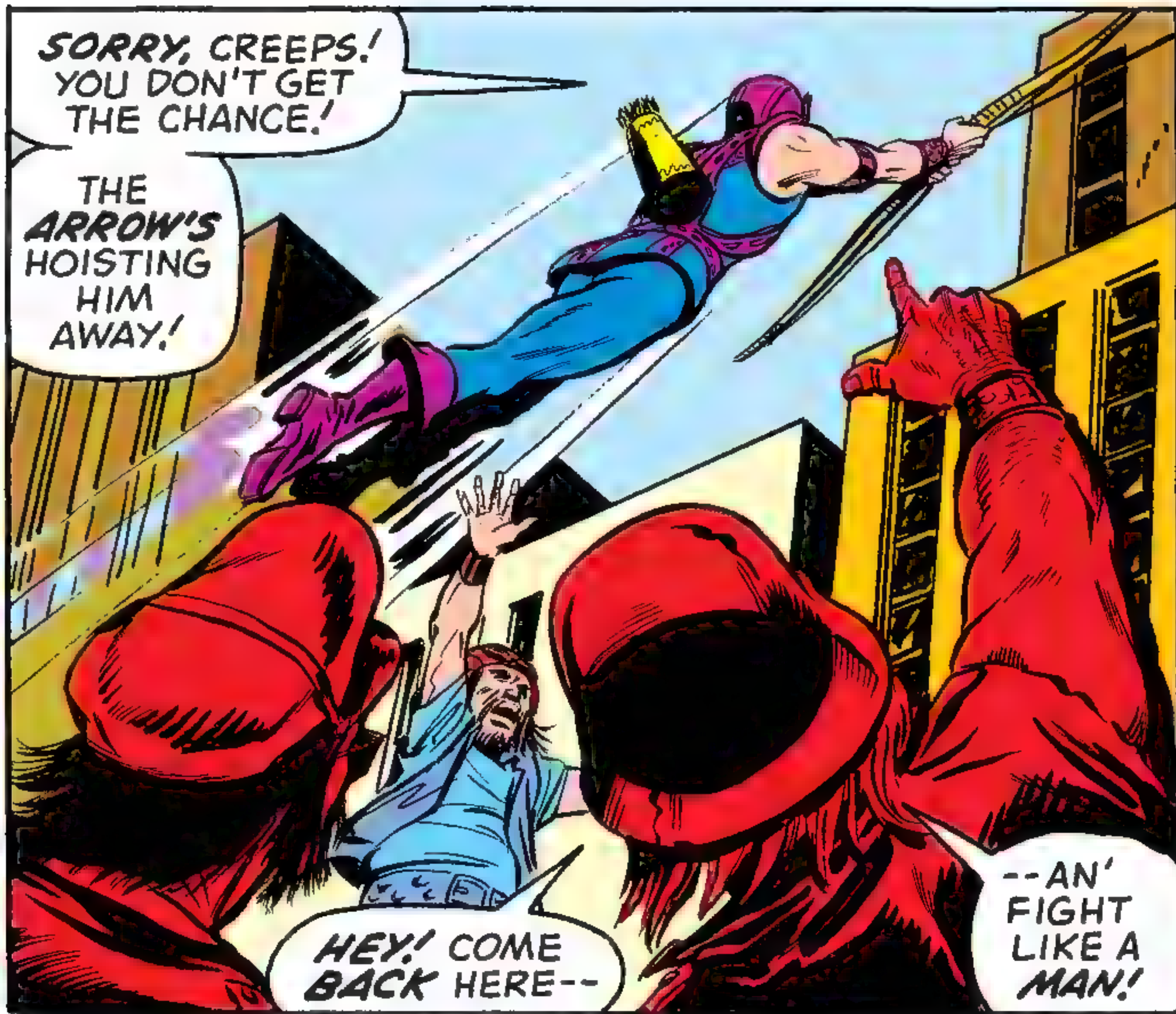
OR YOU'D KNOW YOU'RE PLAYING IN THE **BIG LEAGUES** NOW!

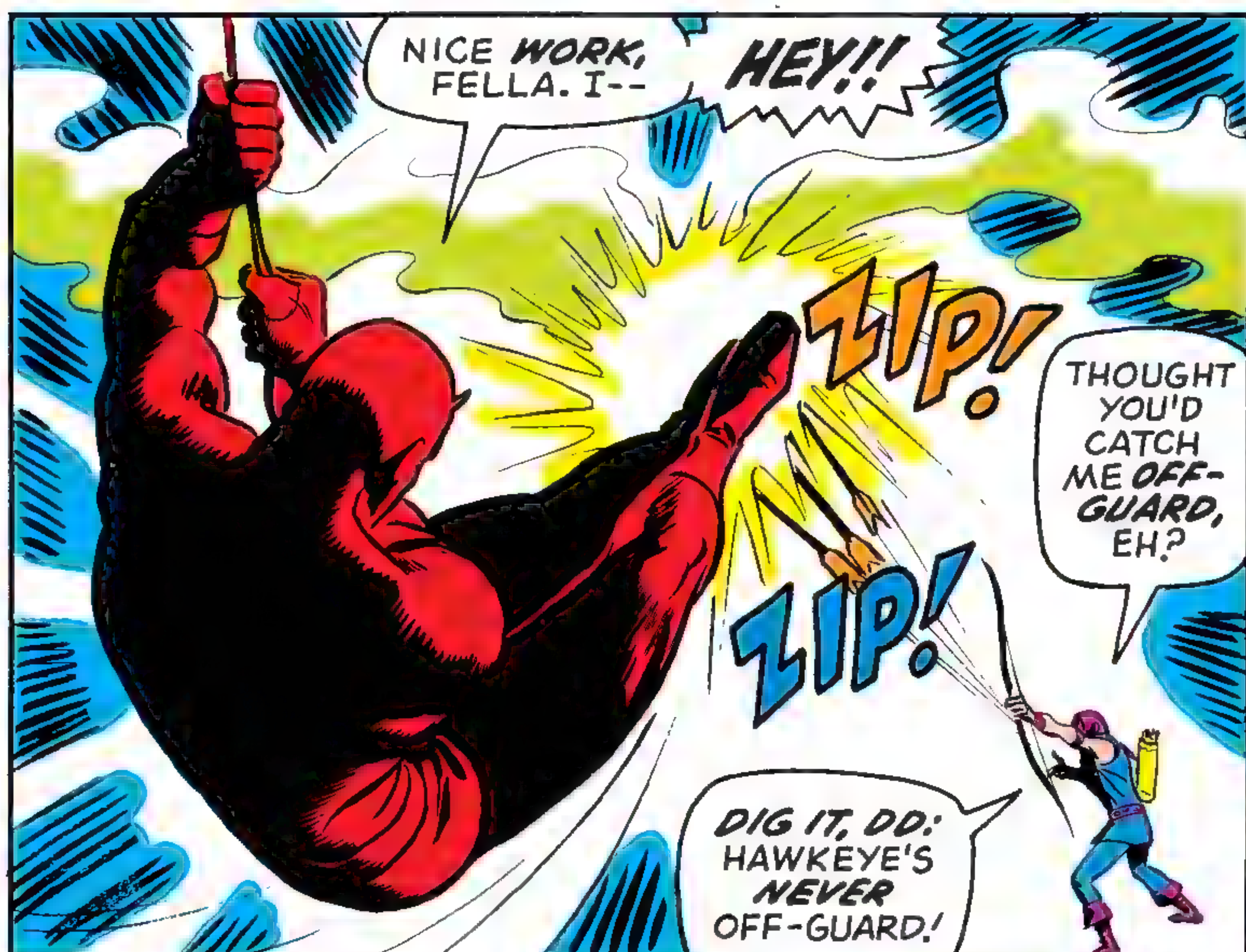
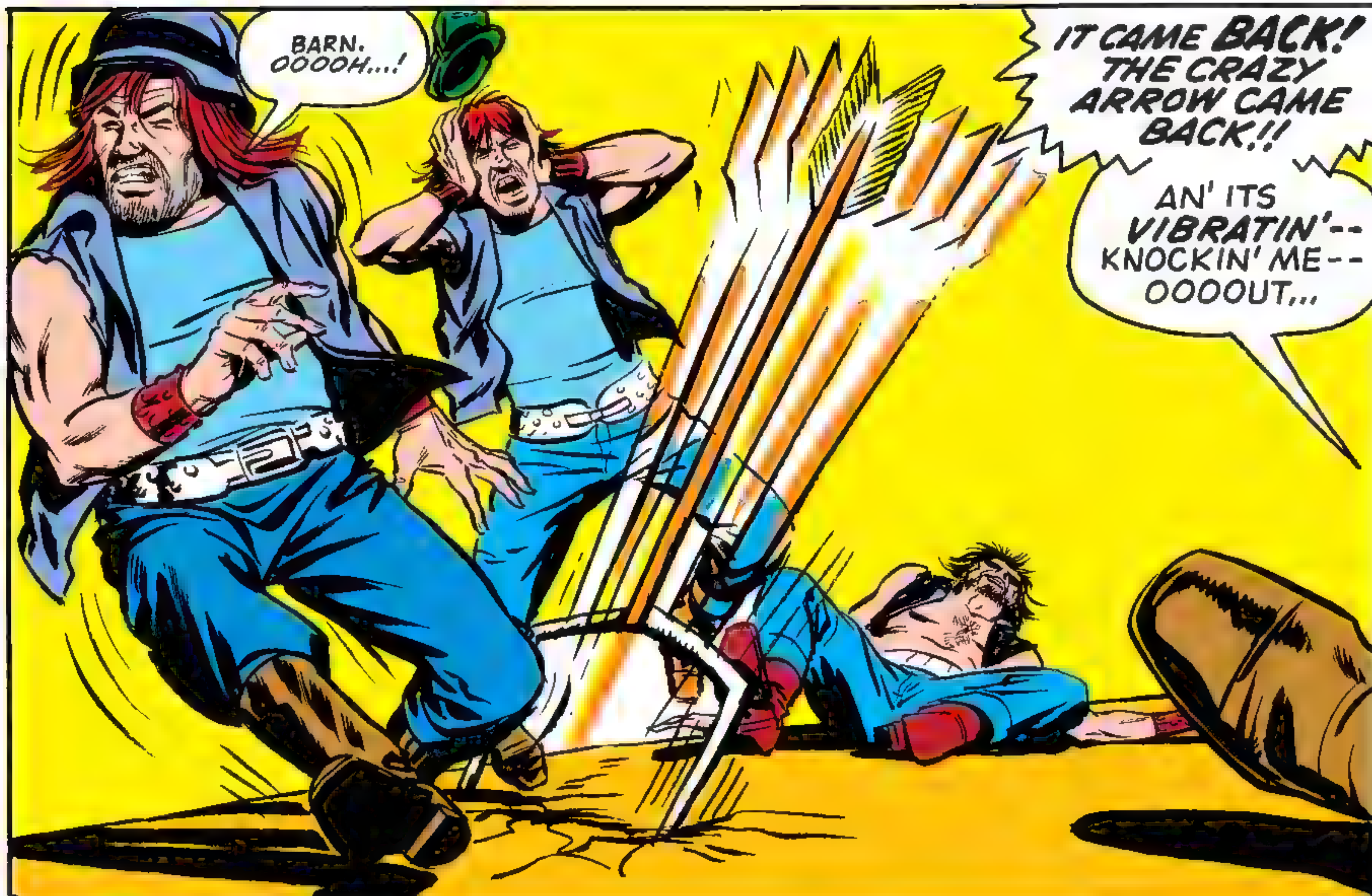
SSSTT!

LOOK OUT! HE'S GONE **BERSERK**!

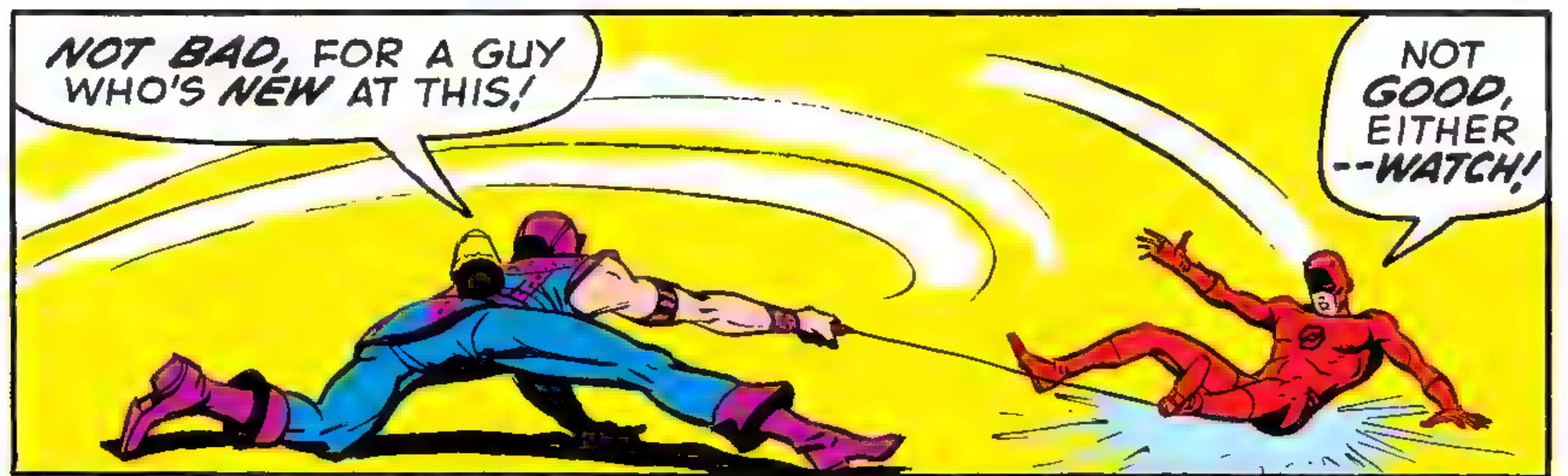
SSNAPP!

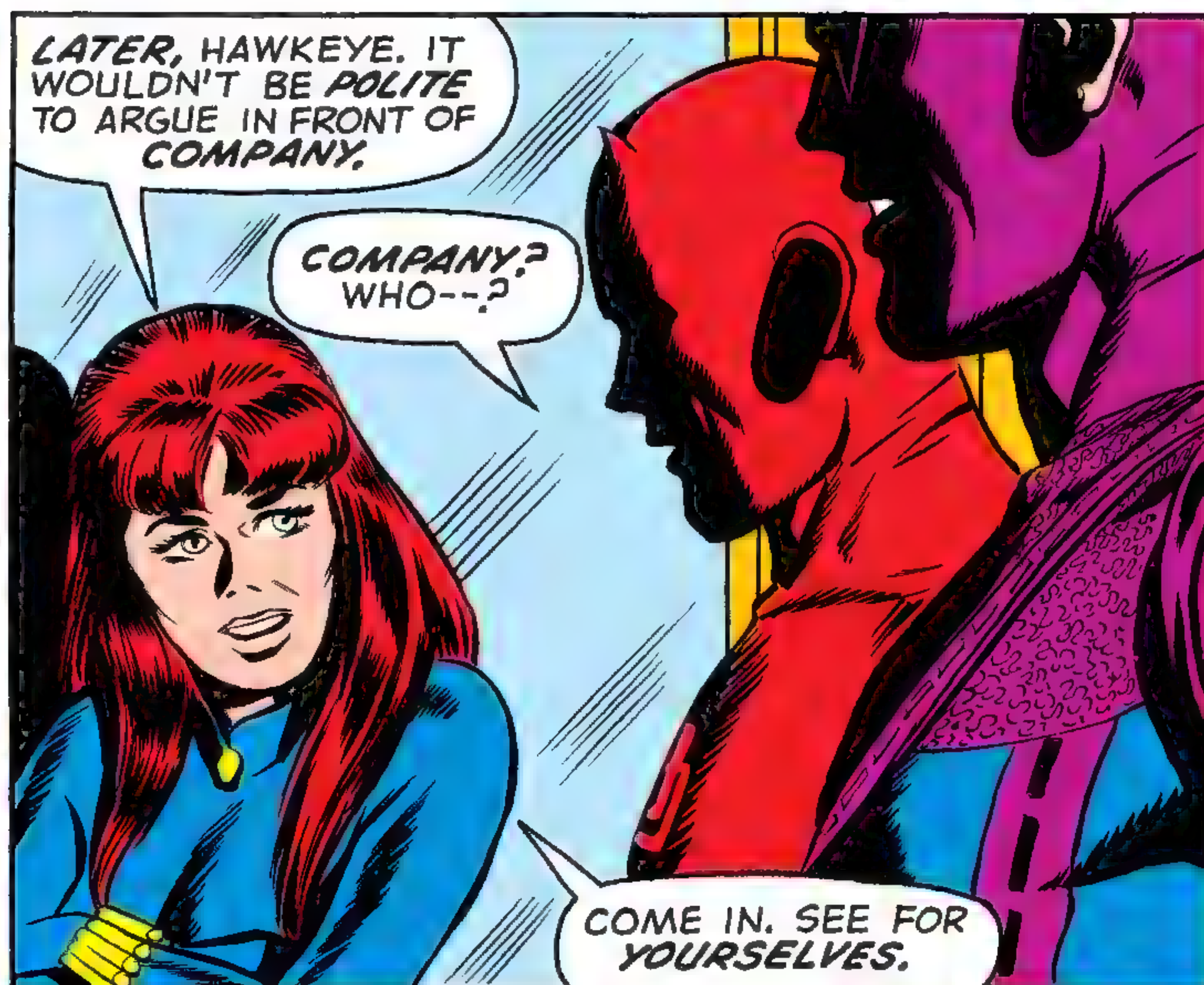
HE **MISSED**! MOVE IN ON 'IM!

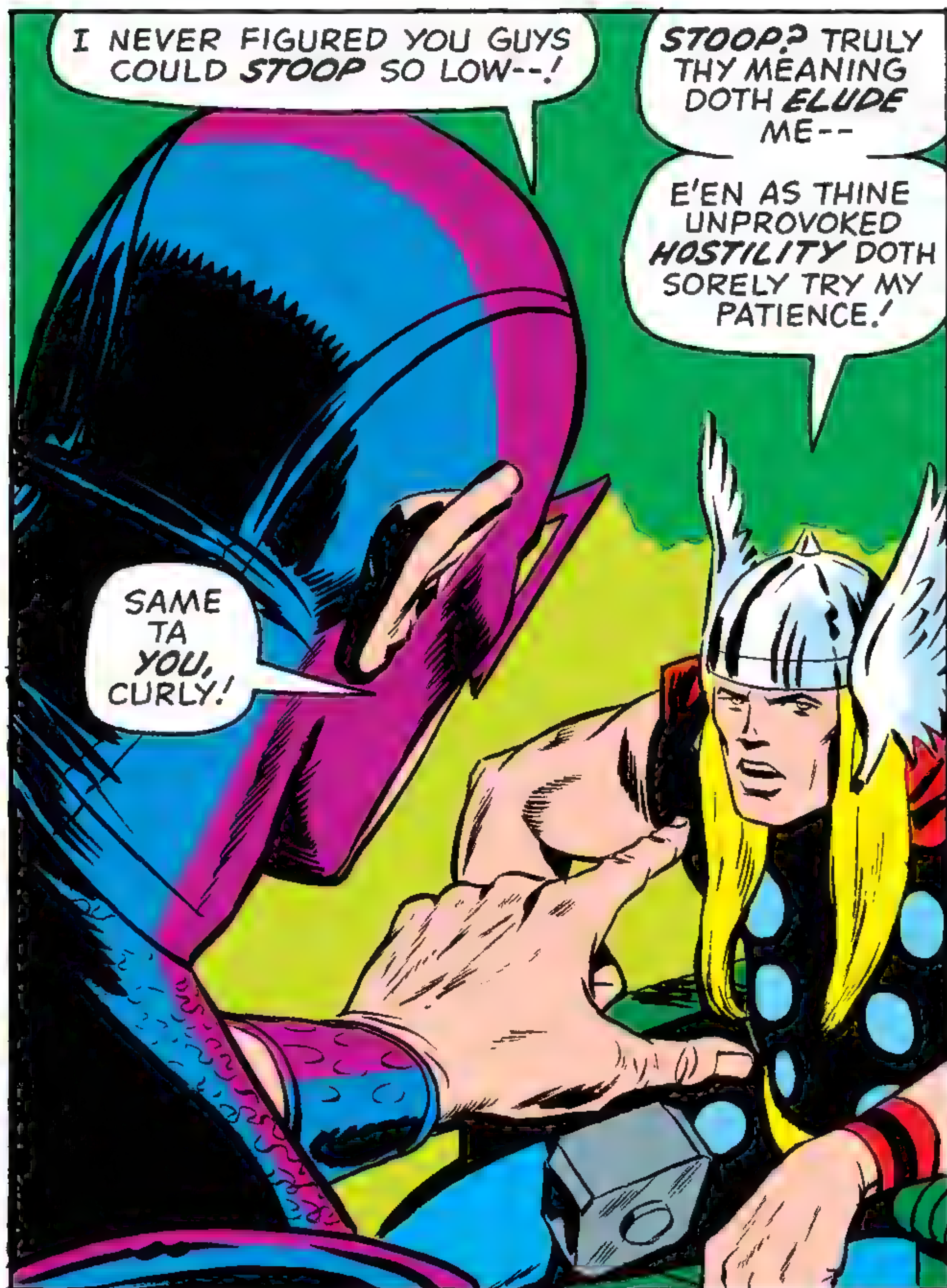


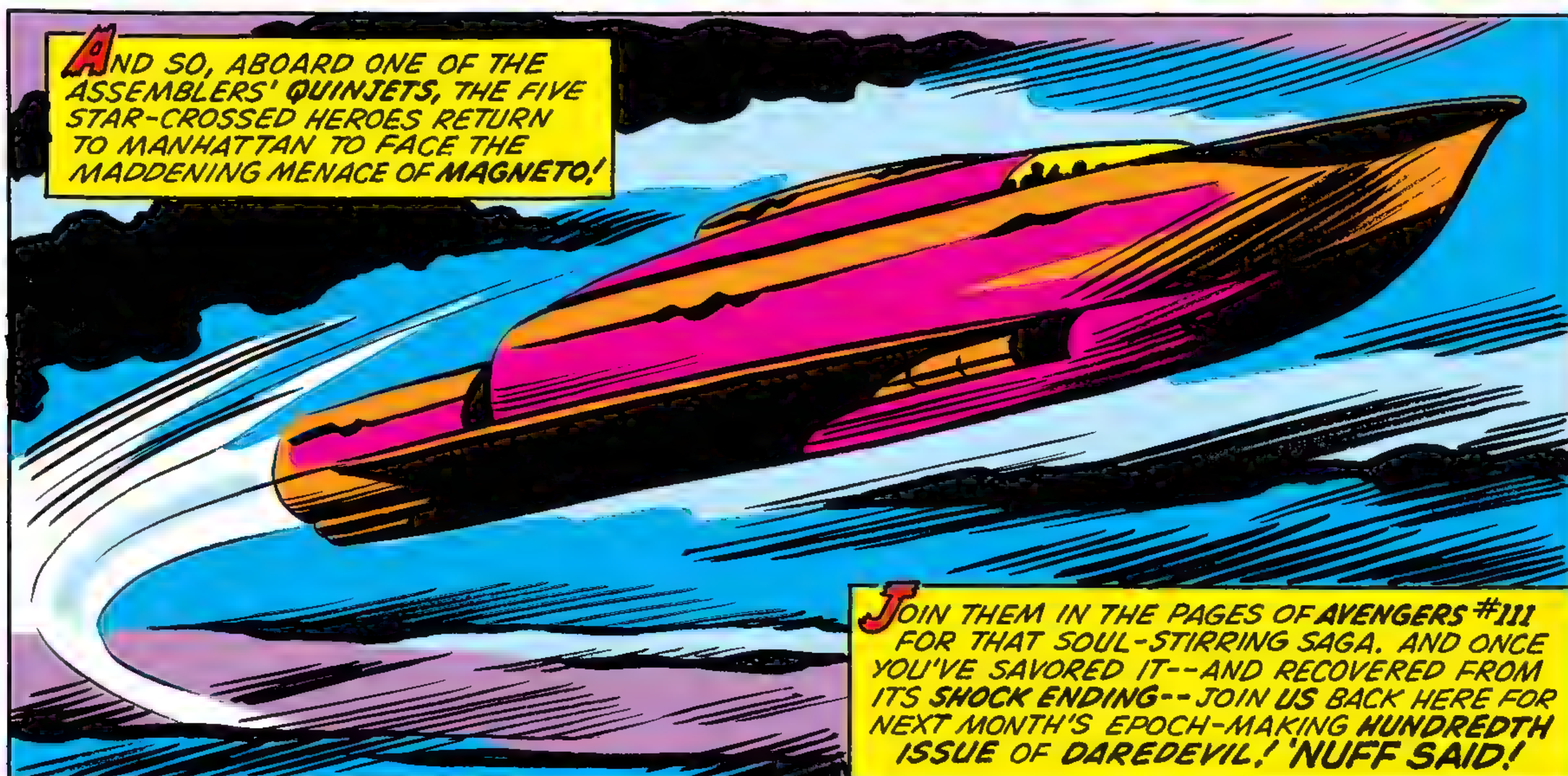
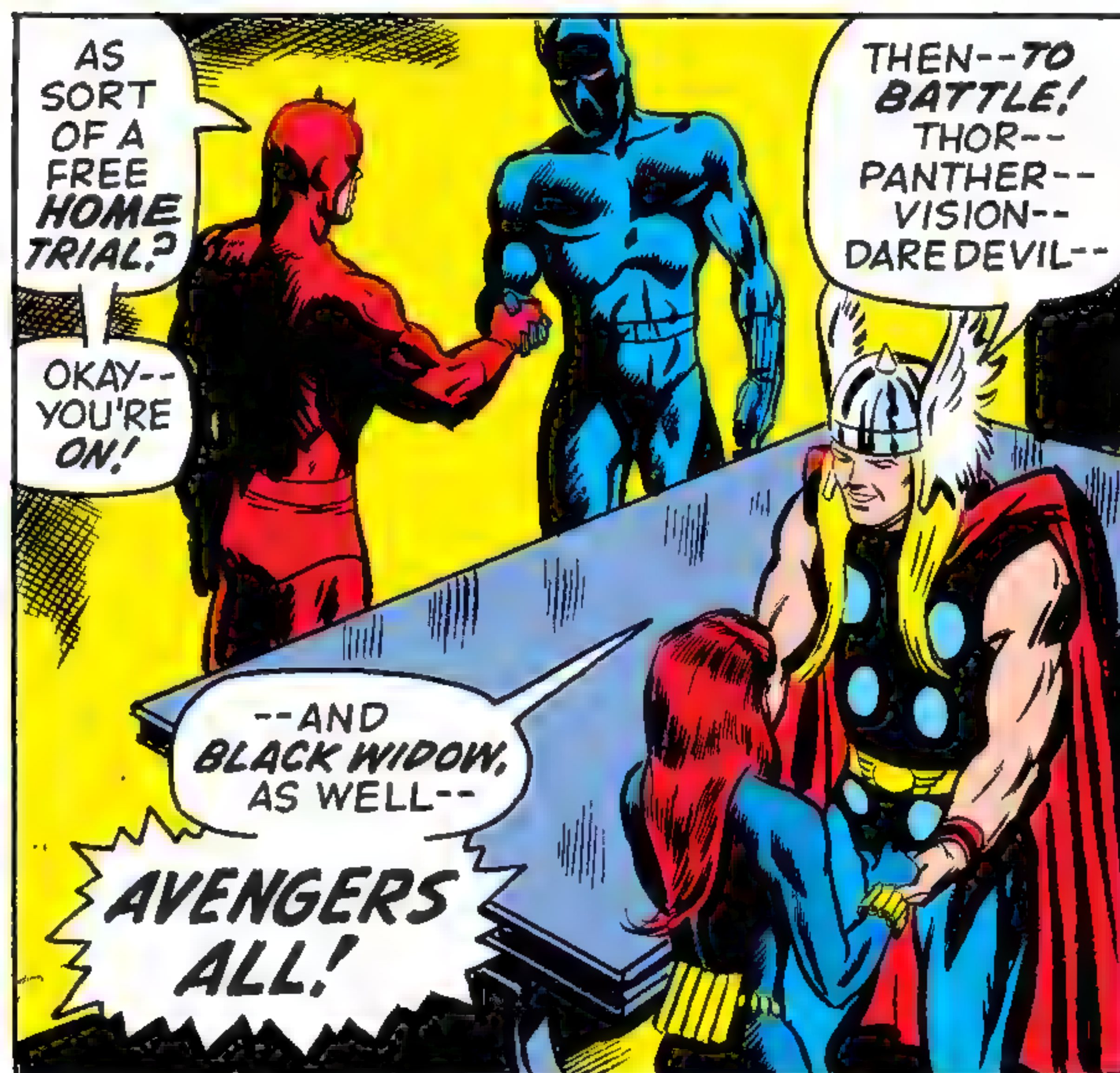












AVENGERS

MARVEL COMICS GROUPTM

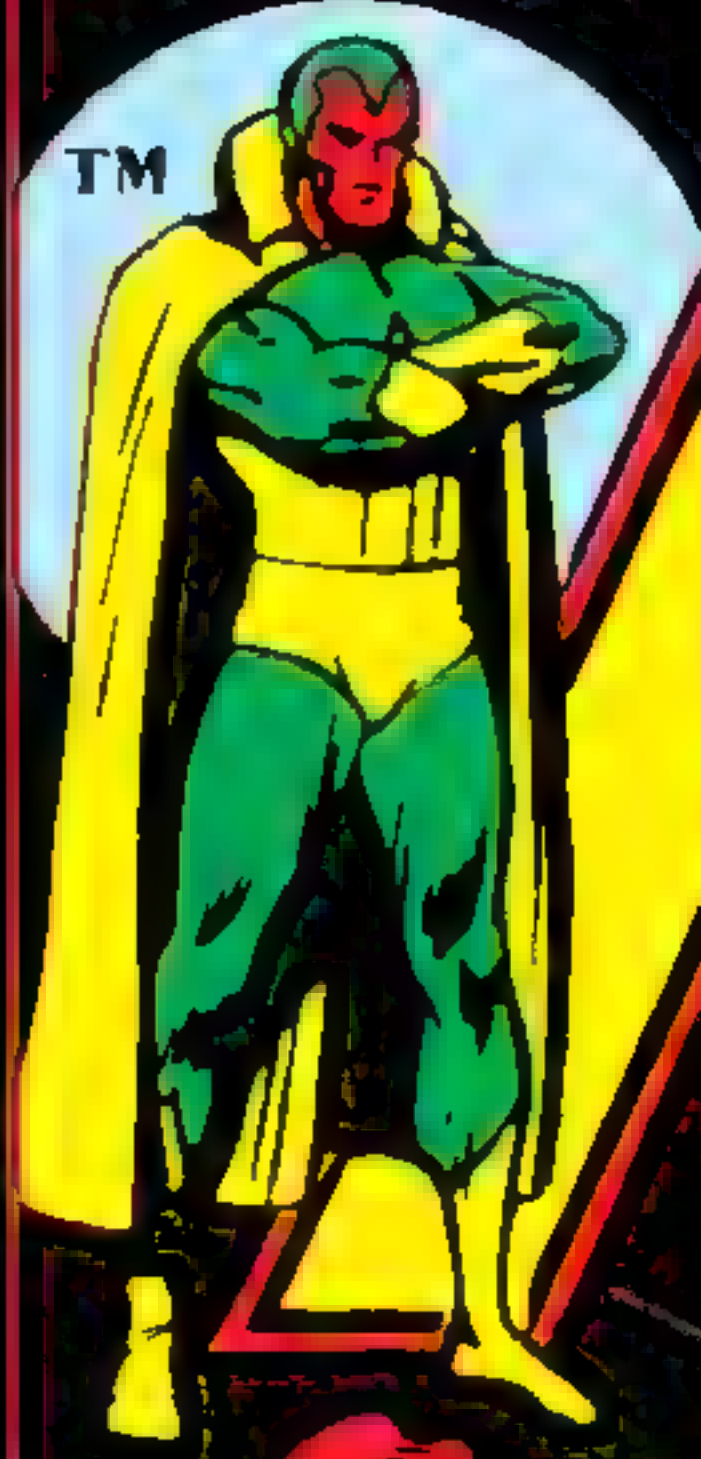
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111
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02458

EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HEROES!

the AVENGERS[®]



OKAY, MAGNETO--
MAYBE YOU
AMBUSHED
THE
AVENGERS--

BUT HERE
COMES
DAREDEVIL--

--AND THE
**BLACK
WIDOW!**

WITH **TWO**
BESIDE THEM!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!**

WITH TWO BESIDE THEM!

DANCE, MY BLANK-EYED BEAUTY!

DANCE TO MY TUNE, BECAUSE I, MAGNETO, CONTROL YOUR EVERY GRACEFUL MOVEMENT!

OH YES, WISE ONE!

IS IT NOT SO, FAITHFUL PIPER?

AS WITH THE OTHER AVENGERS YOU HAVE CLEVERLY CAPTURED, ALONG WITH THE MUTANT X-MEN--

THE SCARLET WITCH'S ONLY THOUGHTS ARE THOSE YOU HAVE GIVEN HER TO THINK! FOR NOW--

MAGNETO RULES MINDS!

A WORD TO THE WISE, FRANTIC ONE! IF YOU HAVEN'T READ AND RELISHED **DAREDEVIL #99** (NOW ON SALE), YOU'D BETTER GET ON THE STICK! OUR TALE IS COMPLETE IN AND OF ITSELF-- BUT YOU'LL FIND SOME ADDED DIMENSIONS BY CHECKING OUT OL' HORNHEAD'S BOOK, TOO. WE HAVE SPOKEN!

13152

STEVE ENGLEHART, / DON HECK, / MIKE ESPOSITO / JOHN COSTANZA, letterer / ROY THOMAS,
SCRIPTER SUPREME / ARTIST ASTOUNDING / INKER INCREDIBLE / DAVID HUNT, colorist / EDITOR EXTRAORDIN
(OOPS!)

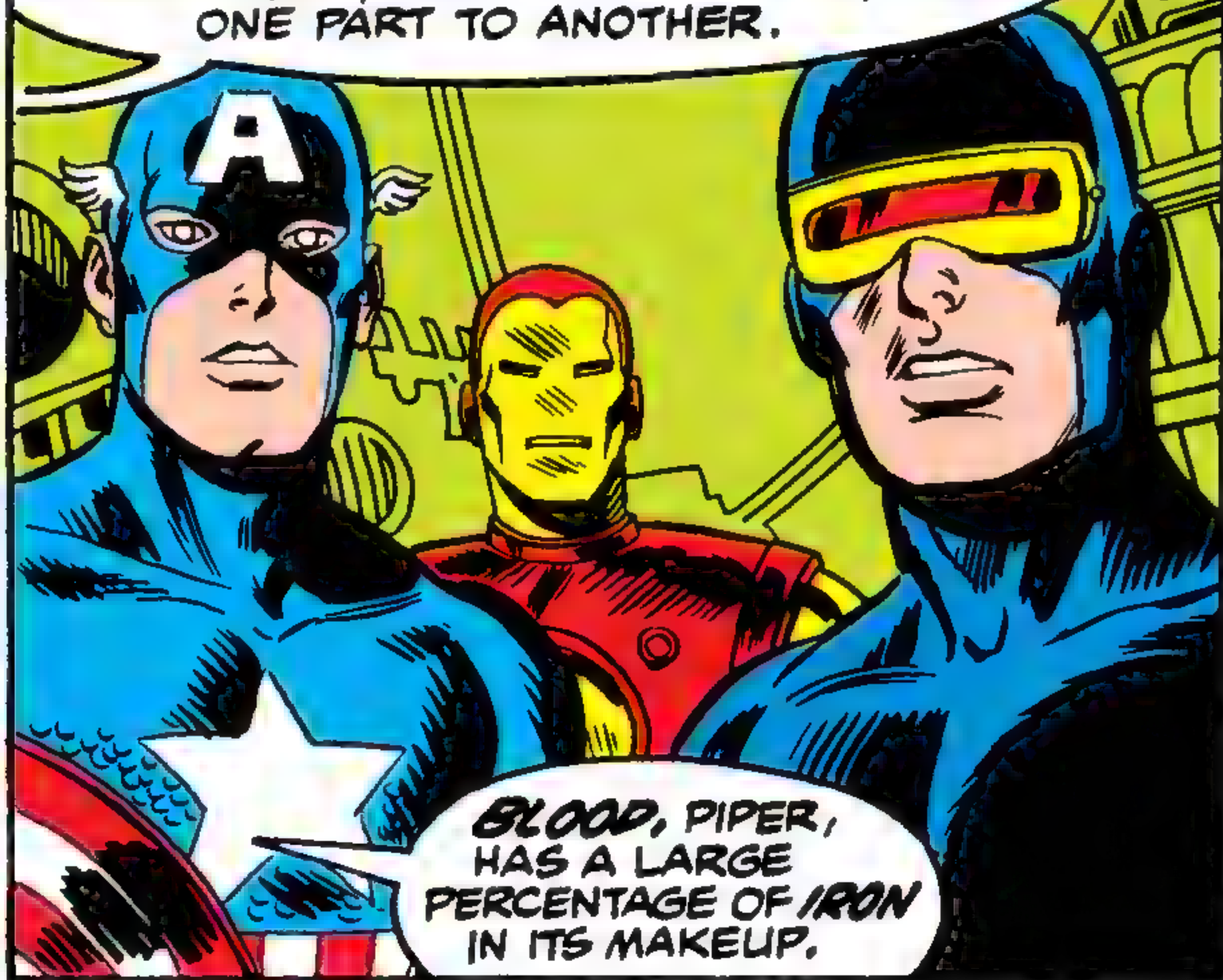
HOW **LONG** IT HAS TAKEN TO **REACH** THAT GOAL, PIPER-- YET EVER SINCE I FIRST **DISCOVERED** MY MAGNETIC POWER OVER IRON, I HAVE DESIRED NOTHING **ELSE**!

IT ALWAYS **SEEMED** POSSIBLE! ALL I **REQUIRED** WAS THE LEARNING OF IT!

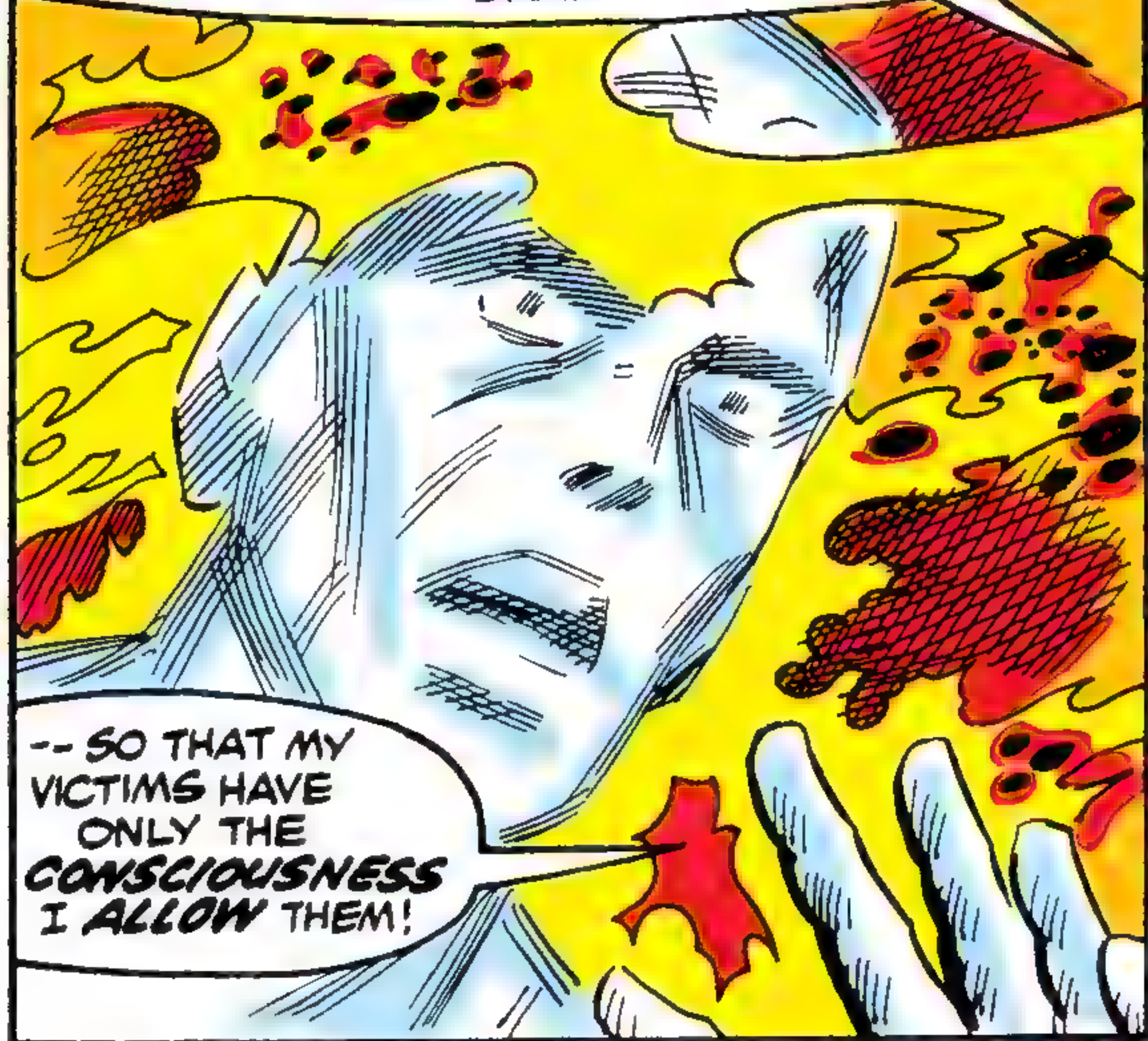


THE MIND OF A **HUMAN**-- OR A **MUTANT**-- IS NOURISHED BY **BLOOD**... AND THAT CRIMSON FLUID **ALSO** CARRIES CERTAIN NATURAL **CHEMICALS**, USED BY THE BRAIN, FROM ONE PART TO ANOTHER.

BLOOD, PIPER, HAS A LARGE PERCENTAGE OF **IRON** IN ITS MAKEUP.



THUS, I HAVE LEARNED TO **CONTROL** THAT IRON AND **SLOW** THAT FLOW OF BLOOD TO THE BRAIN--



-- SO THAT MY VICTIMS HAVE ONLY THE **CONSCIOUSNESS** I ALLOW THEM!

I PERMIT THEIR BRAINS **ENOUGH** BLOOD TO KEEP THE ORGANS FROM **VEGETATING**, OF COURSE--FOR I MAY **NEED** THESE PEOPLE SOME DAY.

BUT IN THE **MEANTIME**, THEY ARE MY **SLAVES**--THE **FIRST** IN A MIGHTY ARMY OF MINDLESS MINIONS I SHALL CREATE!



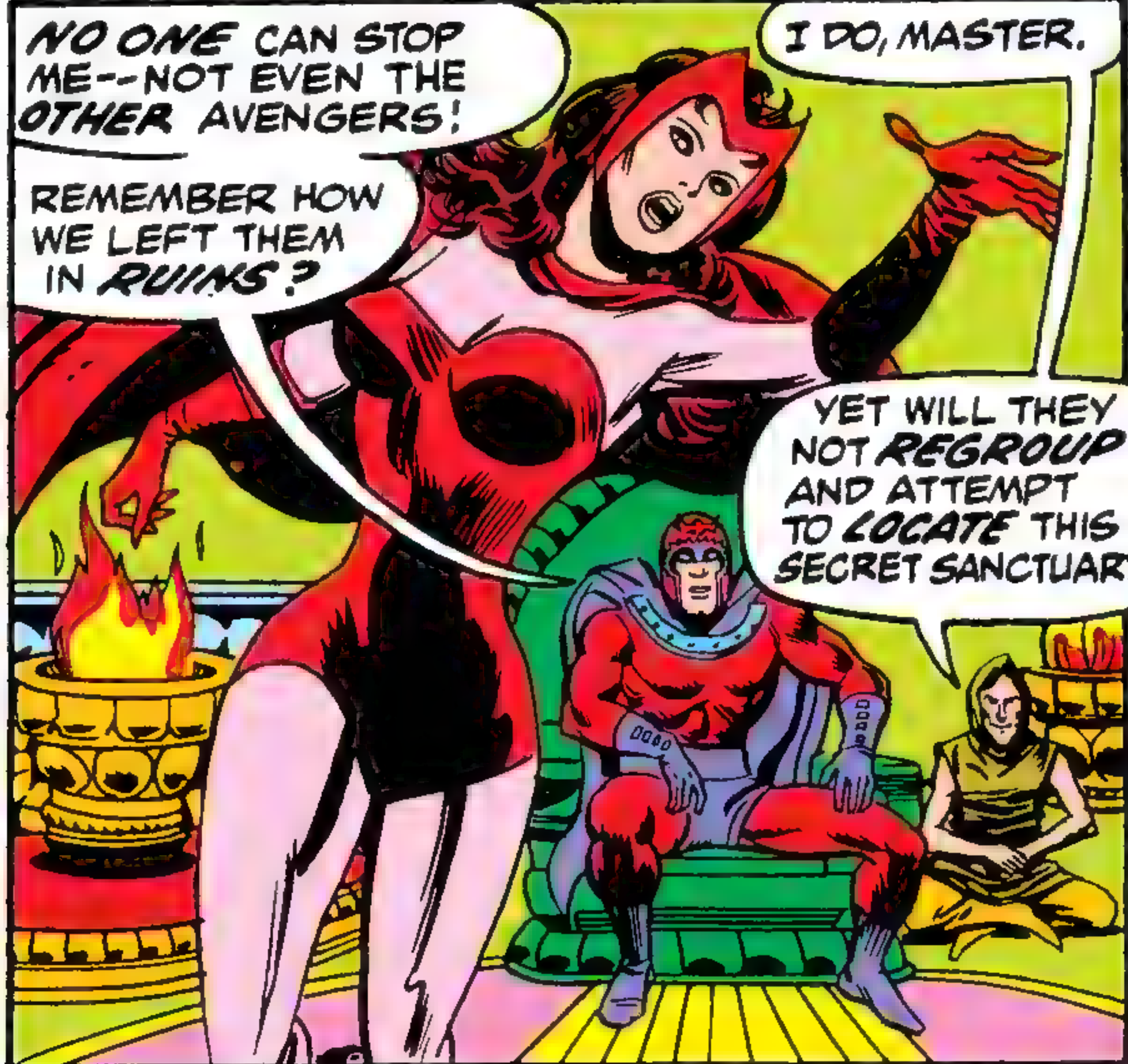
--AND THEY SHALL HELP ME DO IT!

NO ONE CAN STOP ME--NOT EVEN THE **OTHER AVENGERS**!

REMEMBER HOW WE LEFT THEM IN **RUINS**?

I DO, MASTER.

YET WILL THEY NOT **REGROUP** AND ATTEMPT TO **LOCATE** THIS SECRET SANCTUARY?

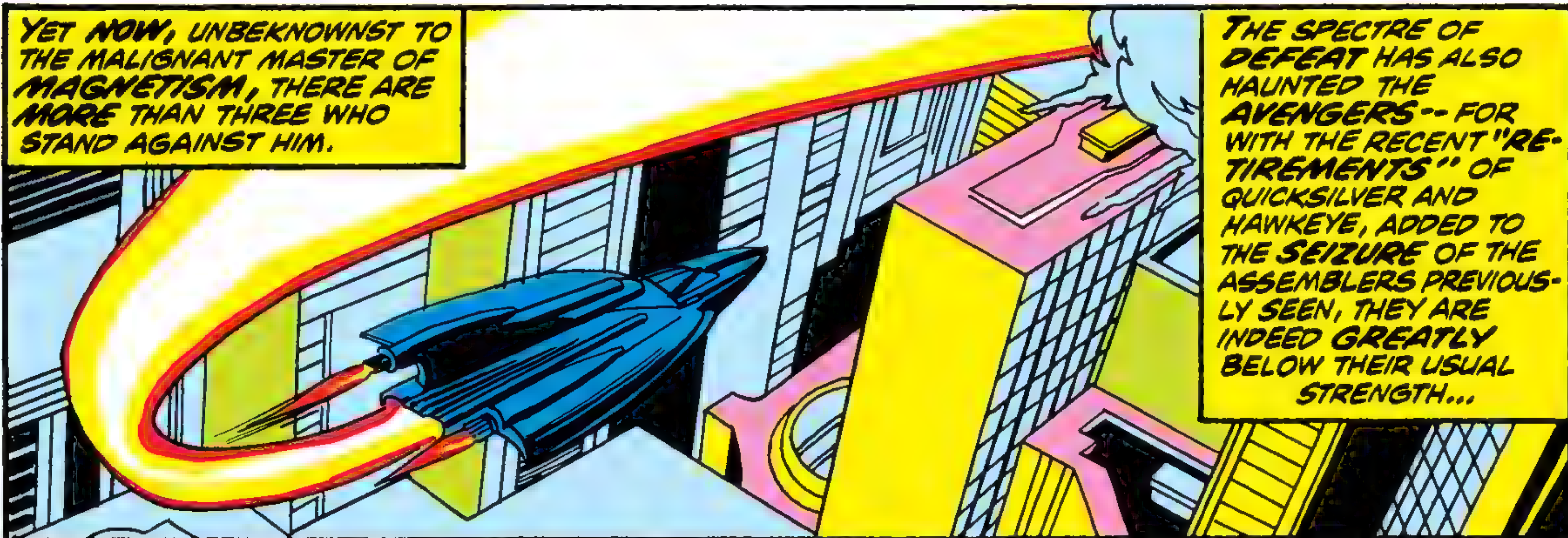


OF COURSE! AVENGERS **NEVER** ADMIT DEFEAT!

BUT THEY ARE **DECIMATED**, PIPER--**DECIMATED**! ONLY **THOR**, THE **VISION**, AND THE **BLACK PANTHER** REMAIN OUT OF MY HANDS--

AND THE **THREE** OF THEM CAN **NEVER** STOP MY HORDES!





YET NOW, UNBEKNOWNST TO THE MALIGNANT MASTER OF MAGNETISM, THERE ARE MORE THAN THREE WHO STAND AGAINST HIM.

THE SPECTRE OF DEFEAT HAS ALSO HAUNTED THE AVENGERS-- FOR WITH THE RECENT "RETIREMENTS" OF QUICKSILVER AND HAWKEYE, ADDED TO THE SEIZURE OF THE ASSEMBLERS PREVIOUSLY SEEN, THEY ARE INDEED GREATLY BELOW THEIR USUAL STRENGTH...

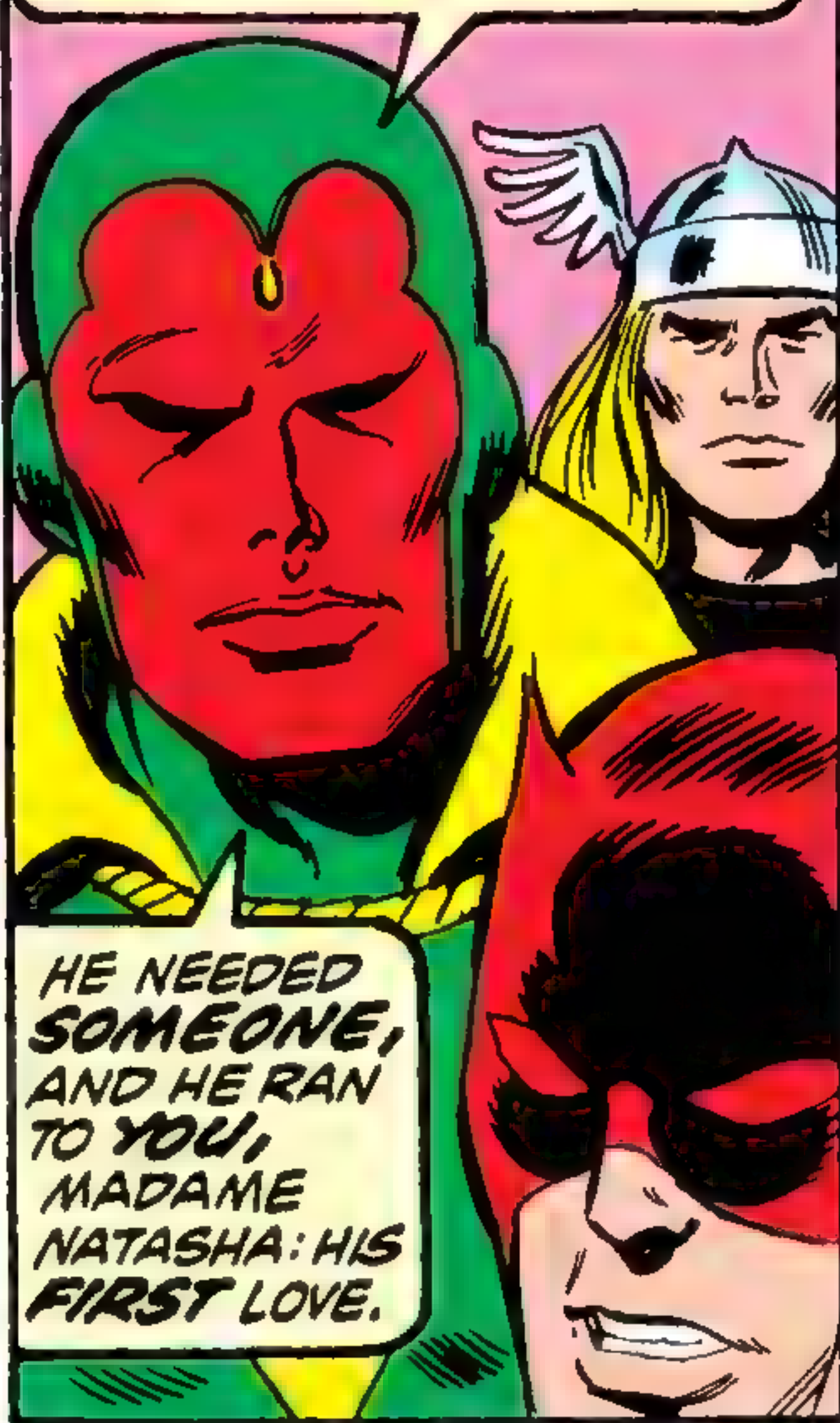
...AND SO, THEY HAVE FLOWN TO SAN FRANCISCO, TO ENLIST THE AID OF DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR-- AND HIS BEAUTEOUS PARTNER, THE BLACK WIDOW!



BUT THERE HAS BEEN A PRICE.

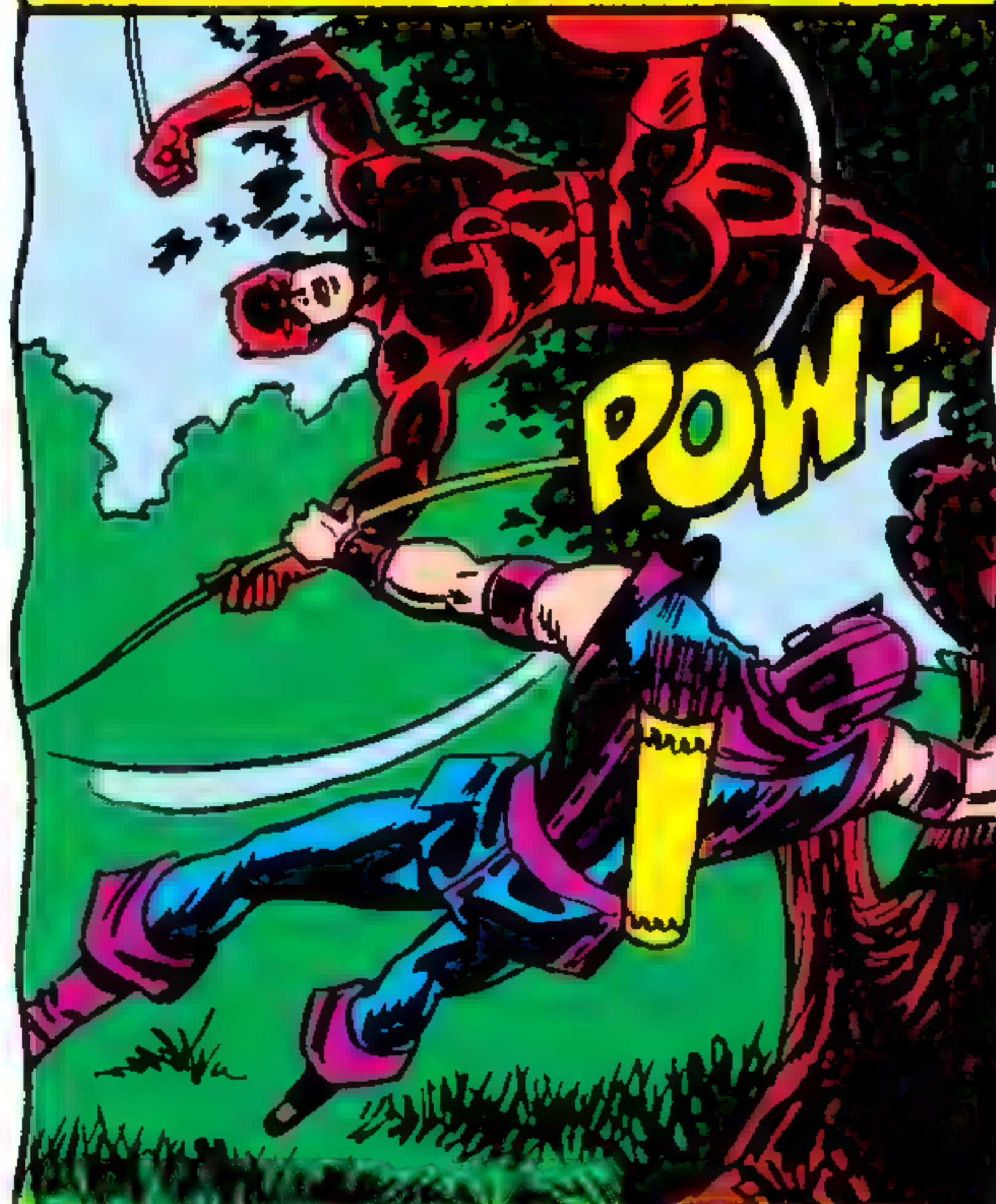
HAWKEYE-- REFUSING YOUR PLEA FOR HELP! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT OF HIM!

I CAN, I'M AFRAID. AFTER WANDA DECLARED HER LOVE FOR ME INSTEAD OF HIM, HE WAS LIKE A BURNED CHILD.



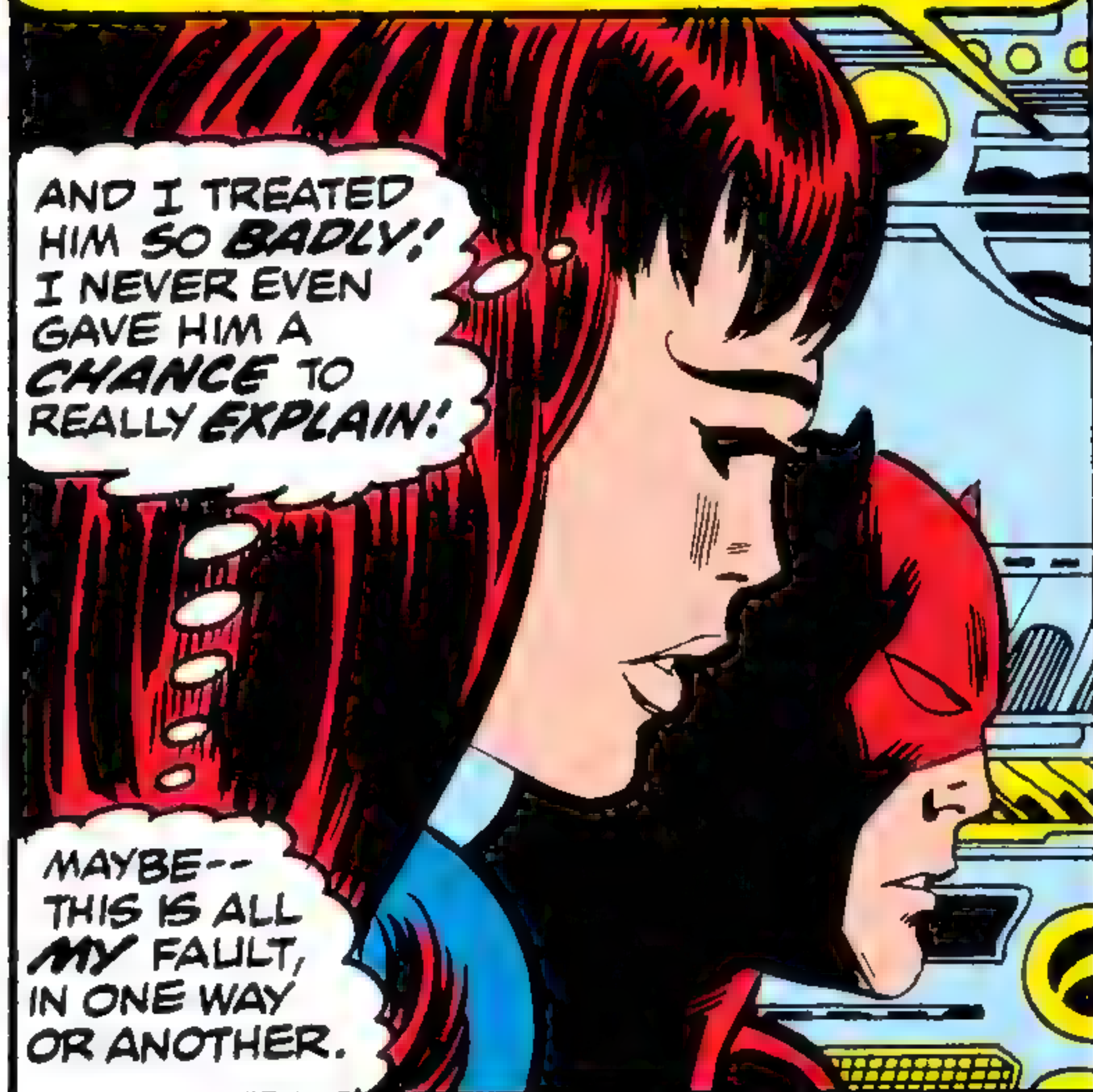
HE NEEDED SOMEONE, AND HE RAN TO YOU, MADAME NATASHA: HIS FIRST LOVE.

"HE DIDN'T WANT TO BELIEVE TIMES HAD CHANGED-- THAT YOU NOW CARE FOR DAREDEVIL--



--SO HE STRUCK OUT BLINDLY, PITTING HIMSELF IN FRUITLESS COMBAT AGAINST HIS RIVAL--

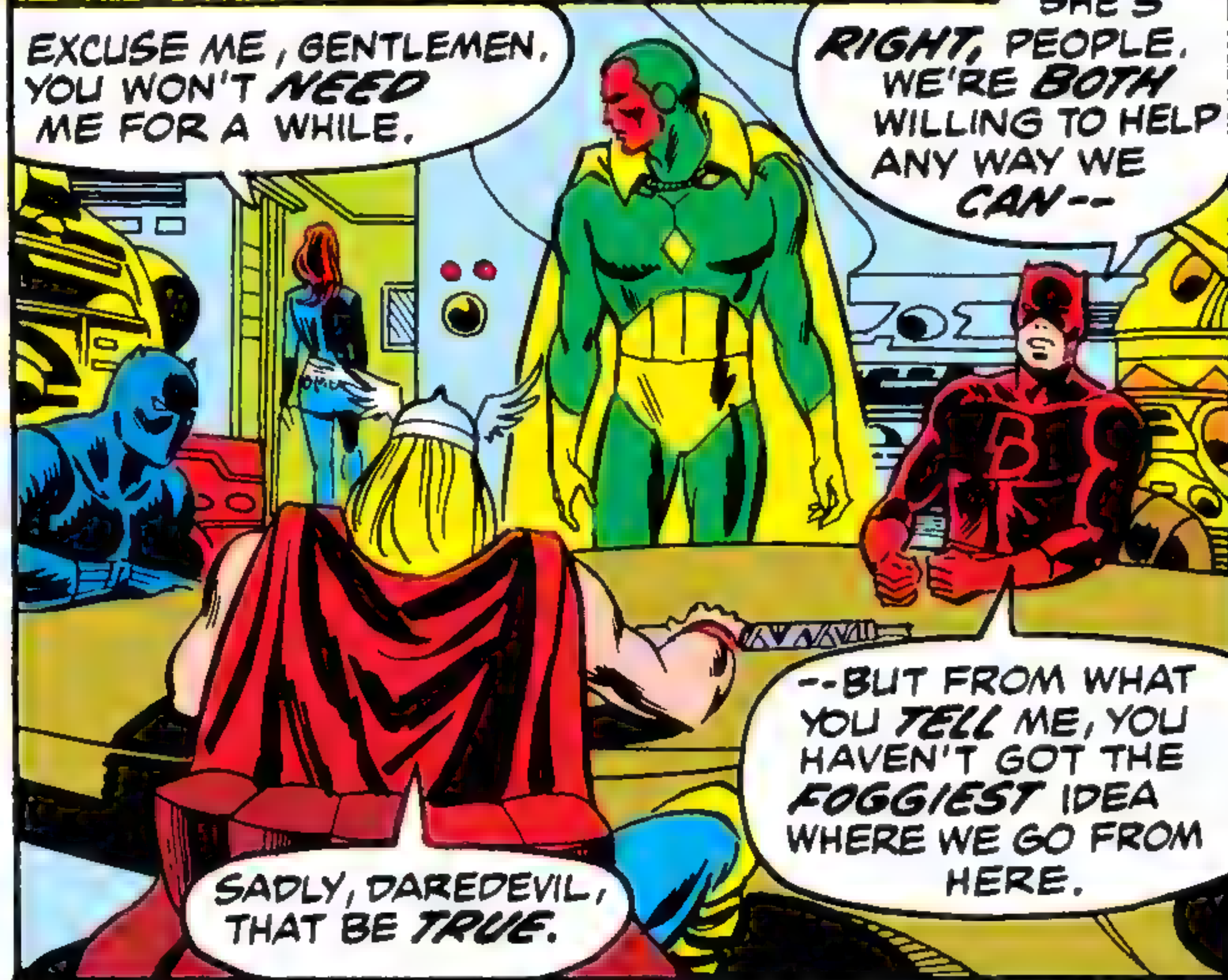
-- AND WHEN THE AVENGERS ARRIVED, HE WAS IN NO MOOD TO LISTEN. HE UNDOUBTEDLY THOUGHT WE WERE TRYING TO REPLACE HIM EVEN BEFORE THE DUST OF HIS LEAVING HAD SETTLED.



AND I TREATED HIM SO BADLY! I NEVER EVEN GAVE HIM A CHANCE TO REALLY EXPLAIN!

MAYBE-- THIS IS ALL MY FAULT, IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

THE MAGNIFICENT QUINJET BANKS AND LANDS, DISGORGING ITS FIVE DISSIMILAR PASSENGERS ONTO THE GRAY PEBBLES OF THE AVENGERS' ROOF. BUT ONCE INSIDE, ONLY FOUR SEEM TO HAVE THEIR MINDS ON THE BUSINESS AT HAND.



EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN. YOU WON'T NEED ME FOR A WHILE.

SHE'S RIGHT, PEOPLE. WE'RE BOTH WILLING TO HELP ANY WAY WE CAN--

--BUT FROM WHAT YOU TELL ME, YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE FOGGIEST IDEA WHERE WE GO FROM HERE.

SADLY, DAREDEVIL, THAT BE TRUE.

WELL, WE **DO** KNOW MAGNETO WANTED THE **X-MEN** FOR SOME REASON-- AND AFTER HE DEFEATED **THEM**, HE TRIED TO TRAP **US**.

IN PARTICULAR, HE WANTED **WANDA--THE SCARLET WITCH**.

I KNOW WHO THE LADY IS-- EVEN IF SHE **WASN'T** AROUND THE **LAST** TIME I WAS HERE. *

SOUNDS TO ME LIKE WE'RE GOING TO BE IN FOR A LITTLE **WAIT**-- UNTIL **MAGGIE** MAKES **HIS** MOVE--

*IN **SPIDEY SPECIAL** #3 (HUH?)--ROY.

HOLD IT! MY FINGERS-- **FEELING** THIS NEWS-PRINT--!

UM... THIS **STORY** I JUST READ--

IT SAYS A **CONFERENCE** FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE **ATOMIC ENERGY COM-MISSION** IS BEING HELD TODAY--

--JUST **FIFTY MILES** FROM HERE!

ATOMICS BE THE PRIME CAUSE OF **MUTATIONS**, AND MAGNETO'S FIELD OF **INTEREST**!

PERHAPS, **DAREDEVIL**-- PERHAPS THOU HAST PROVIDED THE **KEY**!

-- THE **KEY** TO MY **HEART**, CLINT BARTON-- I WISH I TRULY **KNEW** WHERE IT WAS.

NOW, IT SEEMS TO LIE WITH **MATT**, MY SWASHBUCKLING **PARTNER**-- AND YEARS AGO, IT BELONGED TO MY HUSBAND, **ALEXI**, WHOM THE WORLD KNEW AS THE **RED GUARDIAN**. *

BUT IN BETWEEN... THERE WAS **YOU**.

STANDING HERE IN THE ROOM YOU CALLED YOUR **OWN**, LOOKING DOWN AT THE SAME **VIEW**-- I WONDER...

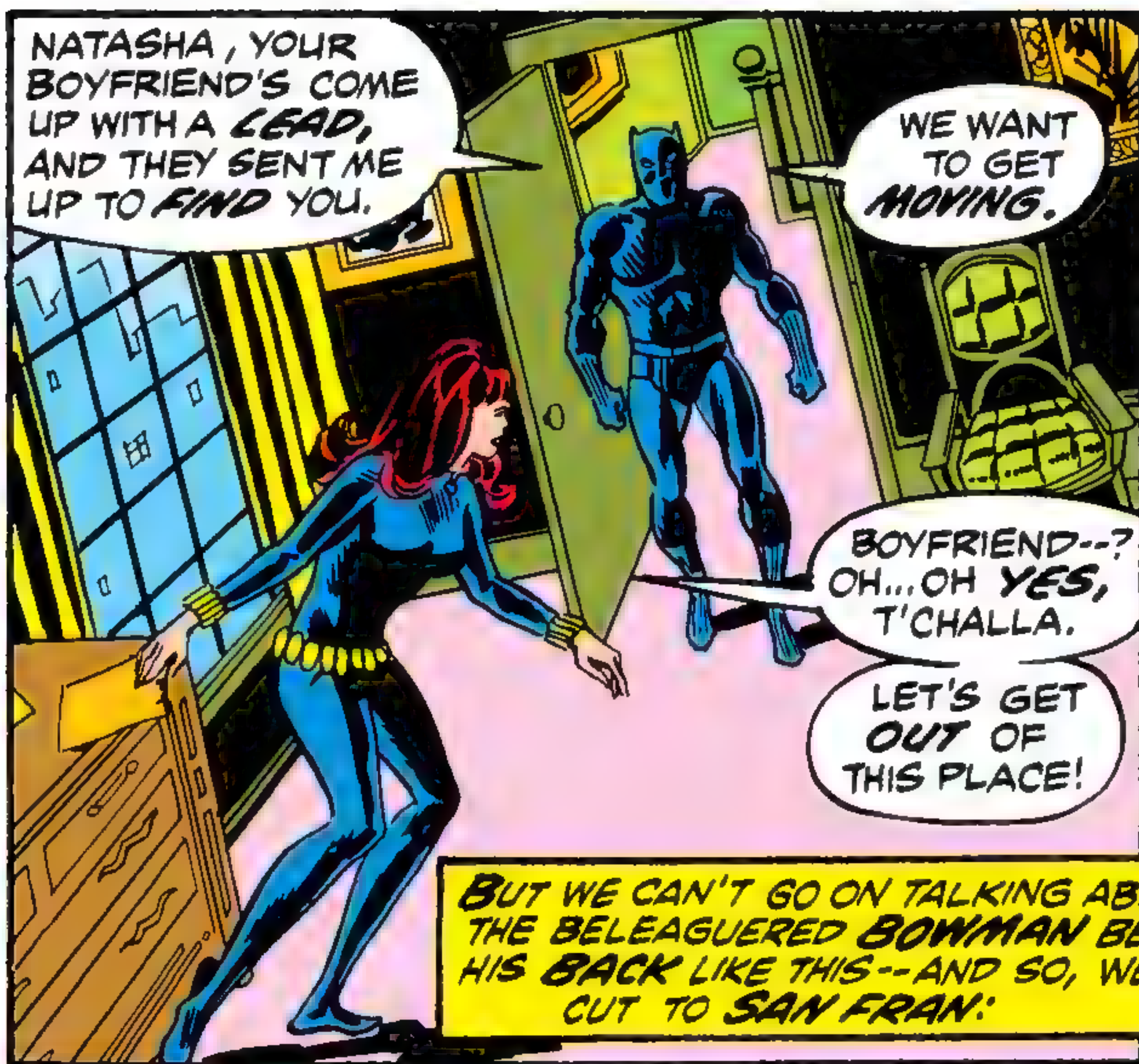
...HOW OFTEN DID YOU STAND HERE AND THINK OF **ME**?

*ISSUES #43-44. --R.

OH, **HAWKEYE**, **HAWKEYE**... THEY SAID YOU WERE LIKE A **CHILD**.

IF SO, YOU ONLY NEEDED ME AS A WOMAN IN SO MANY **MORE** WAYS THAN **ONE**...

...AND I FAILED YOU IN **ALL** OF THEM.



NATASHA, YOUR BOYFRIEND'S COME UP WITH A **LEAD**, AND THEY SENT ME UP TO **FIND** YOU.

WE WANT TO GET **MOVING**.

BOYFRIEND--? OH...OH **YES**, T'CHALLA.

LET'S GET **OUT** OF THIS PLACE!

BUT WE CAN'T GO ON TALKING ABOUT THE BELEAGUERED BOWMAN BEHIND HIS BACK LIKE THIS--AND SO, WE CUT TO SAN FRAN.



YOU REALLY PUT YOUR FOOT IN IT **THIS** TIME--RIGHT UP TO THE **THIGH**.

HOT CHA CHA, HERO.



THE **WIDOW-LADY** CAN'T TAKE YOU--THE **AVENGERS** FOLLOW YOU AROUND, NOT TO MAKE **NICE**, BUT TO SIGN UP YOUR **ENEMIES**...

--NO **OFFENSE**, GOLDEN GATE.

LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU'VE BURNED ALL YOUR **BRIDGES** DOWN TO **LOW-WATER** LEVEL.

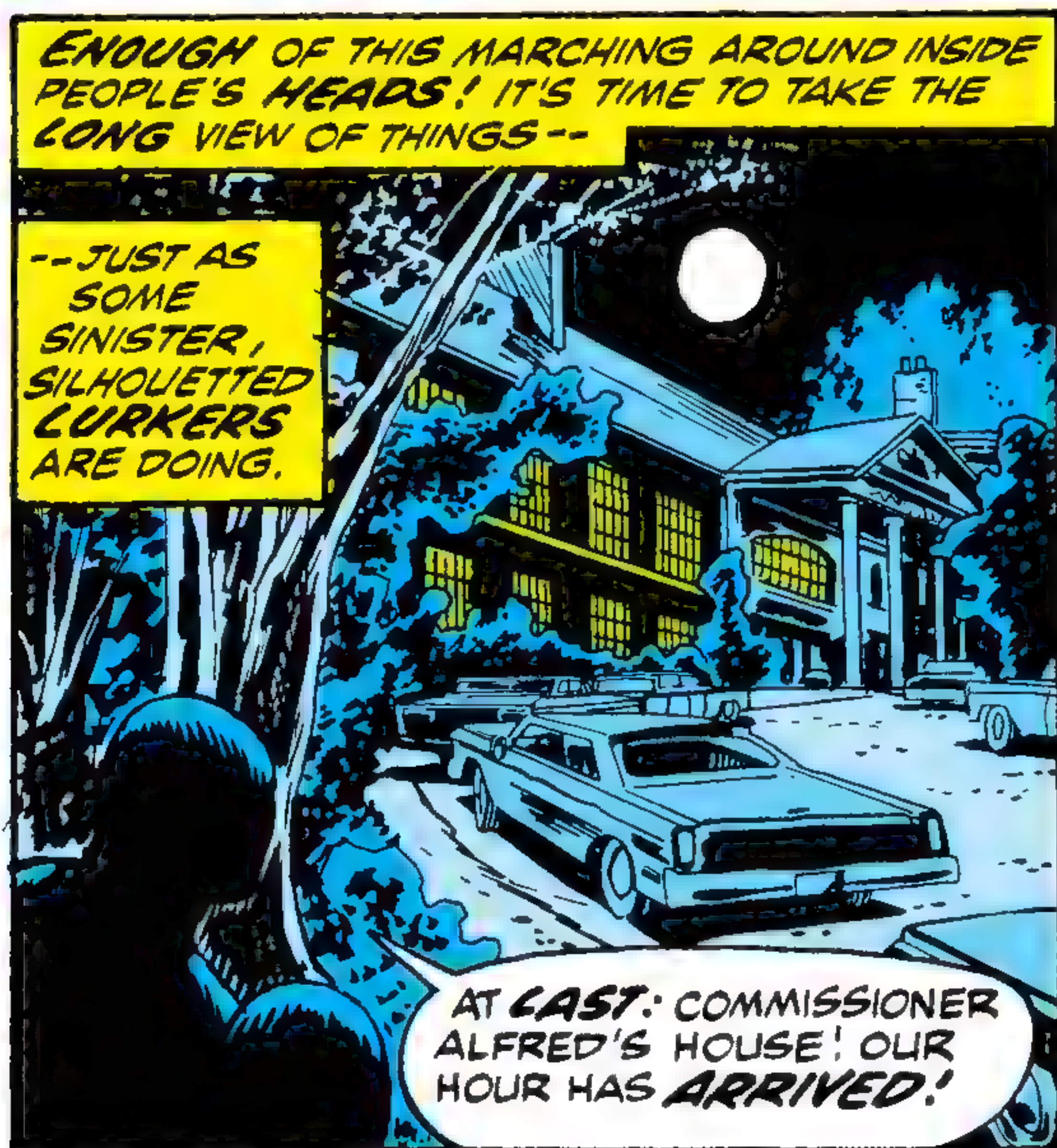


BUT, **BLAST** IT, I **STARTED** WITHOUT A FRIEND TO MY NAME--WITHOUT **ANYTHING**--

--AND I WORKED MY WAY UP TO THE **TOP**, FROM **CARNY PERFORMER** TO **SUPER-VILLAIN** TO **SUPERHERO**! I CAN DO IT **AGAIN**, TOO!

SO **WHAT** IF EVERYBODY TURNS THEIR BACK ON ME? SOME DAY **SOON**, THE NAME OF **HAWKEYE** WILL MEAN MORE THAN THE **AVENGERS**, **DAREDEVIL**, AND THE **BLACK WIDOW** PUT **TOGETHER**!

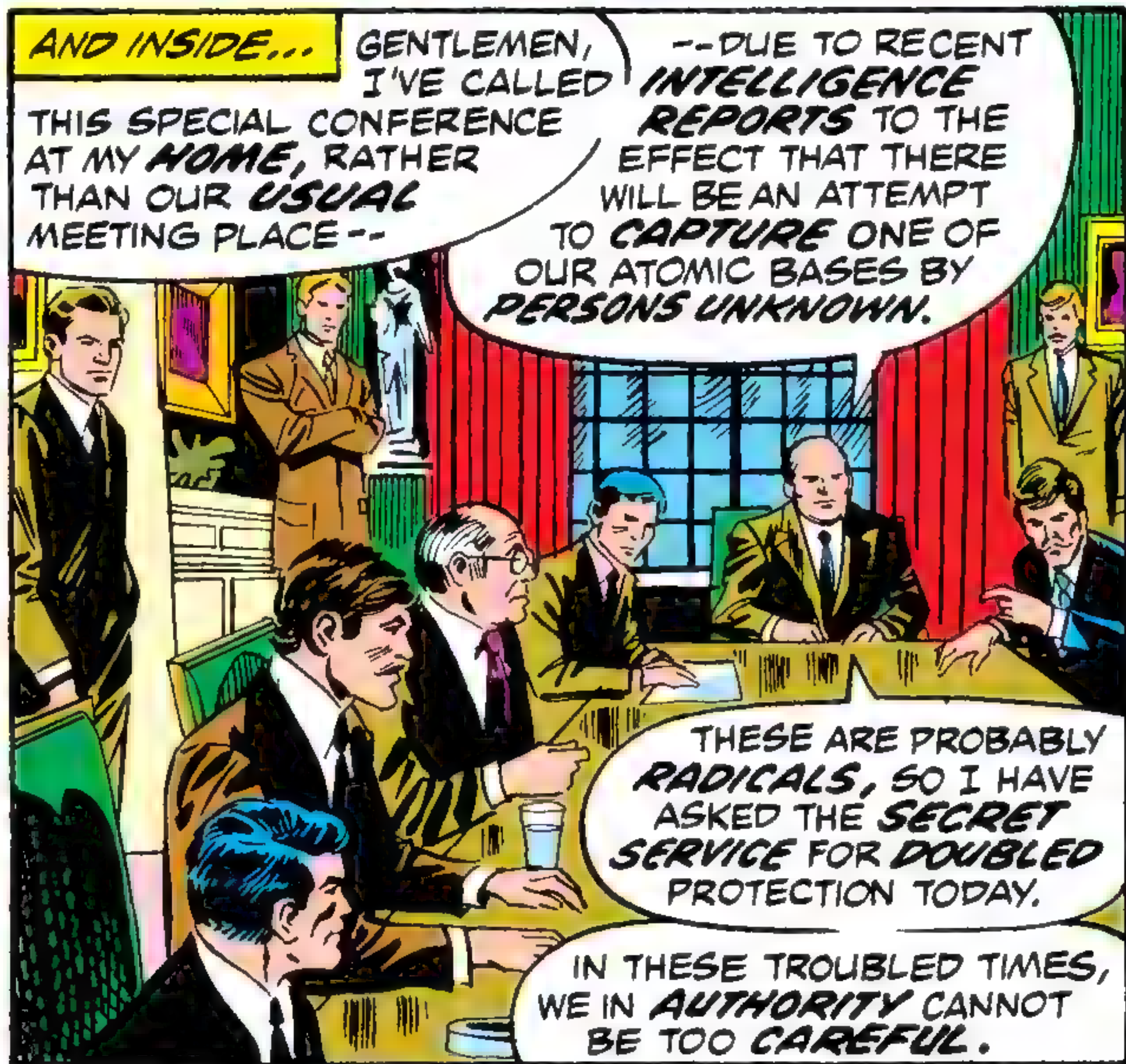
YEAH...



ENOUGH OF THIS MARCHING AROUND INSIDE PEOPLE'S HEADS! IT'S TIME TO TAKE THE LONG VIEW OF THINGS--

--JUST AS SOME **SINISTER**, **SILHOUETTED** **CURKERS** ARE DOING.

AT **LAST**: COMMISSIONER ALFRED'S HOUSE! OUR HOUR HAS **ARRIVED**!



AND **INSIDE**... GENTLEMEN, I'VE CALLED THIS SPECIAL CONFERENCE AT MY **HOME**, RATHER THAN OUR **USUAL** MEETING PLACE--

--DUE TO RECENT **INTELLIGENCE** **REPORTS** TO THE EFFECT THAT THERE WILL BE AN ATTEMPT TO **CAPTURE** ONE OF OUR **ATOMIC** BASES BY **PERSONS UNKNOWN**.

THESE ARE PROBABLY **RADICALS**, SO I HAVE ASKED THE **SECRET SERVICE** FOR **DOUBLED** PROTECTION TODAY.

IN THESE **TROUBLED** TIMES, WE IN **AUTHORITY** CANNOT BE TOO **CAREFUL**.



ALFRED! GOOD LORD, MAN--!

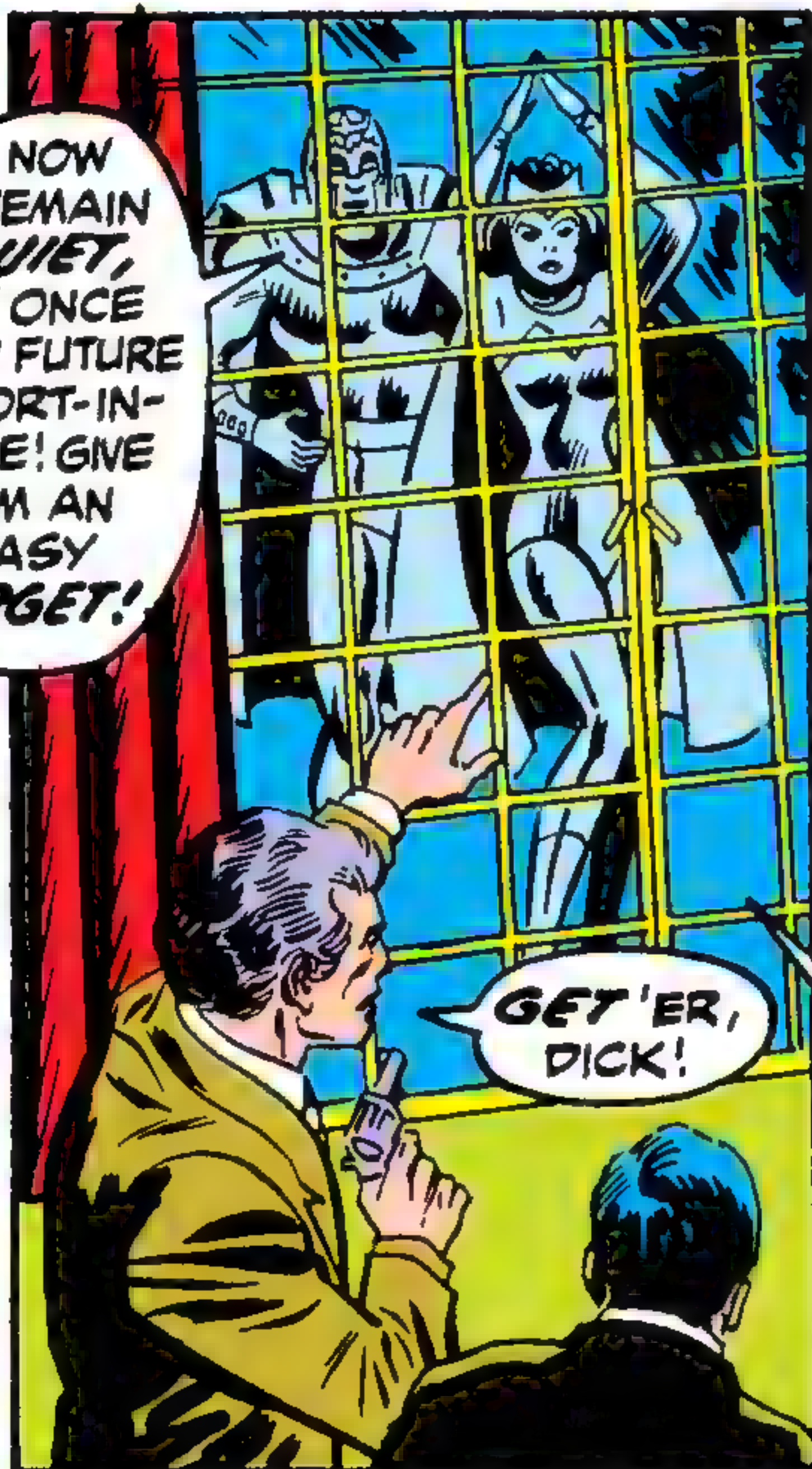
THE OAKEN TABLE IS RIPPING ITSELF APART!

BRRAK!



EXCELLENT, WANDA! EVEN SAPPED OF YOUR WILL, YOU MAKE GOOD USE OF YOUR MUTANT HEX POWER!

NOW REMAIN QUIET, MY ONCE AND FUTURE COHORT-IN-CRIME! GIVE THEM AN EASY TARGET!



GET 'ER, DICK!



CRIPES! THE GUN JUST FLEW OUT OF MY HAND!

I WISH TO SEE THEIR TERROR-- WHEN I DISARM THEM BEFORE THEY FIRE!



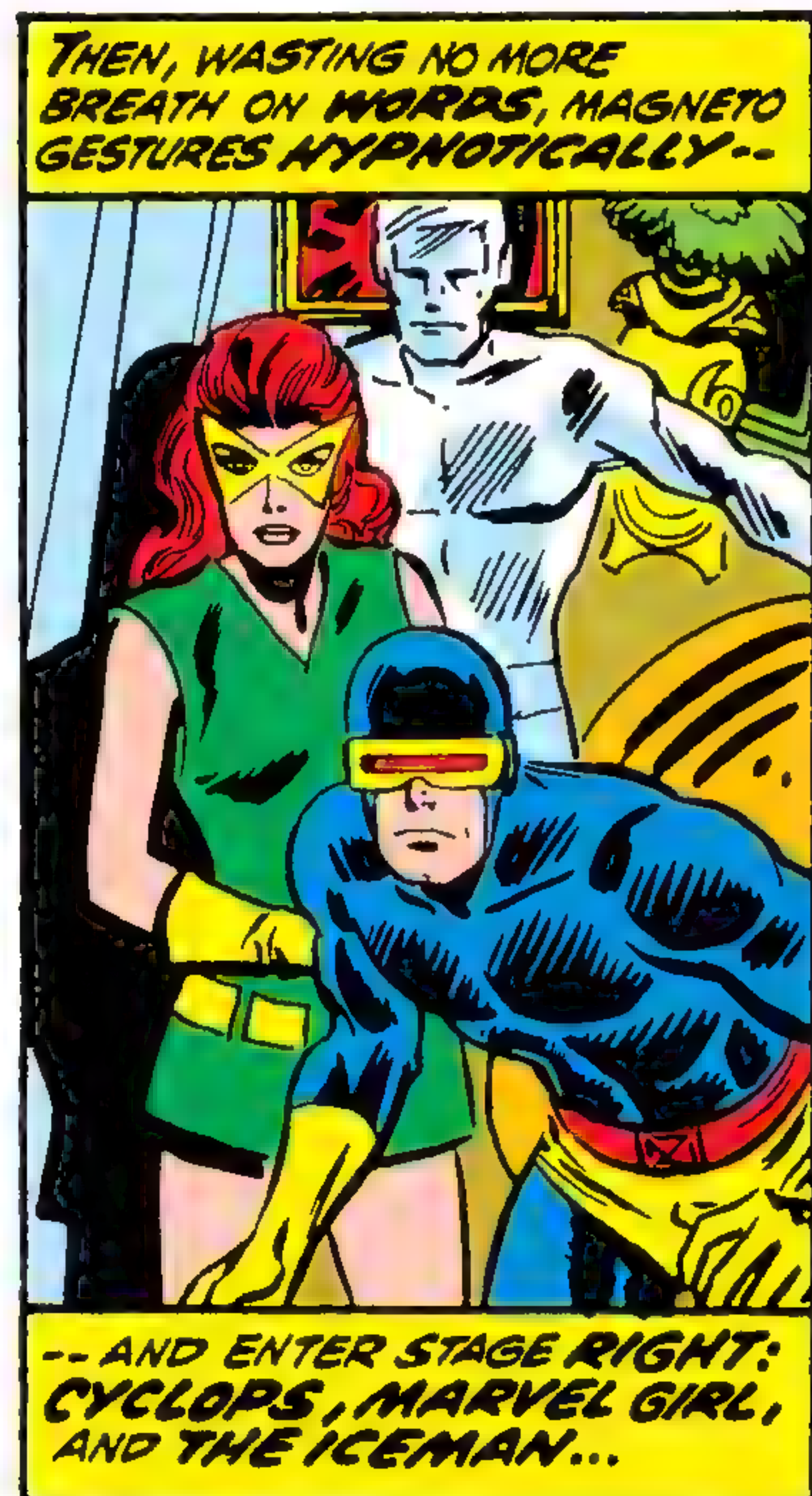
DON'T YOU SEE WHO THEY ARE? IT'S WANDA THE WITCH, THE ONE WHO USED TO BE A CROOK-- AND HER OLD BOSS, MAGNETO!

I THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD-- BUT IF HE'S COME BACK TO LIFE, HE'S COME FOR A PUNCH IN THE JAW!



NOT A CHANCE, T-MAN! NOT WHEN I CAN CONTROL THE POWERS OF ALL MY SLAVES MYSELF--

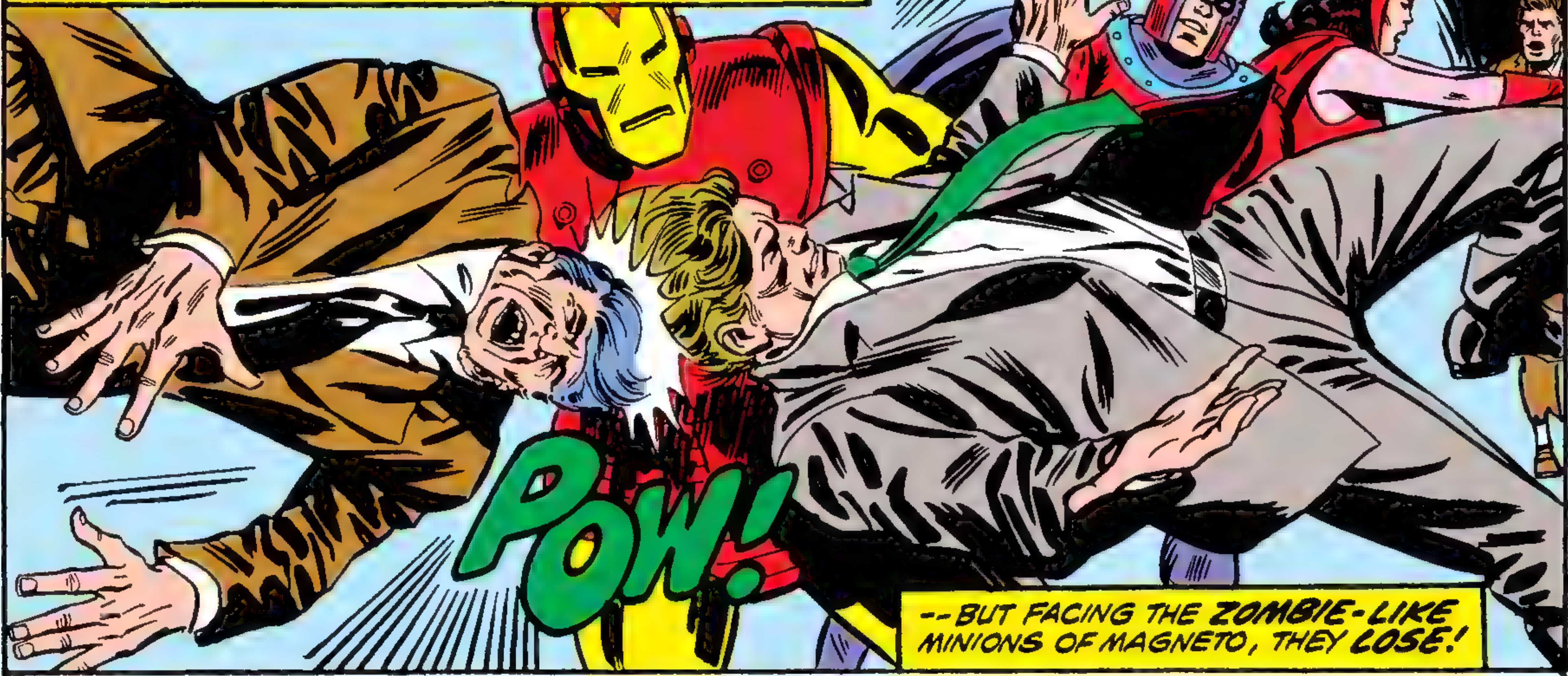
-- AND ONE OF MY SLAVES IS THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN!



THEN, WASTING NO MORE BREATH ON WORDS, MAGNETO GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY--

-- AND ENTER STAGE RIGHT: CYCLOPS, MARVEL GIRL, AND THE ICEMAN...

OF ALL THE COMBATANTS, ONLY THE NON-SUPER PROTECTORS MOVE AS IF THEY HAD A WILL TO WIN--



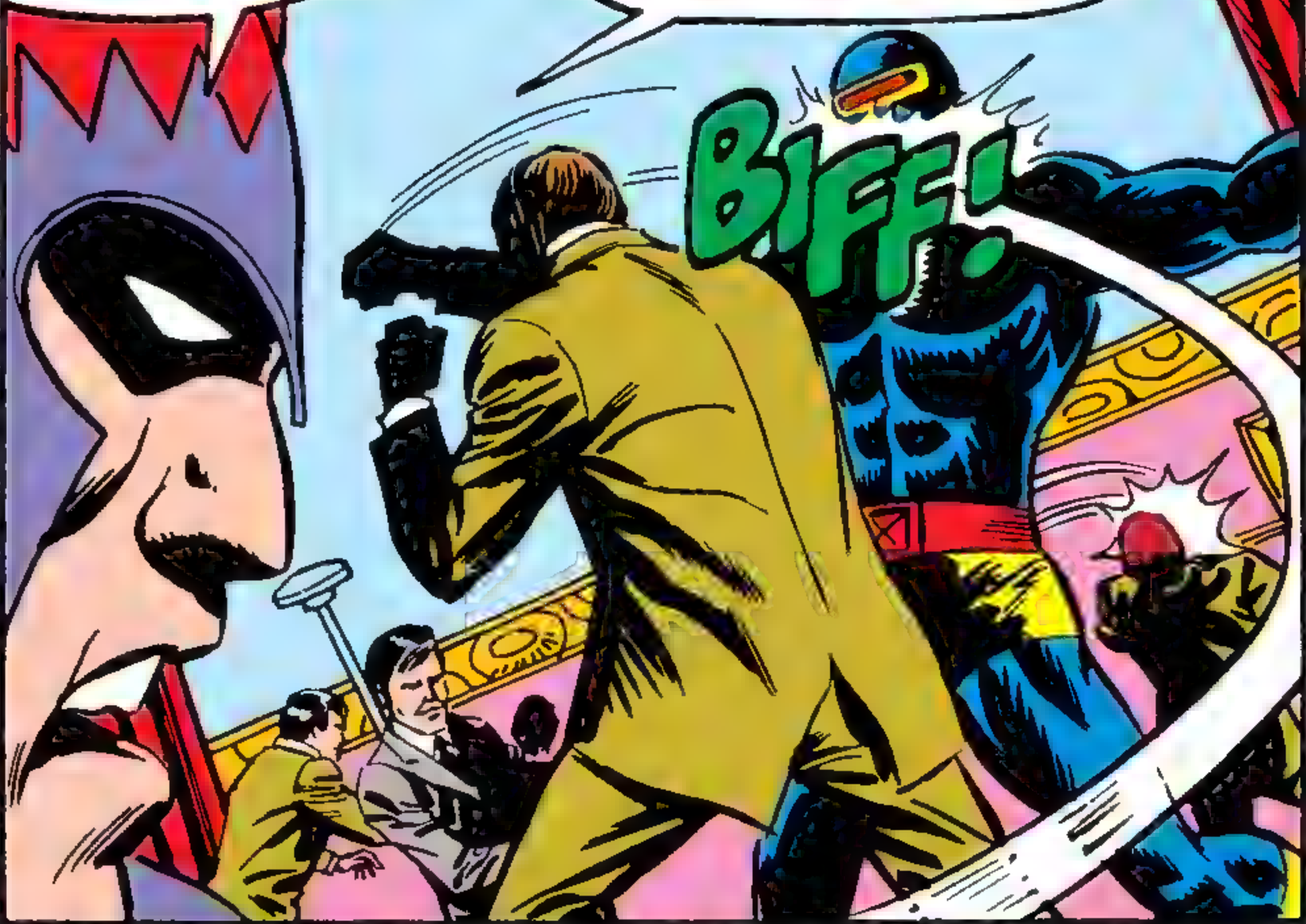
-- BUT FACING THE ZOMBIE-LIKE MINIONS OF MAGNETO, THEY LOSE!

FOR WHO COULD BEST THE ABILITIES OF EVEN THE YOUNGEST SUPER-SLAVE?



HE CANNOT HEAR YOU, T-MAN! HIS BRAIN IS MY-- AHA!

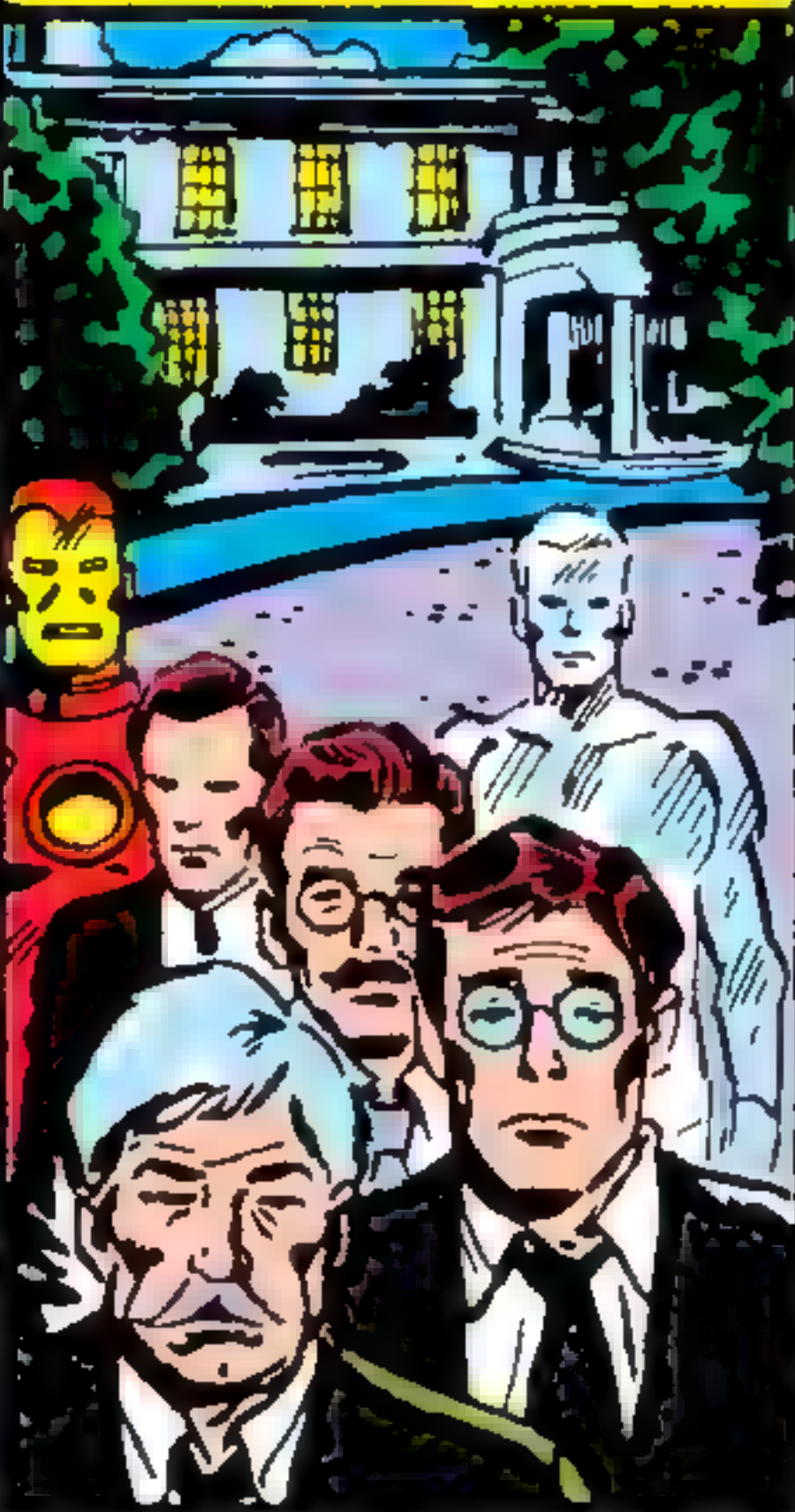
WHILE I TURNED MY ATTENTION ELSEWHERE, CYCLOPS WAS UNABLE TO DEFEND HIMSELF!



BUT, THOUGH I CANNOT BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE--

THE OPPOSITION IS SO WEAK, IT DOES NOT MATTER.

THUS, WITHIN MINUTES, THE DEFENSE IS LOST-- AND THE BEATEN GOVERNMENT MEN ARE LED, SHEEPLIKE, AWAY.

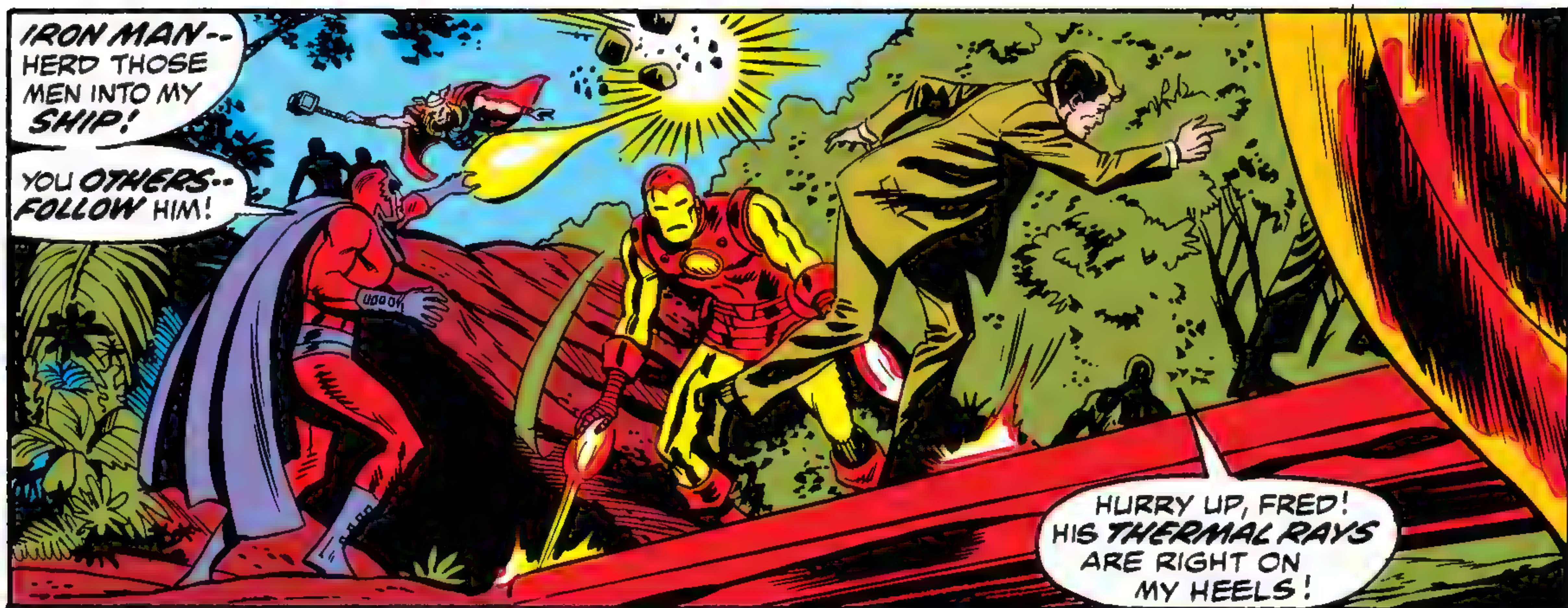


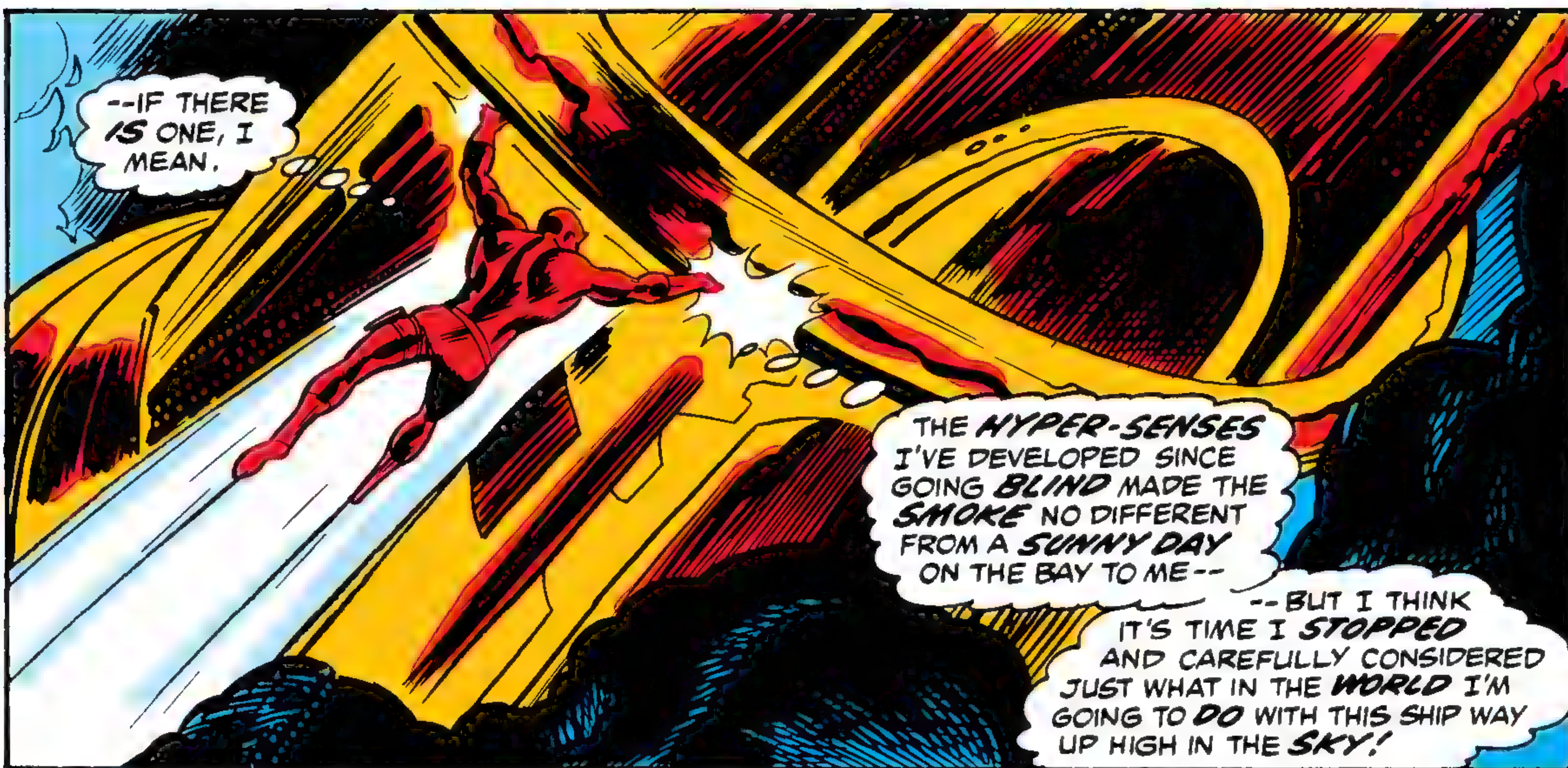
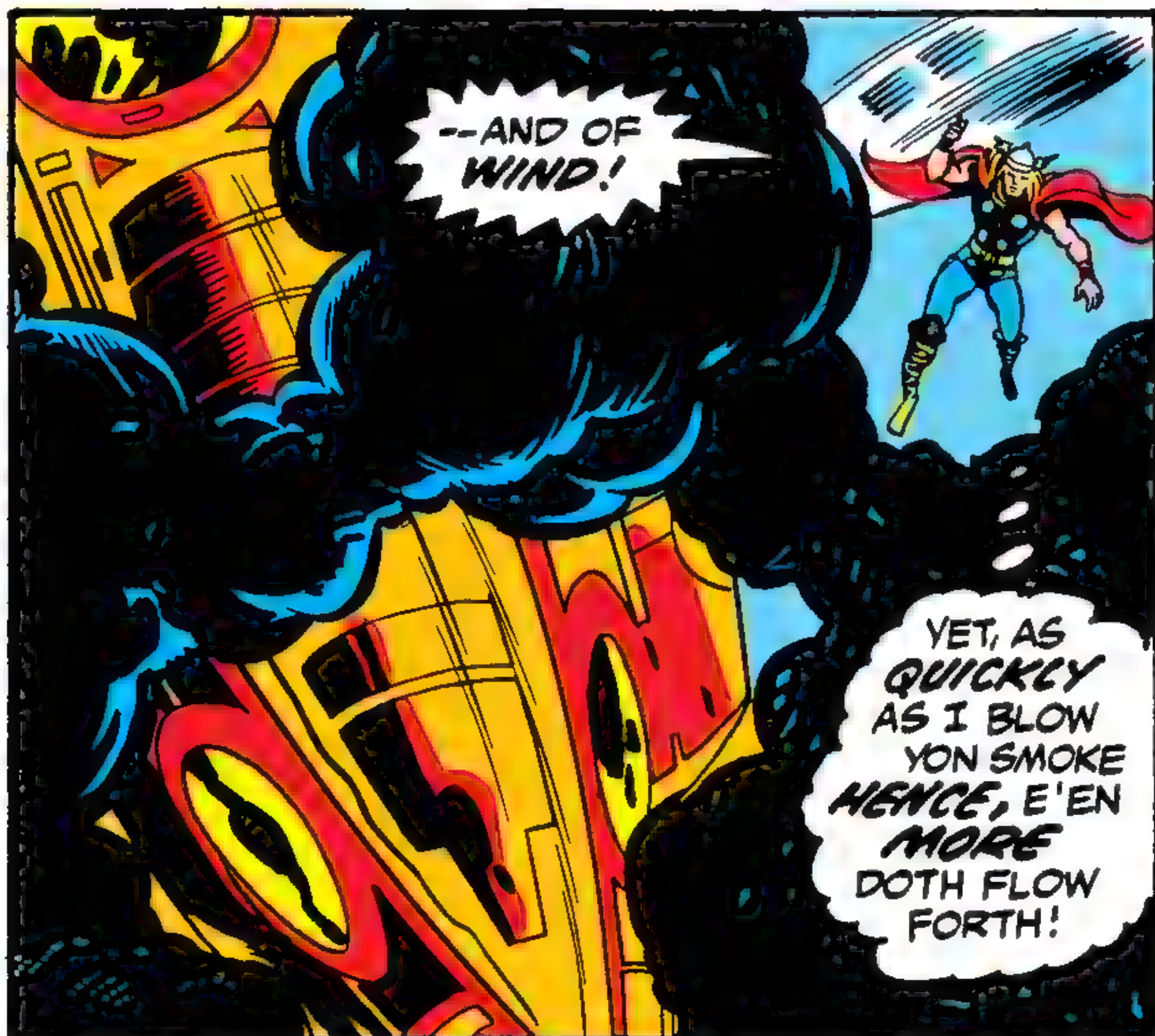
BUT HAS THE BATTLE TRULY ENDED-- OR ONLY JUST BEGUN?

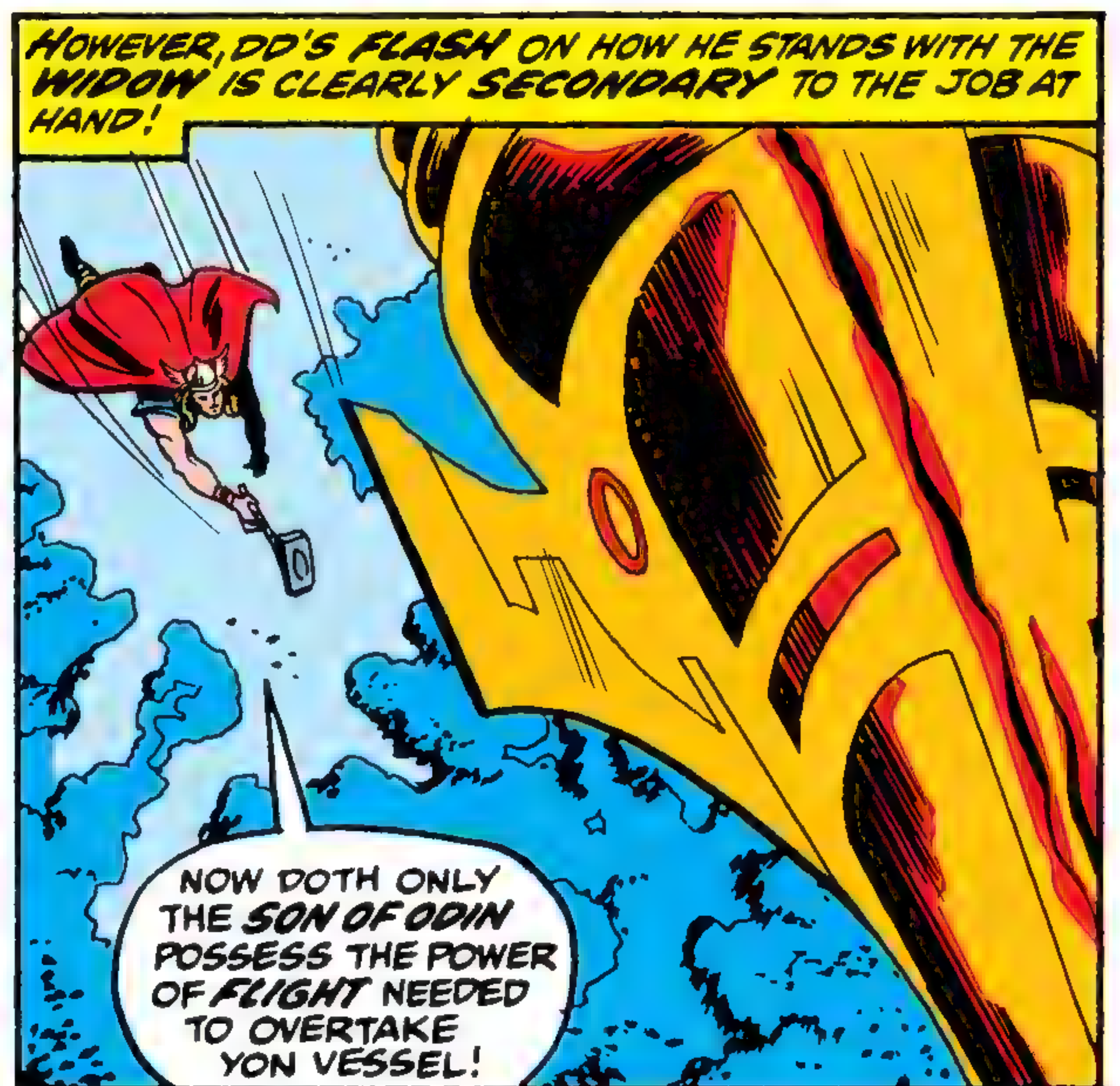
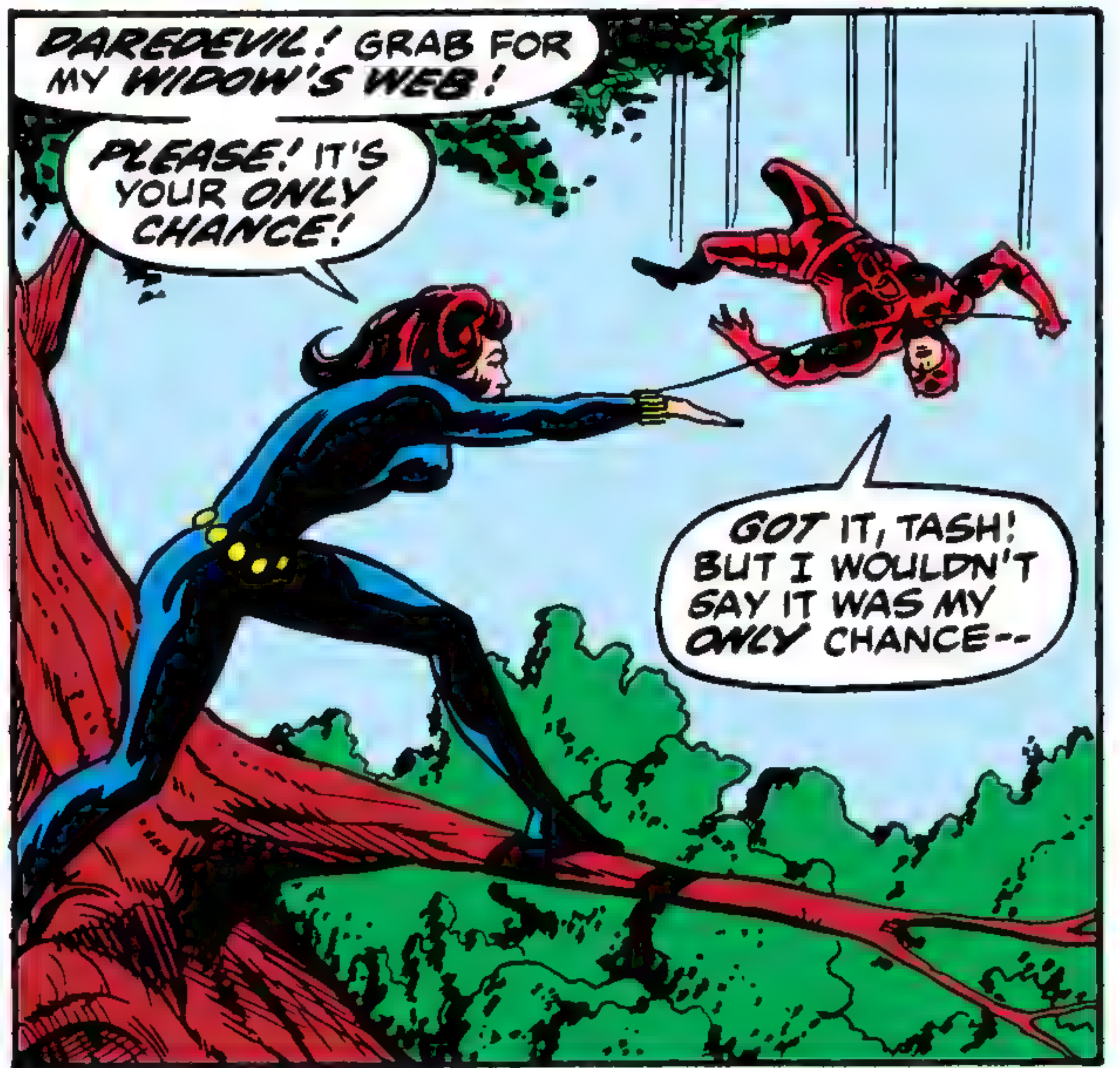
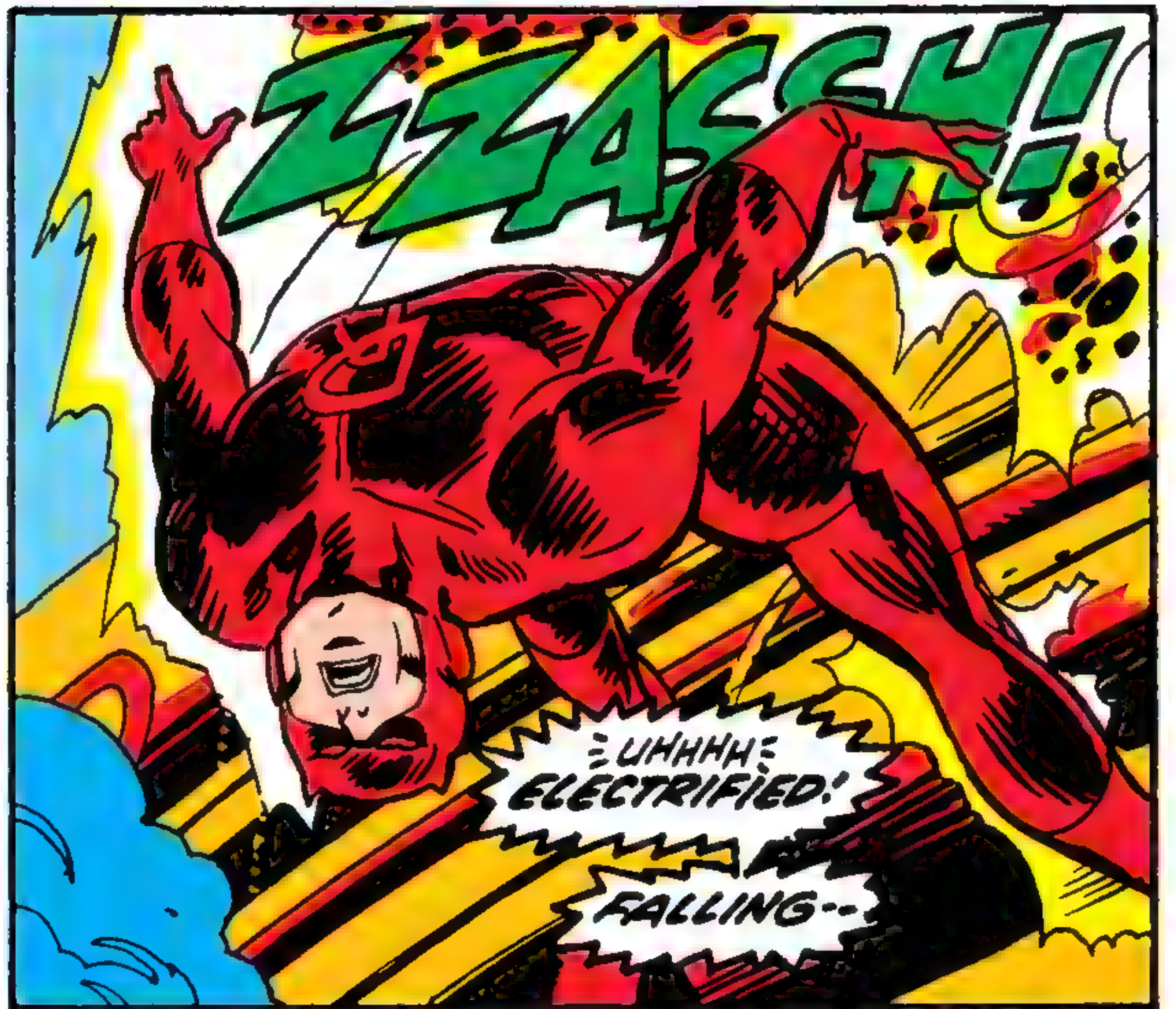
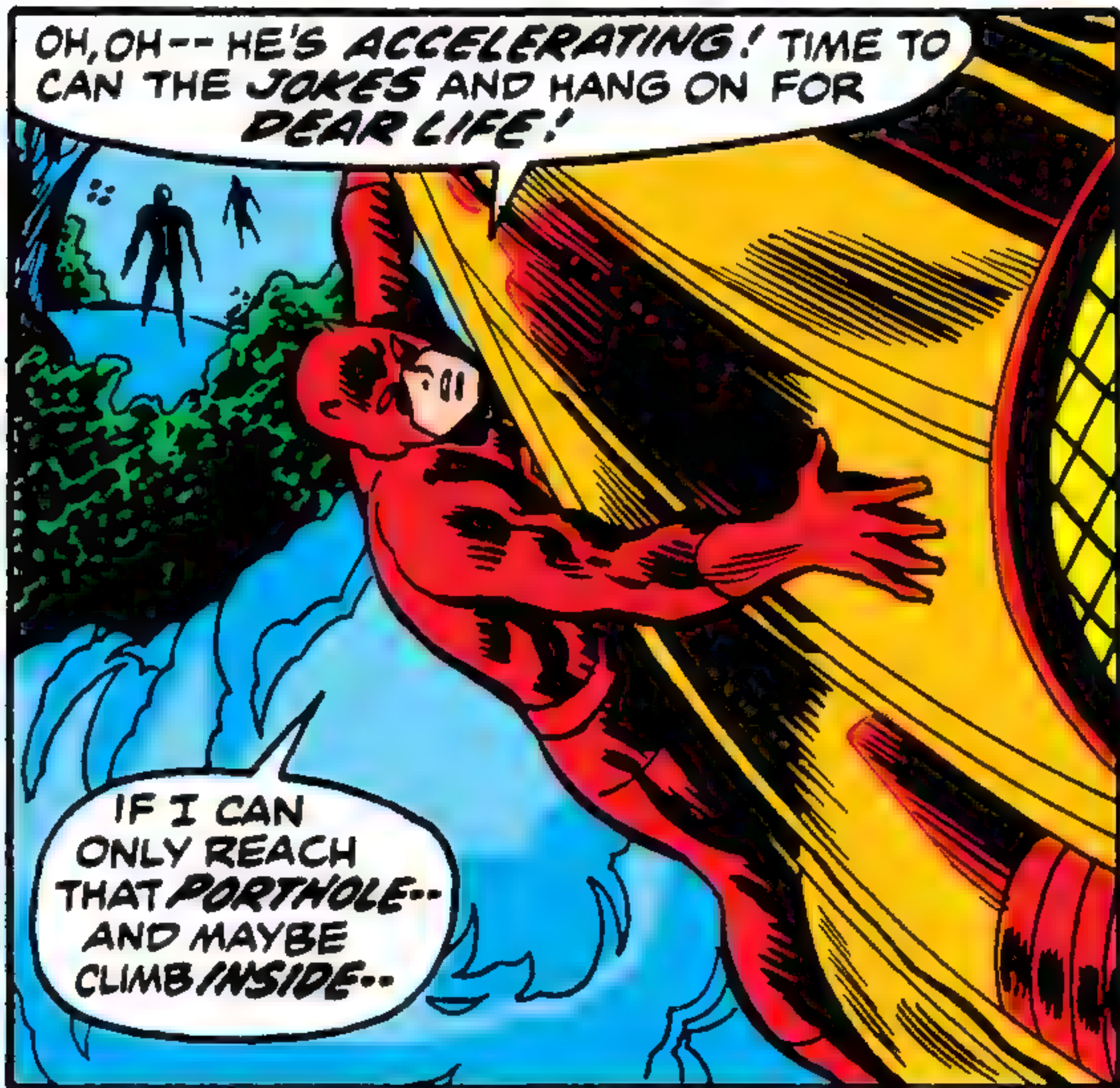


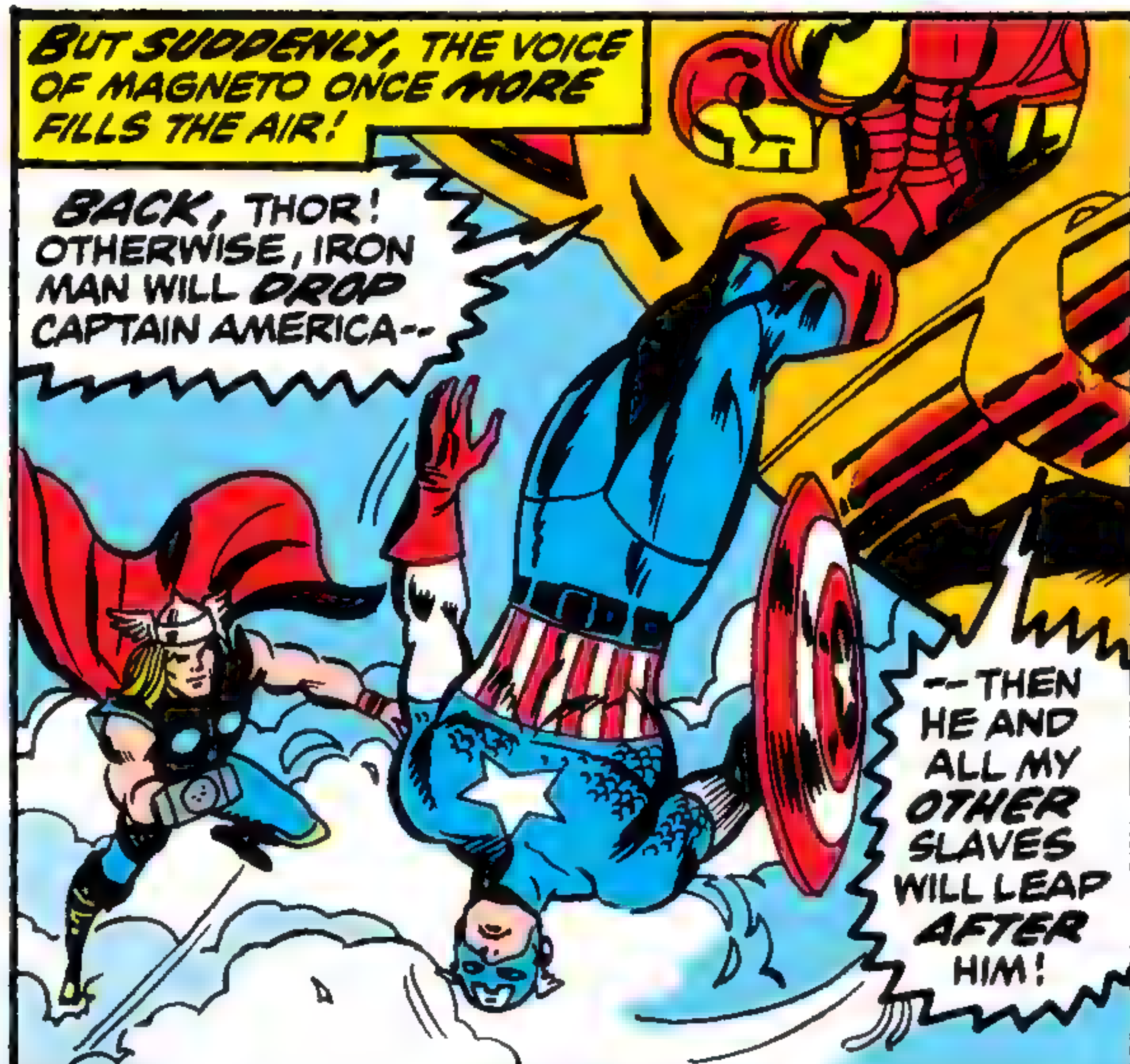
HOLD, MAGNETO! THE AVENGERS SHALL NOT PERMIT THEE TO DEPART!

THAT'S TELLING HIM, THUNDER GOD!





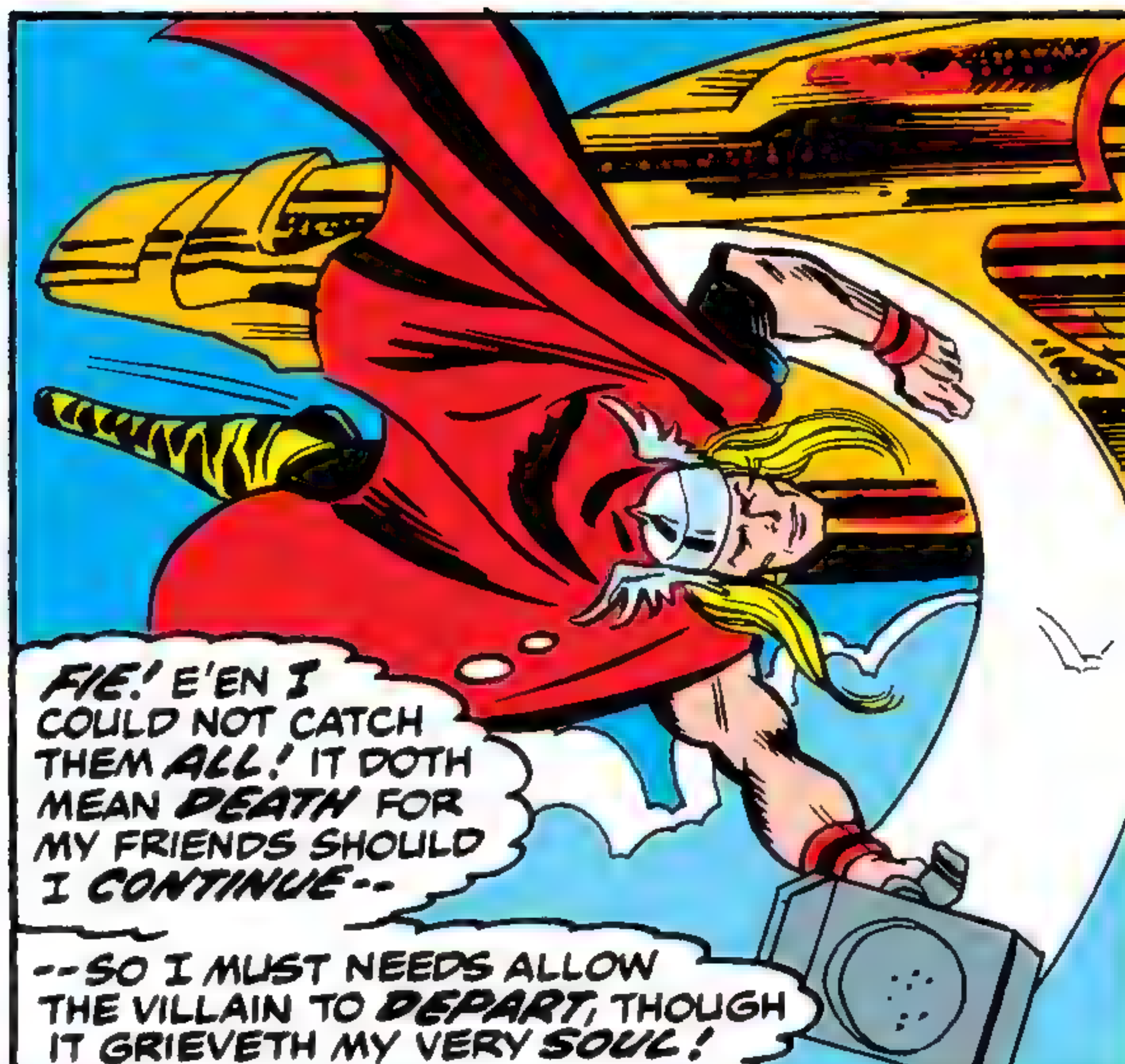




BUT SUDDENLY, THE VOICE OF MAGNETO ONCE MORE FILLS THE AIR!

BACK, THOR! OTHERWISE, IRON MAN WILL DROP CAPTAIN AMERICA--

--THEN HE AND ALL MY OTHER SLAVES WILL LEAP AFTER HIM!



FIE! E'EN I COULD NOT CATCH THEM ALL! IT DOT MEAN DEATH FOR MY FRIENDS SHOULD I CONTINUE--

--SO I MUST NEEDS ALLOW THE VILLAIN TO DEPART, THOUGH IT GRIEVETH MY VERY SOUL!



BE THERE NO LIMIT TO THE FIEND'S INFAMY? HOW MAY WE BATTLE A MAN WITH HOSTAGES?

GOOD POINT, THOR. LOOKS LIKE YOUR RECRUITING NATASHA AND ME HASN'T DONE AS MUCH GOOD AS YOU'D HOPED, WITH BATTLES SO HARD TO COME BY.

AND NOW, WE'VE RUN OUT OF LEADS.

MAYBE... AND MAYBE NOT.



SOMETHING'S BEEN BOTHERING ME, AND I JUST REALIZED WHAT!

MAGNETO CALLED OUT DINOSAURS ON US AT THE X-MEN MANSION! * THEY DIDN'T COME FROM THIN AIR-- THEY MUST HAVE BEEN HOLED UP NEARBY!

IF WE FIND THAT PLACE, IT MIGHT GIVE US A CLUE!

...BUT HOW DO WE FIND IT?

*LAST ISH.--R.



YOU FORGET THAT I'VE SMELLED THE REPTILES, AND ONCE THE PANTHER LEARNS A SCENT--

HEY! HAVE WE ALL GONE PUNCHY?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, T'CHALLA?



WE'VE BEEN STANDING HERE TALKING, AND NEVER ONCE NOTICED!--

THE VISION IS GONE!

THAT HE IS, BUCKOS-- BUT WHEN HE VANISHED, AND WHETHER IT WAS UNDER HIS OWN STEAM AND OF HIS OWN FREE WILL, ARE QUESTIONS WE HAVE NO MORE ANSWERS FOR THAN THE SUDDENLY REELING AVENGERS.

THUS, LET US HOLD OUR CURIOSITY FOR THE MOMENT, AND LOOK IN UPON THE PLAYERS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

SO YOU ARE THE MEN WHO HOLD THE KEY TO AMERICA'S **ATOMIC ENERGY!**

UNLIMITED POWER AT YOUR FINGERTIPS-- AND YET YOU REMAIN FACELESS CIVIL SERVANTS, WORKING FOR A **SALARY!**

HOW YOU CAN LIVE WITH YOURSELVES IS A COMPLETE **MYSTERY** TO ME!

I, GENTLEMEN, WAS BORN TO **RULE**-- TO MAKE OTHERS GROVEL AT MY FEET!

IF I HAD YOUR OPPORTUNITIES, I WOULD NOT LET THEM LANGUISH AN **INSTANT**--

--AND I SHALL HAVE THEM!

"FOLLOWERS ARE THE STAFF OF LIFE ITSELF TO ME! IN THE **BEGINNING**, I HAD MY **BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL MUTANTS**, INTO WHOSE RANKS I BLACKMAILED THE **SCARLET WITCH** AND **QUICK-SILVER!**

"LATER, WHEN I BECAME TRAPPED IN **KA-ZAR'S SAVAGE LAND**, I CREATED MY SUPPORTERS BY MUTATING **SWAMP MEN!** PIPER, HERE, IS ONE OF MY RESULTS!"

NOW I PLAN TO CREATE EVEN **MORE** MUTANTS--AN **ARMY** OF THEM--AND YOU ARE GOING TO GIVE ME THAT **KEY** I SPOKE OF BEFORE!

YOU ARE GOING TO **TELL** ME HOW I MAY GAIN **ACCESS** TO ALL THE **ATOMIC POWER** IN THIS **COUNTRY**--

--SO THAT I CAN **LOOSE** IT UPON THE **POPULACE!**

I COMPUTE THAT THE **SEARING RADIATION** WILL EVENTUALLY DESTROY 92% OF THOSE IT TOUCHES... BUT THE **REMAINDER**--THE **STRONG**--WILL BECOME **MUTANTS**...

...MUTANTS THAT ARE MINE TO **COMMAND!**

YOU'RE **MAD!** STARK-STARING **MAD!**

YOU CAN'T **REALLY** BELIEVE YOU'LL GET **AWAY** WITH THIS!

BUT I DO! NO ONE CAN STOP ME!

I'VE CAPTURED THE **X-MEN**--AND BEATEN THE **AVENGERS** AT EVERY TURN!

YOU SEE, **MAGNETO'S** PLANS COVER ALL **EVENTUALITIES!**

"I TRIED OUT THIS SCHEME ON A MUCH SMALLER SCALE MONTHS AGO,* AND IT WAS WELL I DID. THE DEVICE I PLANNED TO USE EXPLODED, RELEASING RADIATION FATAL TO NON-MUTANTS.

"AS IT WAS, I WAS BADLY INJURED, AND SPENT THOSE MONTHS FIGHTING MY WAY BACK TO LIMITED HEALTH.

"YET, NOW I AM WHOLE AGAIN, DUE TO MY MASTERFUL PLANS! I HAD BEEN GRIEVOUSLY HURT BEFORE, WHEN I FIRST CAME TO THE SAVAGE LAND, AND SWORE AT THAT TIME TO TAKE PRECAUTIONS FOR THE FUTURE!

"THUS, WHEN THE X-MAN CALLED ANGEL FELL INTO MY HANDS, I TRICKED HIM INTO WEARING A COSTUME OF MY DEVISING-- A COSTUME THAT WOULD GRADUALLY ABSORB HIS YOUTHFUL MUTANT ENERGY!"

*AMAZING ADVENTURES #9-10. --R.

"YESTERDAY, THEN, I PAINFULLY STOLE INTO THE X-MEN'S BASE--

"I STRIPPED THE TREACHEROUS UNIFORM FROM HIS BODY AND DONNED IT MYSELF, CAUSING IT TO IMBUE ME WITH ITS COLLECTED POWER!

"AT THAT MOMENT, MAGNETO WAS REBORN!

"-- AND DRUGGED MY VICTIM INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS!

"WHEN THE X-MEN DISCOVERED ME, IT WAS TOO LATE! I BESTED THEM ALL BY CONTROLLING THEIR BRAINS-- AND THEN LAID A TRAP FOR THE AVENGERS!"

"MISTAKING ME FOR THE ANGEL IN THE DARK, THEY WERE EASY PREY!"

AND YOU DARE SAY I CANNOT SUCCEED? I, WHO HAVE DONE ALL THAT?

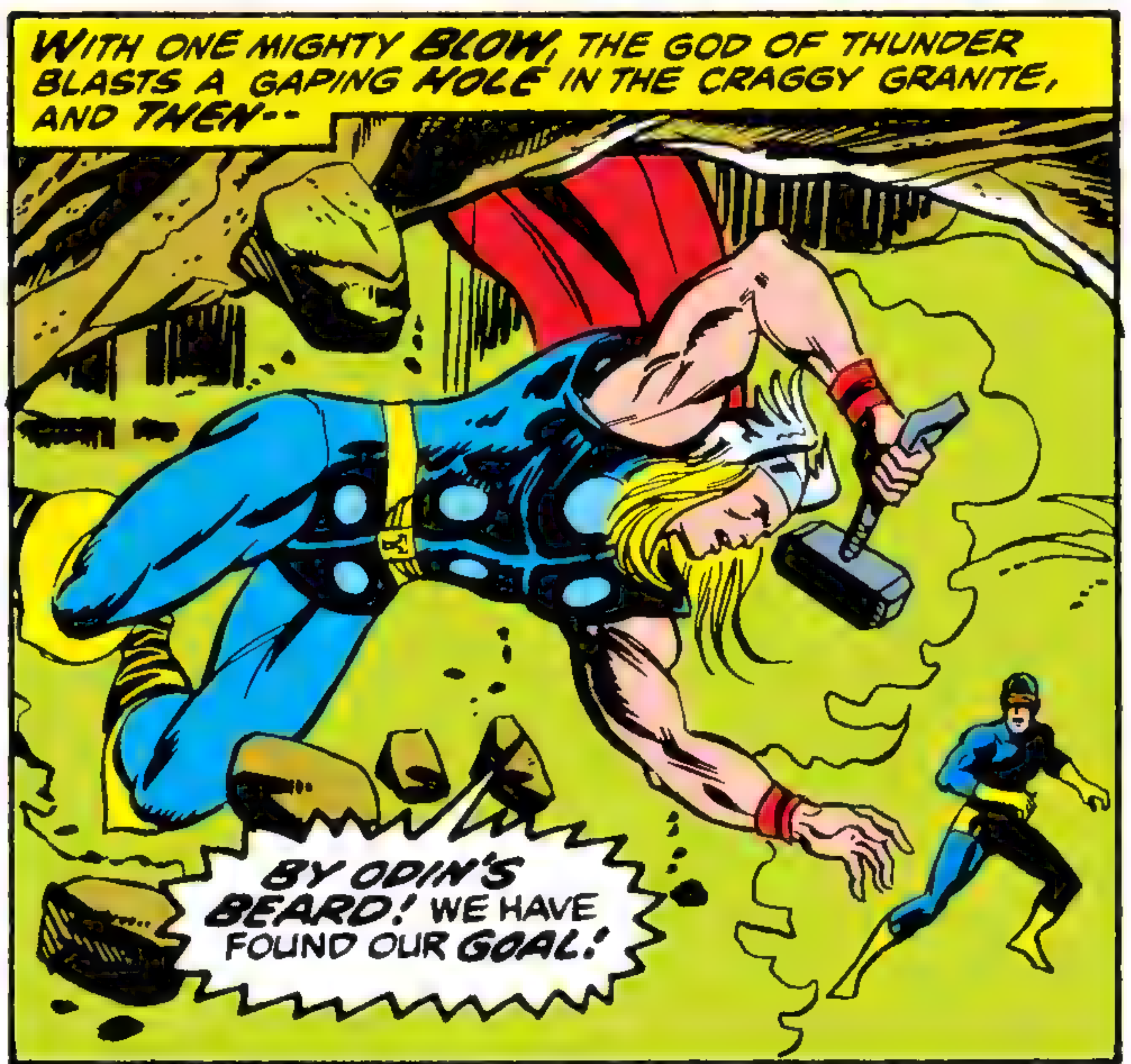
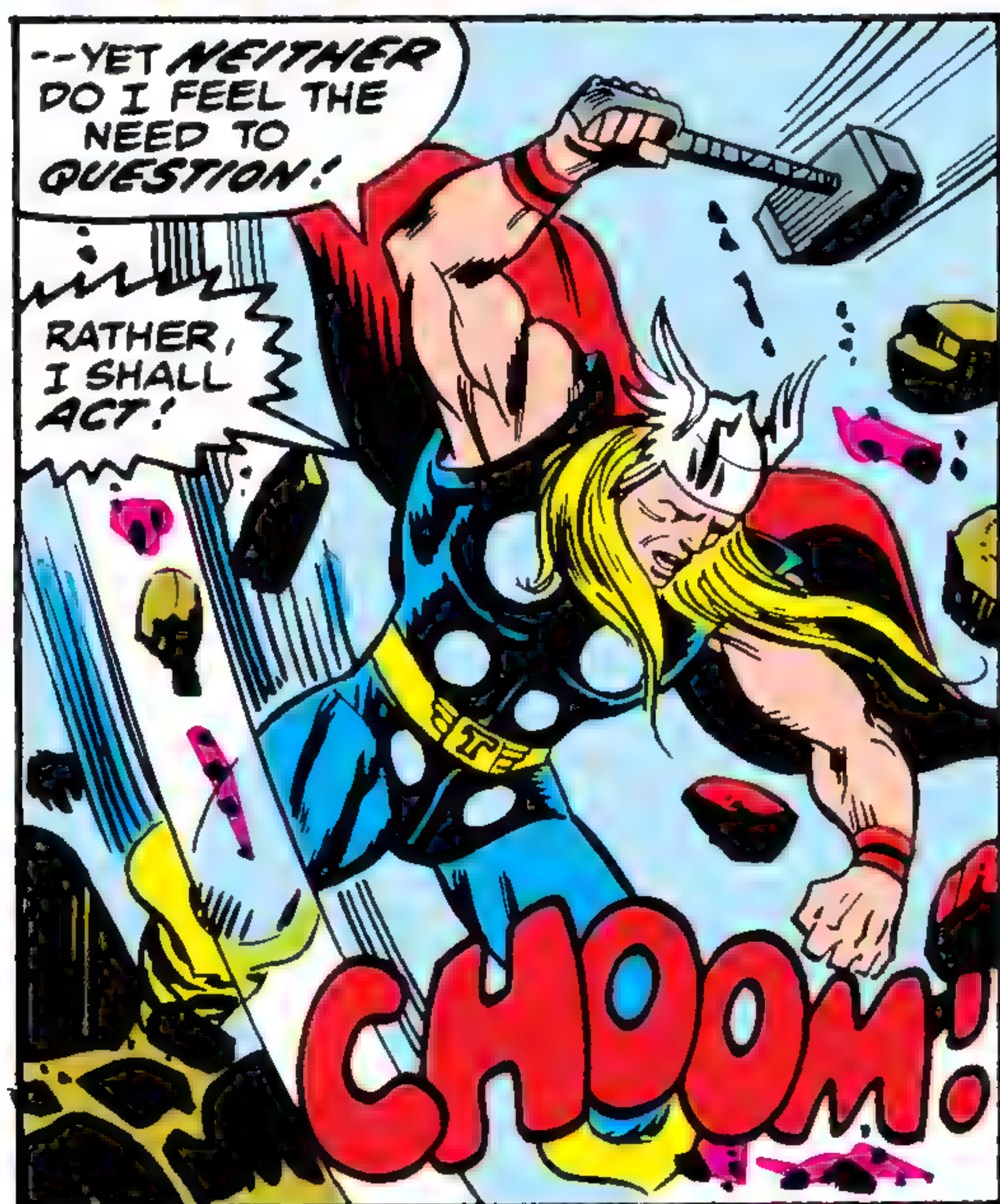
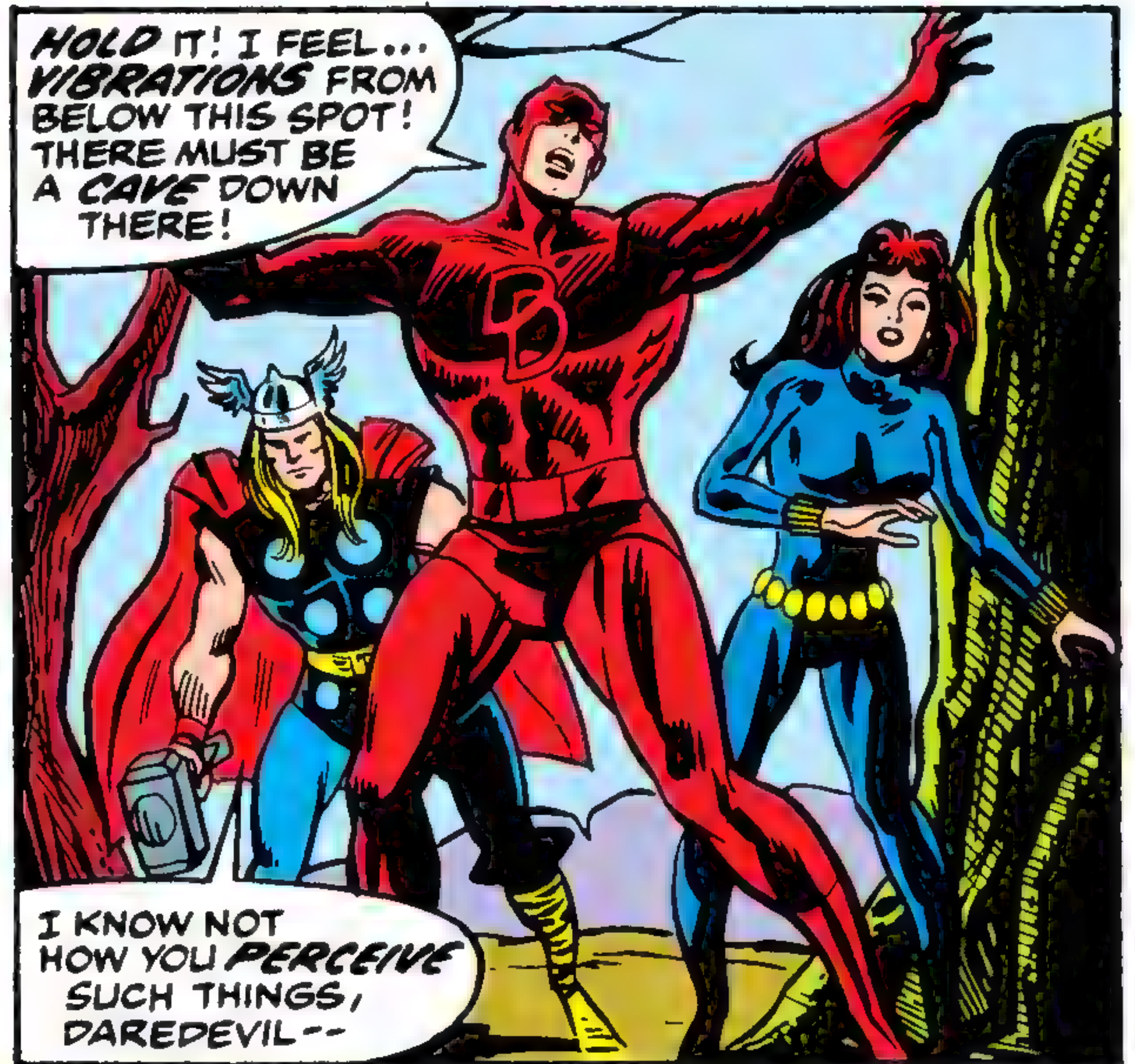
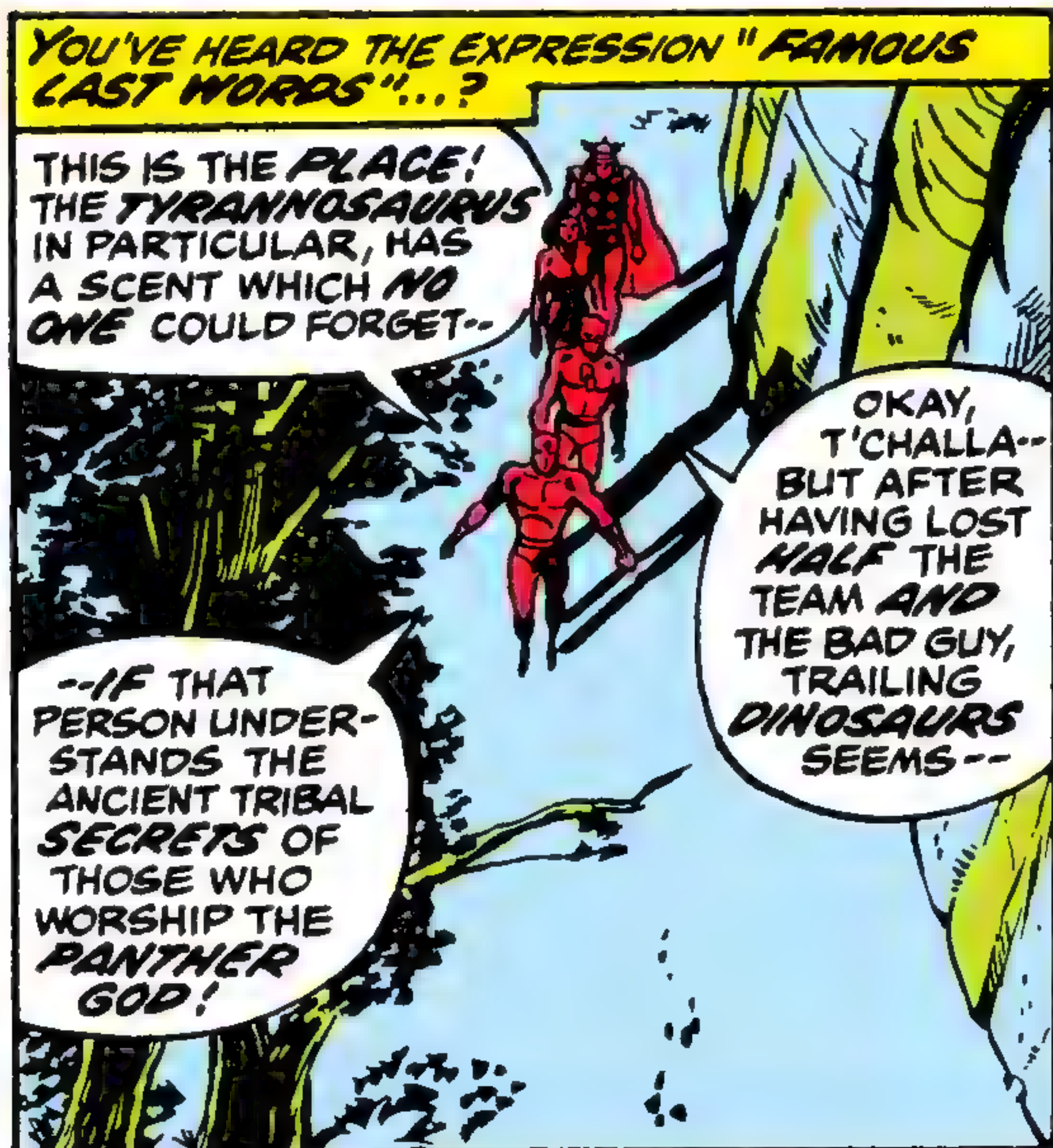
STOP WASTING MY TIME--

--AND TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW!

PAL, I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE HENRY KISSINGER IN DISGUISE! WE'LL NEVER BETRAY OUR TRUST!

YOU FOOLS! DO YOU THINK THIS IS A DEBATE?

YOU WILL TALK--



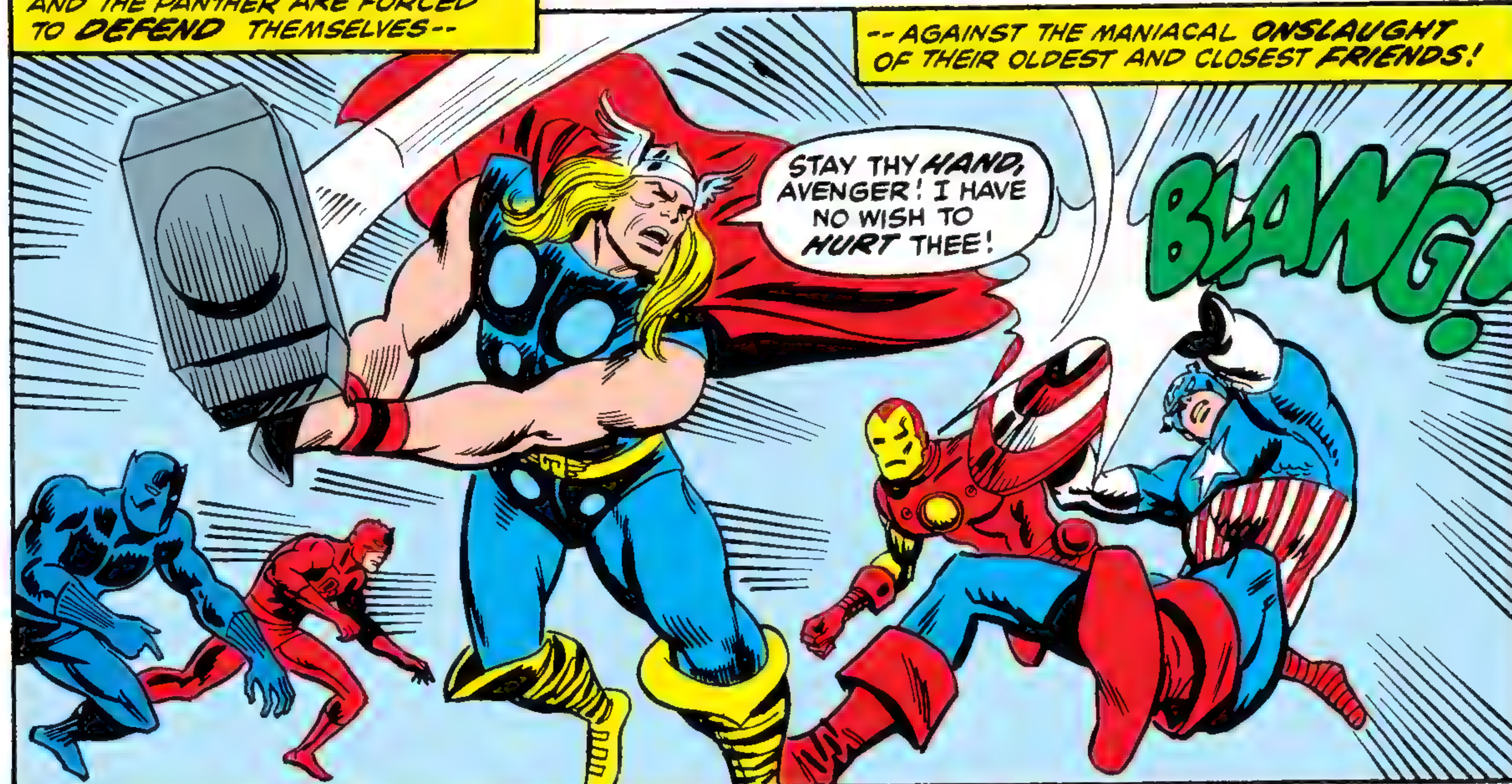


HOW CAN THEY HAVE
FOUND ME? I THOUGHT
I LEFT NO FAINTEST
TRACE!

NO MATTER!
ATTACK,
MY MIND-
SLAVES!!

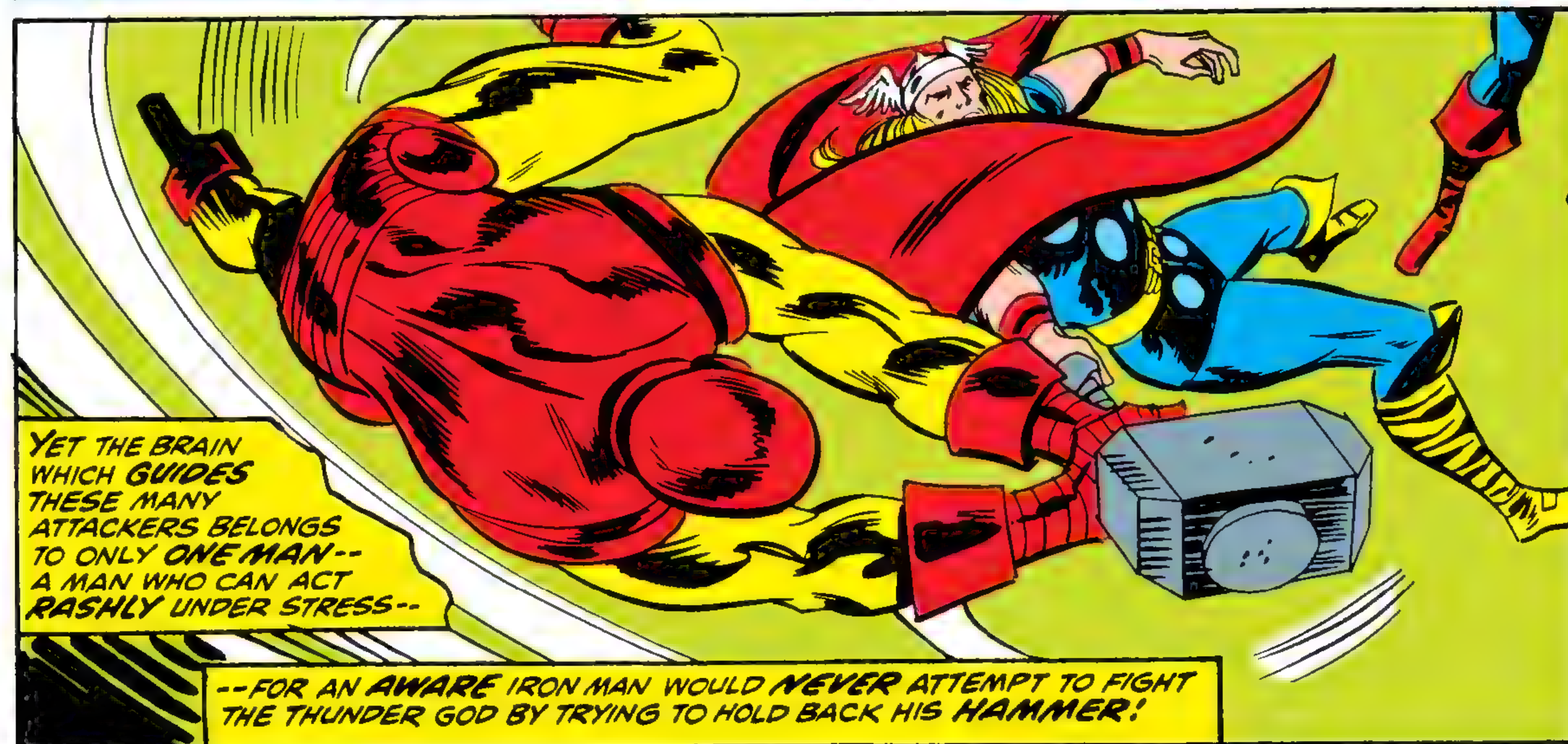
THEN, IN ONE OF THE STRANGEST
BATTLES EVER RECORDED, THOR
AND THE PANTHER ARE FORCED
TO DEFEND THEMSELVES--

-- AGAINST THE MANIACAL ONSLAUGHT
OF THEIR OLDEST AND CLOSEST FRIENDS!



STAY THY HAND,
AVENGER! I HAVE
NO WISH TO
HURT THEE!

BLANG!

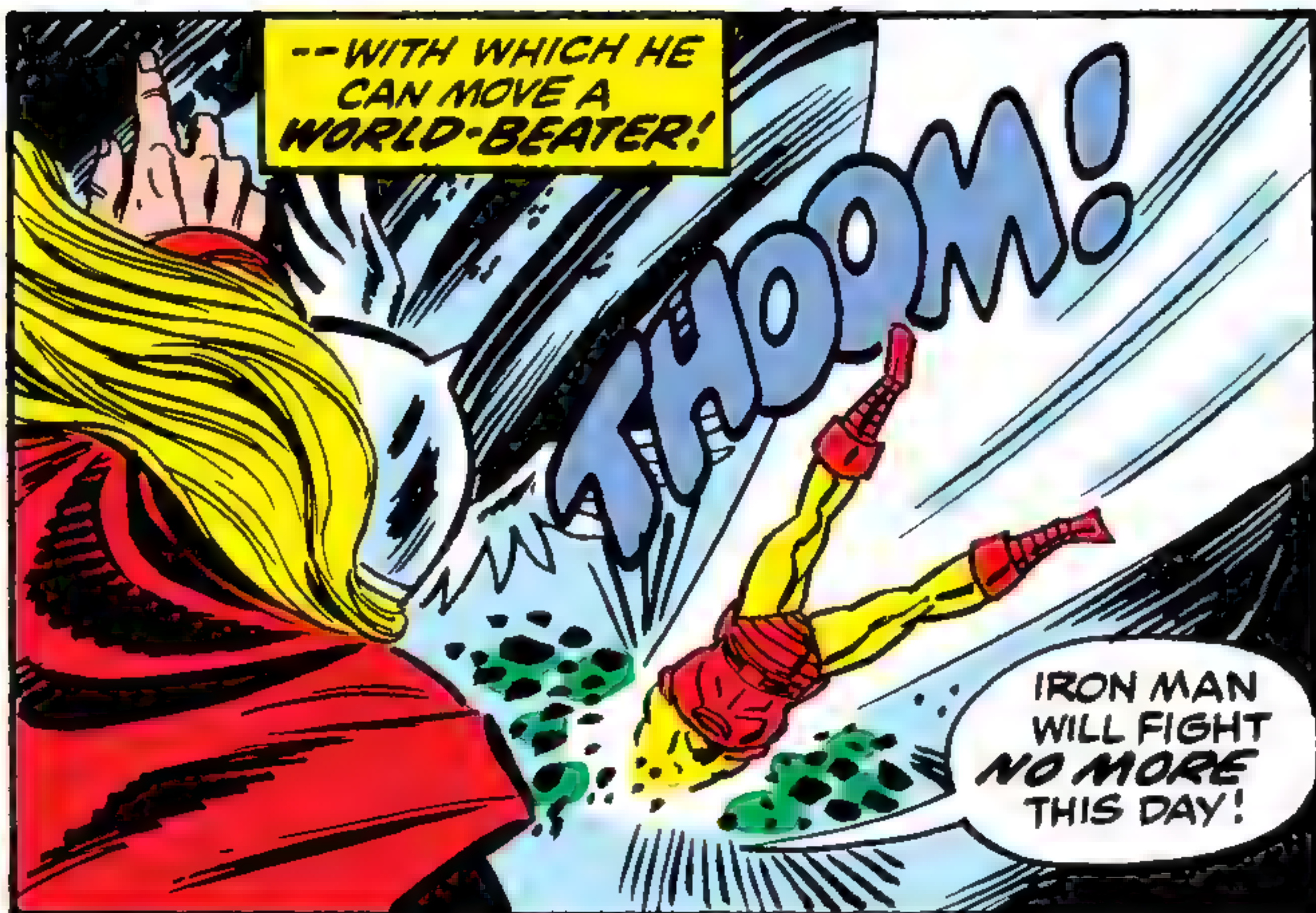


YET THE BRAIN
WHICH GUIDES
THESE MANY
ATTACKERS BELONGS
TO ONLY ONE MAN--
A MAN WHO CAN ACT
RASHLY UNDER STRESS--

-- FOR AN AWARE IRON MAN WOULD NEVER ATTEMPT TO FIGHT
THE THUNDER GOD BY TRYING TO HOLD BACK HIS HAMMER!

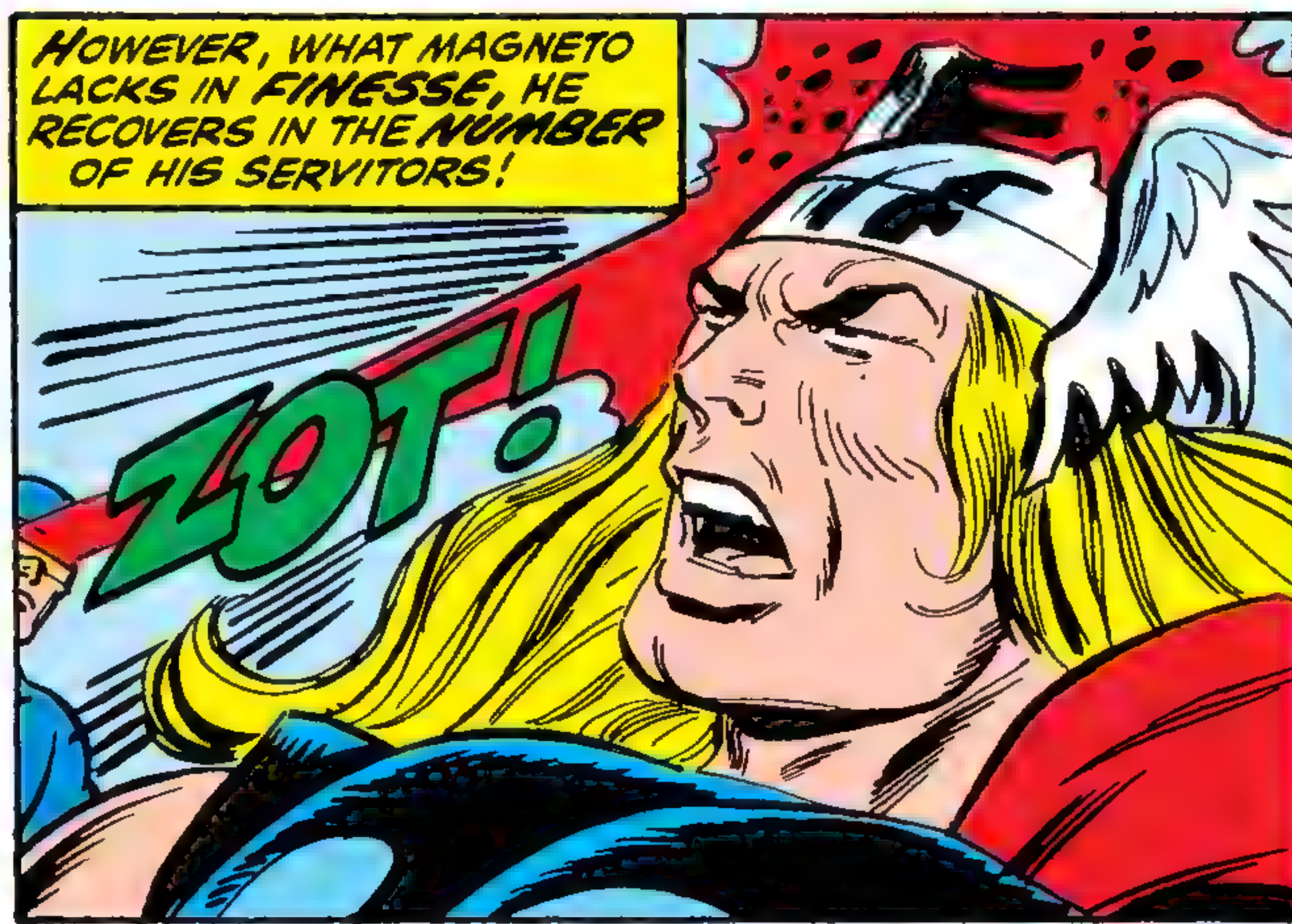


THAT ONLY
GIVES THOR
A LEVER--



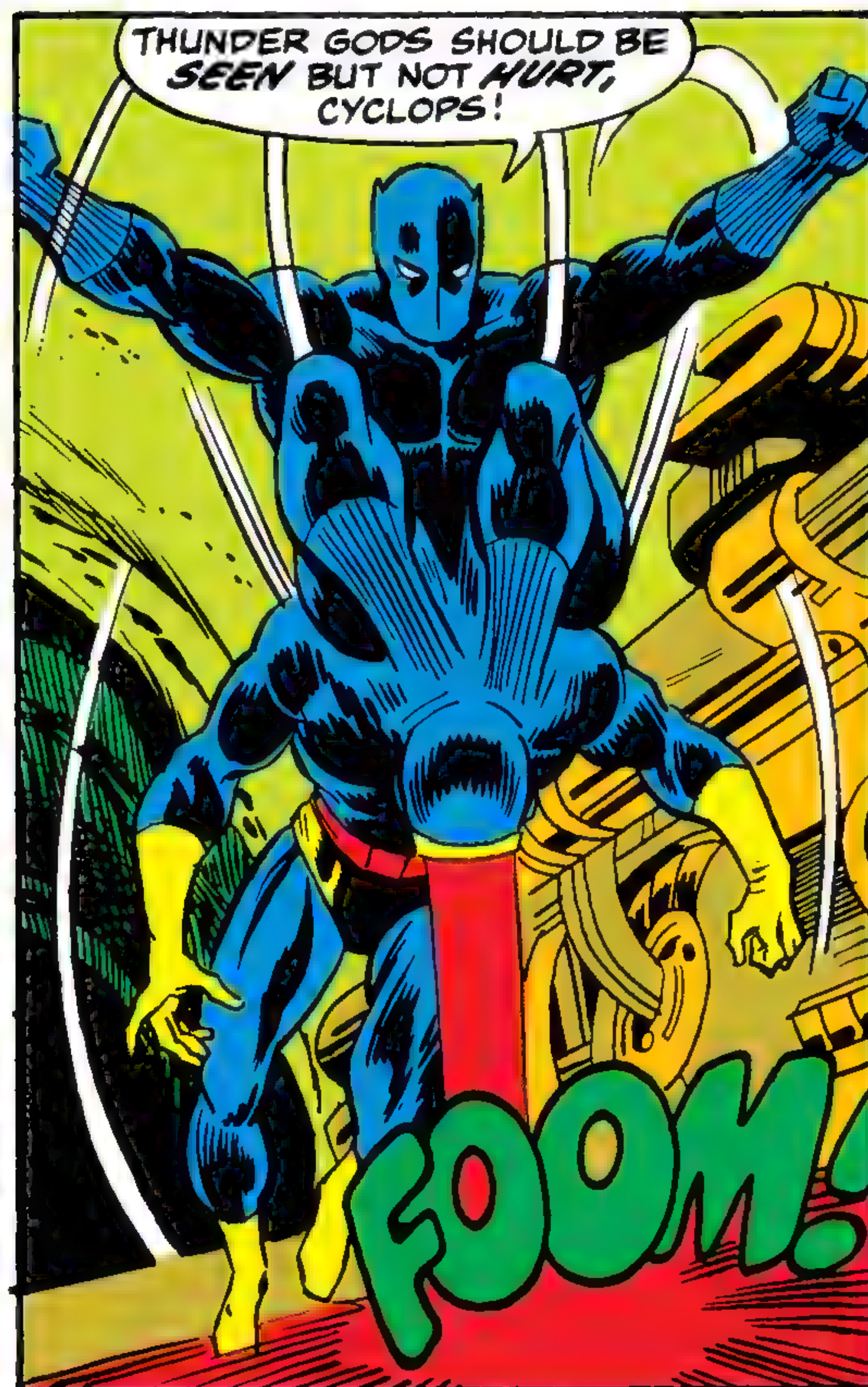
-- WITH WHICH HE
CAN MOVE A
WORLD-BEATER!

IRON MAN
WILL FIGHT
NO MORE
THIS DAY!



HOWEVER, WHAT MAGNETO
LACKS IN FINESSE, HE
RECOVERS IN THE NUMBER
OF HIS SERVITORS!

ZOT!



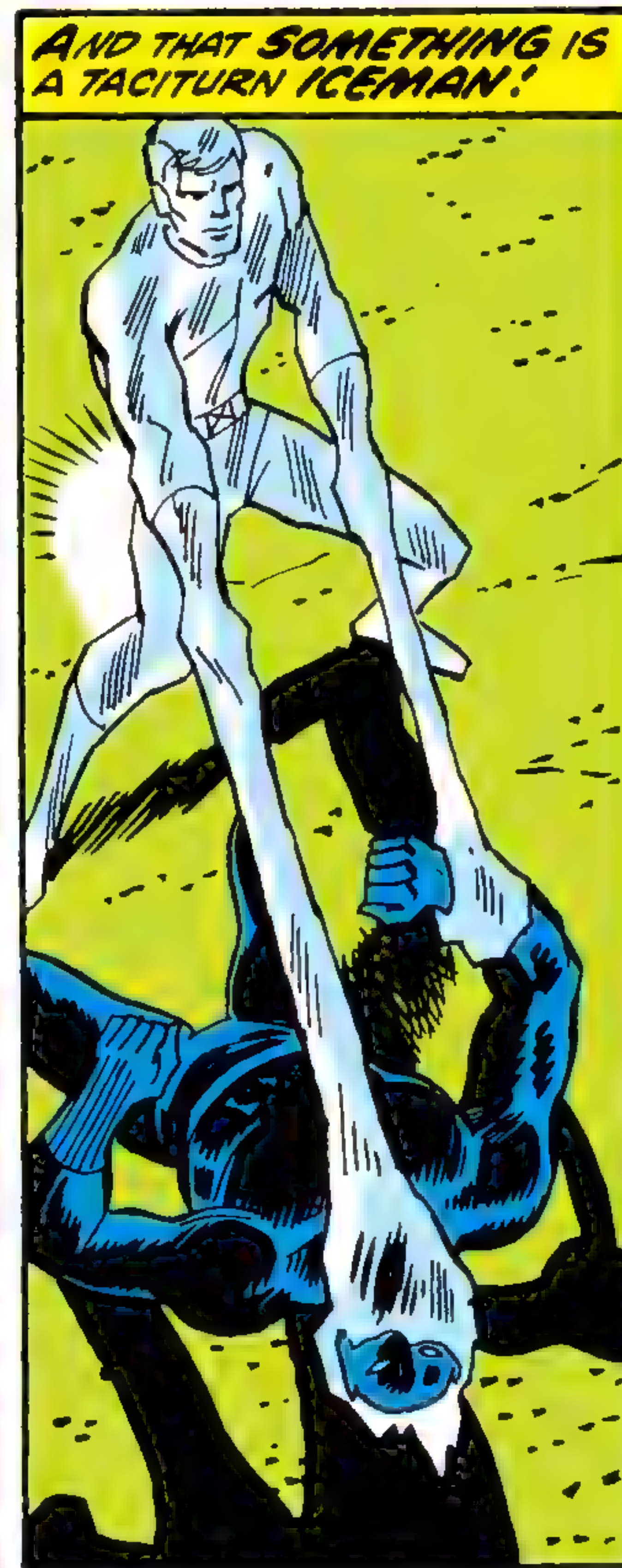
THUNDER GODS SHOULD BE
SEEN BUT NOT HURT,
CYCLOPS!

FOOM!

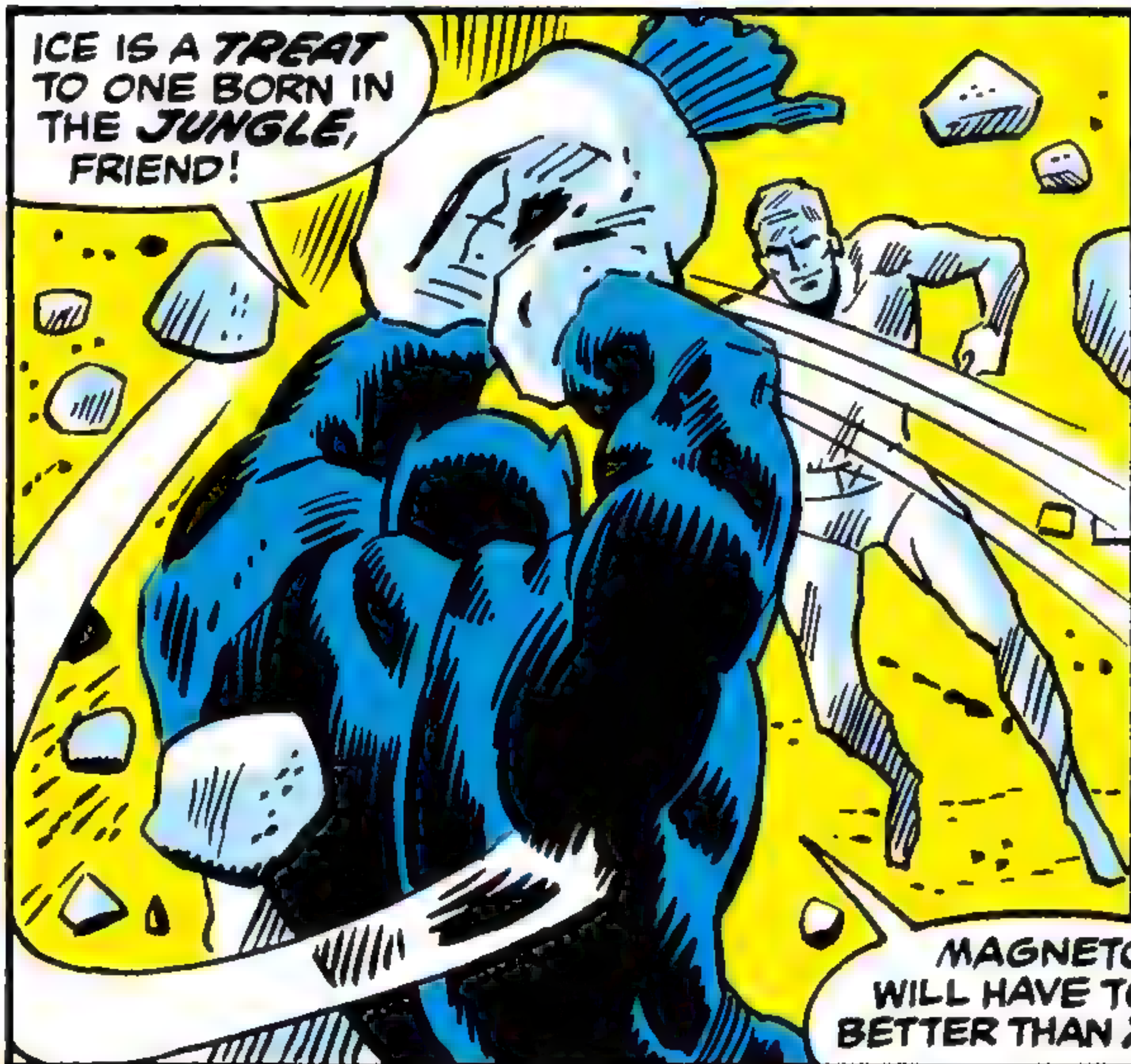


TIME FOR SOME SHUT-
EYE, X-MAN! JUST
RELAX--

WHAT
SOMETHING'S
GOT ME!

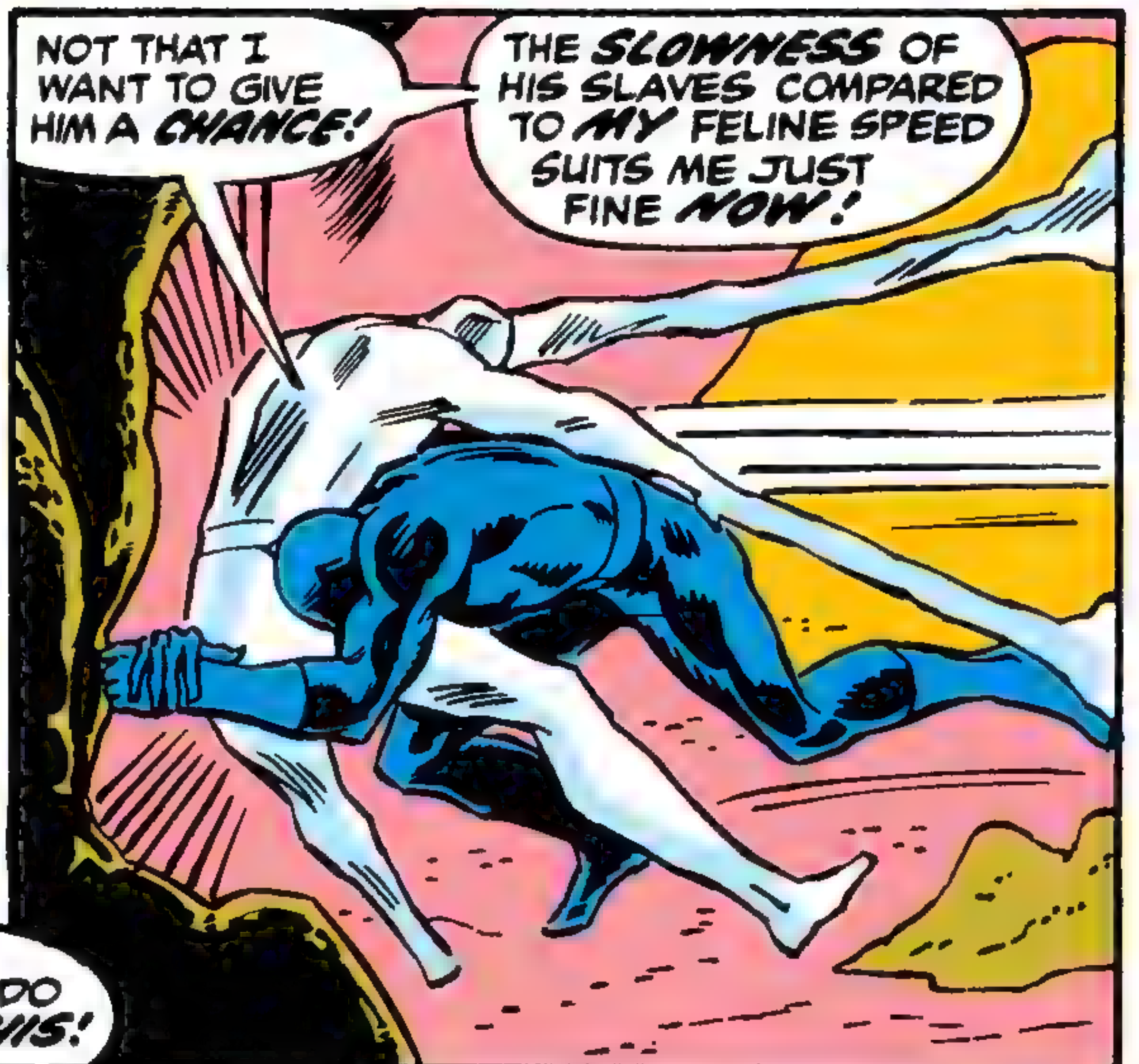


AND THAT SOMETHING IS
A TACITURN ICEMAN!



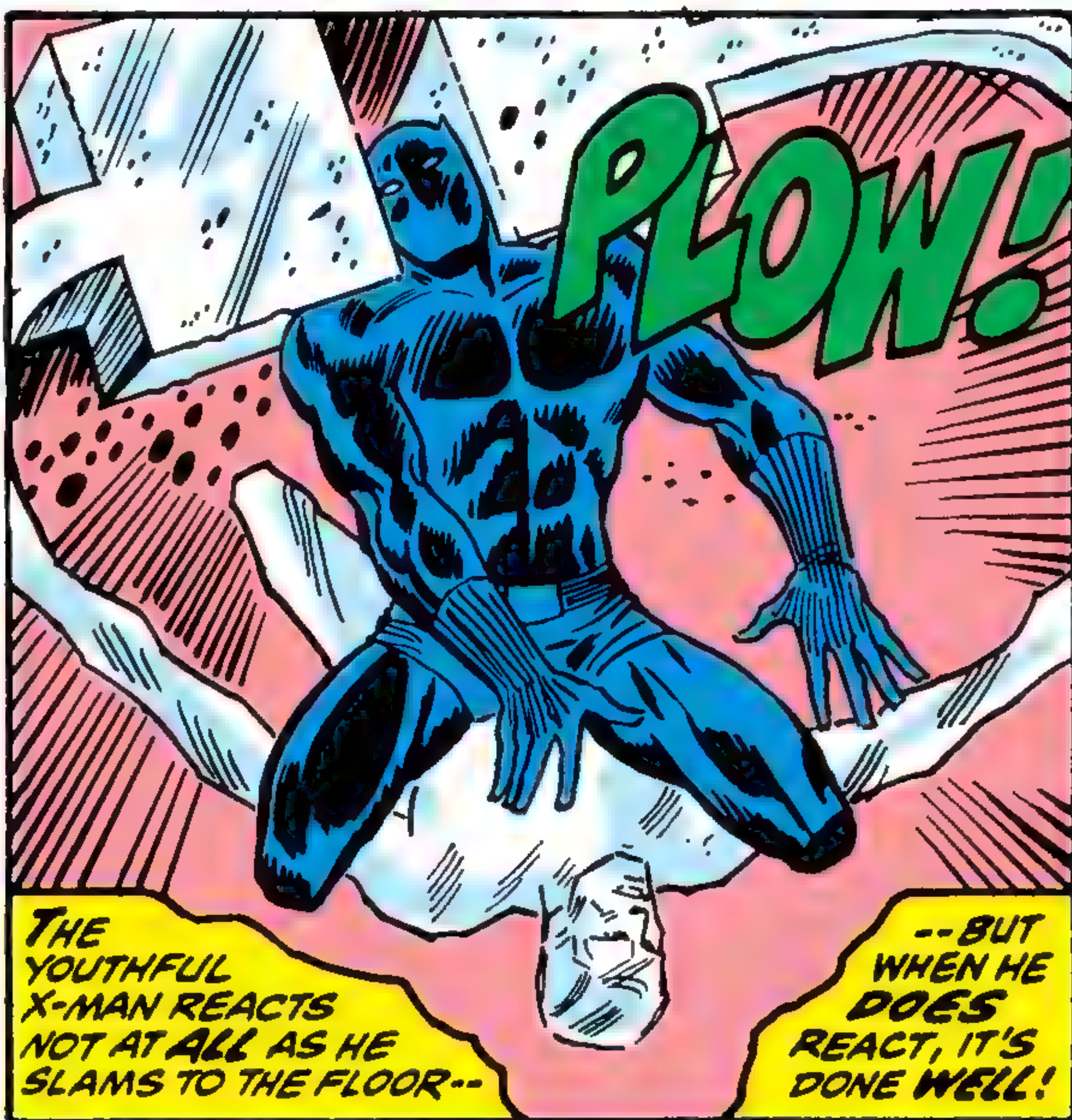
ICE IS A *TREAT* TO ONE BORN IN THE *JUNGLE*, FRIEND!

MAGNETO WILL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN *THIS*!



NOT THAT I WANT TO GIVE HIM A *CHANCE*!

THE *SLOWNESS* OF HIS SLAVES COMPARED TO *MY* FELINE SPEED SUITS ME JUST FINE *NOW*!



PLOW!

THE YOUTHFUL X-MAN REACTS NOT AT ALL AS HE SLAMS TO THE FLOOR--

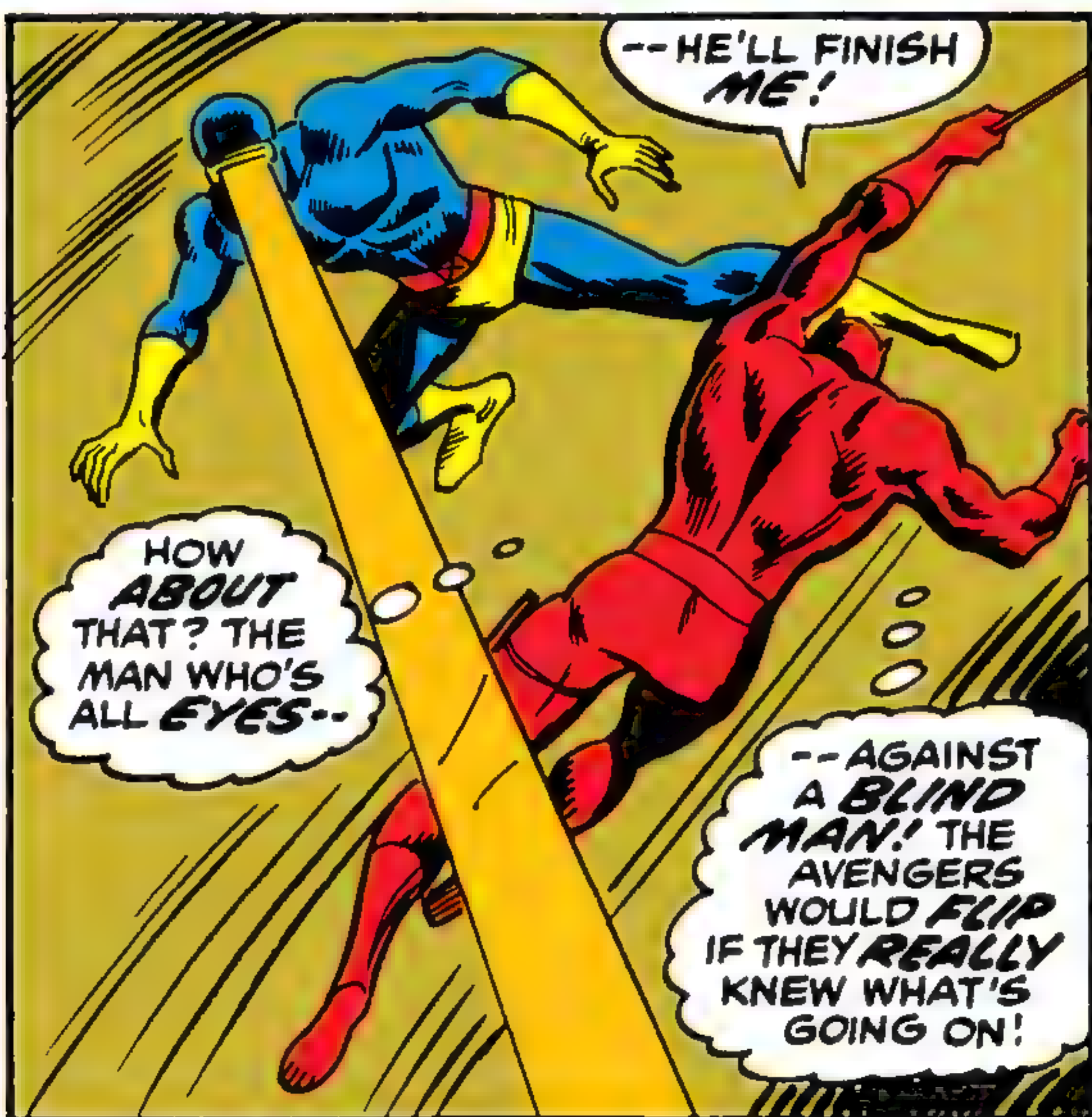
-- BUT WHEN HE DOES REACT, IT'S DONE WELL!



I'VE STRAINED EVERY SENSE I'VE GOT TO THE *LIMIT*, AND STILL I CAN'T FIND ANY SIGN OF THE *VISION*! WHERE CAN HE --

OH, OH! T'CHALLA NEVER WAS ABLE TO FINISH CYCLOPS!

AND IF I DON'T GET IT TOGETHER--



-- HE'LL FINISH ME!

HOW ABOUT THAT? THE MAN WHO'S ALL EYES--

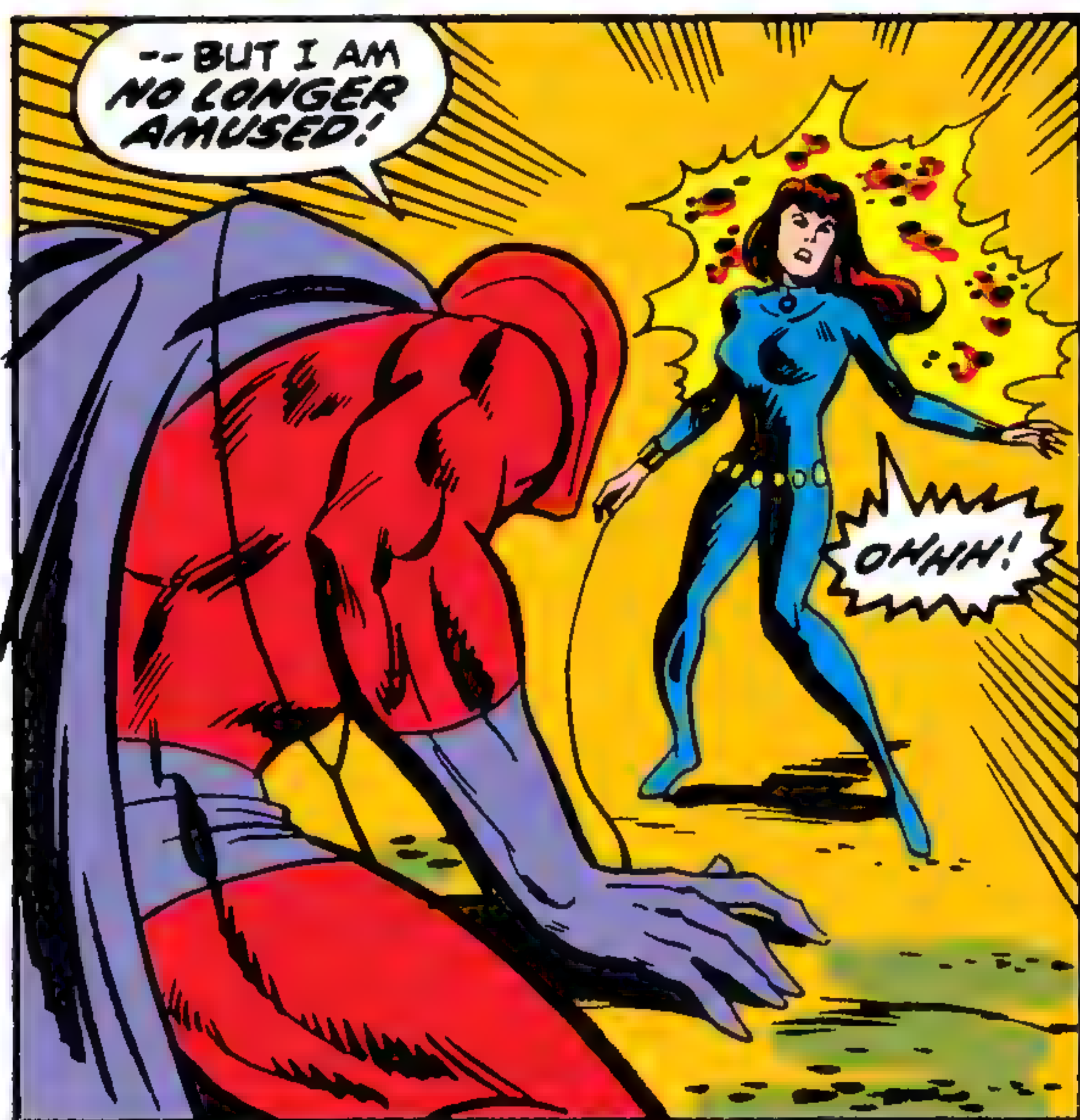
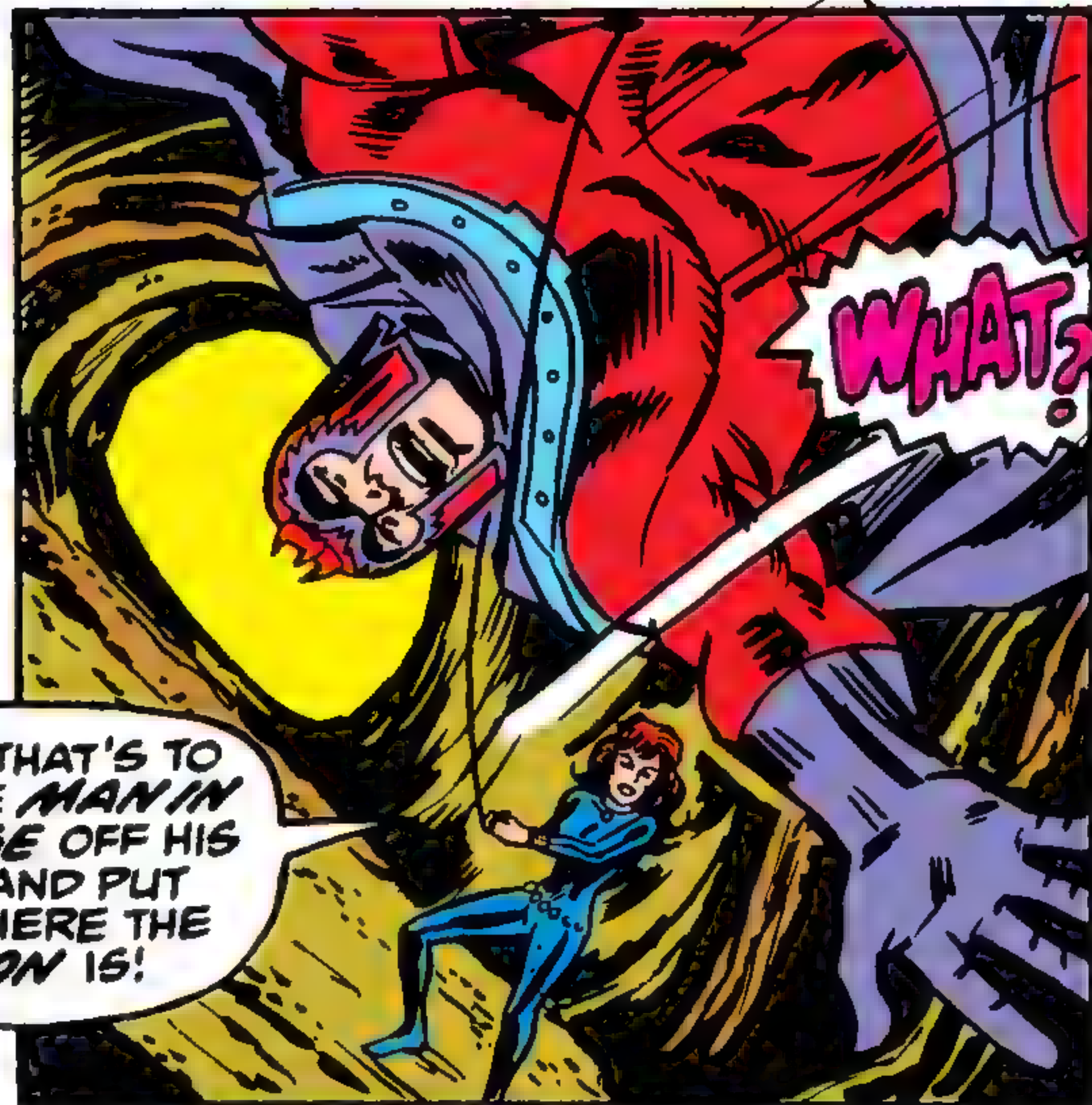
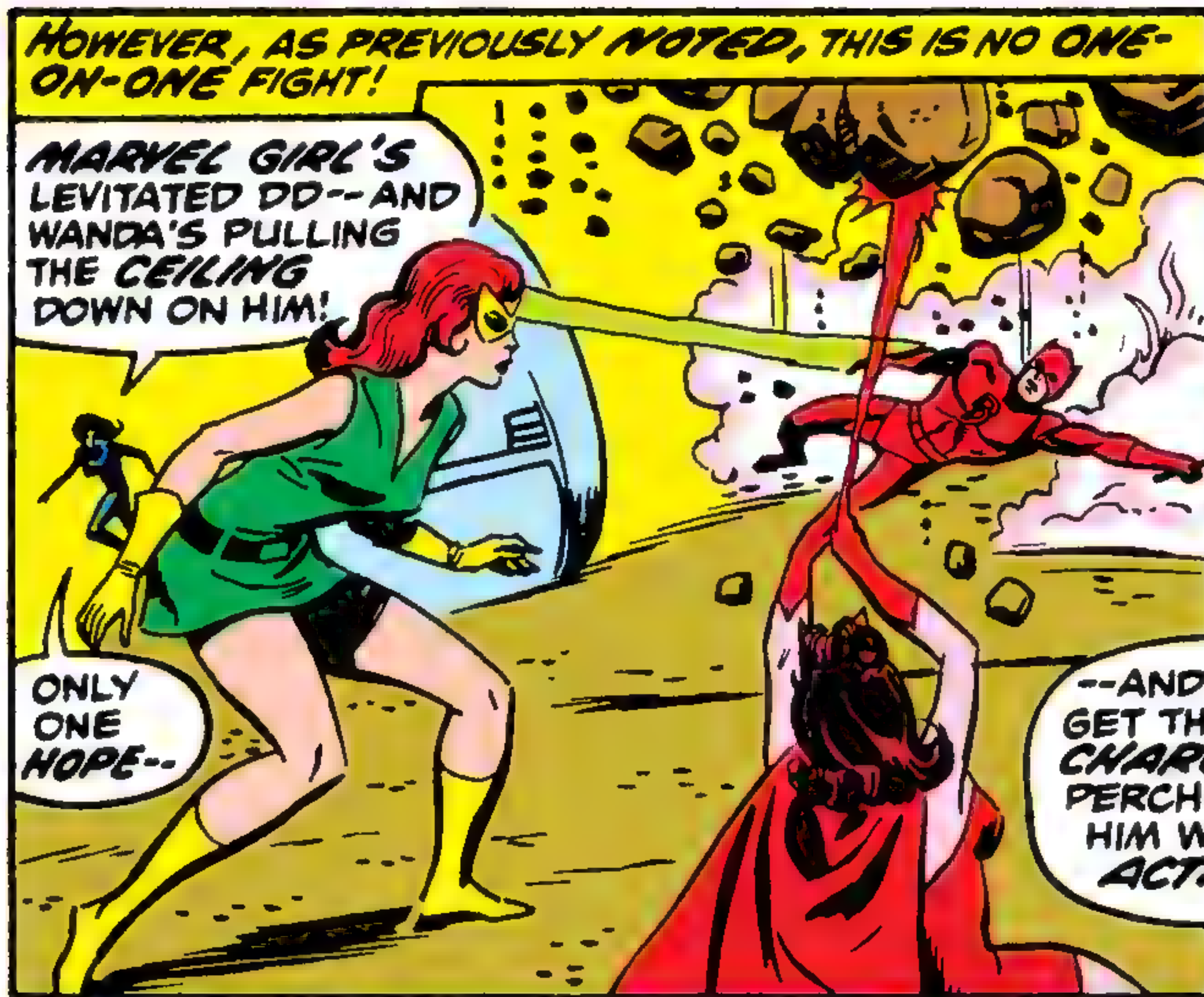
-- AGAINST A *BLIND* MAN! THE AVENGERS WOULD *FLIP* IF THEY *REALLY* KNEW WHAT'S GOING ON!

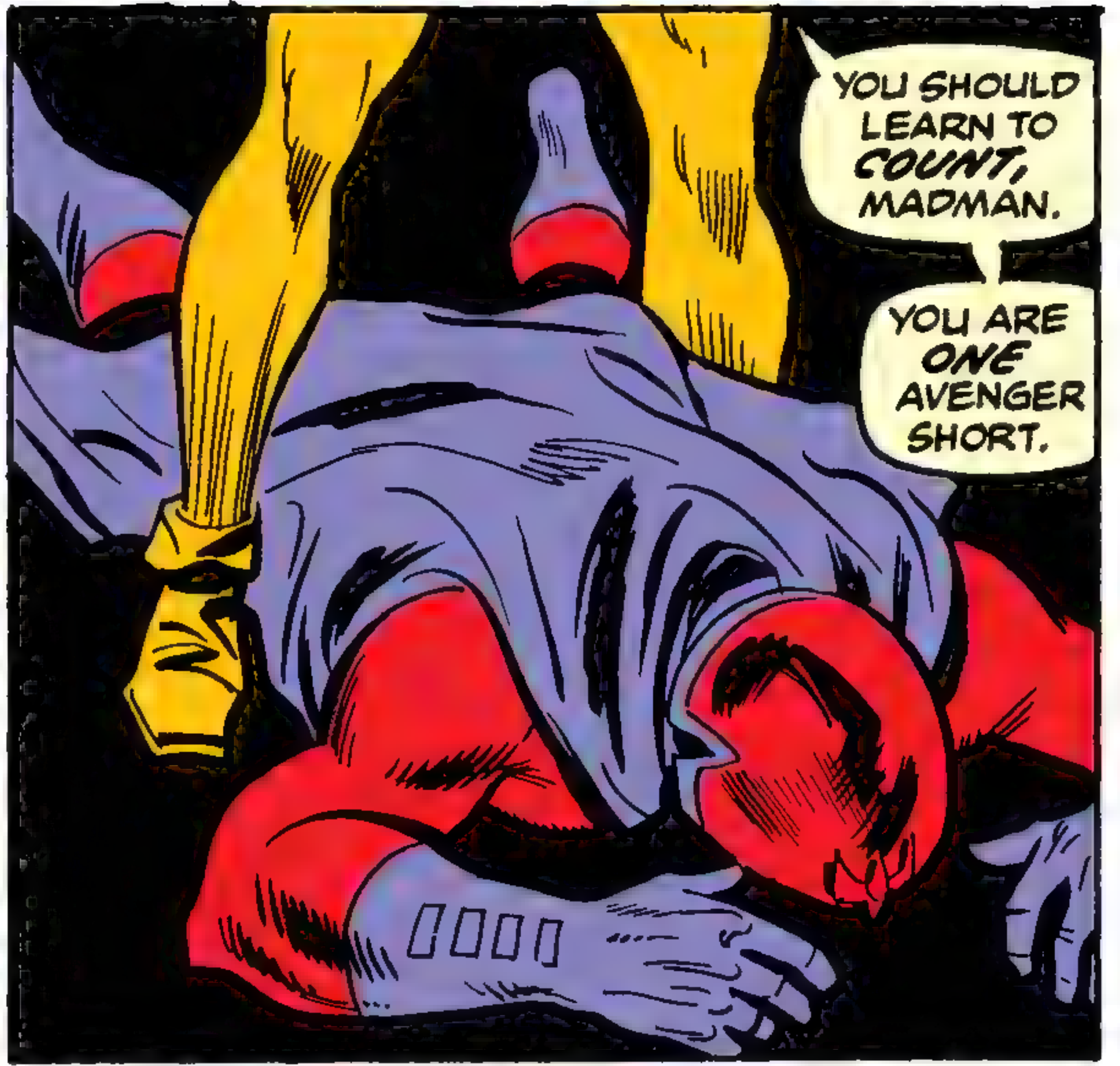


BUT THAT'S MY *SECRET*, FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE!

"EYES GOT A SECRET," YOU MIGHT SAY!

BAP!





YOU SHOULD LEARN TO COUNT, MADMAN.

YOU ARE **ONE** AVENGER SHORT.



GOOD LORD! THAT'S NOT HIS VOICE, AND MY SENSES **STILL** SAY DIFFERENT-- BUT THAT'S GOT TO BE...

...THE **VISION!**

CORRECT, PAREDEVIL.



I AM *WITHIN* THE BODY OF THIS MUTANT FLAUTIST--YET STILL SO NEARLY *INTANGIBLE* AS TO SAVE ALL HIS **ORGANS** FROM HARM.

ONLY MY **BRAIN** HAS BEEN SOLIDIFIED **JUST** ENOUGH TO DIRECT HIS MOVEMENTS.

-- MY ANSWER TO MAGNETO'S **MIND CONTROL.**



BUT LET ME NOW FLOW FORTH, SO YOU MAY SEE FOR YOURSELF.



I ENTERED THE PIPER'S FORM UNDER COVER OF MAGNETO'S **BLACK FOG** EARLIER.

HOWEVER, SINCE STAYING WITHIN ANOTHER'S BODY COULD HAVE **GRAVE CONSEQUENCES** FOR BOTH OF US, I HAD TO DELAY ANY ACTION UNTIL I WAS **CERTAIN** I KNEW EXACTLY HOW TO **PERFORM** IT.



BUT, **VISION**-- YOU'VE NEVER DARED TRY THAT BEFORE! THE **RISK**--

-- WAS ONE I HAD TO TAKE... FOR YOU, WANDA.

THEN, AFTER A REVIVED PROFESSOR X HAS USED HIS MUTANT POWER TO PUT MAGNETO INTO A DEEP SLEEP...

I CAN RECALL **EVERYTHING** THAT HAPPENED WHILE I WAS IN OUR FOE'S POWER--

--AND I CAN SEE, BY READING YOUR **MINDS**, THAT YOU FARED **SIMILARLY**, MY X-MEN.

BUT THAT LEADS ME TO A TERRIBLE **QUESTION**: WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE **ANGEL**?

THAT'S **RIGHT**! IRON MAN **SEARCHED** OUR MANSION AND COULDN'T **FIND** HIM!

I FEAR...THE X-MEN MAY HAVE BEEN SAVED FROM **ONE** DILEMMA-- ONLY TO BE PLUNGED **DIRECTLY** INTO A **WORSE** ONE!

YOU **CALLED** IT, PROF--AS WE SHALL SEE IN THE **NEAR FUTURE**.

BUT FIRST, CLOSER TO HOME... THE AVENGERS OWE YOU TWO A GREAT **DEBT** FOR YOUR HELP.

EVEN WITHOUT **CONFERRING**, I CAN TELL YOU WE'D LIKE TO **REPAY** IT BY MAKING YOU BOTH **OFFICAL** AVENGERS!

THANKS, CAP--WE **APPRECIATE** IT... BUT WE'LL HAVE TO **DECLINE**.

PERSONAL REASONS.

MEANING THAT ALWAYS HAVING A **GROUP** AROUND ME WOULD BE TOO **CONFUSING** FOR MY **SENSES**, I'D BE **SWAMPED** WITH IMPRESSIONS.

PLUS, IT WOULD BE MUCH **HARDER** TO KEEP THOSE SENSES A **SECRET**. IT'S **TOO BAD**, BUT--

WAIT A MINUTE, AVENGERS! I **ACCEPT** YOUR OFFER.

HUH? TASH, YOU **CAN'T**!

OH YES I **CAN**! YOU DON'T **OWN** ME!

AND IT GIVES ME A CHANCE TO BE **AWAY** FROM YOU, MATT... SO I CAN **THINK THROUGH** OUR **RELATIONSHIP**.

ALL **RIGHT**! IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU **WANT** IT!

YOU'LL FIND **ME** BACK IN **SAN FRANCISCO**-- IF YOU'RE EVER **LOOKING**!

OH, **MATT**! WHY DON'T YOU EVER **UNDERSTAND** ME?

COME ON, TEAM-MATES... WE **MUST** HAVE THINGS TO **DO**.

AS YOU MAY HAVE **GUESSED**, NEXT MONTH'S ISSUES OF BOTH THE **AVENGERS** AND **DARE-DEVIL** ARE GOING TO HAVE SOME MILDLY INTERESTING **DEVELOPMENTS**-- AND DON'T TAKE ANYTHING FOR GRANTED. AFTER ALL, THIS IS **MARVEL**! SEE YOU NEXT TIME, SAHIB!

DAREDEVIL

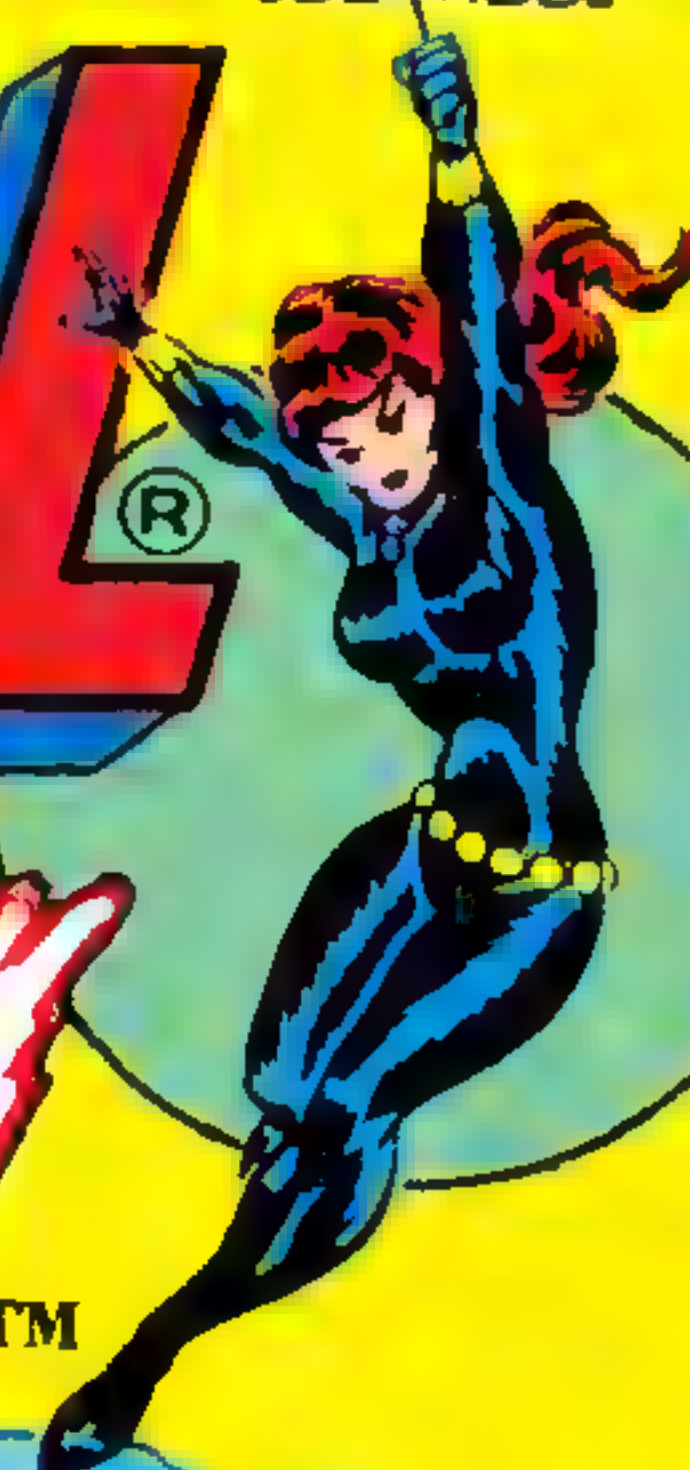
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LOW OVER SAN FRANCISCO
BAY SWOOPS A SLEEK
AVENGER'S **QUINJET**--
ITS LONE PASSENGER--
THE SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER
CALLED **DAREDEVIL**!

MIND STORM!

HIS HYPERSENSITIVE
FINGERTIPS READ
THE DIALS AND METERS
HIS **EYES** CANNOT
SEE. AND HE KNOWS
THAT HE IS ...HOME?

NO--NOT HOME. JUST...BACK...
ALONE, LEARNING IN THAT
WINDSWEEP COCKPIT THE
MEANING OF **SOULPAIN**.

1331 Z

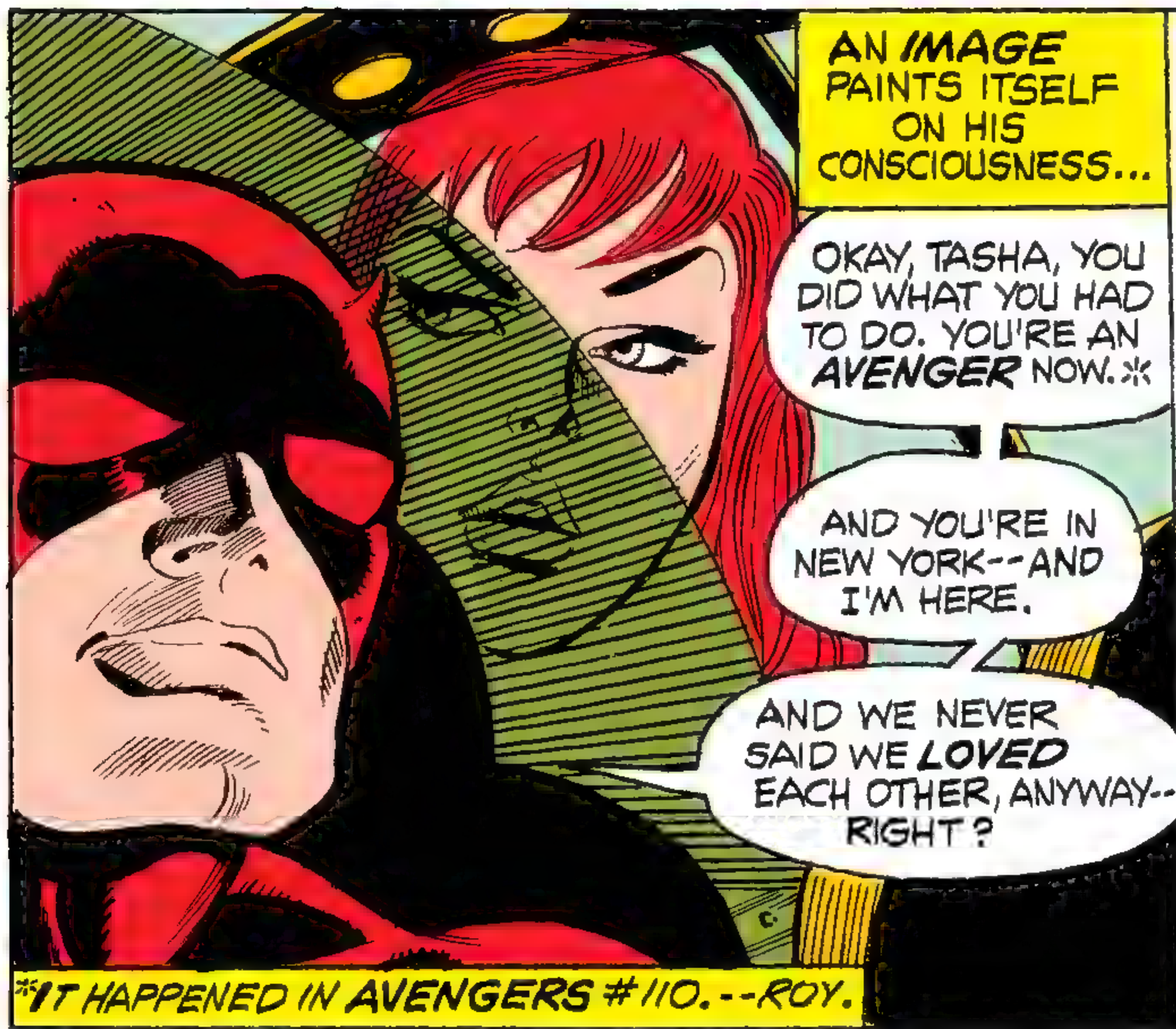
STEVE GERBER
Writer

GENE COLAN
Artist

J. TARTAGLIONE
Embellisher

ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER
STANG, COLORIST

ROY THOMAS
Editor



AN IMAGE
PAINTS ITSELF
ON HIS
CONSCIOUSNESS...

OKAY, TASHA, YOU
DID WHAT YOU HAD
TO DO. YOU'RE AN
AVENGER NOW.*

AND YOU'RE IN
NEW YORK--AND
I'M HERE.

AND WE NEVER
SAID WE **LOVED**
EACH OTHER, ANYWAY--
RIGHT?

*IT HAPPENED IN AVENGERS #110.--ROY.



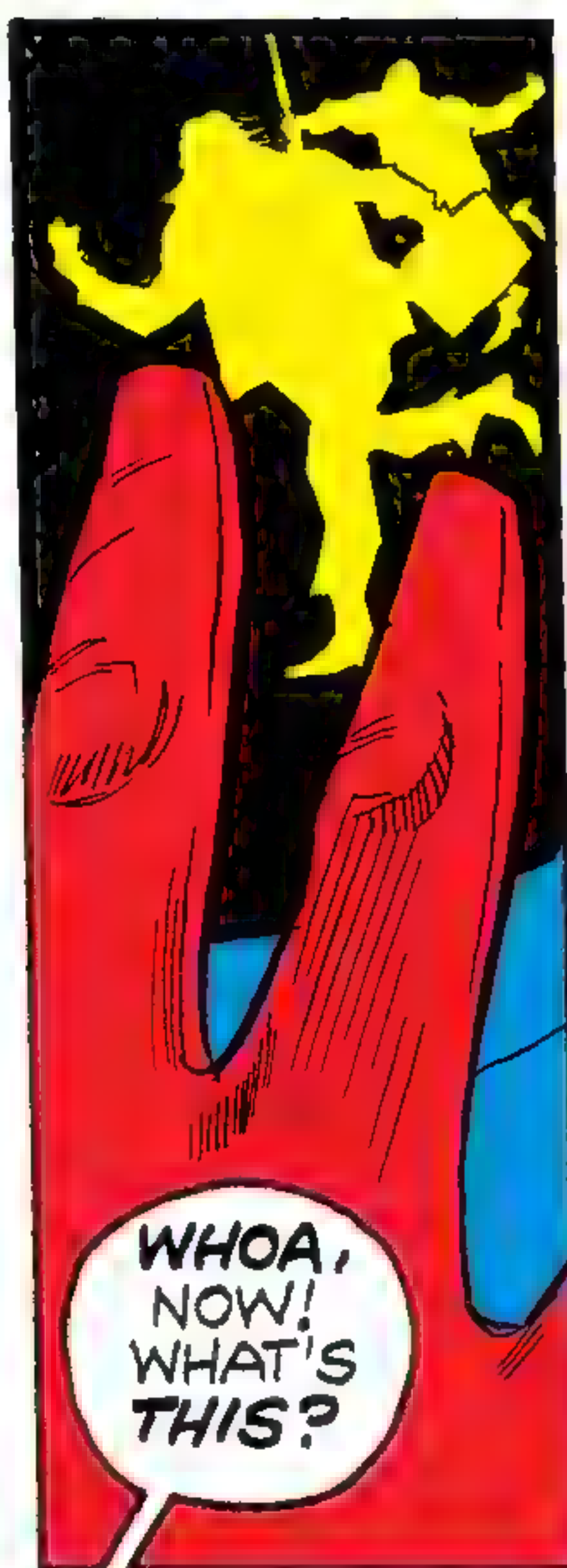
SO WILL SOMEONE TELL
ME WHY I FEEL LIKE A
BADLY-USED MOP?

A FLYING
MOP, AT
THAT--



--JUST LOOKING
FOR A PLACE TO
LAND?

WHICH
REMINDS ME:
I'D BEST DO
THAT LITTLE
THING!

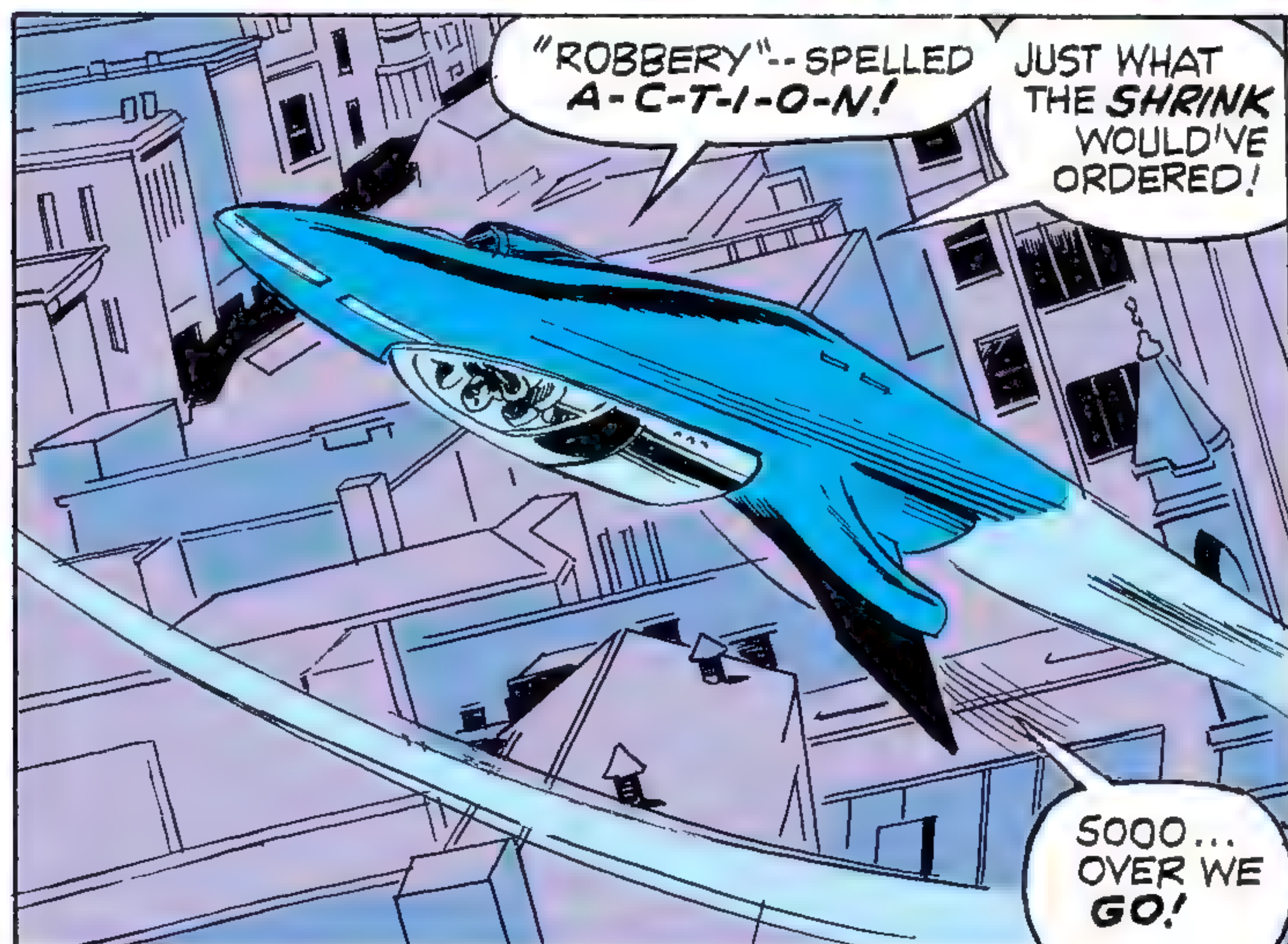


WHOA,
NOW!
WHAT'S
THIS?



LEAVE IT TO
TONY STARK TO
BUILD A SCANNER
AS FINELY-TUNED
AS MY **RADAR**
SENSE!

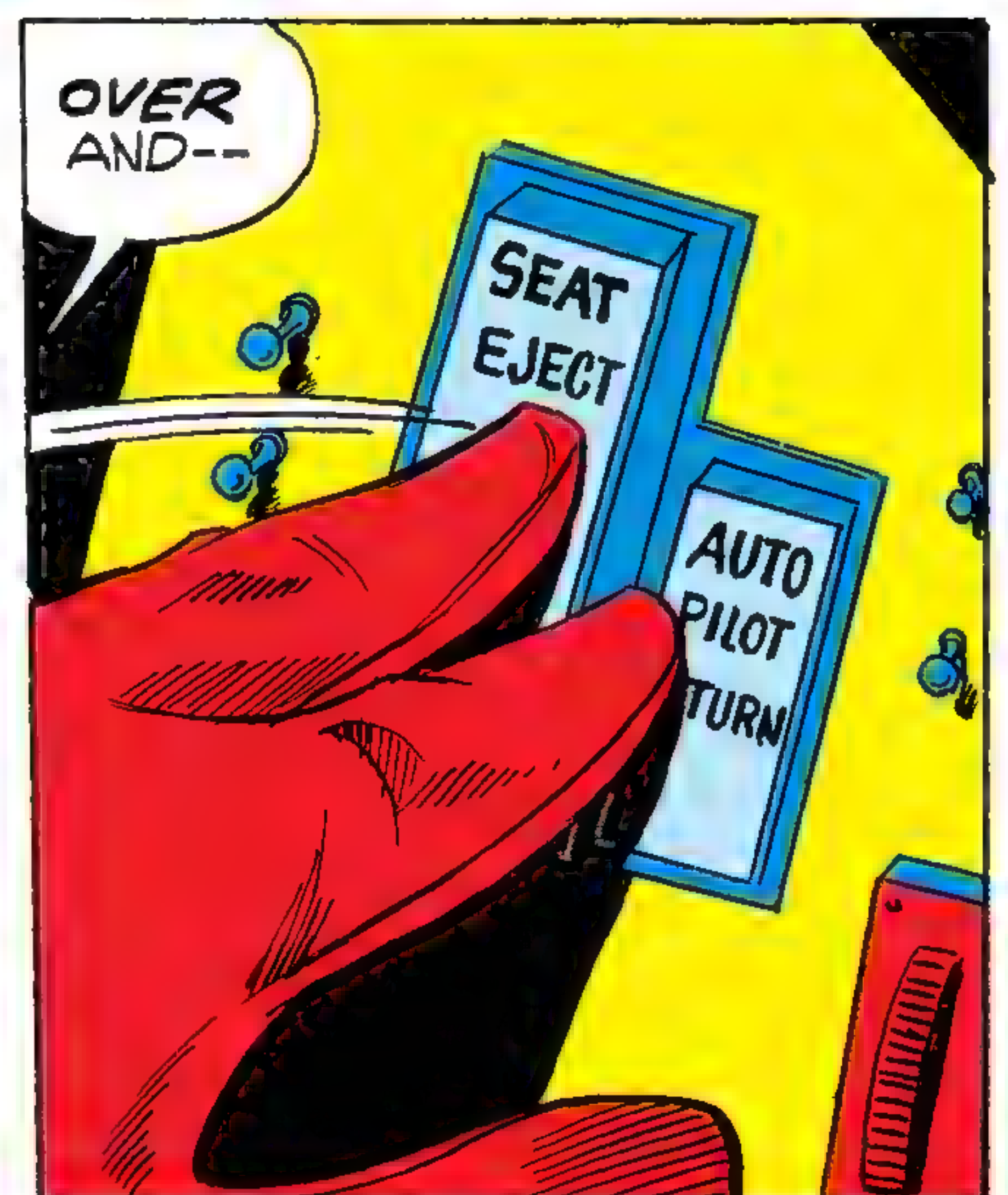
THAT, FOLKS,
IS A **ROBBERY**
---DOWN ON
THIRD
STREET!



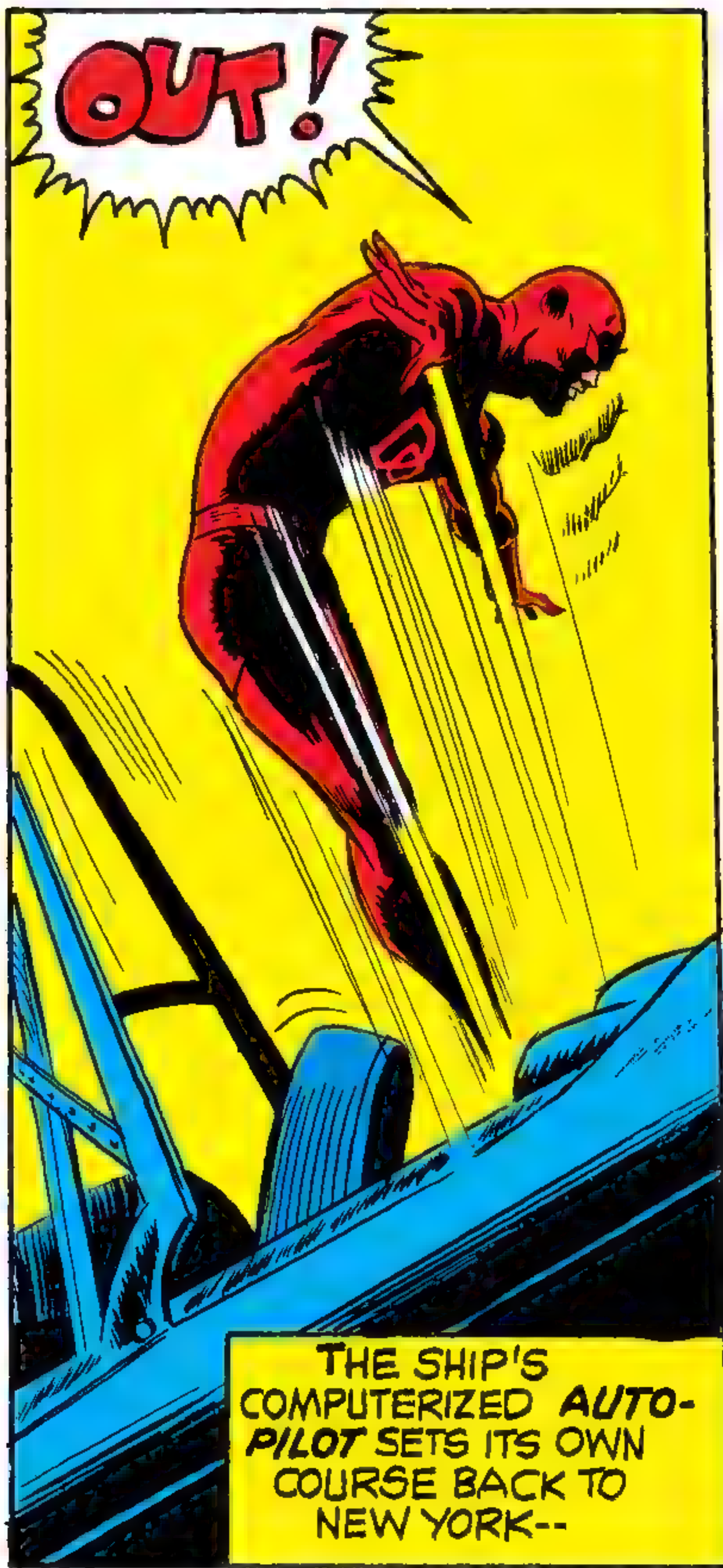
"ROBBERY"--SPELLED
A-C-T-I-O-N!

JUST WHAT
THE **SHRINK**
WOULD'VE
ORDERED!

5000...
OVER WE
GO!



OVER
AND--



OUT!

THE SHIP'S
COMPUTERIZED **AUTO-PILOT** SETS ITS OWN
COURSE BACK TO
NEW YORK--

--AND THE MAN
WITHOUT FEAR
WHIRLS OUT AND
AWAY, DOWN
AND
AROUND--!



FOR THE *MOMENT*, AT LEAST, HIS PAIN IS LEFT BEHIND, AS HE
GOES LAUGHING--SPINNING--SLINGING MADLY ACROSS THE
SUN! AND *THEN--*



--PANIC!!

THE *WORLD* FLASHES AWAY--AND WITH IT, *DD'S*
DELICATE *EQUILIBRIUM*!

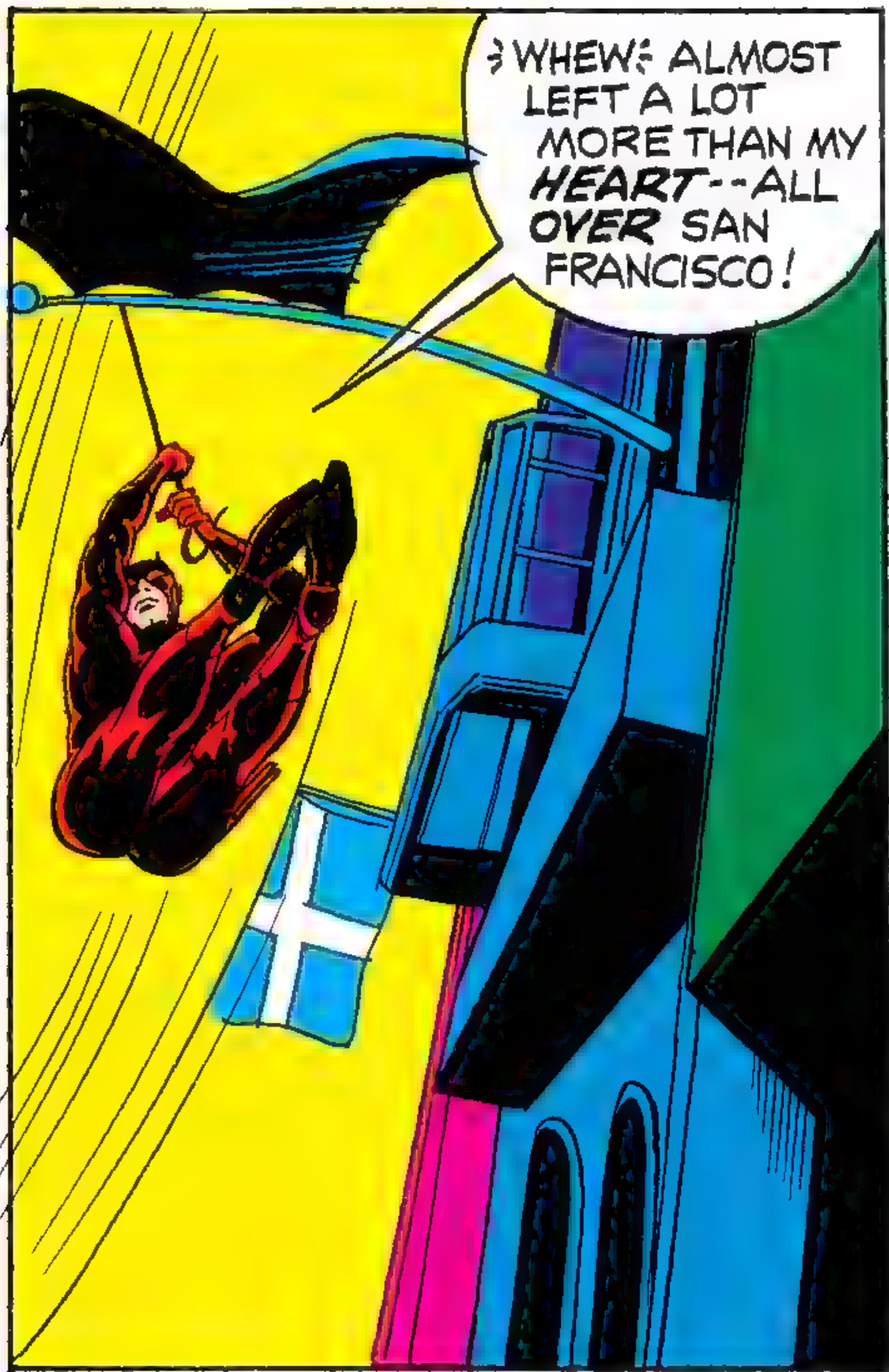


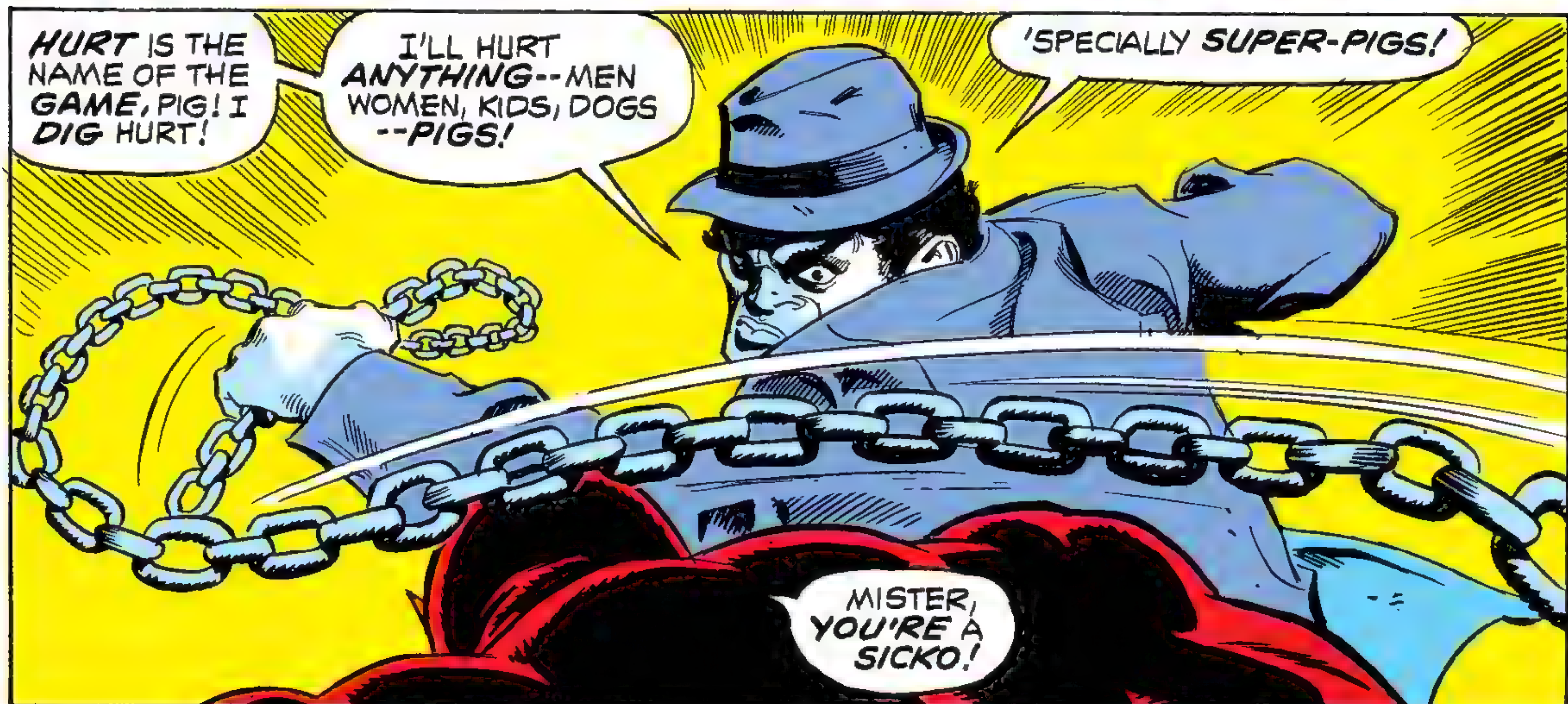
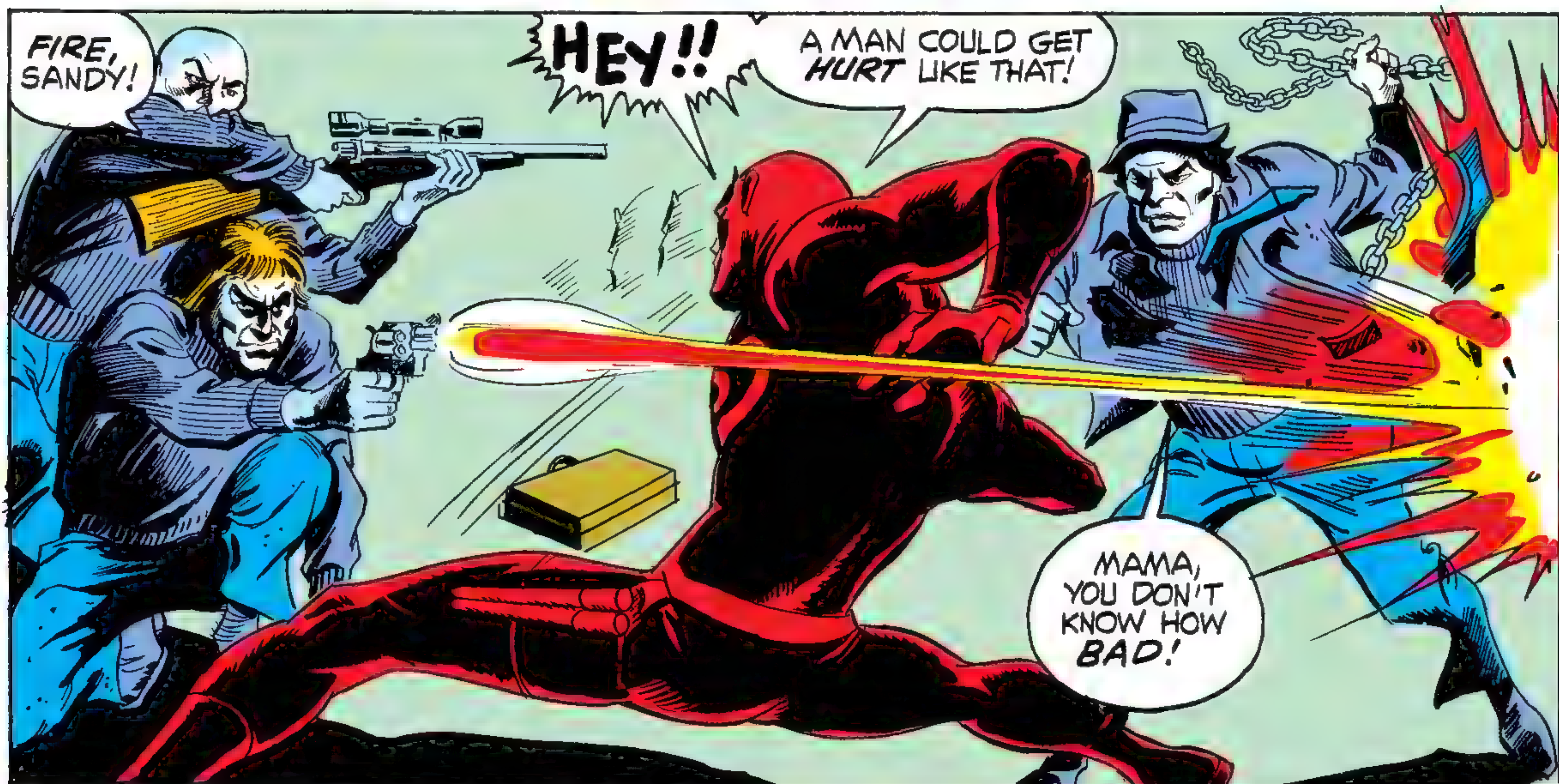
FALLING--!

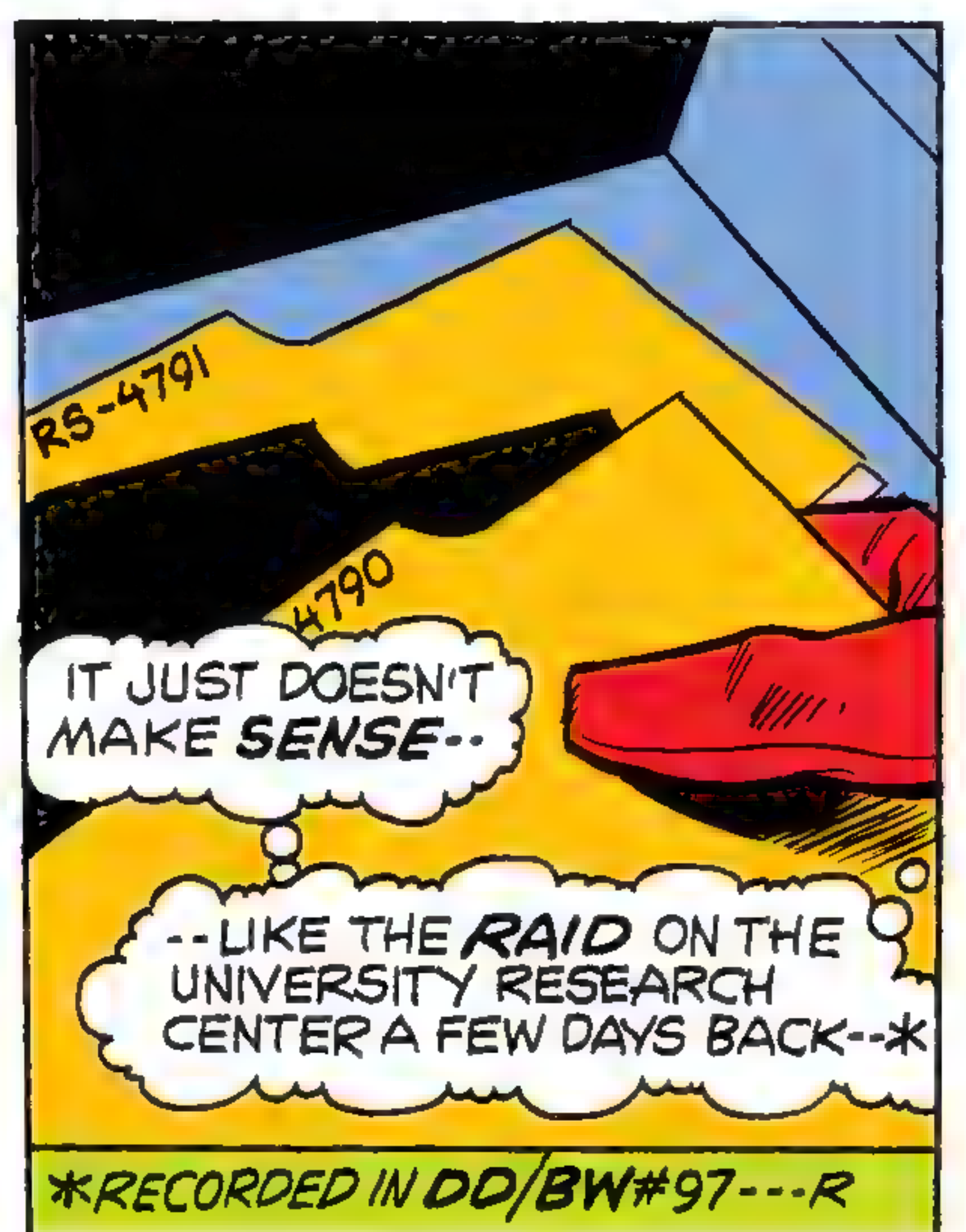
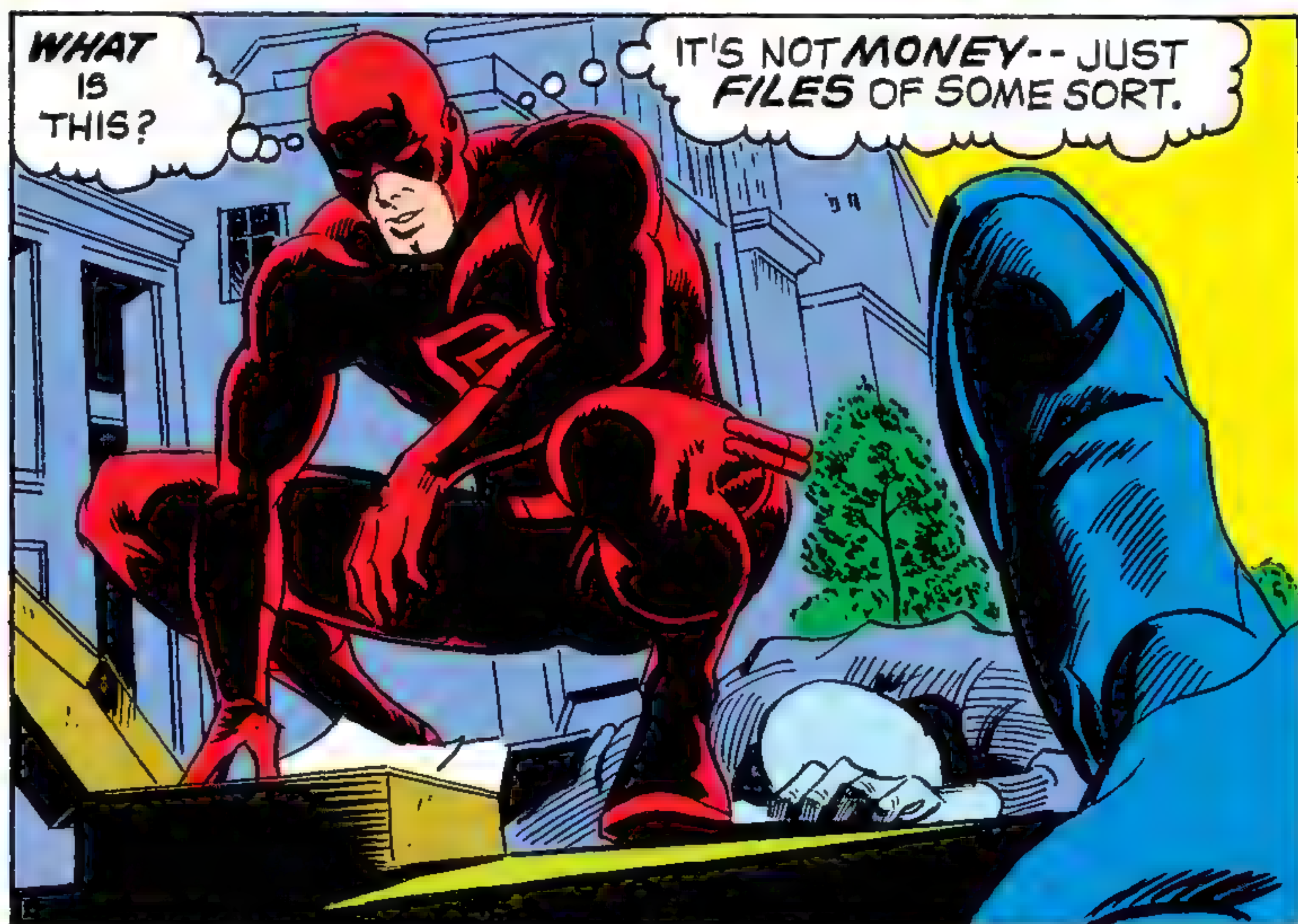
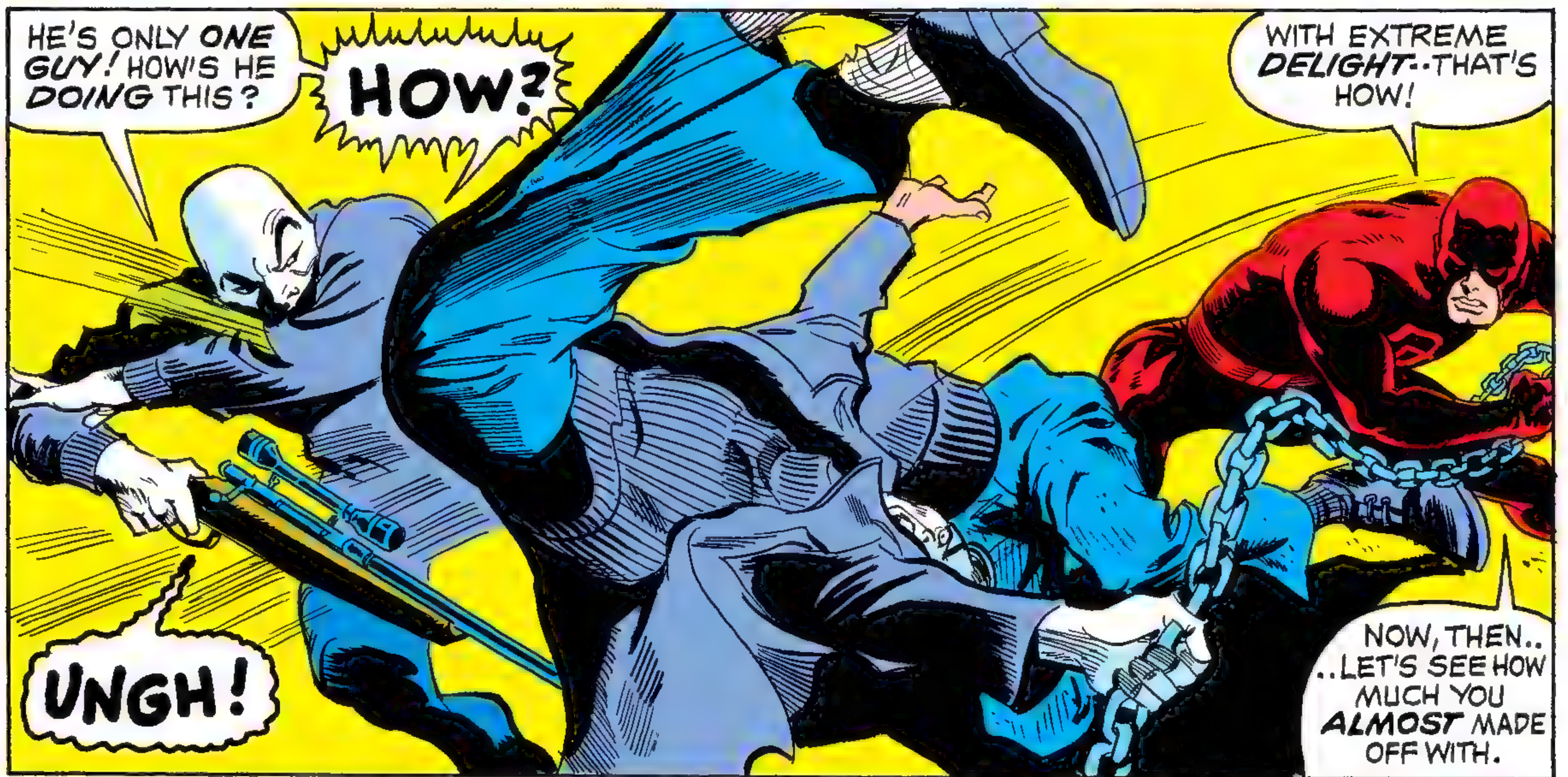
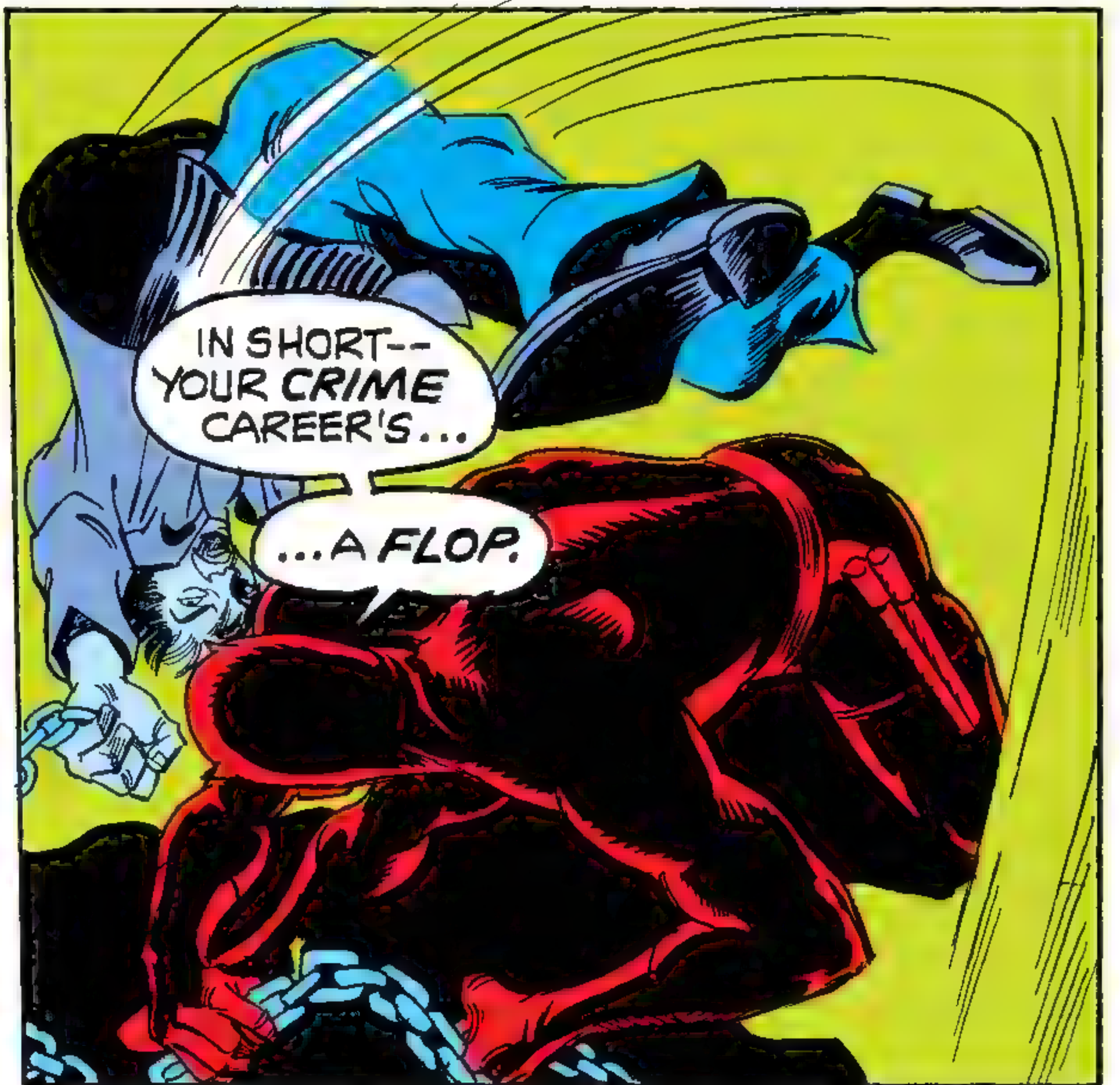
WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO ME??

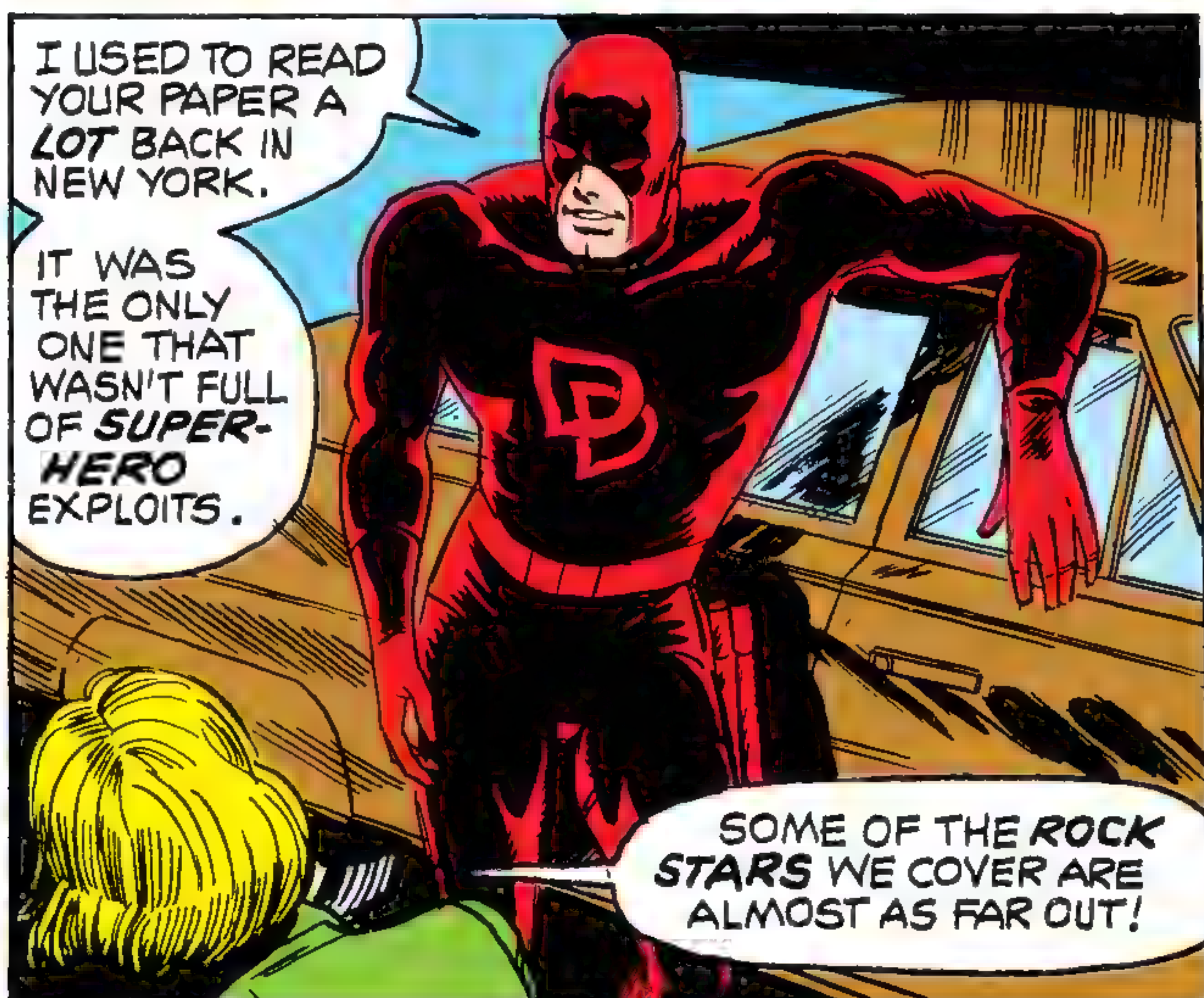
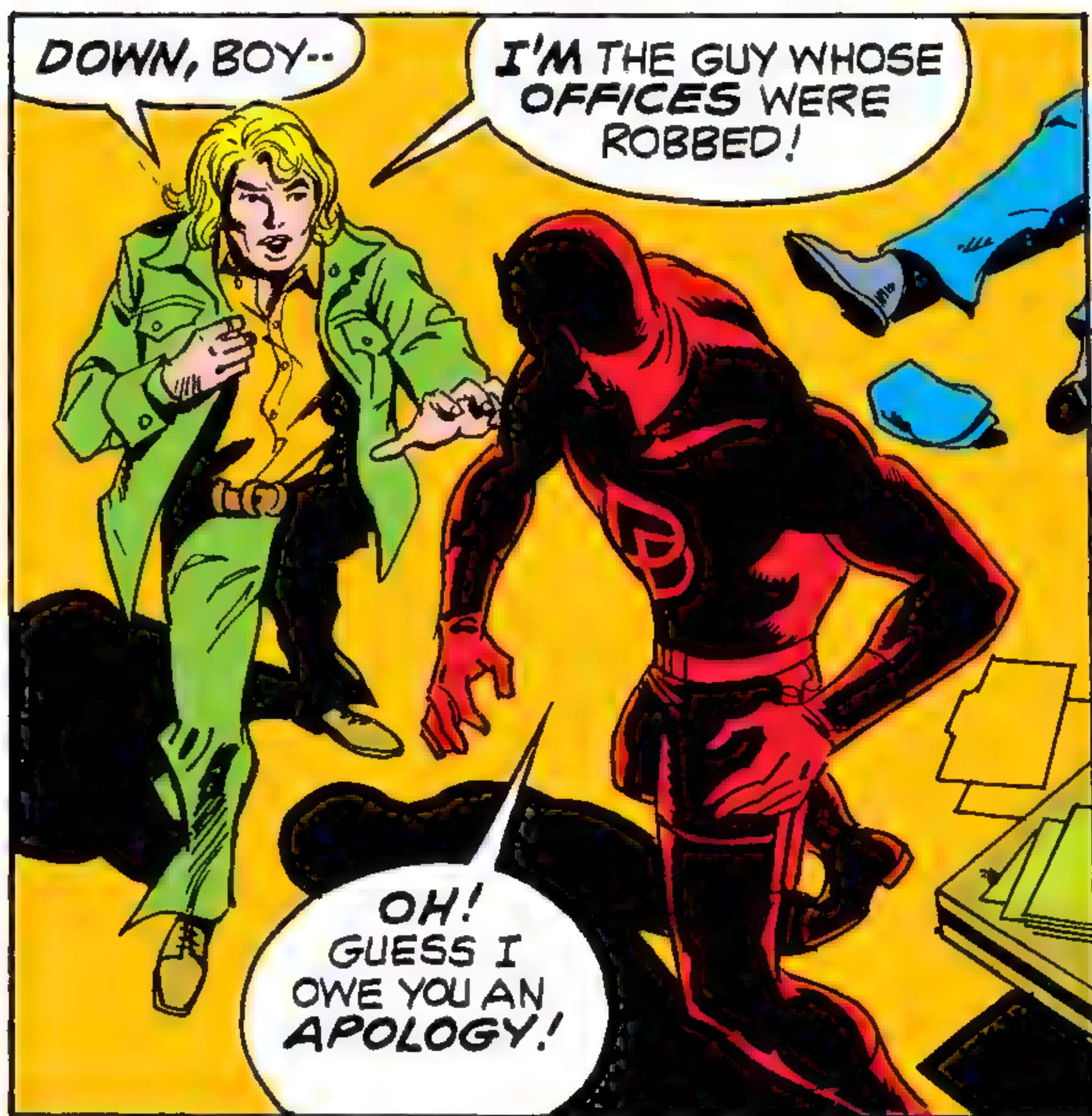
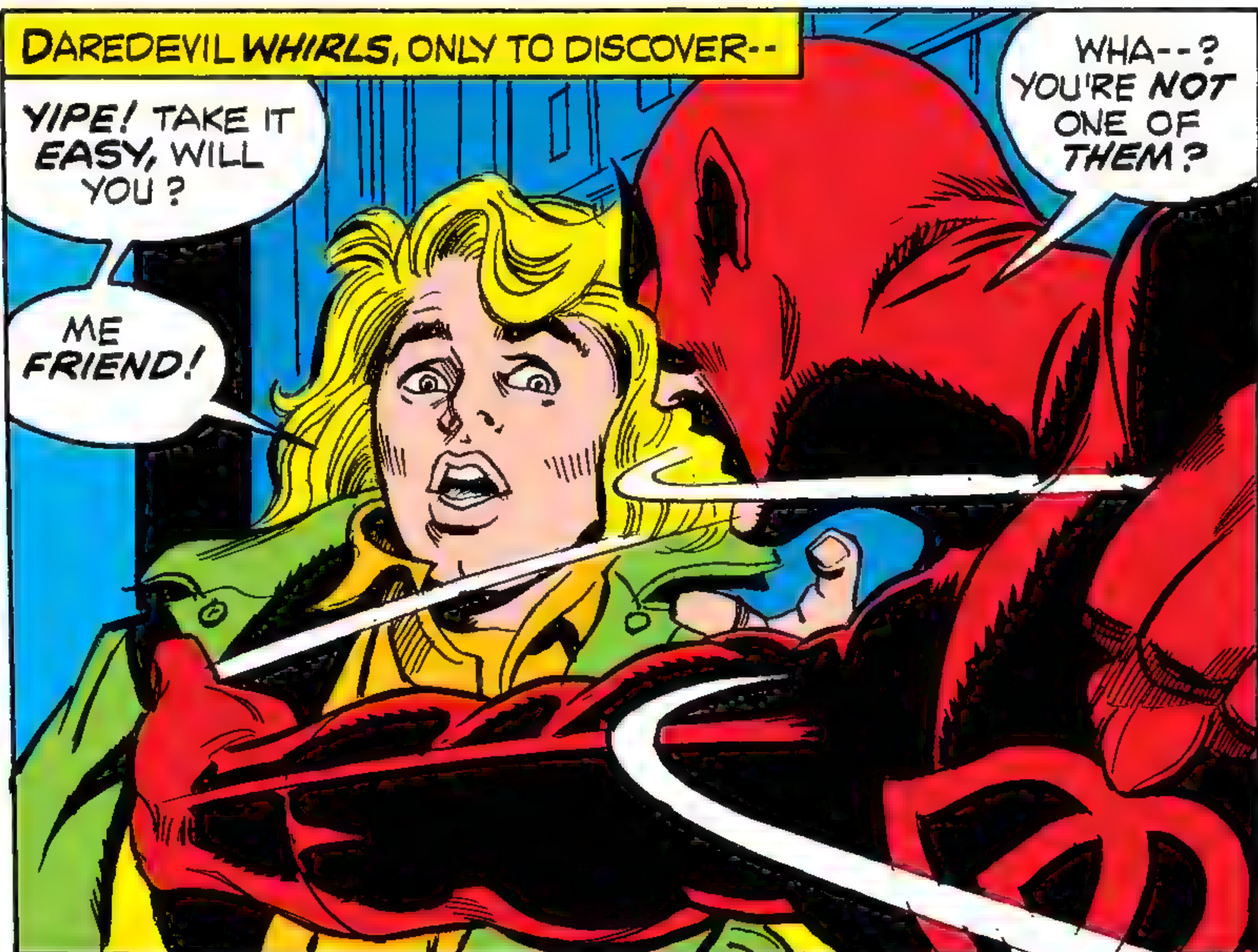


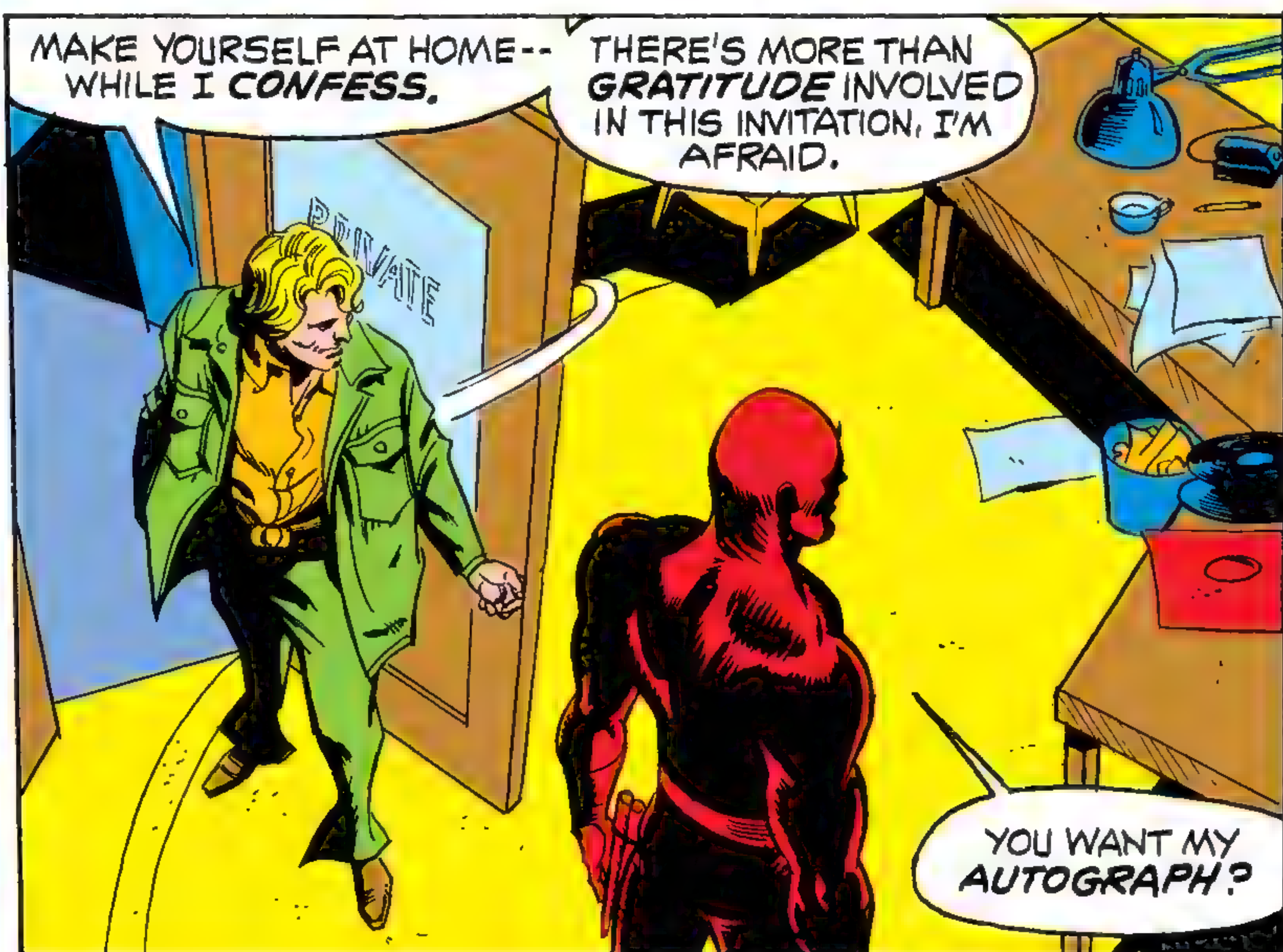
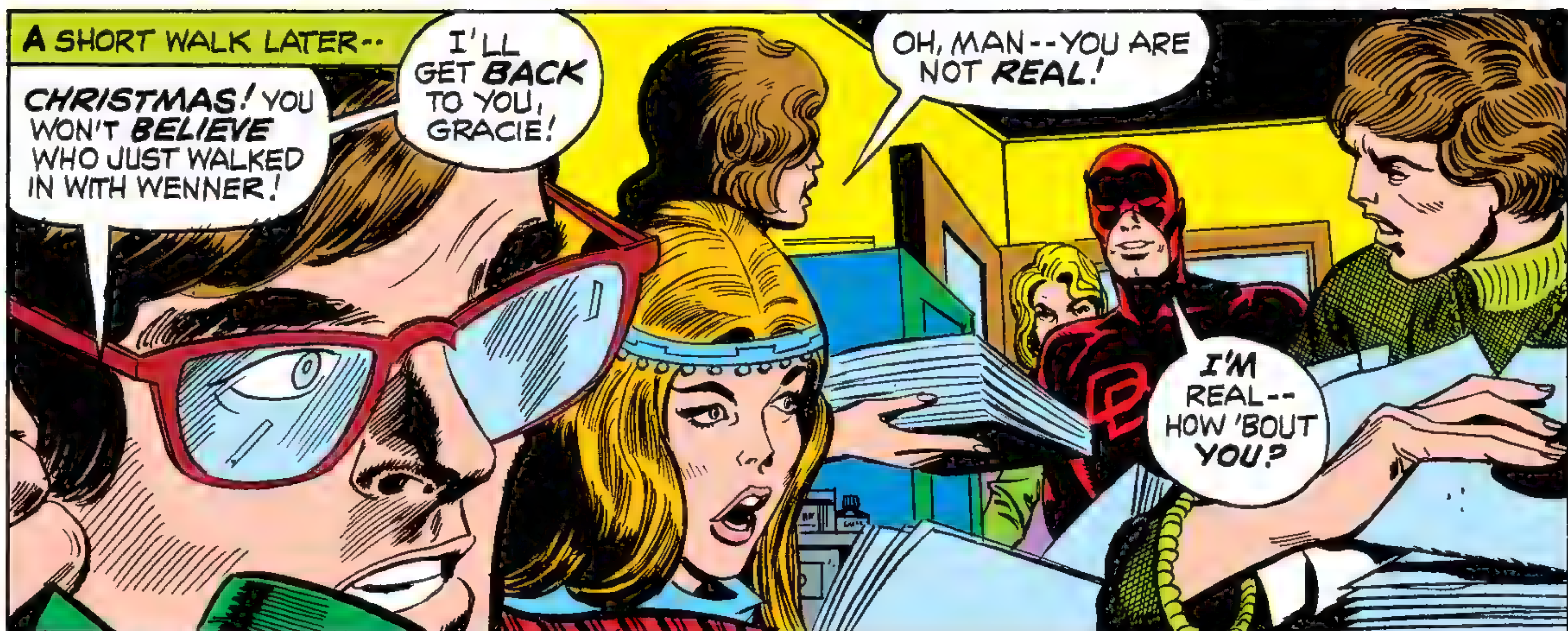
REALITY SNAPS BACK
SUDDENLY INTO FOCUS--
AND INSTINCTIVELY,
DESPERATELY, *DD* REACTS!

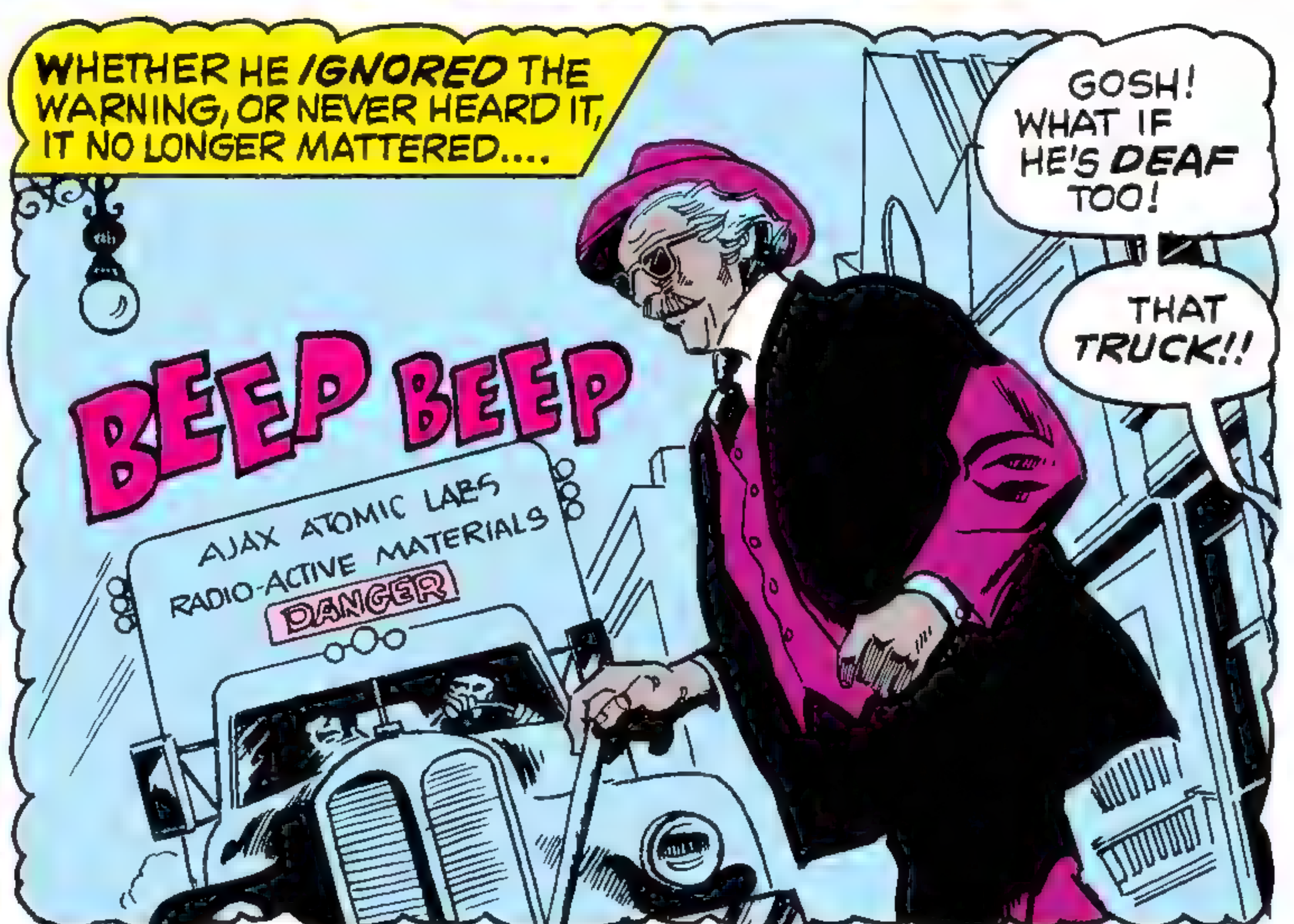
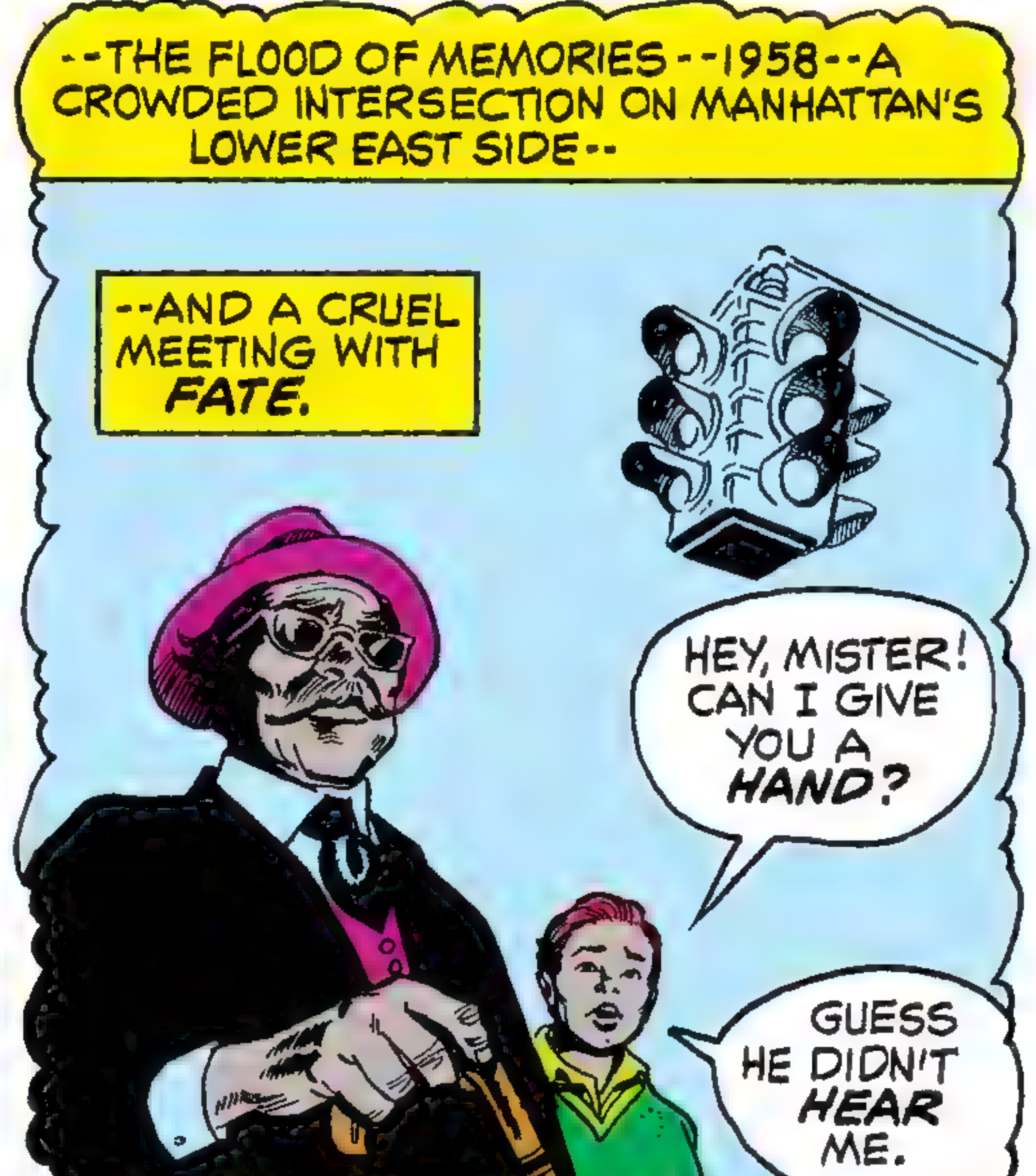














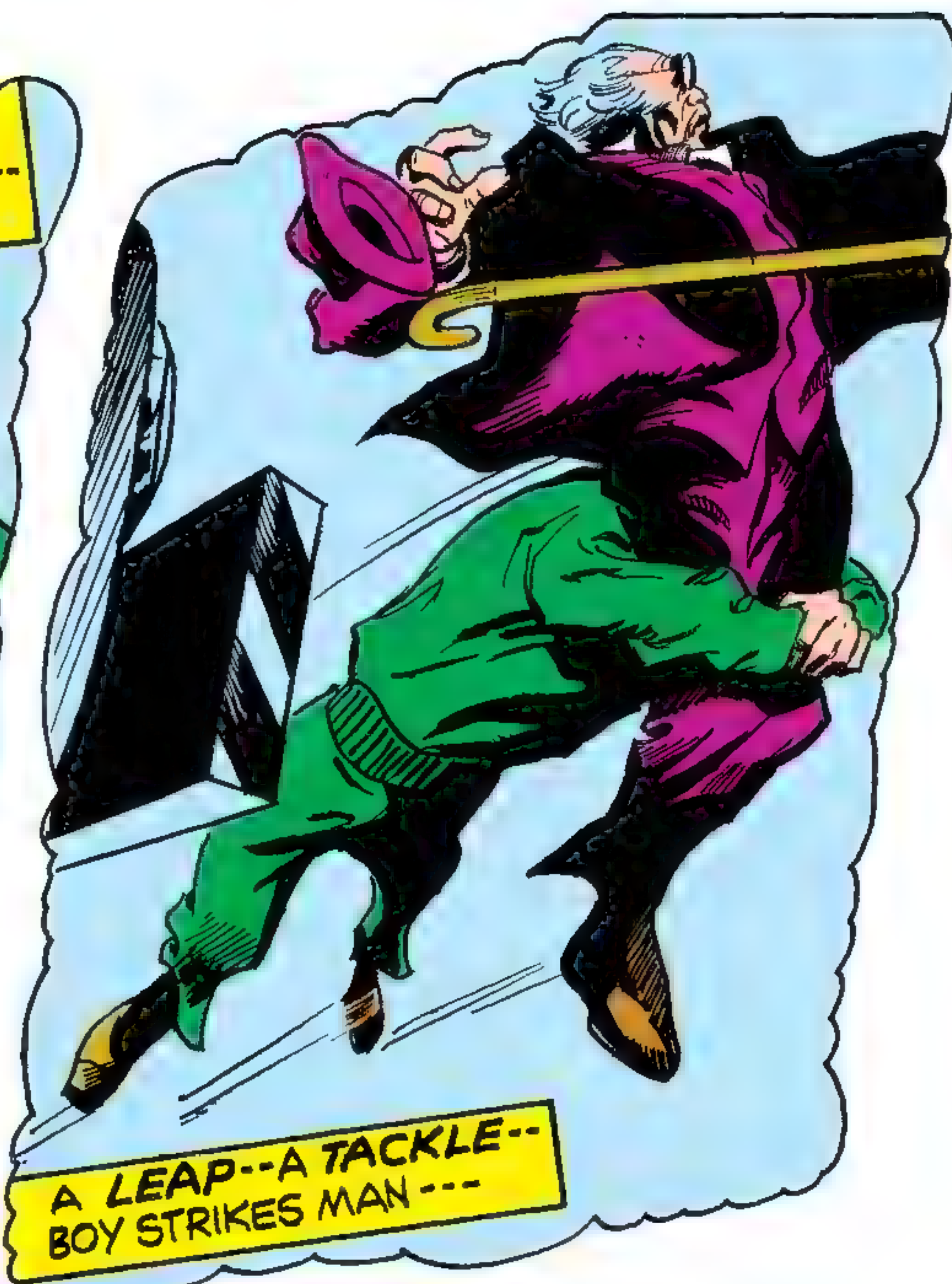
TURMOIL: NERVE ENDINGS
BRISTLE--HORN SOUNDS
DEATH MESSAGE--
SIGHTS HARD TO
RECALL--

--BUT FEELINGS, SOUNDS
COME **RUSHING** BACK--
HEART POUNDING, MUSCLES
TAUT---



DECISION MADE!
BOUNGING FORWARD--
HAVE TO **SAVE** HIM--

--**WHATEVER**
THE COST---



A **LEAP**--A **TACKLE**--
BOY STRIKES MAN---



TRUCK STRIKES BOY!

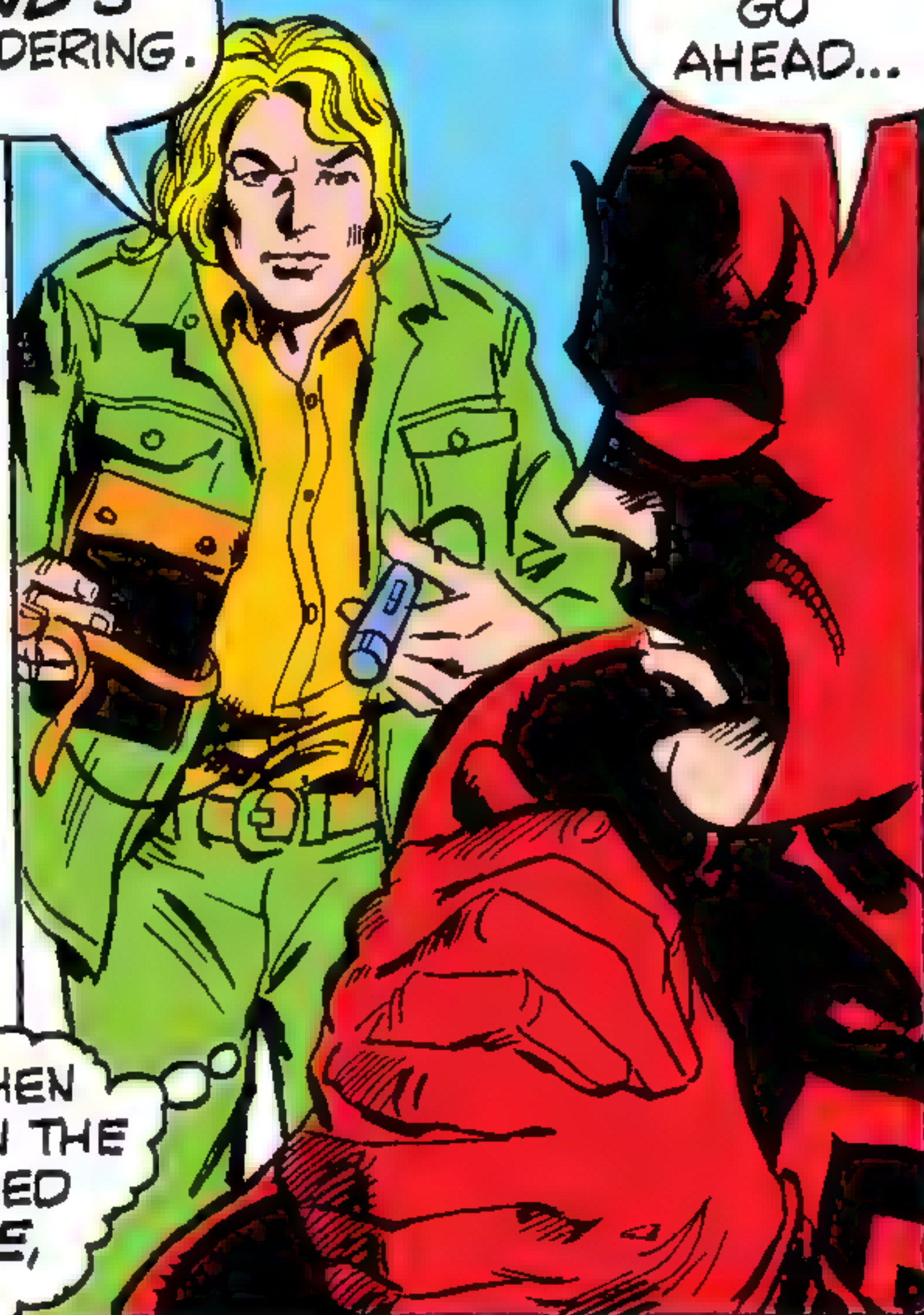
"MY EYES!"--
BLACKNESS!

OF COURSE, WHEN
I **AWOKE** LATER IN THE
HOSPITAL, I DISCOVERED
MY **RADAR SENSE**,
AND--

AHEM!
UH, DD--
YOUR
MIND'S
WANDERING.

MAY WE
CONTINUE?

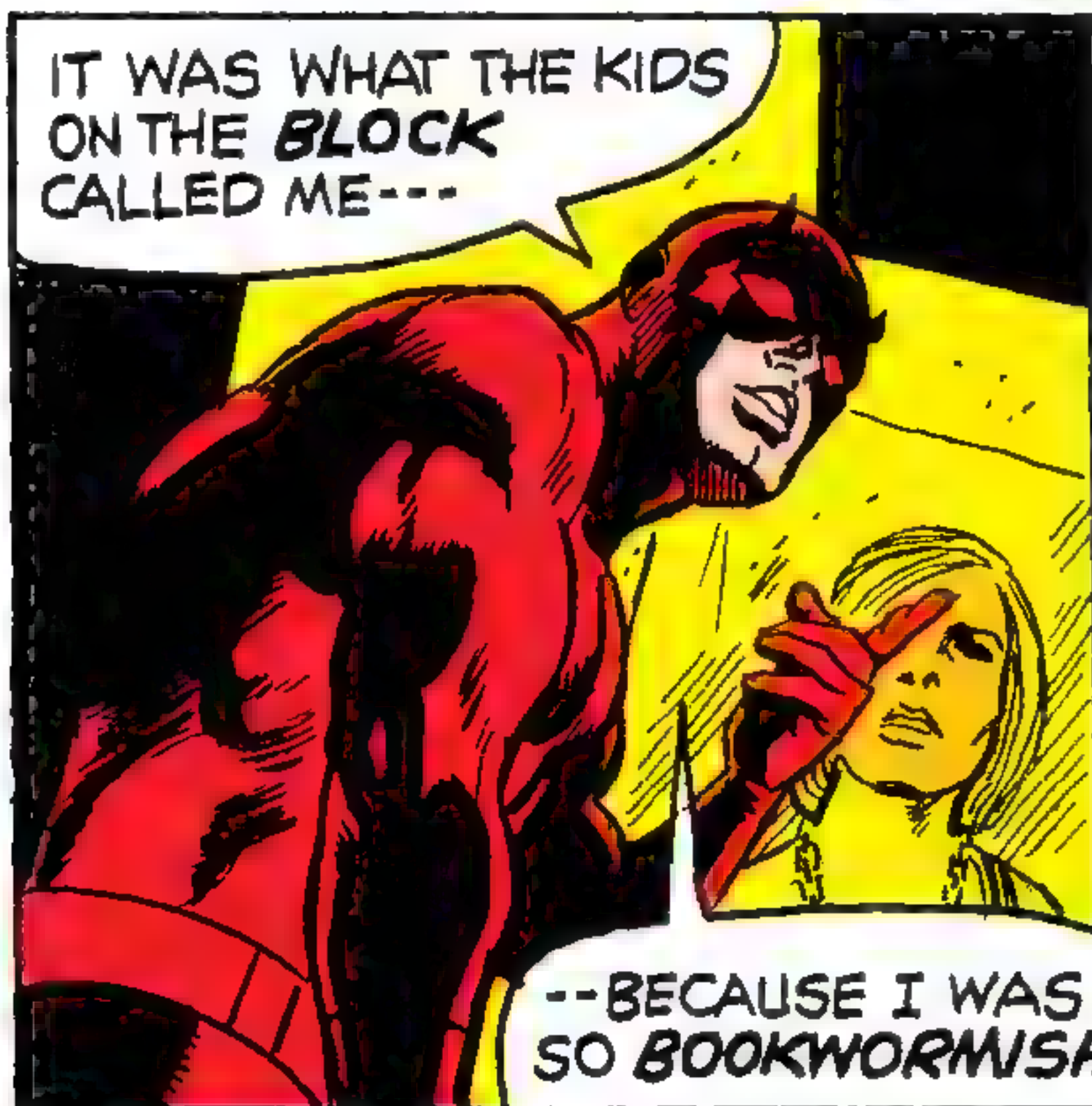
HMMM...?
OH! SURE,
GO
AHEAD...



I'M CURIOUS ABOUT YOUR
NAME. HOW DID YOU
HAPPEN TO CHOOSE
"DAREDEVIL"?

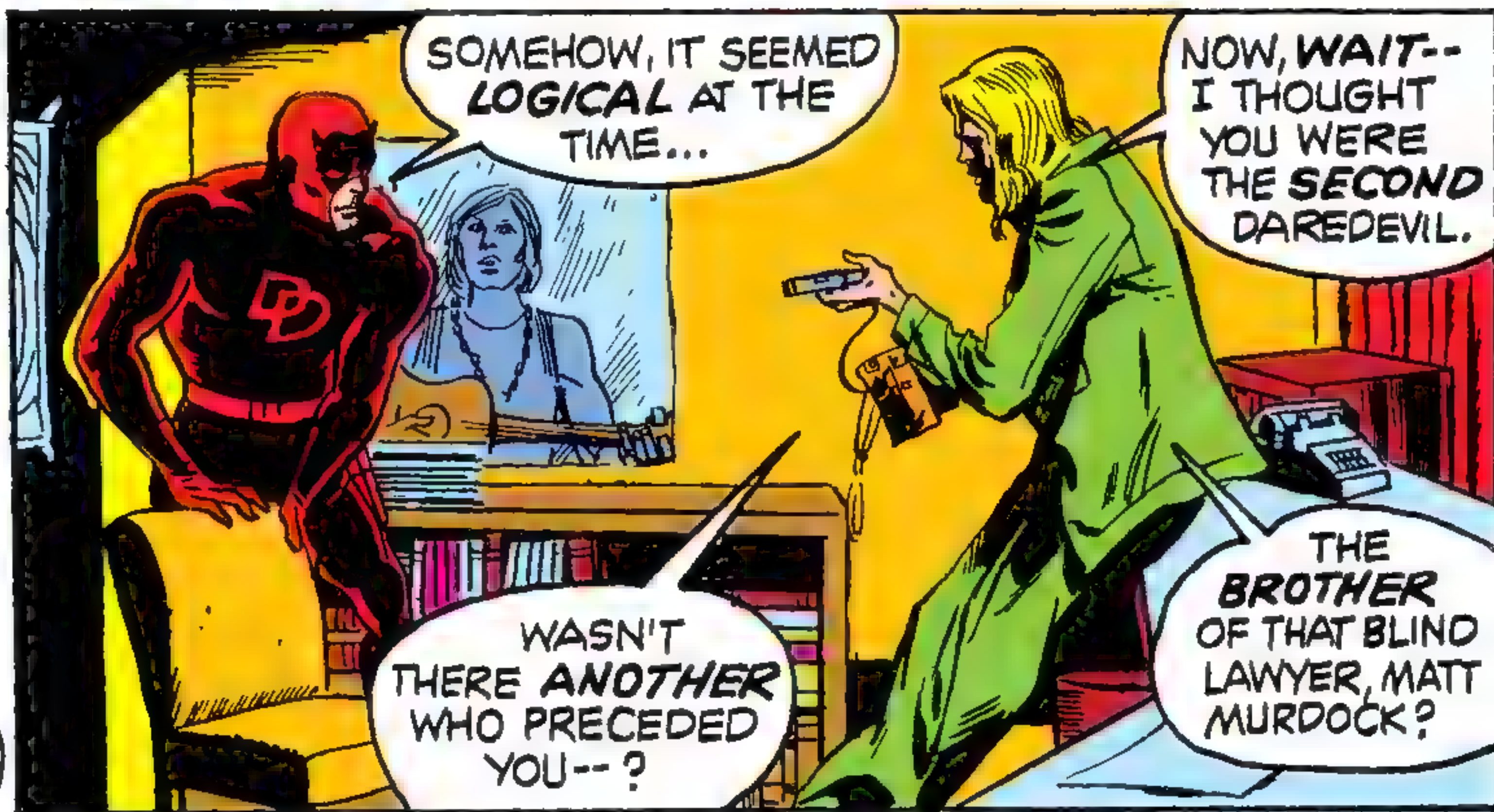


YOU
WON'T BELIEVE
THIS, EITHER.



IT WAS WHAT THE KIDS
ON THE **BLOCK**
CALLED ME---

--BECAUSE I WAS
SO **BOOKWORMISH**.



SOMEHOW, IT SEEMED
LOGICAL AT THE
TIME...

WASN'T
THERE **ANOTHER**
WHO PRECEDED
YOU--?

NOW, **WAIT**--
I THOUGHT
YOU WERE
THE **SECOND**
DAREDEVIL.

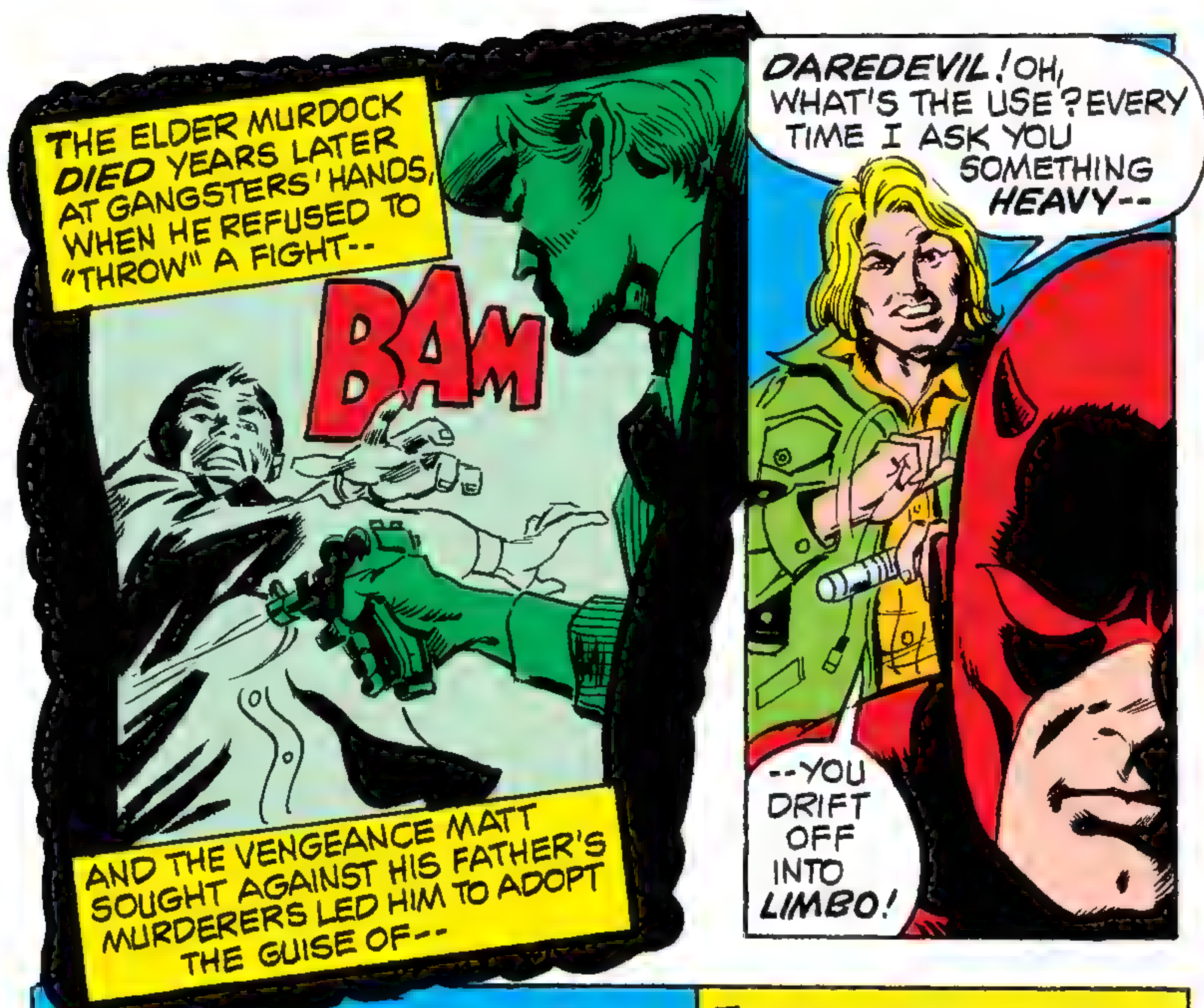
THE
BROTHER
OF THAT BLIND
LAWYER, MATT
MURDOCK?



BATTLING MURDOCK, A PRIZEFIGHTER PAST HIS PRIME-- WHOSE ONLY HOPE OF JUSTIFYING HIS EXISTENCE RESTS IN HIS **SON**.

AND YOUNG **MATT MURDOCK**, WHO COULD NOT CONFINED HIMSELF TO SCHOLARLY PURSUITS, AND SO TRAINED **SECRETLY**--





THE EARTH YAWNS OPEN *BENEATH* THEM--

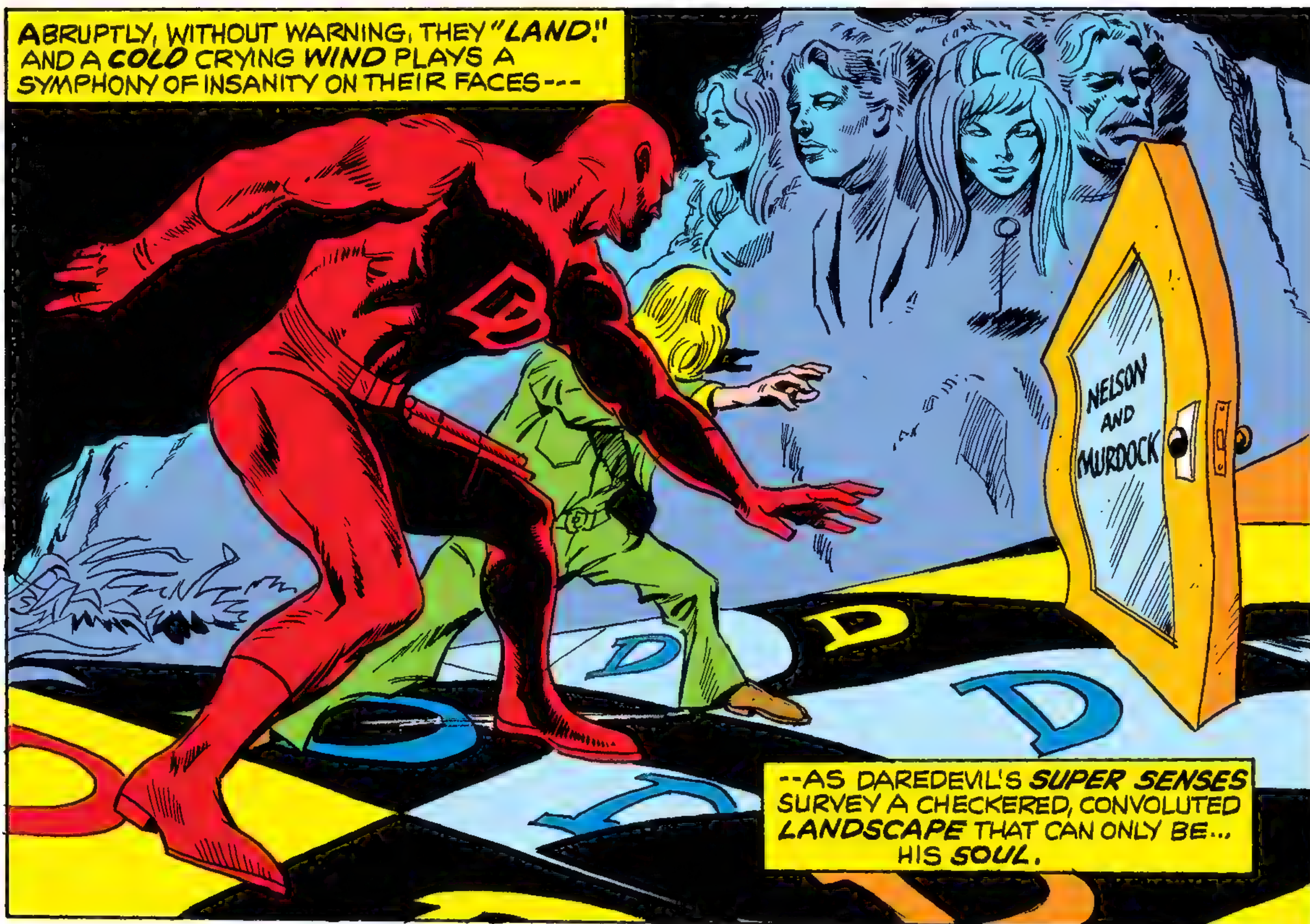


--AND THEY PLUNGE INTO THE *VOID*.

AND, THEN, FROM A DARK
CORNER OF SPACE--

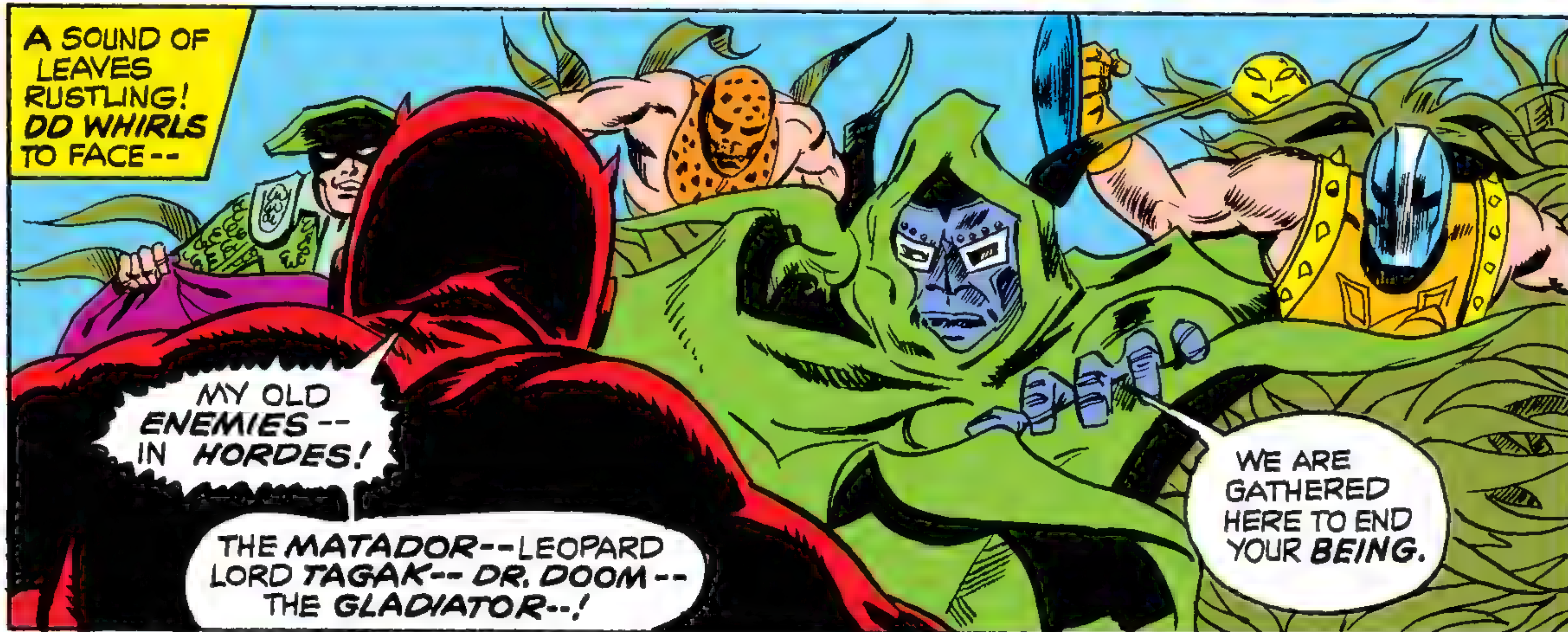


ABRUPTLY, WITHOUT WARNING, THEY "LAND!"
AND A **COLD** CRYING WIND PLAYS A
SYMPHONY OF INSANITY ON THEIR FACES---



--AS DAREDEVIL'S **SUPER SENSES**
SURVEY A CHECKERED, CONVOLUTED
LANDSCAPE THAT CAN ONLY BE...
HIS **SOUL**.

A SOUND OF
LEAVES
RUSTLING!
DD WHIRLS
TO FACE--



MY OLD
ENEMIES--
IN **HORDES!**

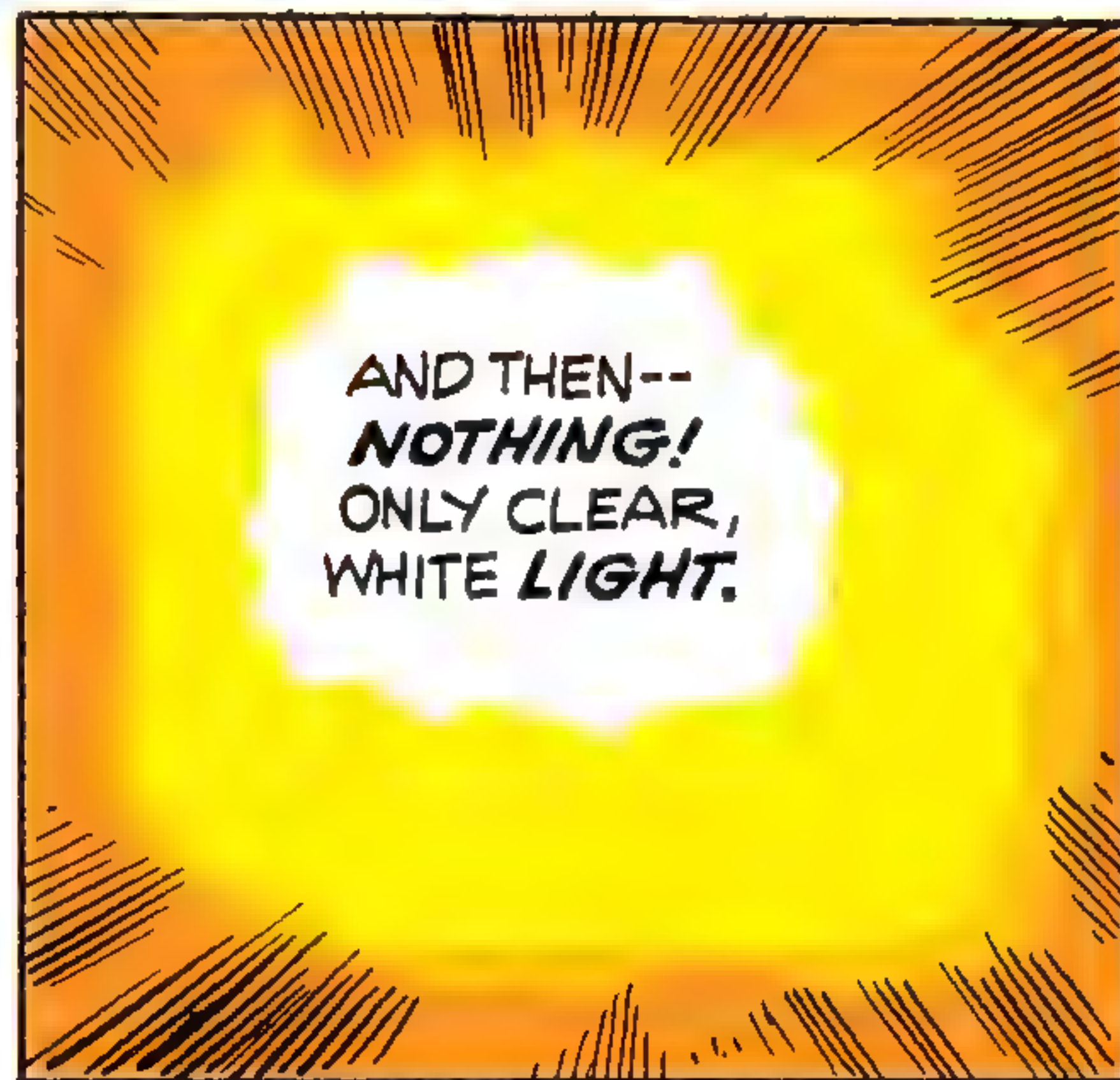
THE **MATADOR--LEOPARD**
LORD **TAGAK-- DR. DOOM--**
THE **GLADIATOR--!**

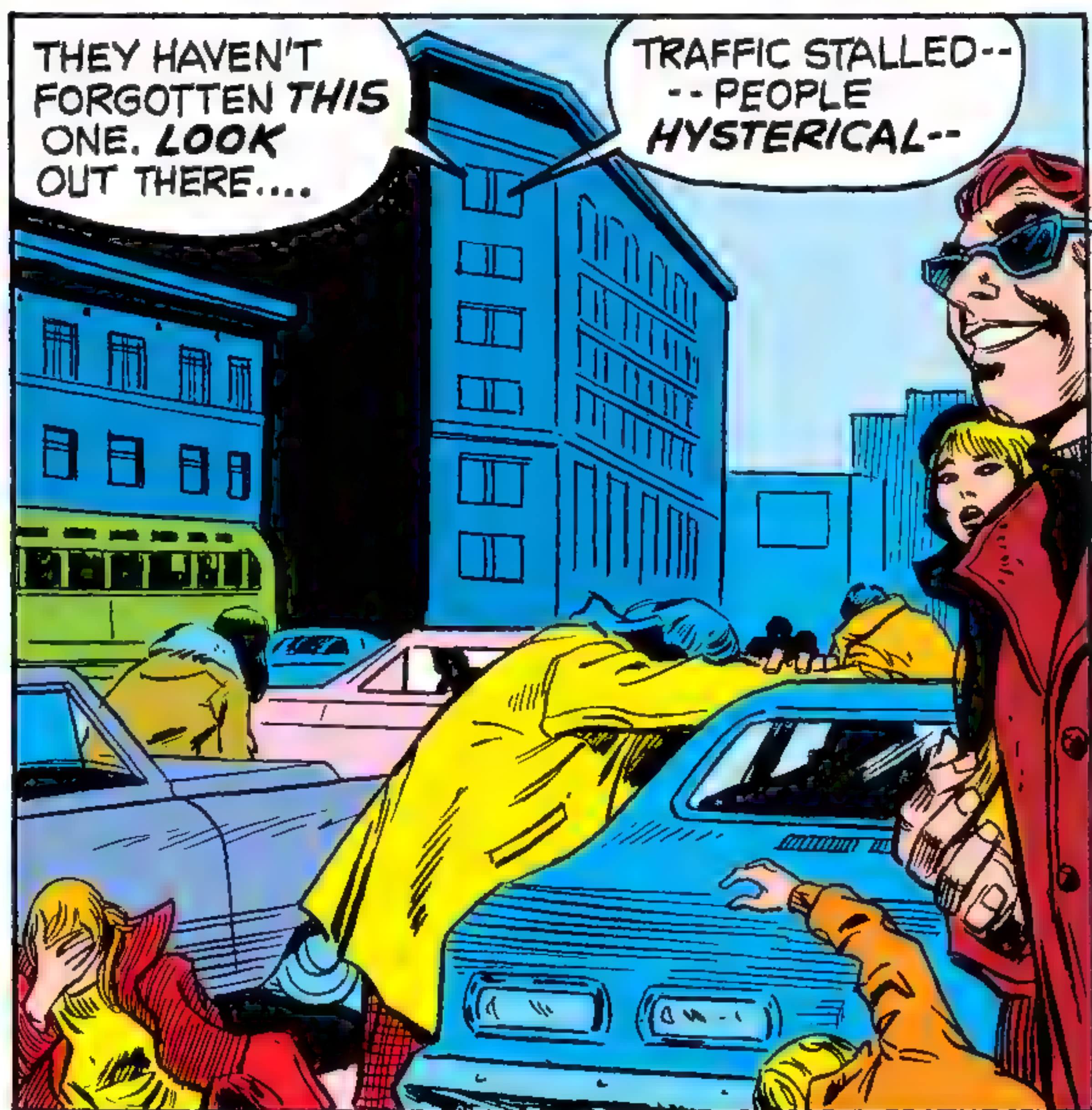
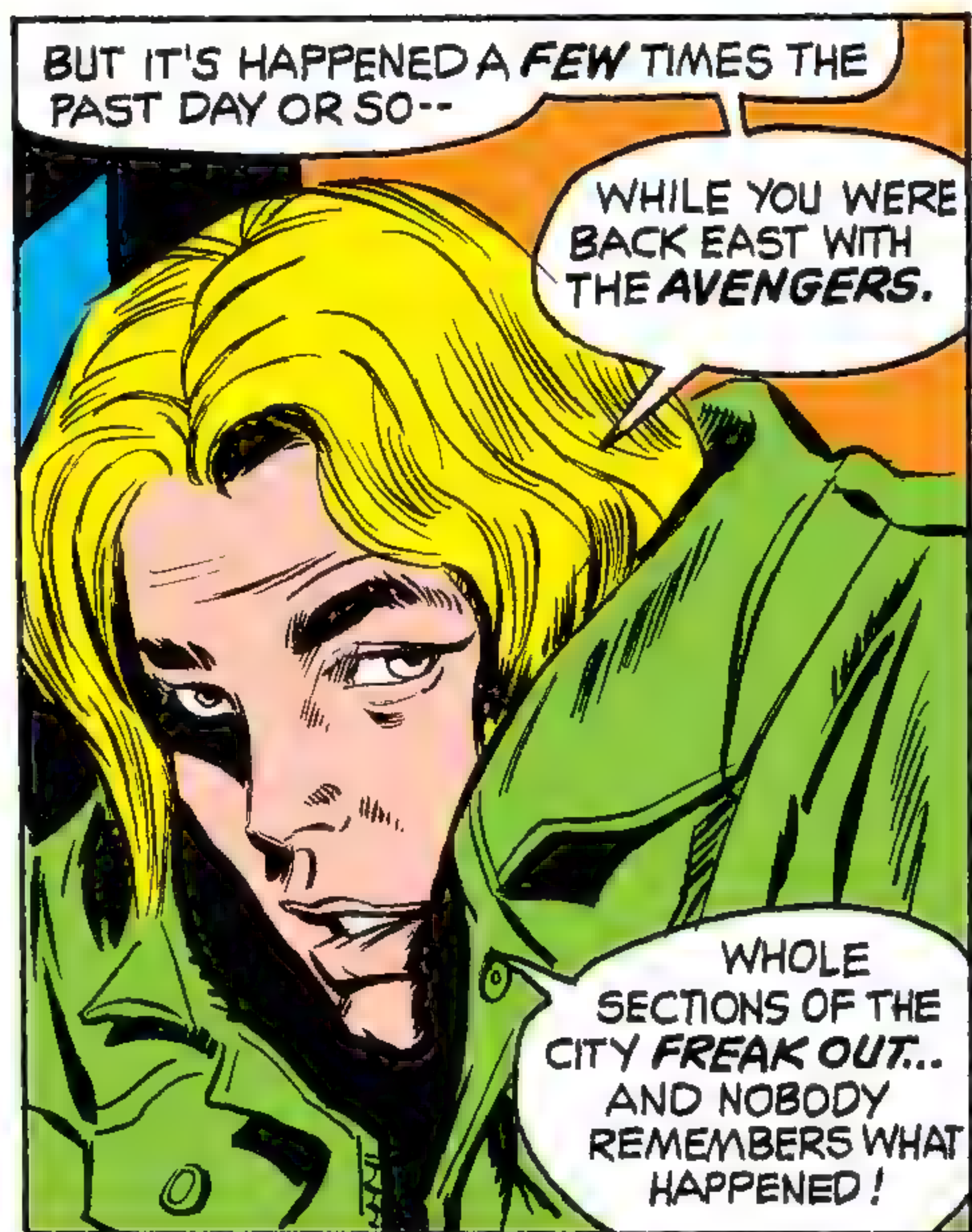
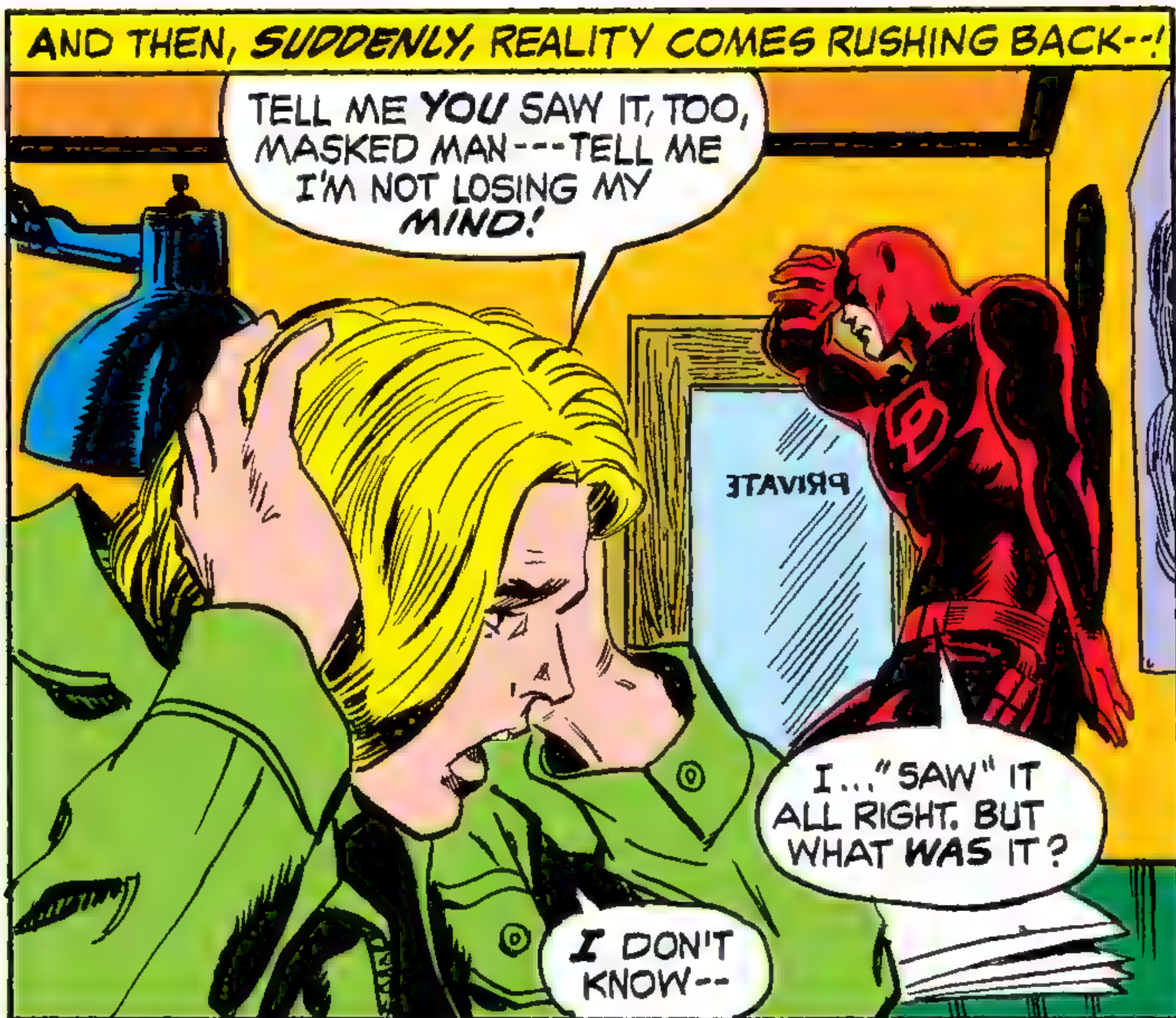
WE ARE
GATHERED
HERE TO END
YOUR **BEING**.

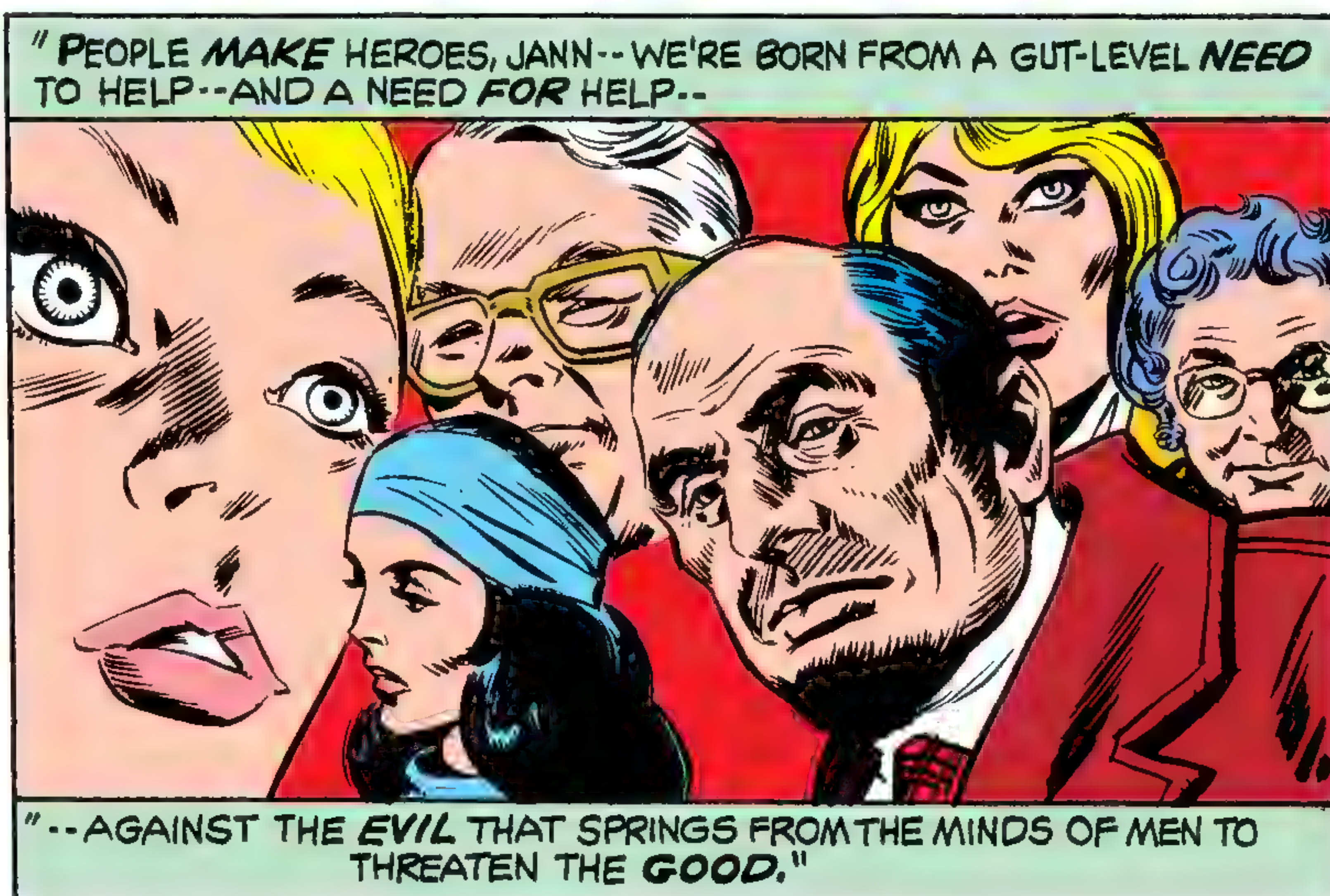
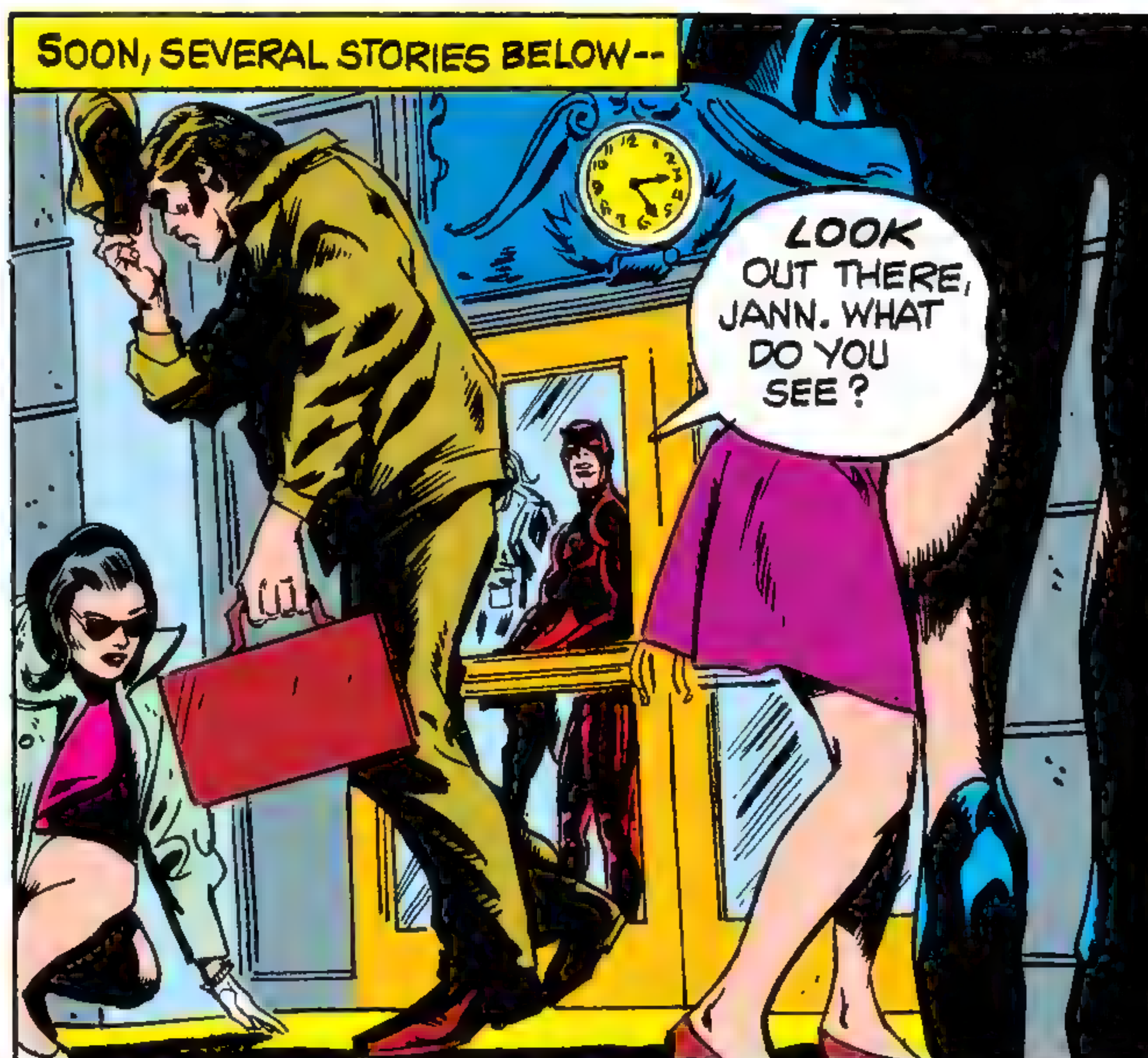
TOO MANY OF THEM--
THERE'S NO **ESCAPE!**
WE'VE **HAD IT!**

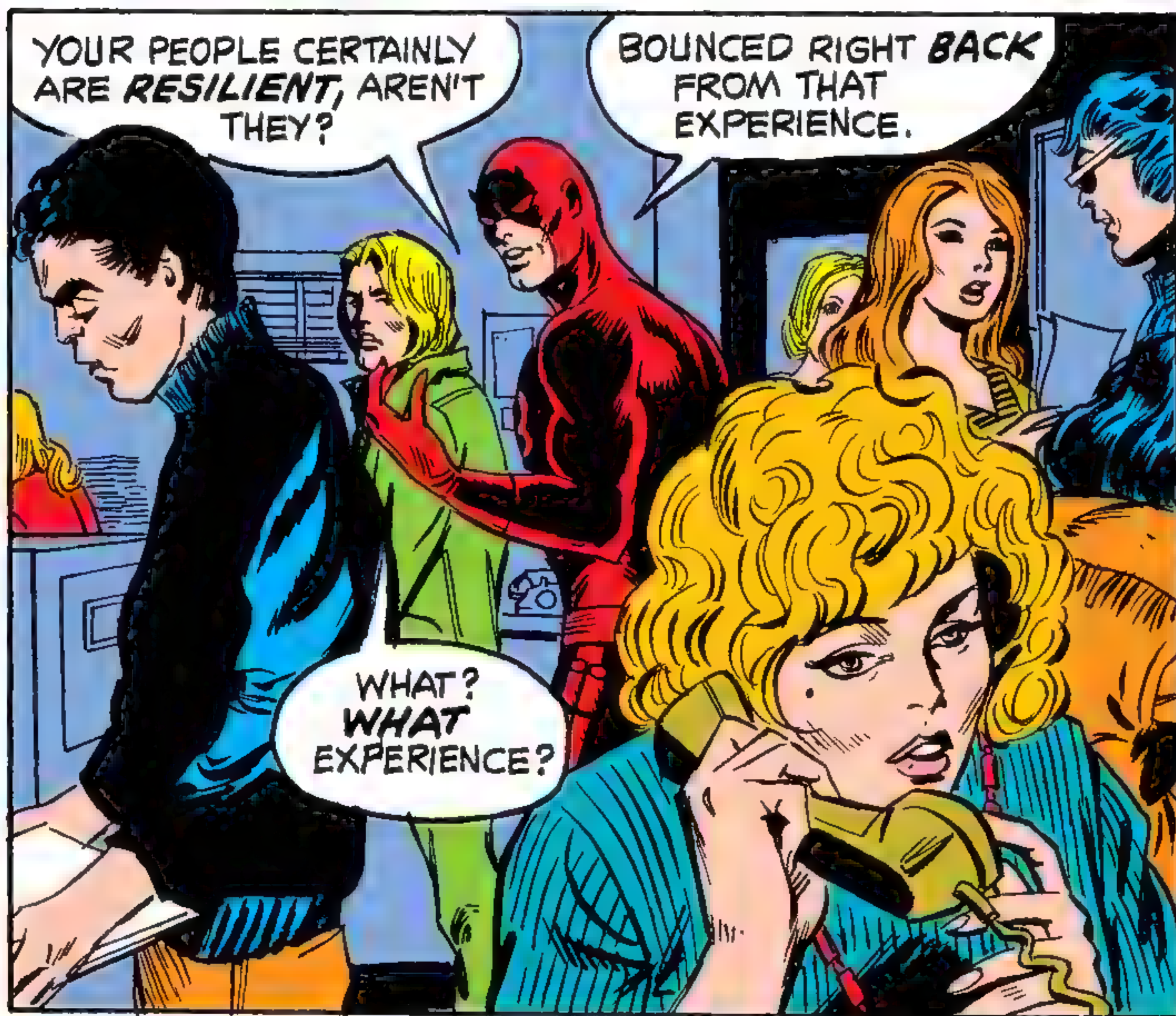
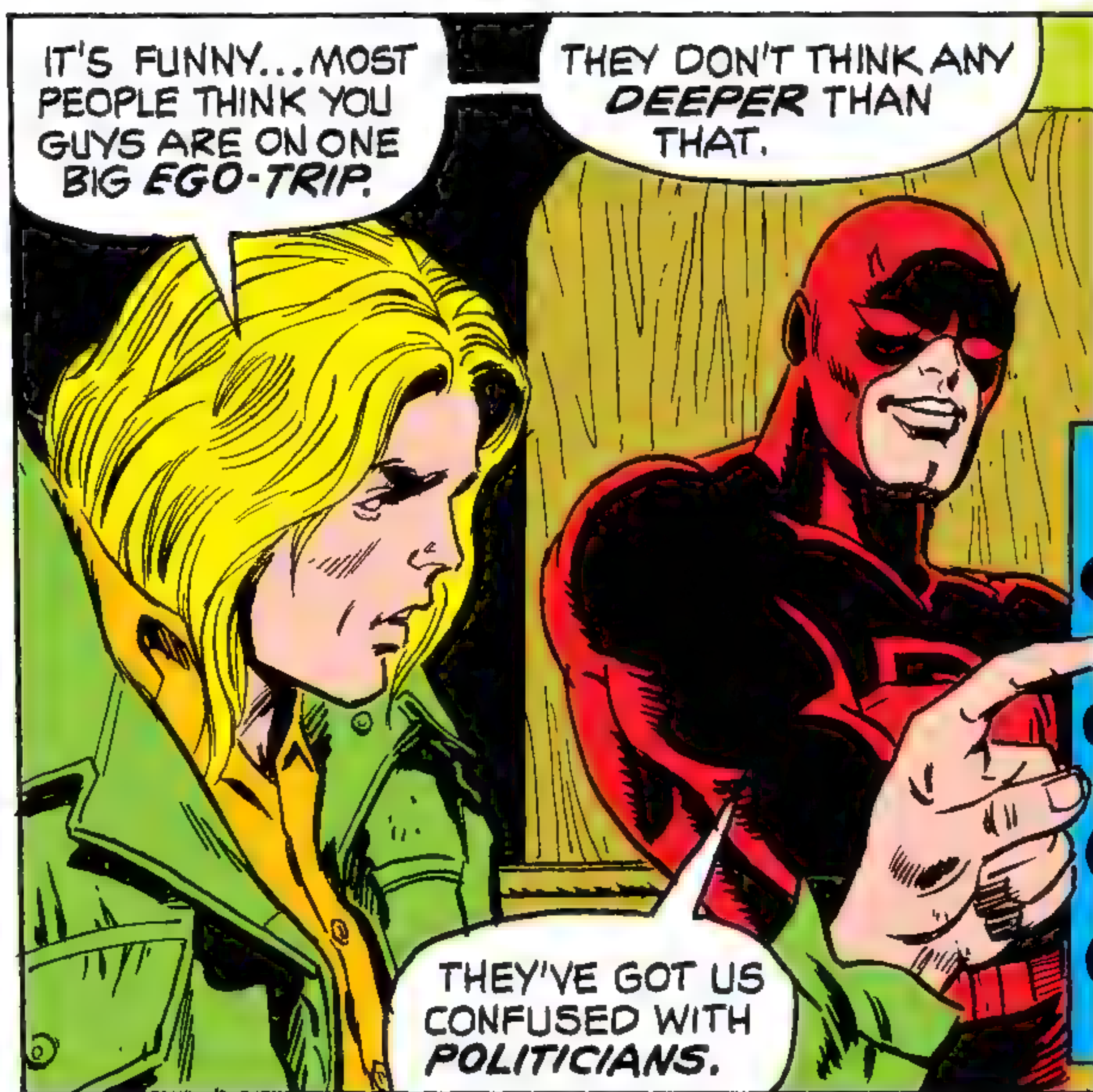


AND THEN--
NOTHING!
ONLY CLEAR,
WHITE **LIGHT**.







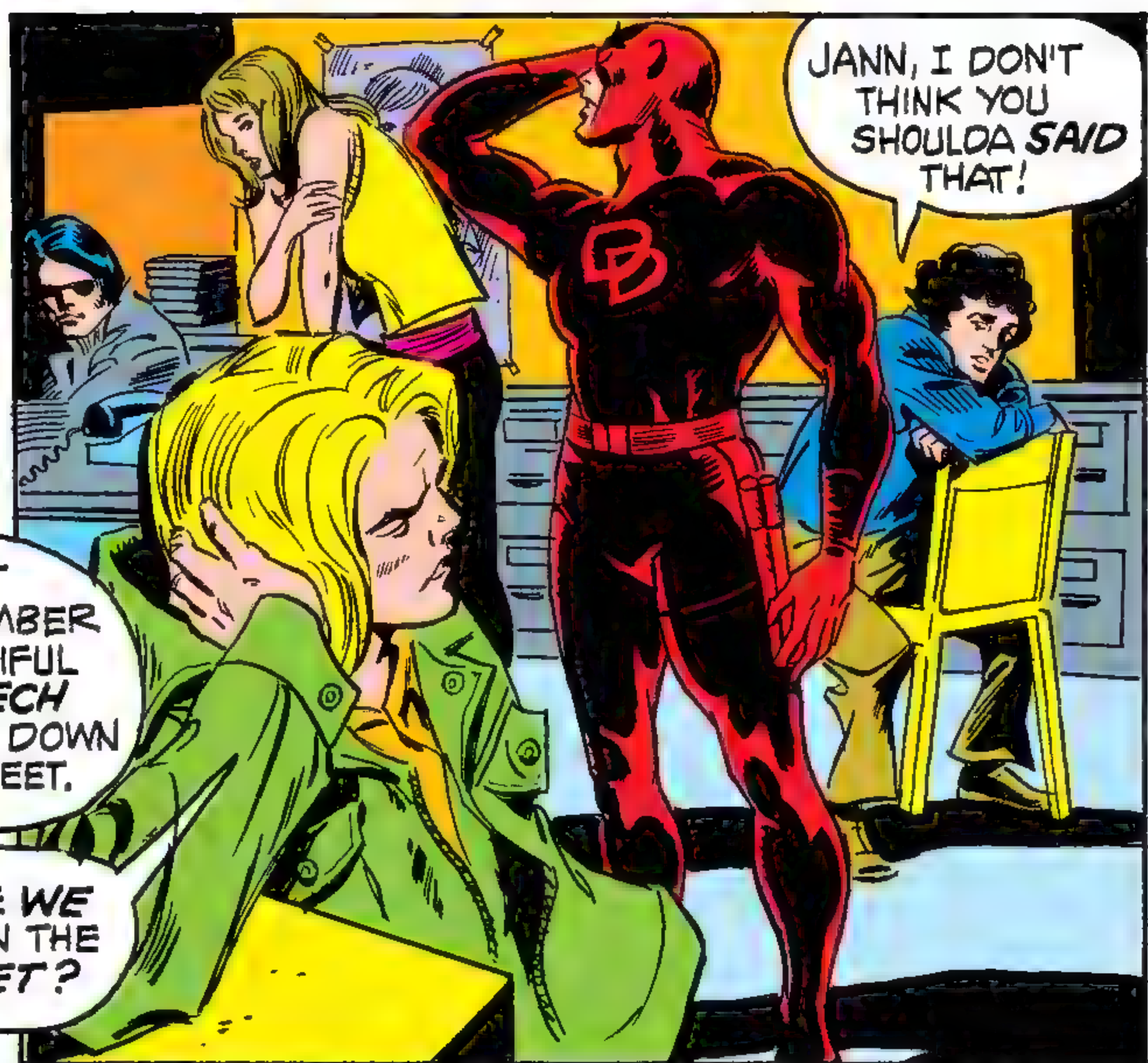




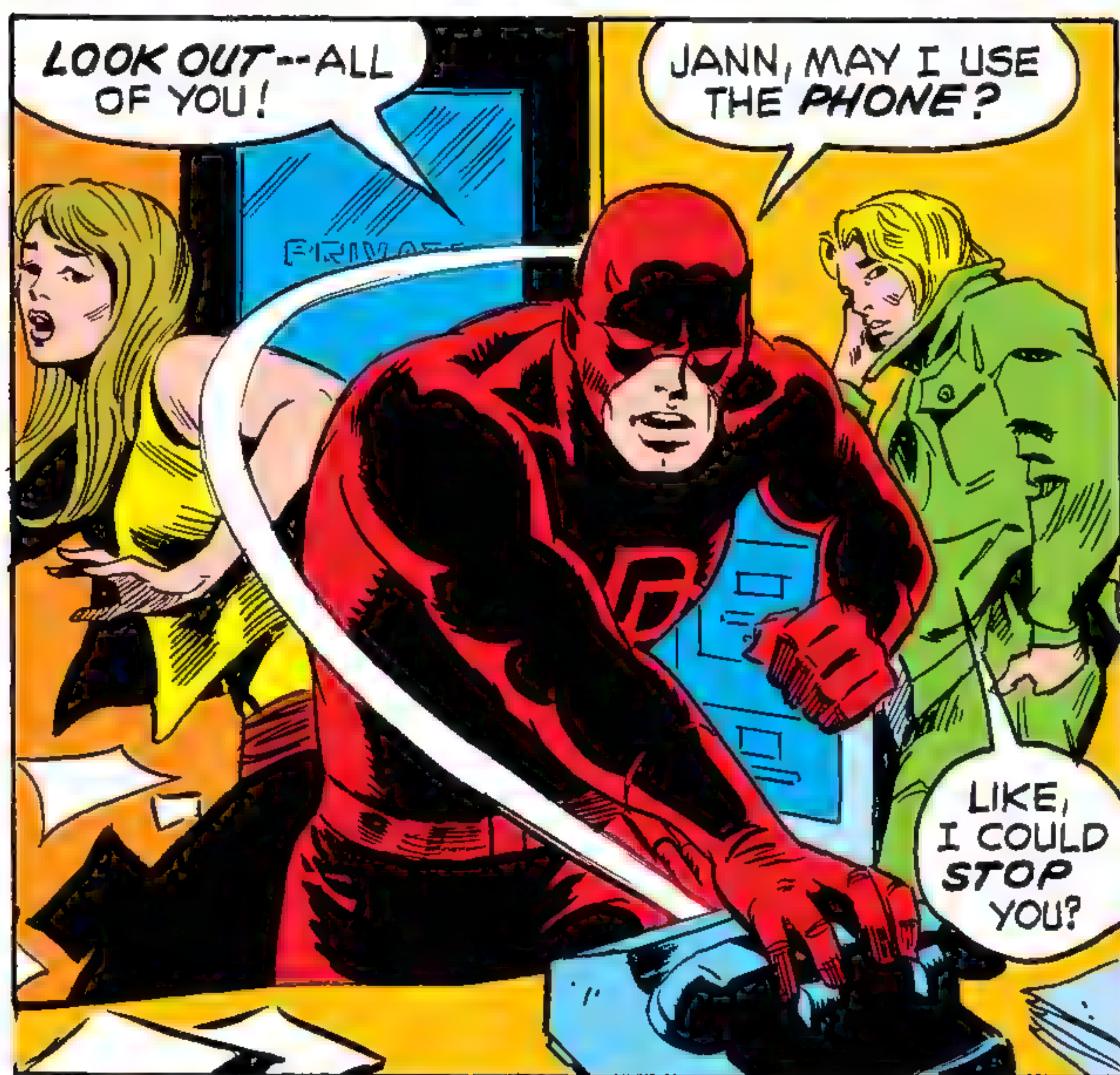
YOU THINK I'VE GONE CRAZY, DON'T YOU!

YOU DON'T EVEN REMEMBER THAT BEAUTIFUL LITTLE *SPEECH* I GAVE YOU DOWN ON THE STREET.

WERE WE OUT ON THE STREET?



JANN, I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULDA SAID THAT!



LOOK OUT--ALL OF YOU!

JANN, MAY I USE THE *PHONE*?

LIKE, I COULD STOP YOU?



SEVEN DIGITS LATER, LT. PAUL CARSON--

SURE, HORN-HEAD --WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

OH-- THAT!

YEAH, WE'VE HAD *REPORTS* OF SECTIONS OF THE CITY JUST GOING, EH, GA-GA---



BUT NOBODY REMEMBERS *PARTICULARS*-- ONLY THAT THEY WERE SCARED SILLY--

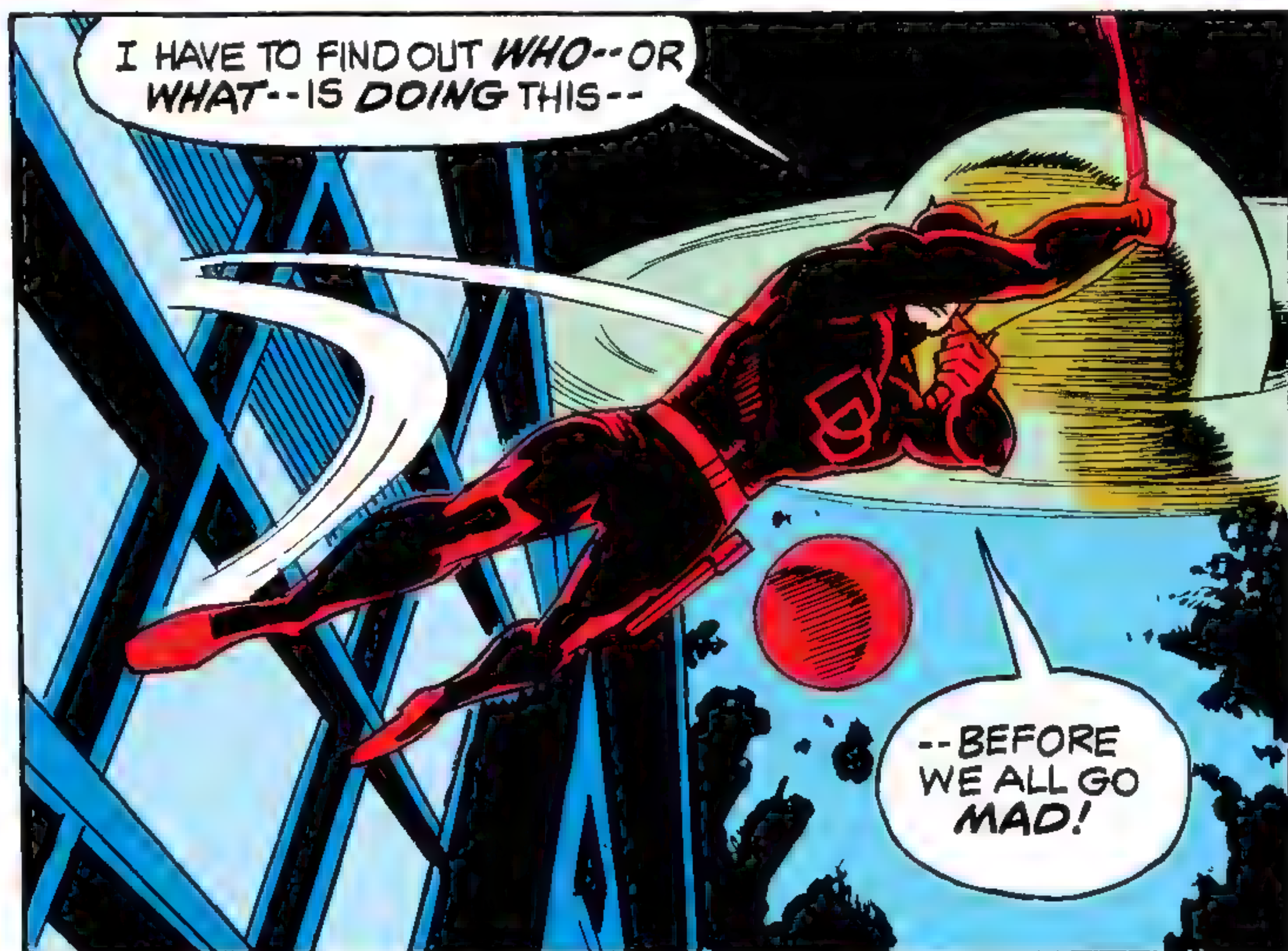
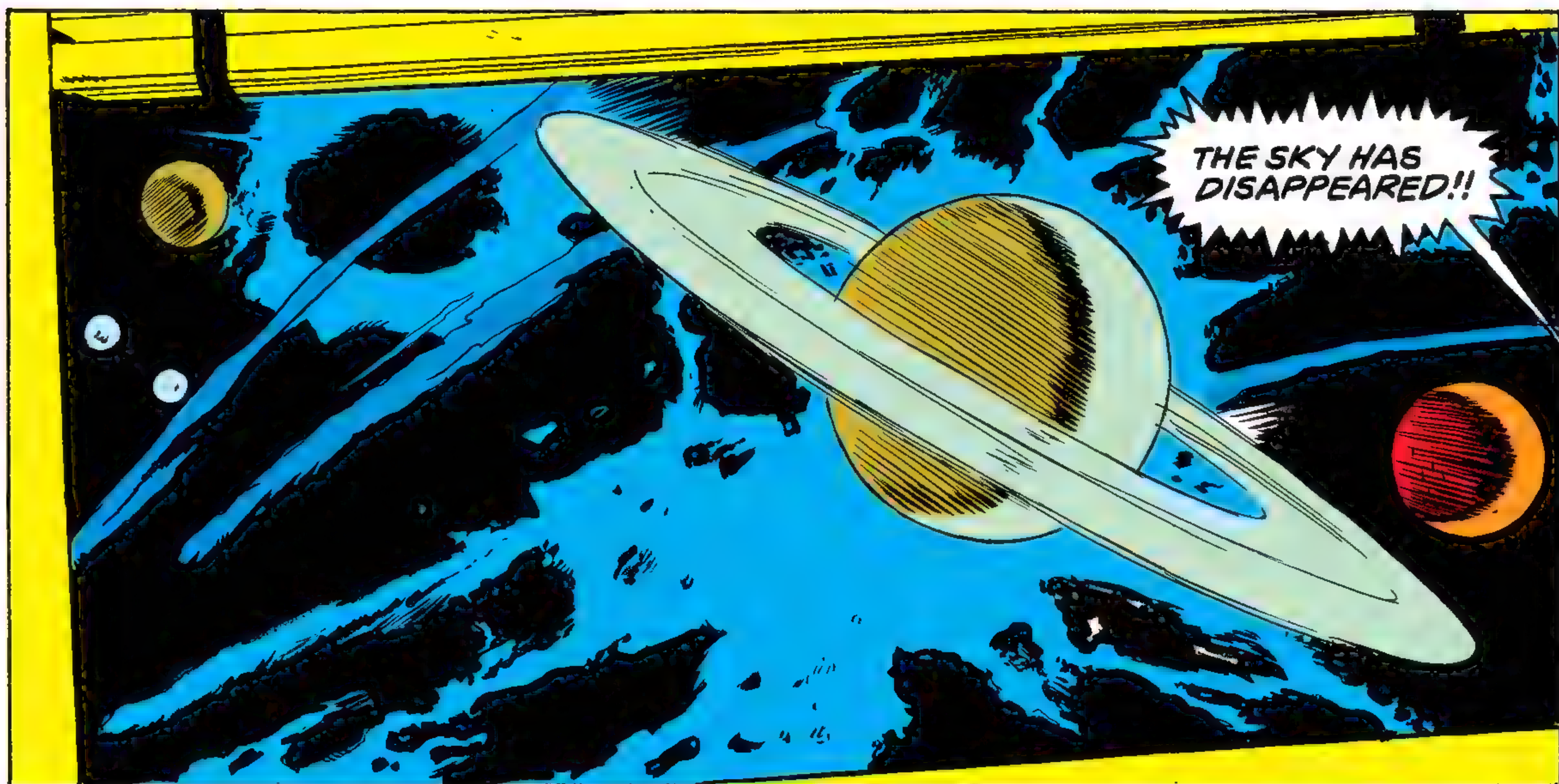
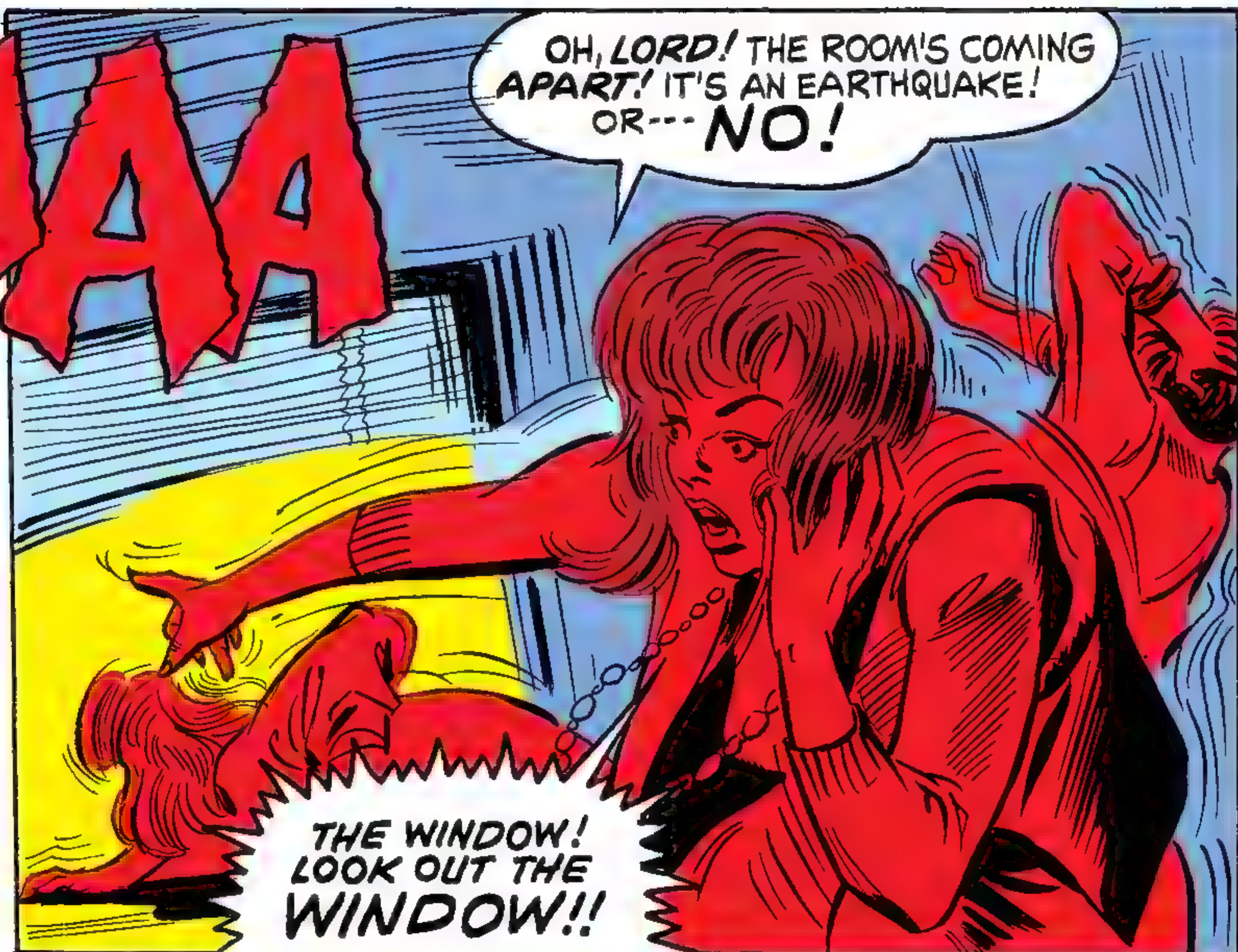
-- AND THAT THEY HEARD A BLOOD-CURDLING *SCREAM*.



BY THE WAY, WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU AND TASHA *SPLITTING UP*?

I'D RATHER NOT DISCUSS IT, PAUL.

THANKS FOR THE *HELP*, THOUGH.





FOOTFALLS--THUNDERING
ON THE PAYEMENT---A
CROWD!

THEY'RE
RUNNING
THIS WAY--
AWAY FROM
SOMETHING--

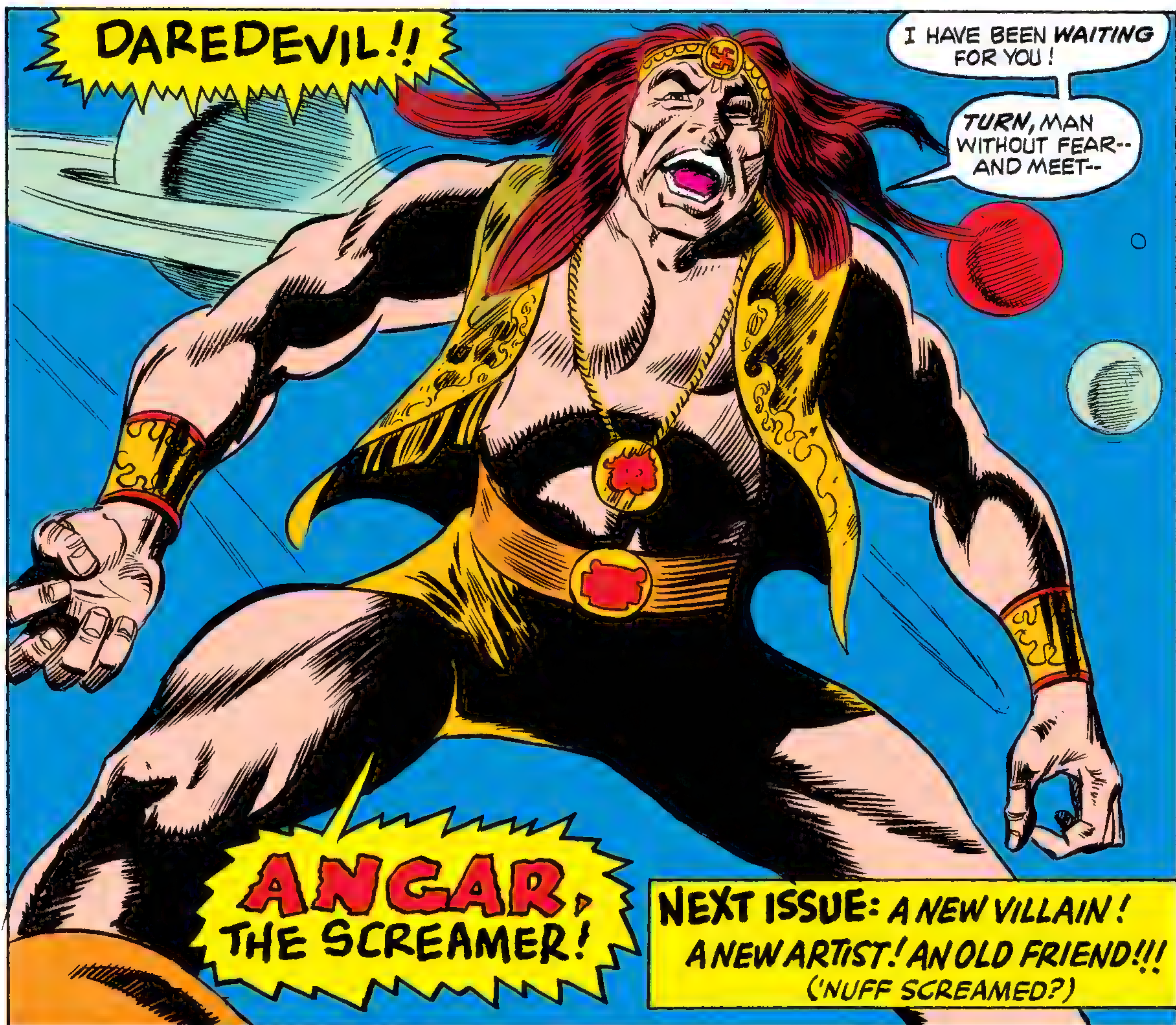
A MAN--A YOUNG MAN,
JUDGING BY HIS HEART-
BEAT!



TALL--MUSCULAR--BUT
THERE'S SOMETHING
DIFFERENT ABOUT
HIM!

IT'S HIS WALK...HIS
MANNER...THE WAY THE
WIND CATCHES HIS
HAIR--

EVERYTHING
ABOUT HIM
SHOUTS---
CHAOS!



DAREDEVIL!!

I HAVE BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU!

TURN, MAN
WITHOUT FEAR--
AND MEET--

**ANGAR,
THE SCREAMER!**

**NEXT ISSUE: A NEW VILLAIN!
A NEW ARTIST! AN OLD FRIEND!!!
(NUFF SCREAMED?)**

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP



20¢ 101
JULY
02459

DAREDEVIL

AND THE

BLACK WIDOW





HIS MUSCLES GO TAUT--
HIS EYES GLOWER WITH
RAGE--HE TOSSES BACK
HIS LEONINE MANE--AND,
FISTS RAISED AGAINST
THE SKY--

--ANGAR SCREAMS!

ANGAR SCREAMS...
AND REALITY
FALLS APART!

AND THOUGH DAREDEVIL
CAN NOT SEE, THE TERROR-
DRENCHED TABLEAU IS ETCHED
IN STARK RELIEF ON THE
SURFACE OF HIS MIND--

--AS HE LEARNS
THE MEANING OF
MADNESS.



HIS POWER DEFIES ALL **REASON!** THESE **AREN'T** MERE "ILLUSIONS" HE'S CASTING--!

THEY WORK ON THE **BRAIN**, NOT THE EYE-- WHICH MUST BE WHY I CAN "SEE" THEM...

...EVEN THO' I'M **BLIND!** HAVE TO TRUST MY RADAR SENSE--

OH, I WILL!

RIGHT ON, DD! COME TO ME! LEAP AT ME!



JUST **HOLD** THAT POSE, YOU FUGITIVE FROM A FILLMORE POSTER--

--AND **SEE** WHAT I'VE GOT IN--



--MIND?

YOURS, DAREDEVIL, IS UNDER ATTACK-- AS YOU PASS THRU A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE DOOR OF PERCEPTION INTO--



OH... LORD... NO...

--CHAOS!



...FALLING... SO SLOWLY...



...LIVE... I MUST LIVE...!



THERE! AN OUTCROPPING OF ROCK...!

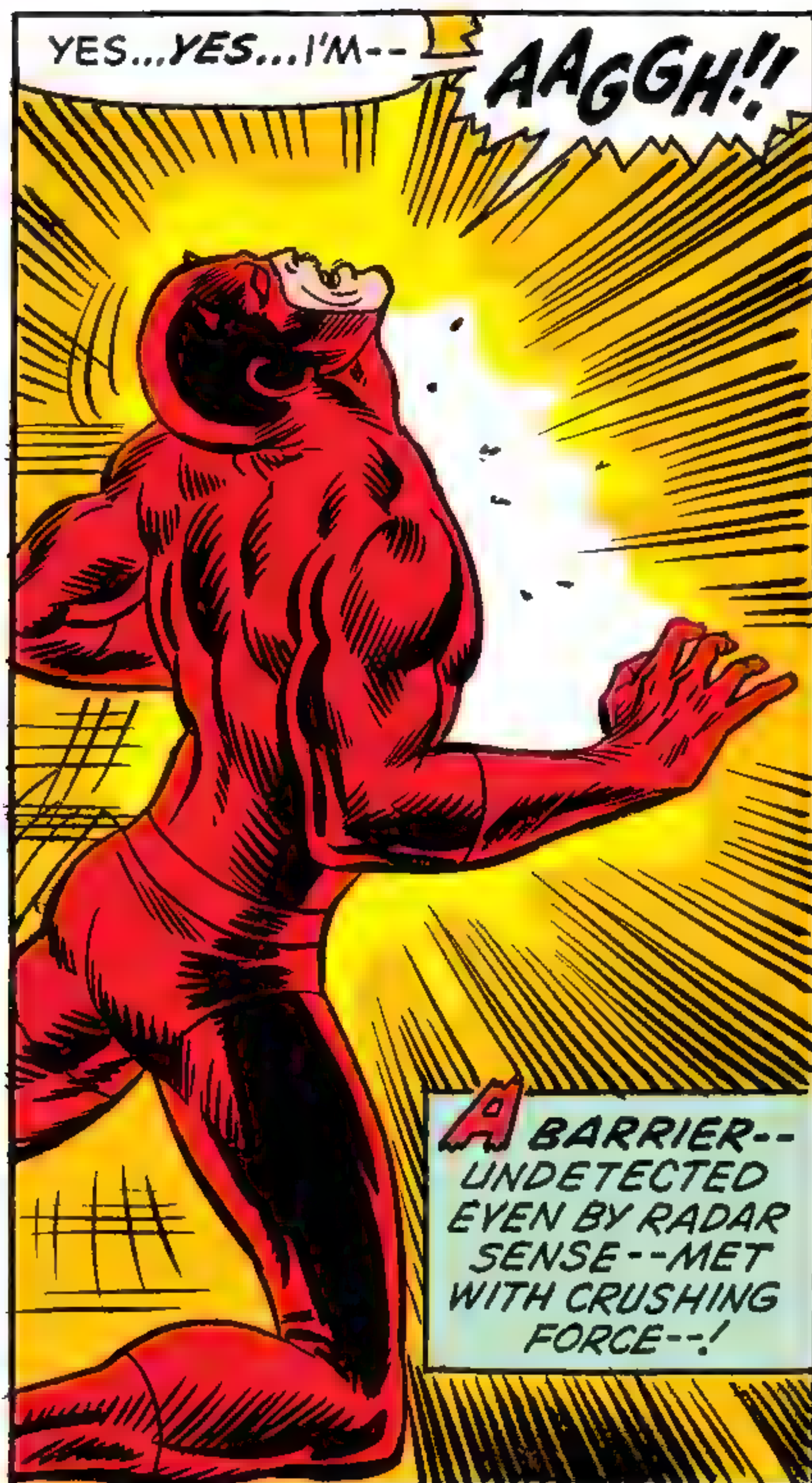


I CAN **SNARE** IT WITH THE BILLY CLUB LINE--



--**SWING** MYSELF AROUND-- AND OVER--

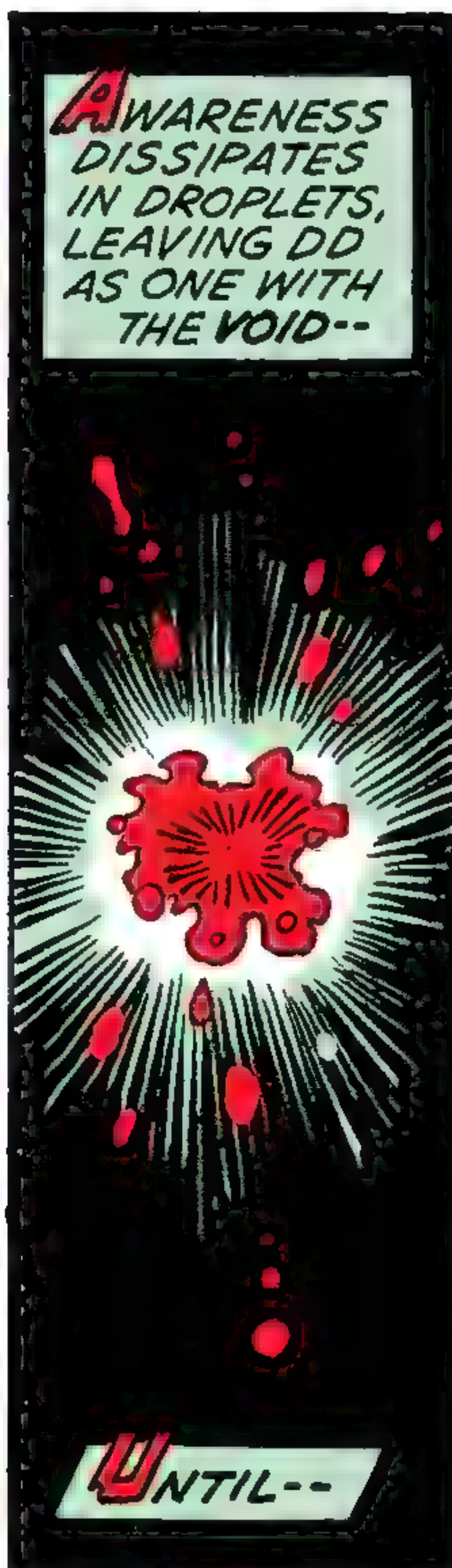
--AND **OUT** OF THIS PLACE!



YES...YES...I'M--

AAGGH!!

A BARRIER--
UNDETECTED
EVEN BY RADAR
SENSE--MET
WITH CRUSHING
FORCE--!



AWARENESS
DISSIPATES
IN DROPLETS,
LEAVING DD
AS ONE WITH
THE VOID--

UNTIL--



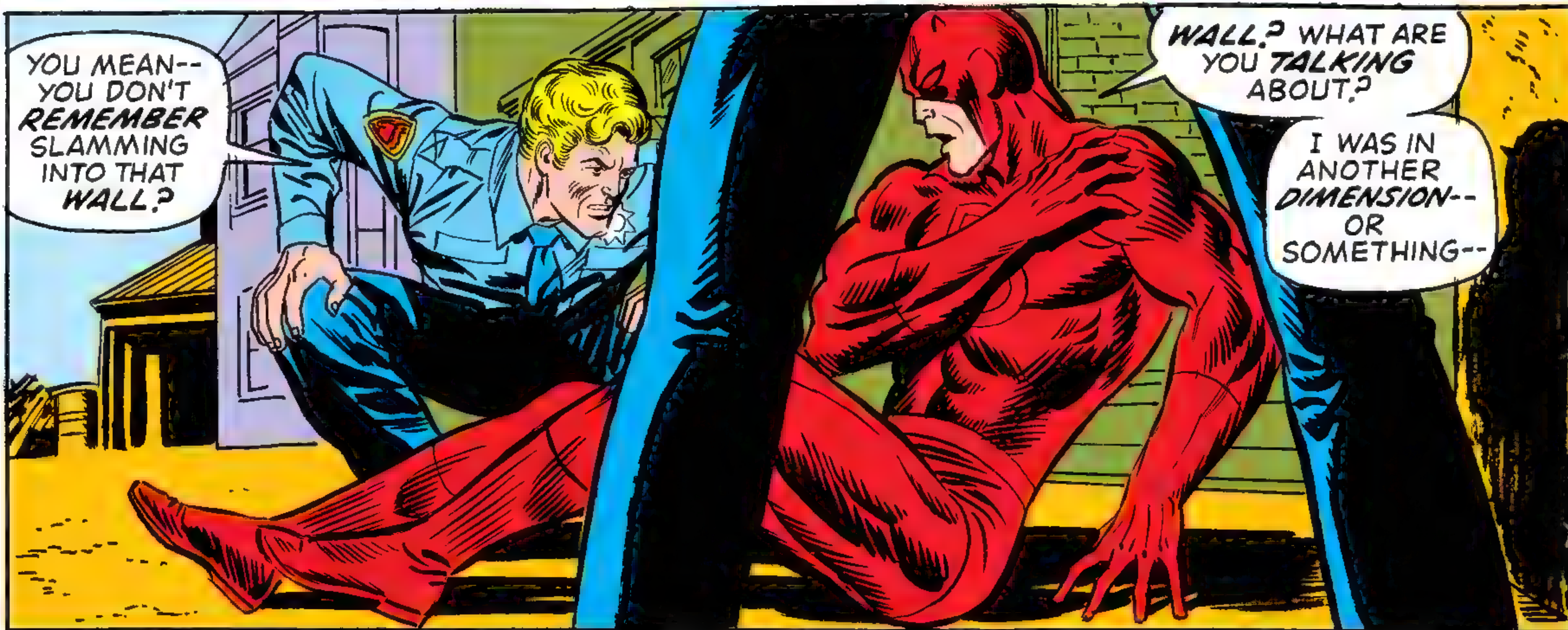
DECIDED TO REJOIN
THE *LIVING*, EH,
HORN-HEAD?

LOOKS
LIKE
HE'LL BE
OKAY.

GOTTA HAND
IT TO YA,
RED--THAT WAS
BY FAR...

...THE MOST
SPECTACULAR
BLUNDER
EVER
WITNESSED.

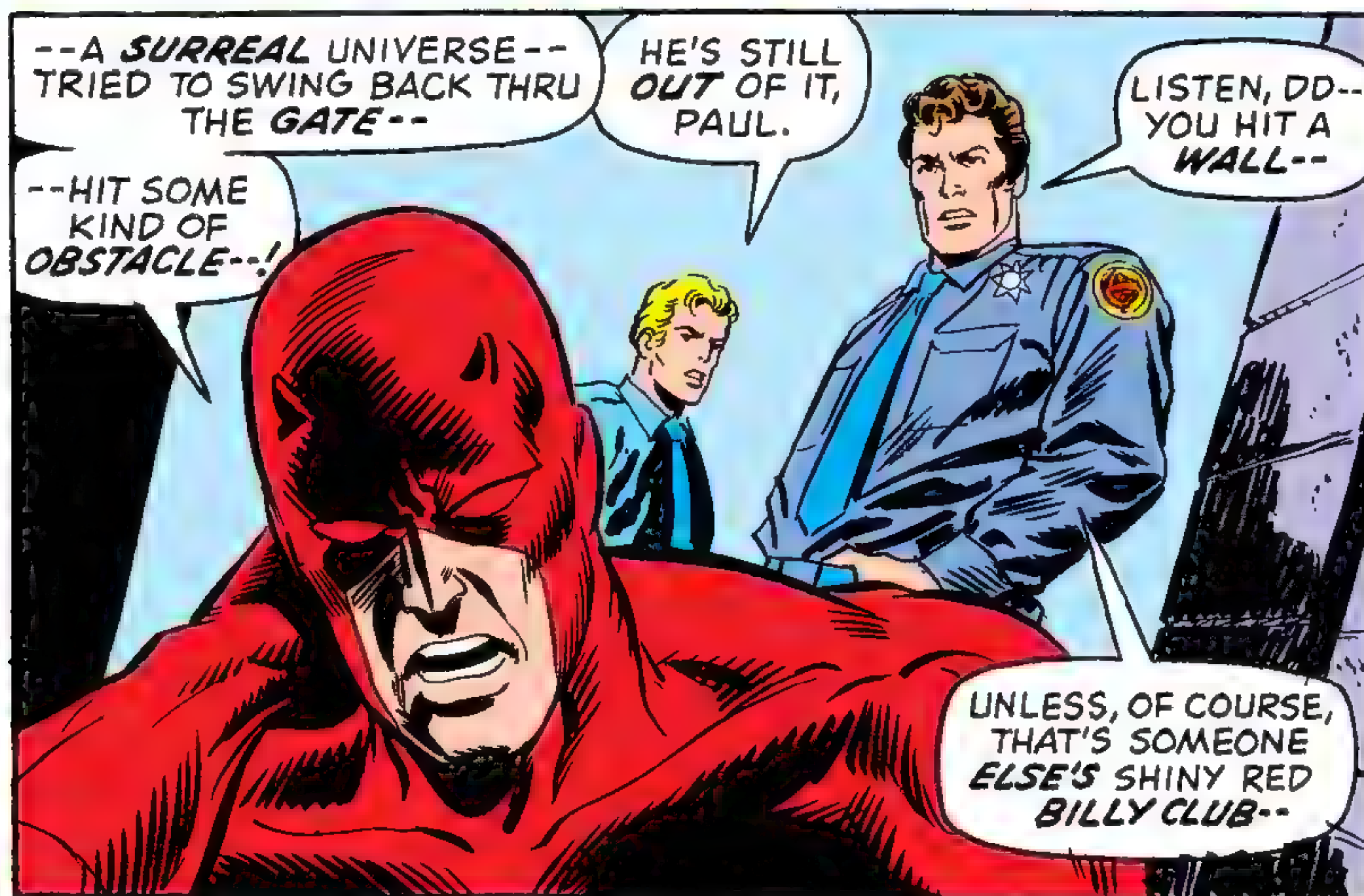
CARSON--
MCHENY--
WHA--?



YOU MEAN--
YOU DON'T
REMEMBER
SLAMMING
INTO THAT
WALL?

WALL? WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

I WAS IN
ANOTHER
DIMENSION--
OR
SOMETHING--



--A **SURREAL** UNIVERSE--
TRIED TO SWING BACK THRU
THE **GATE**--

--HIT SOME
KIND OF
OBSTACLE--!

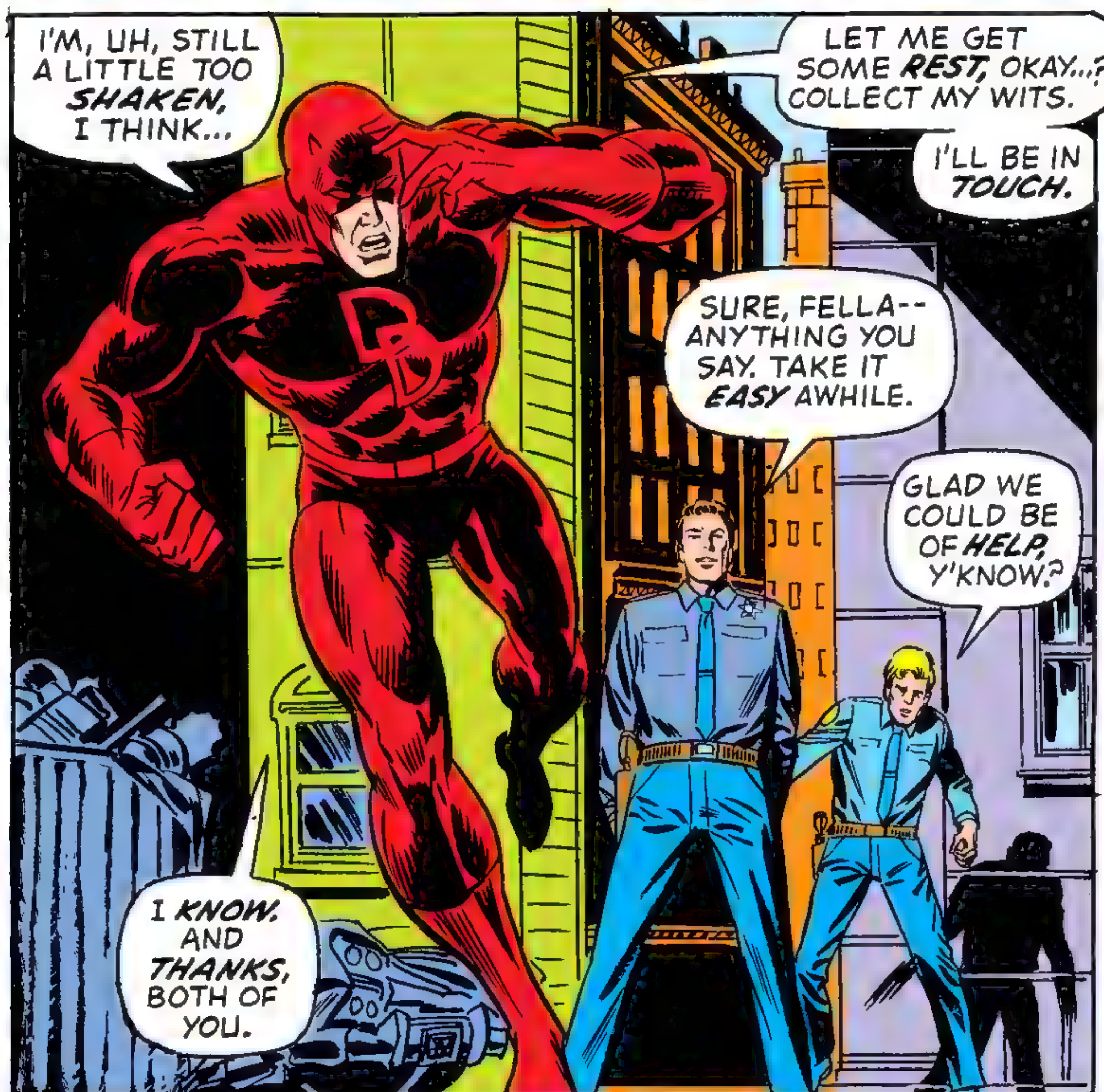
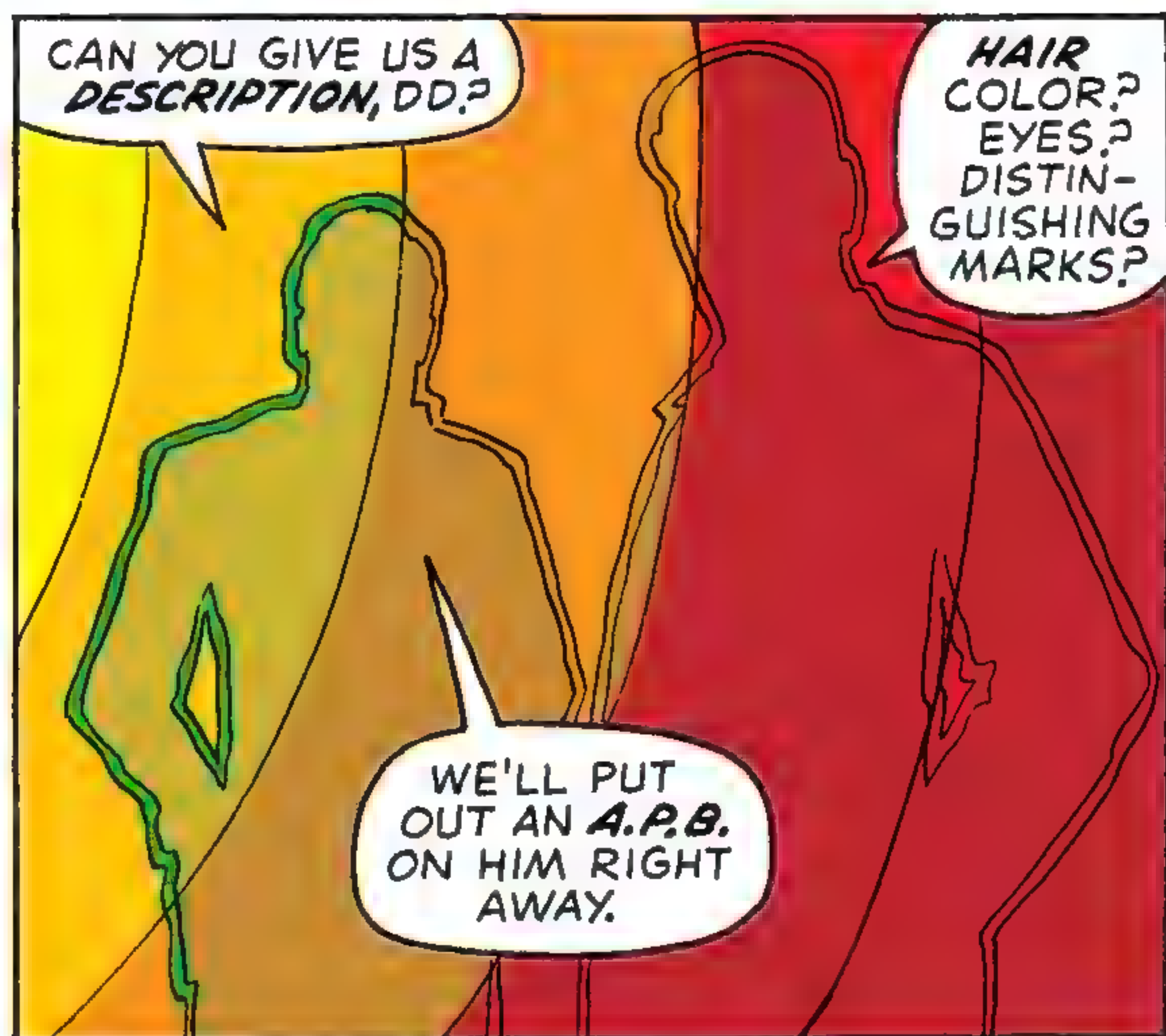
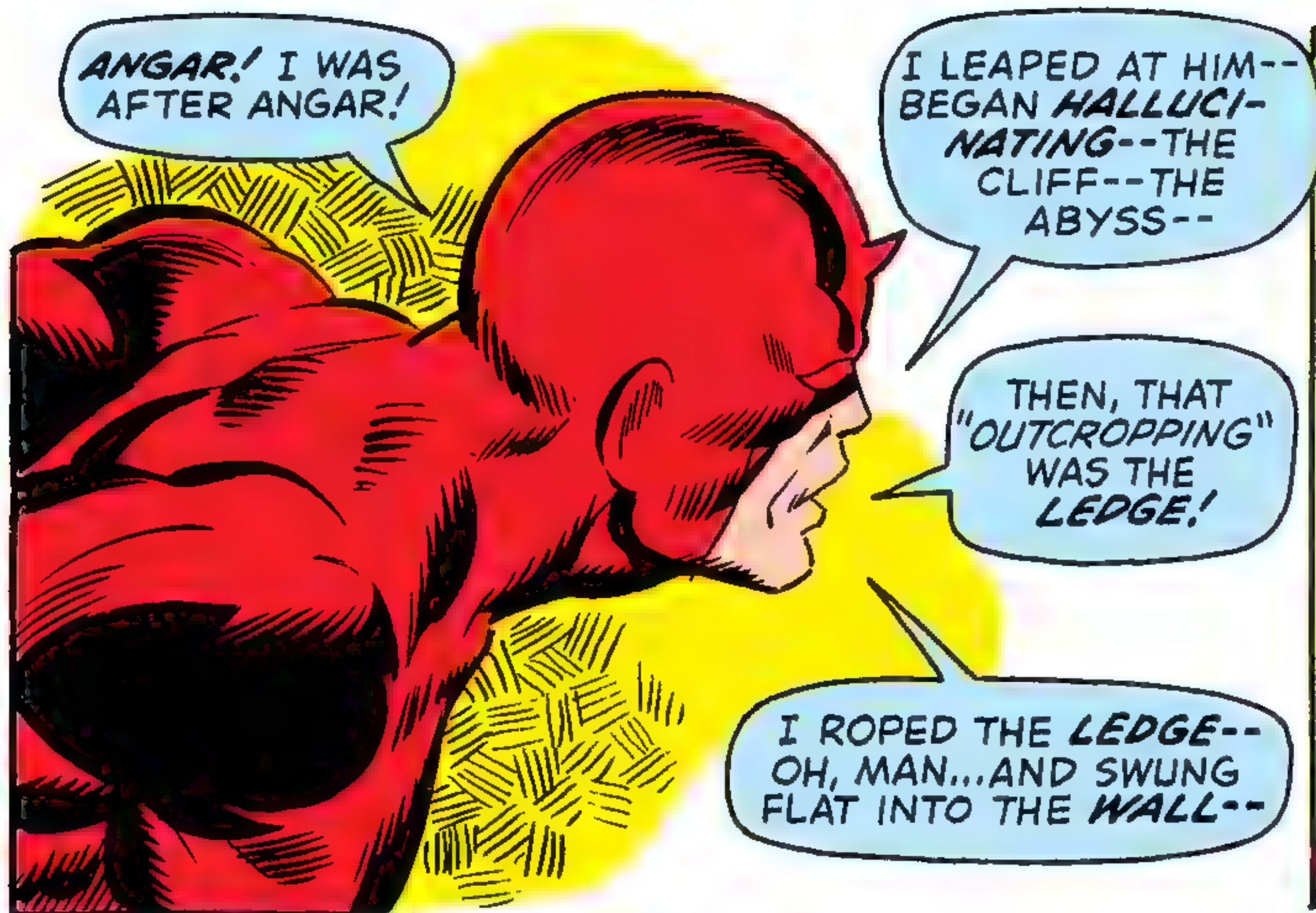
HE'S STILL
OUT OF IT,
PAUL.

LISTEN, DD--
YOU HIT A
WALL--

UNLESS, OF COURSE,
THAT'S SOMEONE
ELSE'S SHINY RED
BILLY CLUB--



--DANGLING
FROM
THAT
LEDGE.

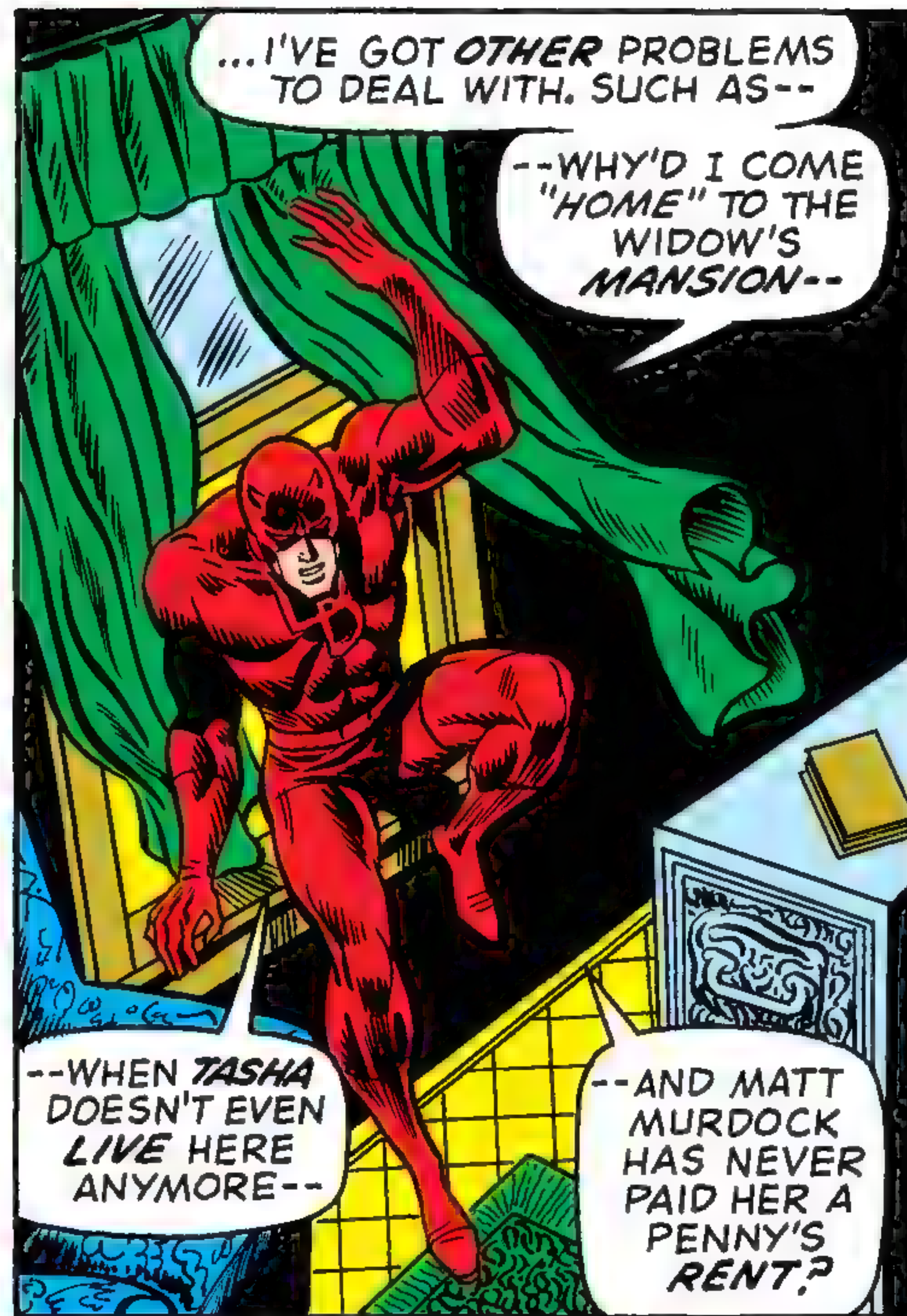




HIS "ERASING" POWER MUST
DEPEND SOMEHOW ON AN
OPTICAL PRINCIPLE--WHILE
THE ACTUAL HALLUCINATIONS--
--ARE OBVIOUSLY
TIED UP WITH
THE CHEMISTRY OF
THE BRAIN.

I'LL FILE
THAT TIDBIT
FOR FUTURE
USE.

BUT,
RIGHT
NOW...



...I'VE GOT OTHER PROBLEMS
TO DEAL WITH. SUCH AS--

--WHY'D I COME
"HOME" TO THE
WIDOW'S
MANSION--

--WHEN TASHA
DOESN'T EVEN
LIVE HERE
ANYMORE--

--AND MATT
MURDOCK
HAS NEVER
PAID HER A
PENNY'S
RENT?

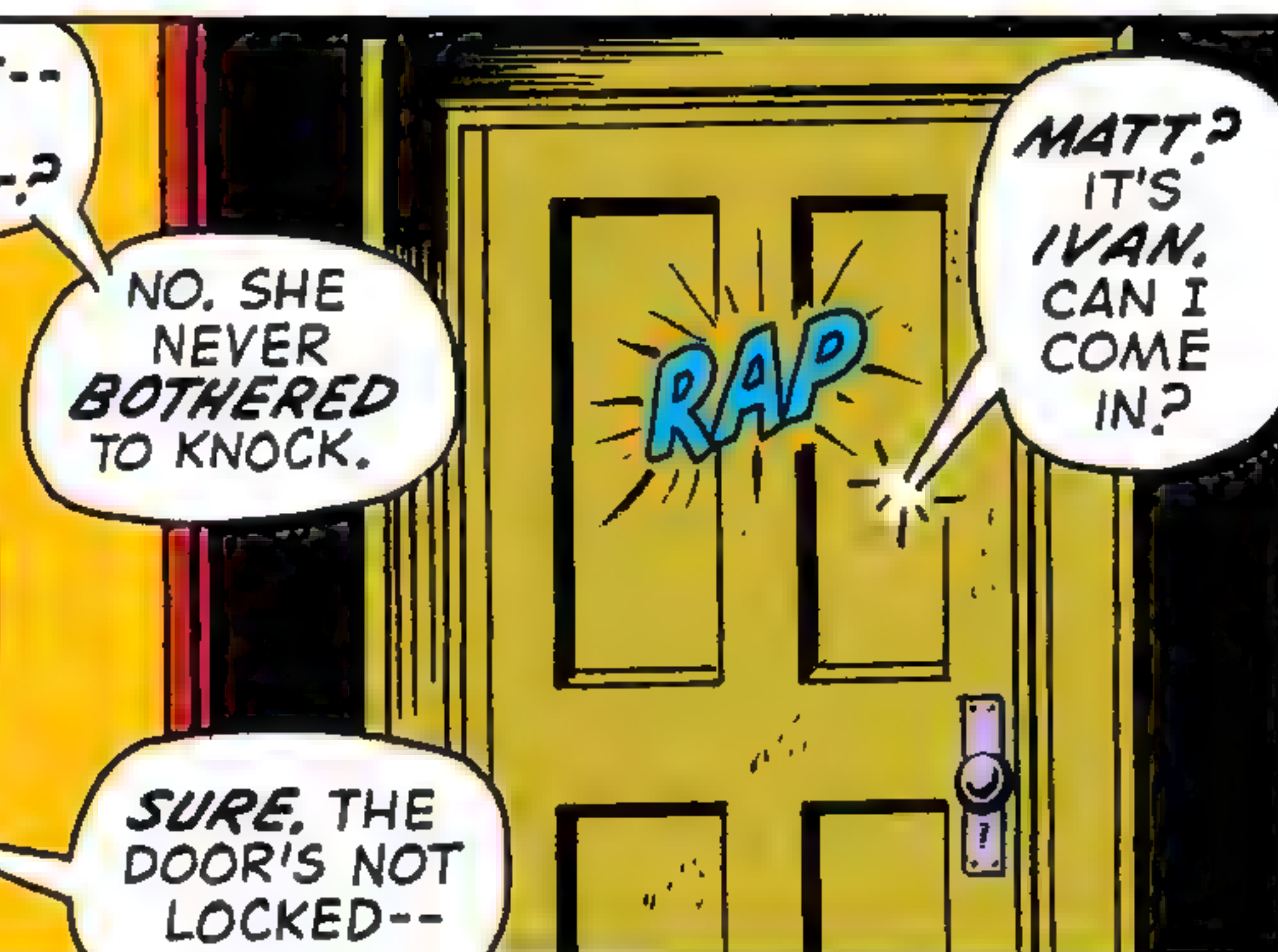


IT'S NO GOOD. I'LL
HAVE TO MOVE
OUT, AND--

WAIT-- FOOTSTEPS--
A KNOCK AT THE
DOOR-- NATASHA--?

NO. SHE
NEVER
BOtherED
TO KNOCK.

SURE, THE
DOOR'S NOT
LOCKED--



MATT?
IT'S
IVAN.
CAN I
COME
IN?



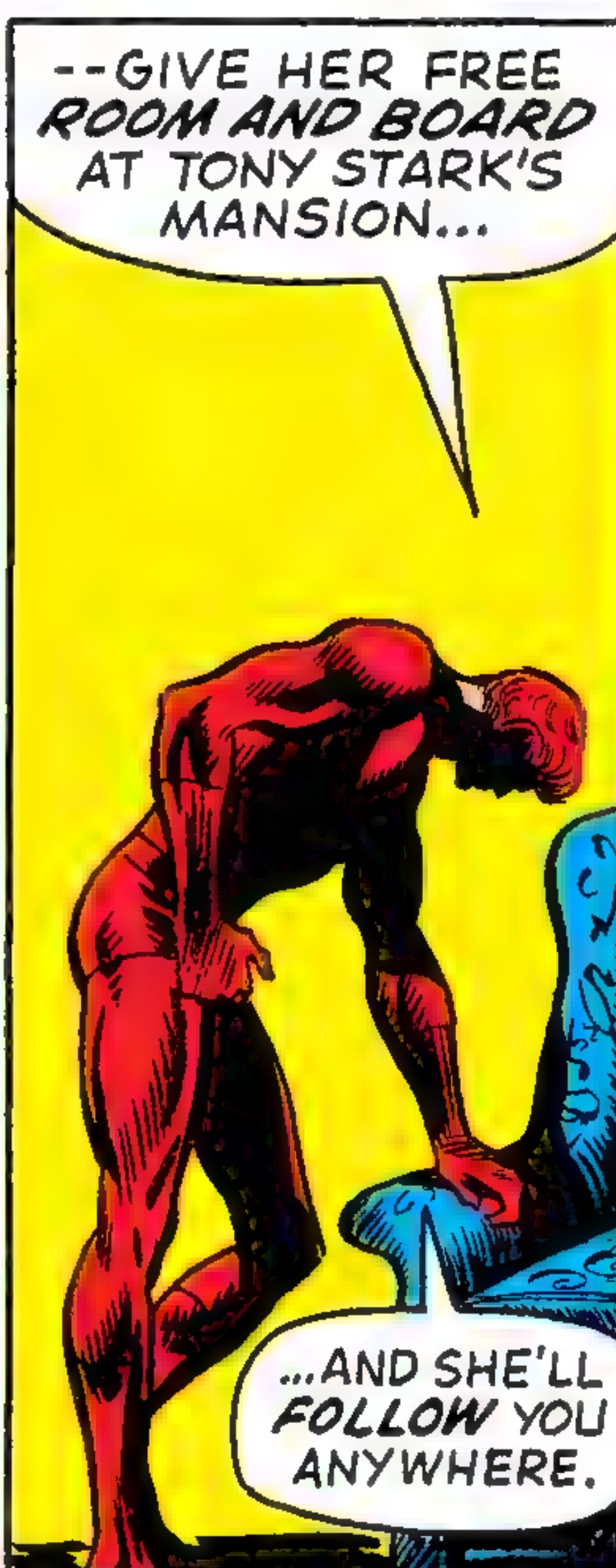
I DON'T SUPPOSE
YOU'VE HEARD
ANYTHING FROM--

TASHA?
NOT A
WORD.

GUESS SHE'S
FORGOTTEN
US BOTH.



YEAH, WELL,
THAT'S
LIBERATION
FOR YOU. MAKE
A WOMAN AN
AVENGER--



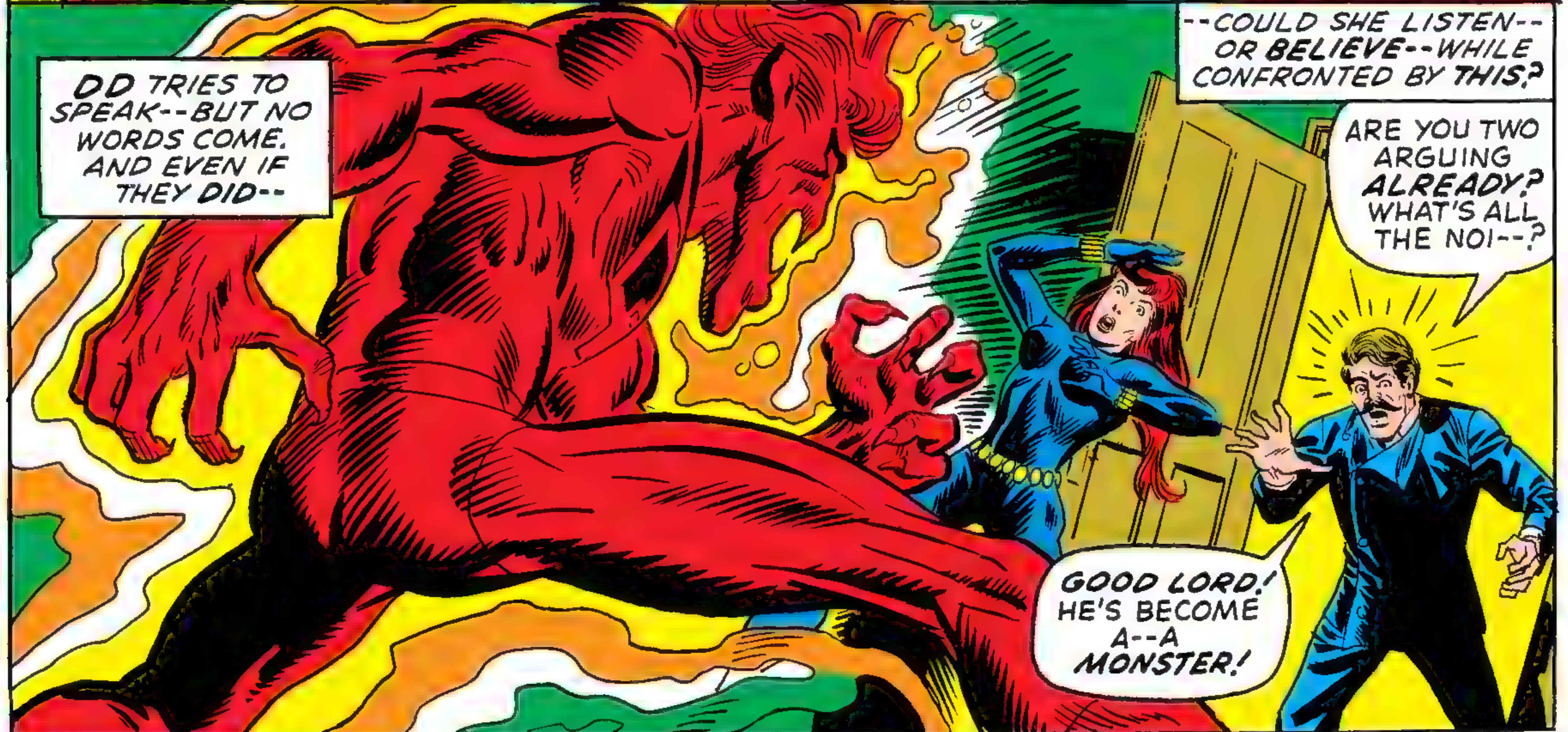
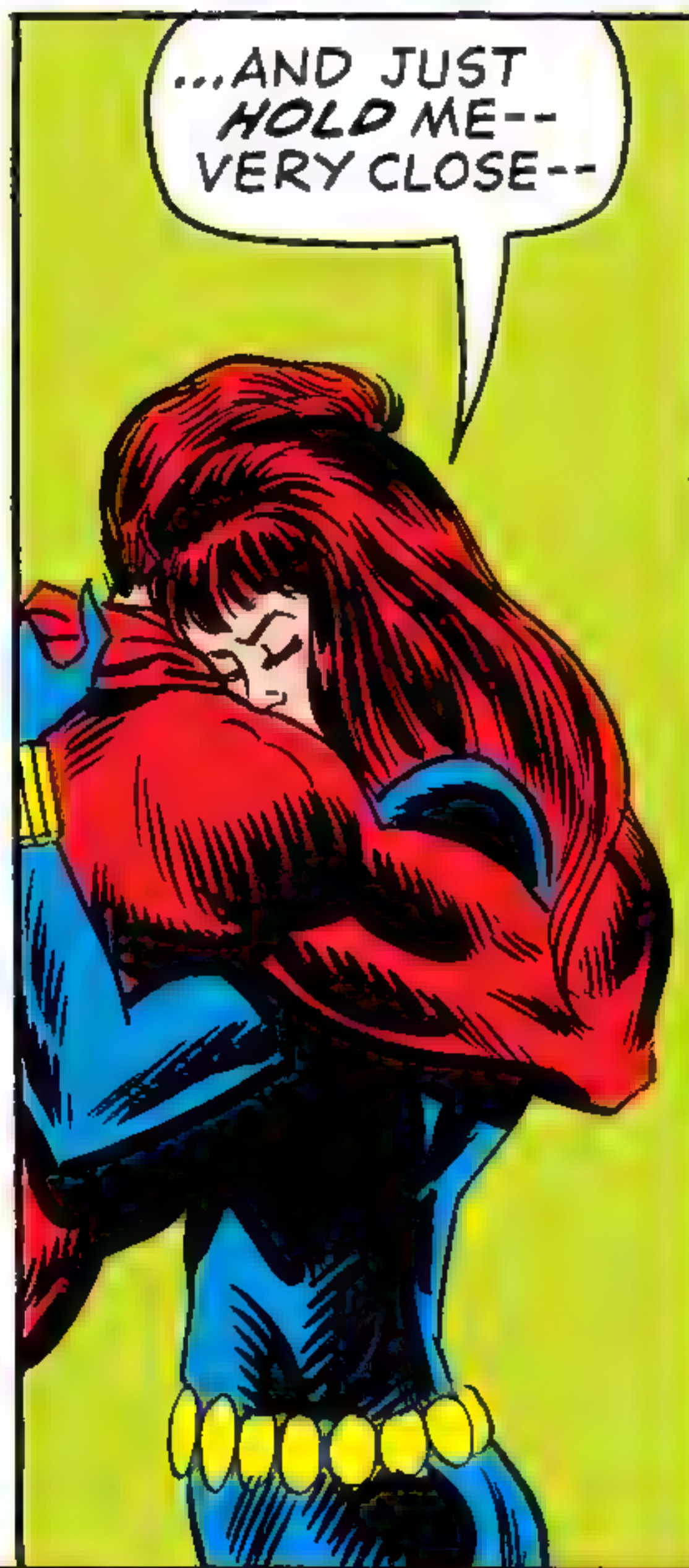
--GIVE HER FREE
ROOM AND BOARD
AT TONY STARK'S
MANSION...

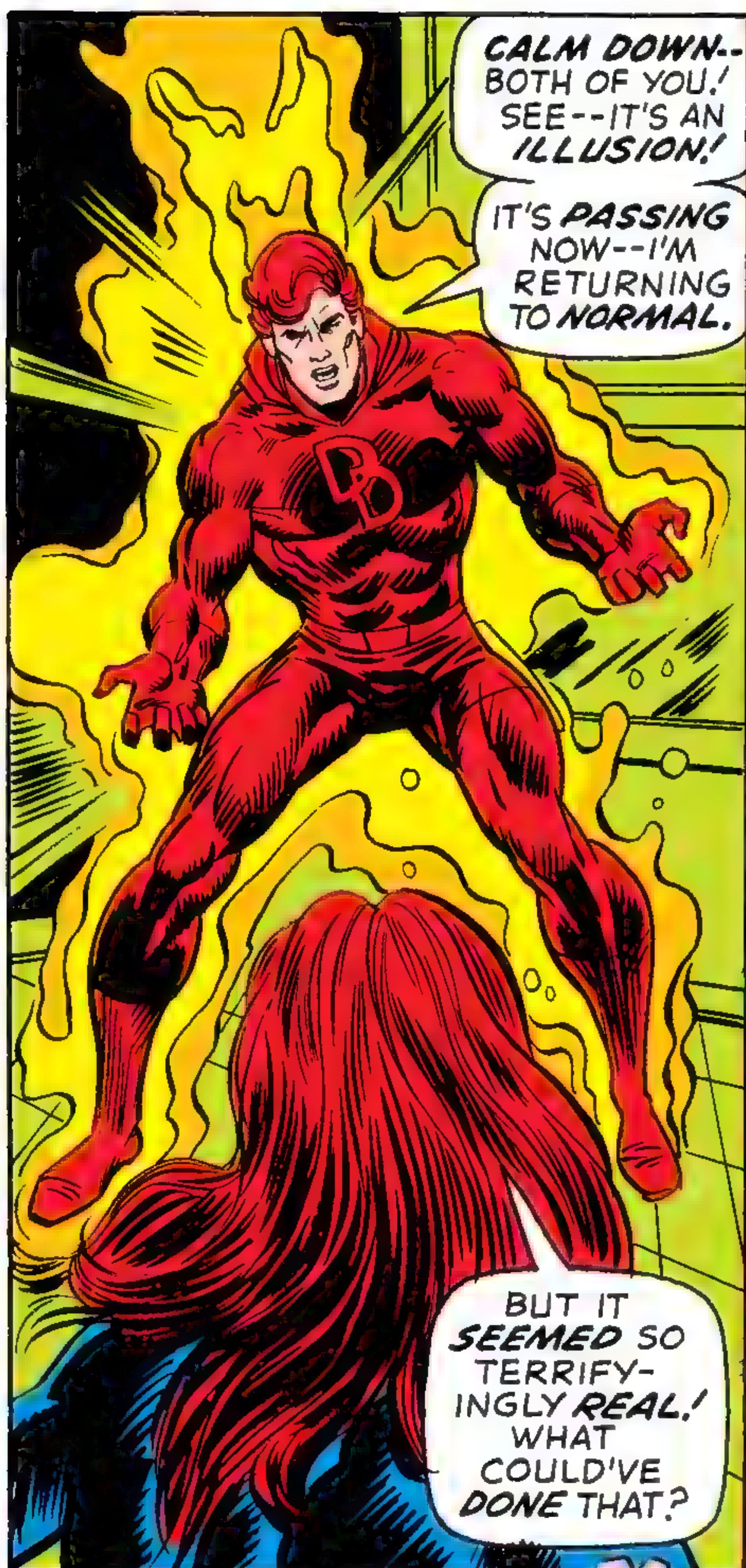
...AND SHE'LL
FOLLOW YOU
ANYWHERE.



ALMOST,

WHA--?!

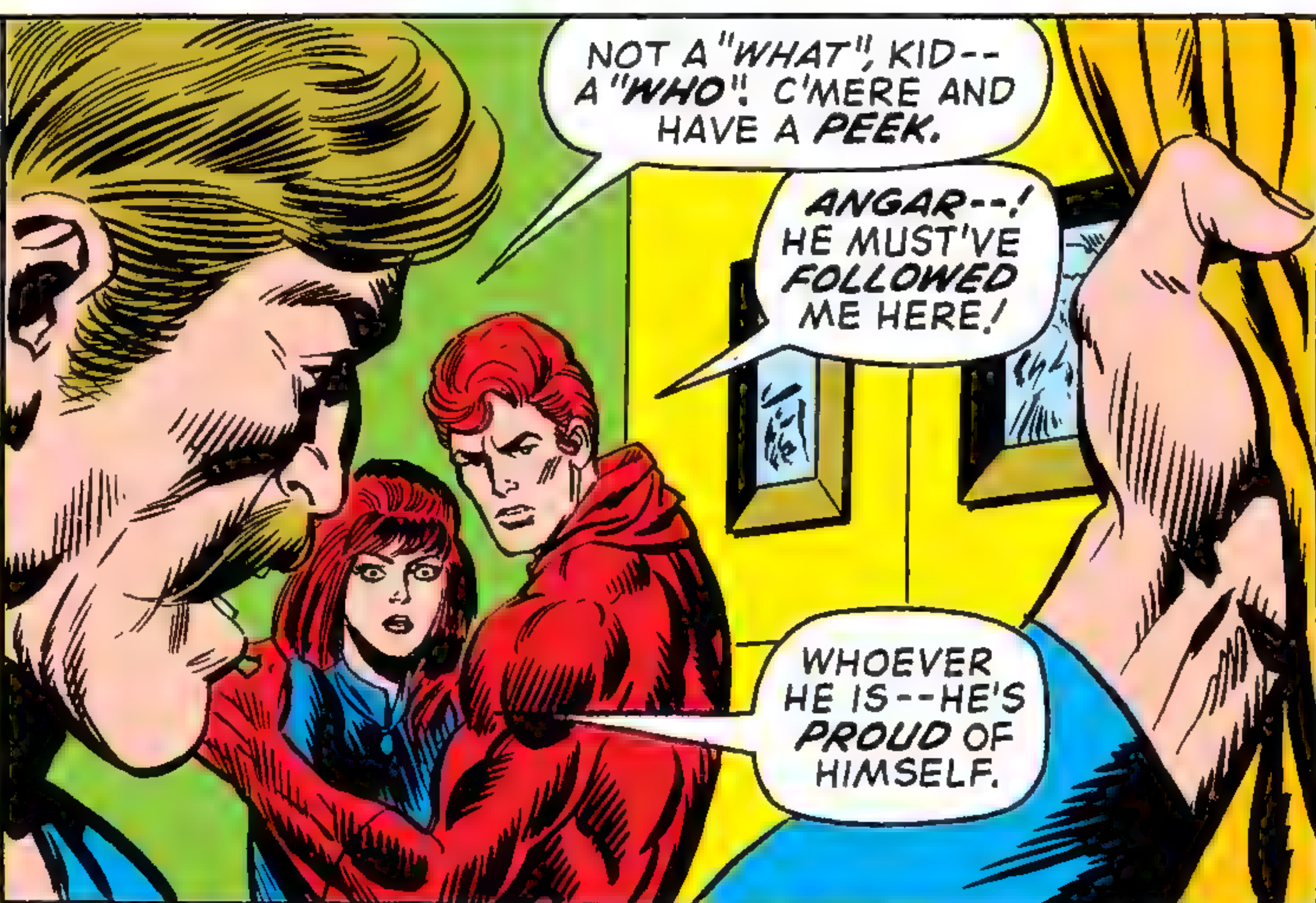




CALM DOWN--
BOTH OF YOU!
SEE--IT'S AN
ILLUSION!

IT'S PASSING
NOW--I'M
RETURNING
TO NORMAL.

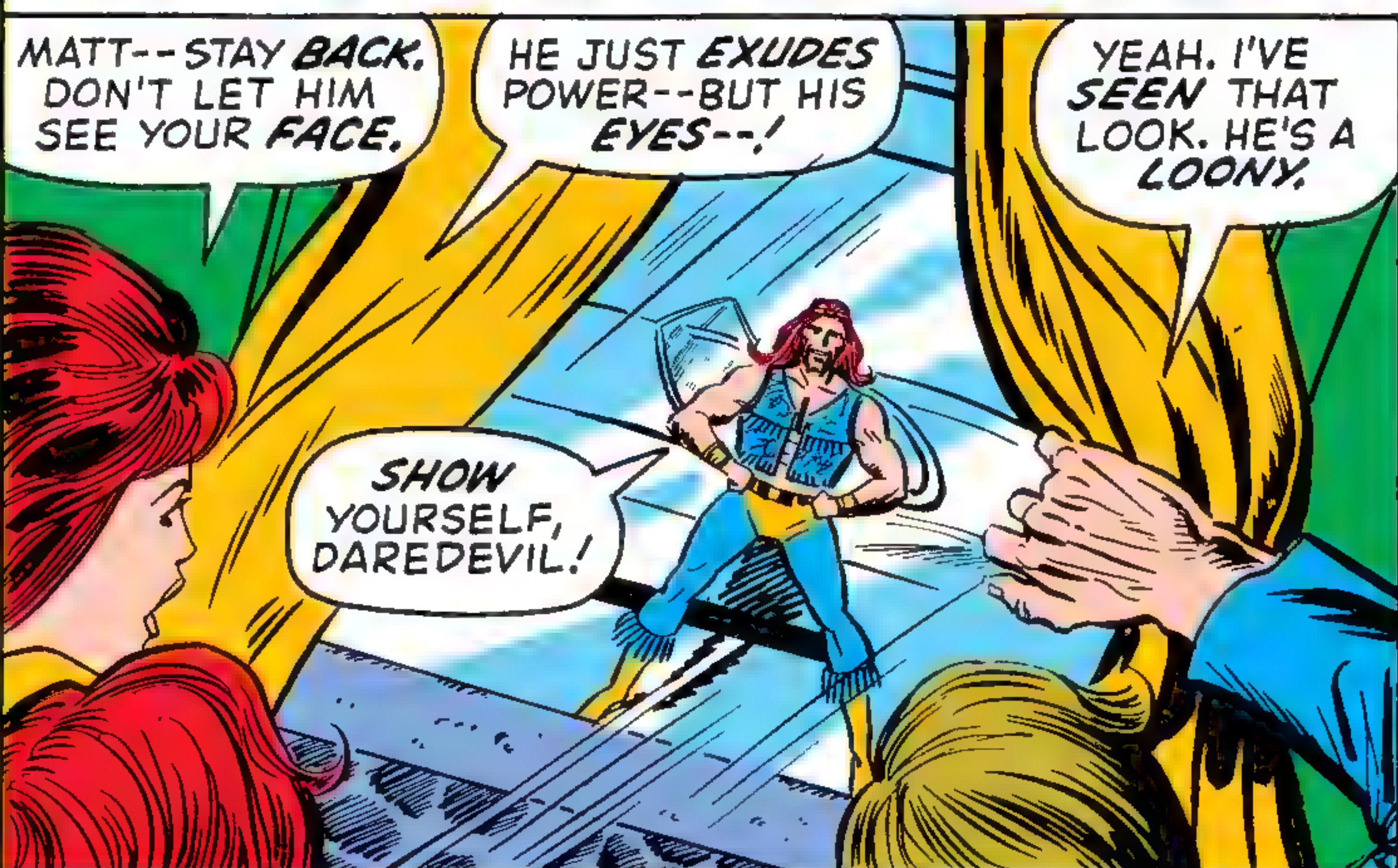
BUT IT
SEEMED SO
TERRIFY-
INGLY REAL!
WHAT
COULD'VE
DONE THAT?



NOT A "WHAT", KID--
A "WHO". C'MERE AND
HAVE A PEEK.

ANGAR--!
HE MUST'VE
FOLLOWED
ME HERE!

WHOEVER
HE IS--HE'S
PROUD OF
HIMSELF.

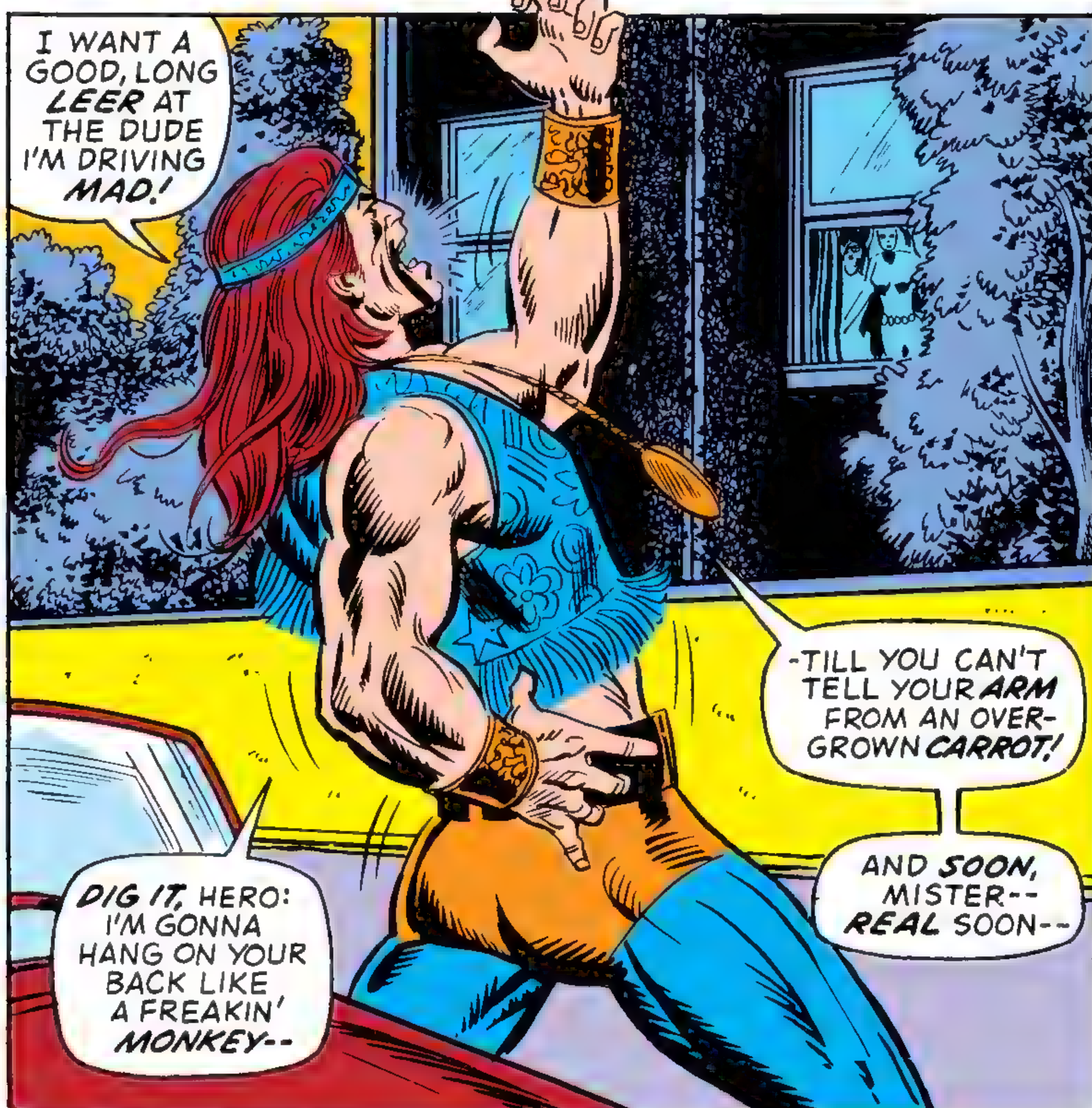


MATT--STAY BACK.
DON'T LET HIM
SEE YOUR FACE.

HE JUST EXUDES
POWER--BUT HIS
EYES--!

YEAH. I'VE
SEEN THAT
LOOK. HE'S A
LOONY.

SHOW
YOURSELF,
DAREDEVIL!



I WANT A
GOOD, LONG
LEER AT
THE DUDE
I'M DRIVING
MAD!

DIG IT, HERO:
I'M GONNA
HANG ON YOUR
BACK LIKE
A FREAKIN'
MONKEY--

-TILL YOU CAN'T
TELL YOUR ARM
FROM AN OVER-
GROWN CARROT!

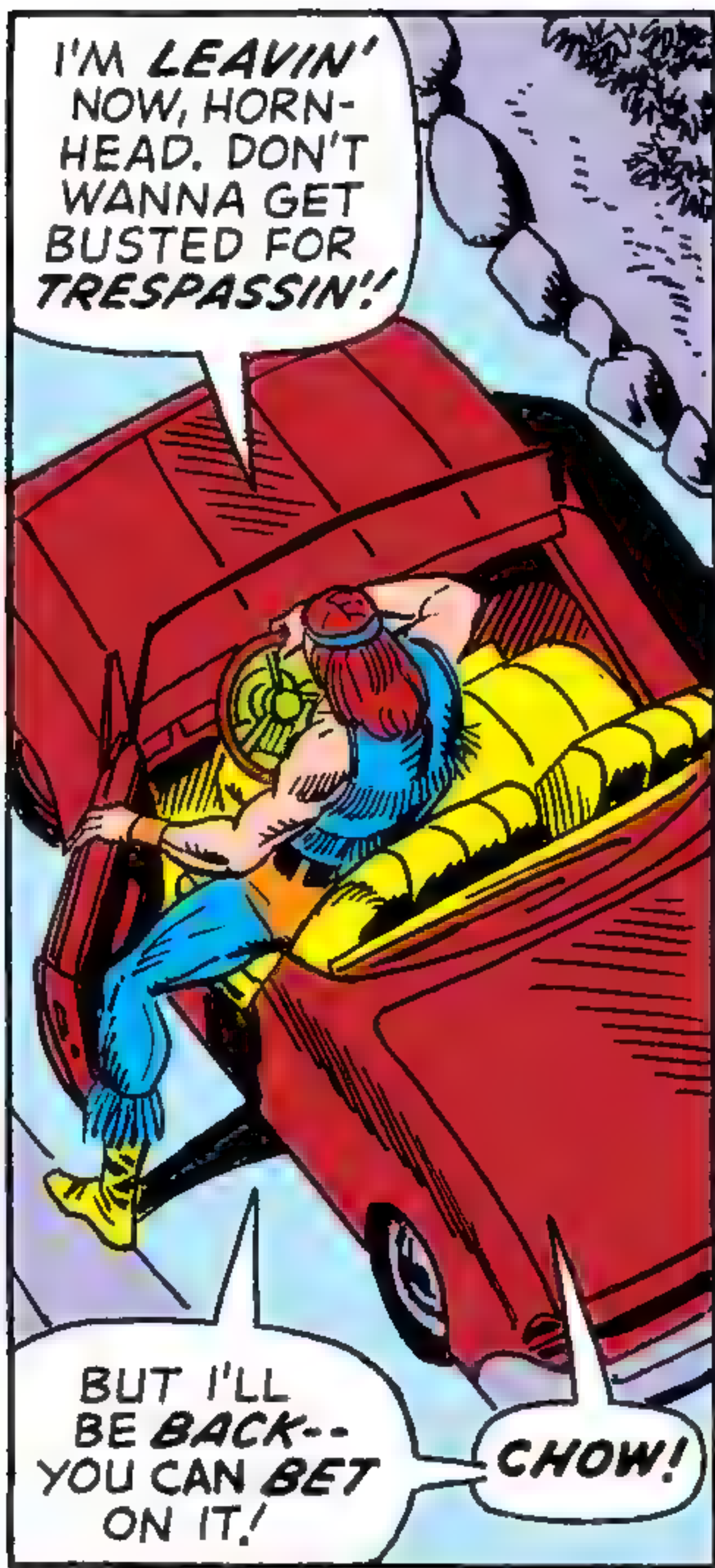
AND SOON,
MISTER--
REAL SOON--



--THIS WHOLE
LOUSY WORLD'S
GONNA BE AT
MY FEET!

AND NOT A
MAN ALIVE
CAN STOP
ME--!

--UNDER-
STAND
DD?



I'M LEAVIN' NOW, HORN-HEAD. DON'T WANNA GET BUSTED FOR TRESPASSIN'!

BUT I'LL BE BACK-- YOU CAN BET ON IT!

CHOW!



AS ANGAR'S SPORTS CAR PULLS AWAY, THE WIDOW WONDERS ALOUD--

IS IT TRUE-- THAT WE CAN'T DEFEAT HIM?

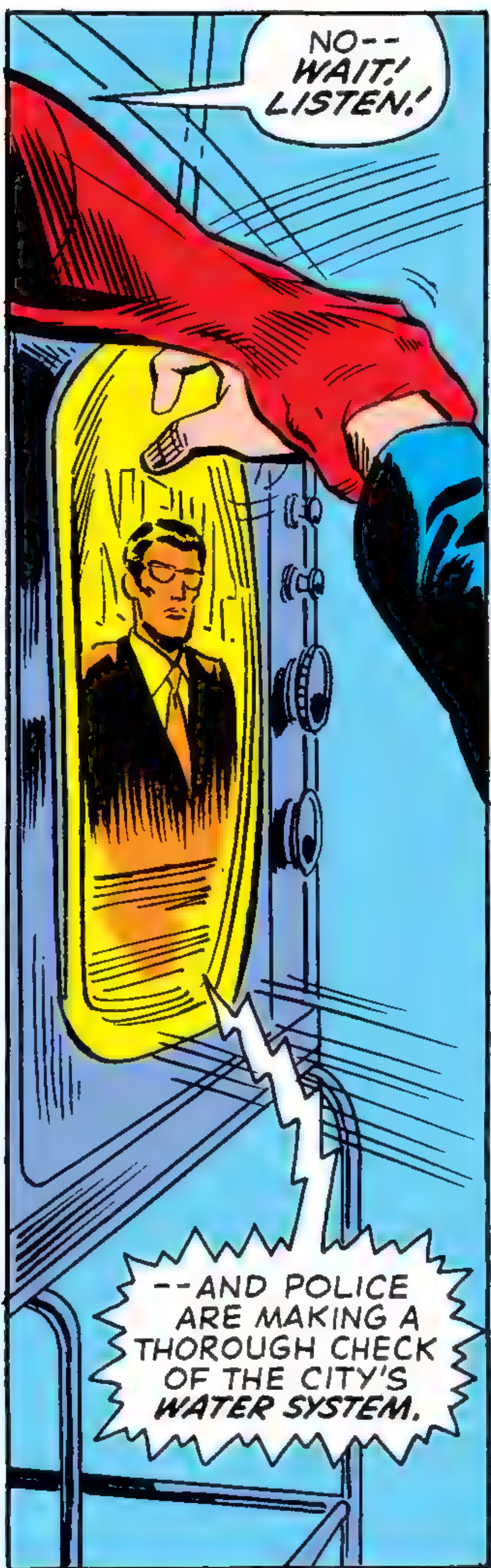
IT'S... POSSIBLE, YES.



IF HE CAN SUSTAIN THE EFFECT--WELL, WHO KNOWS? HE COULD "FREAK OUT" THE WORLD!

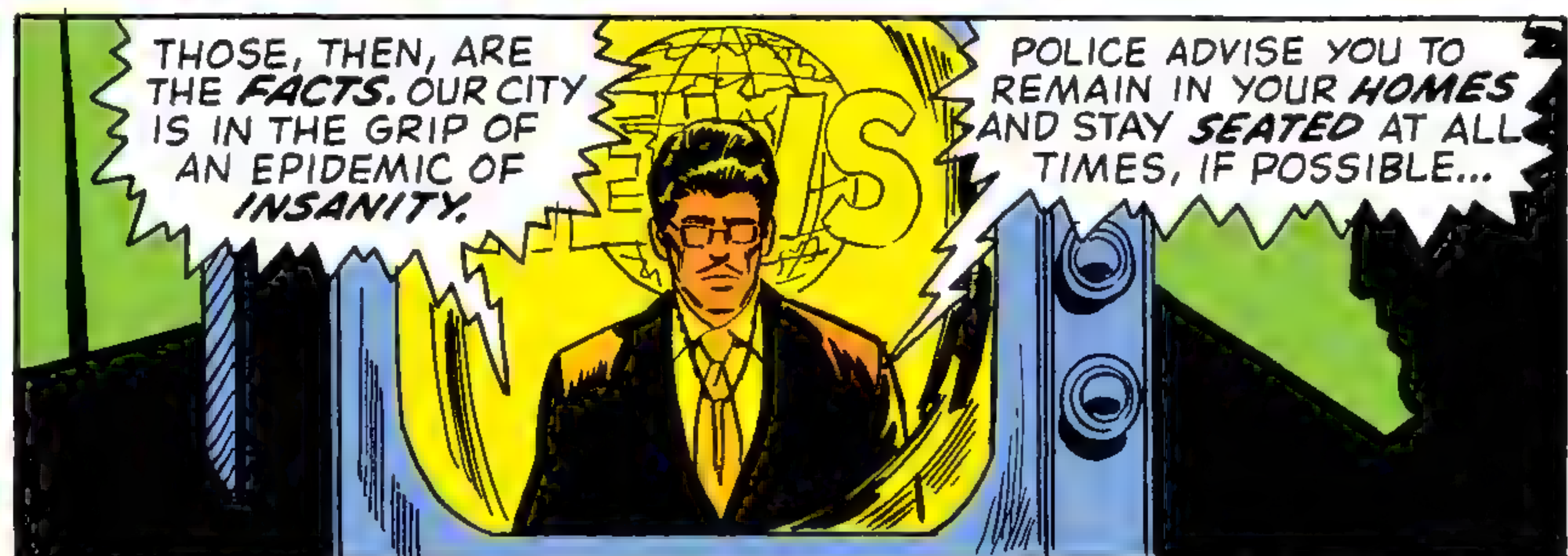
HIS POWER GOES BEYOND HYPNOSIS. HE'S LIKE A LIVING LSD FACTORY.

AAH! MORE BAD NEWS. I'M SHUTTIN' THIS THING OFF--



NO-- WAIT! LISTEN!

--AND POLICE ARE MAKING A THOROUGH CHECK OF THE CITY'S WATER SYSTEM.



THOSE, THEN, ARE THE FACTS. OUR CITY IS IN THE GRIP OF AN EPIDEMIC OF INSANITY.

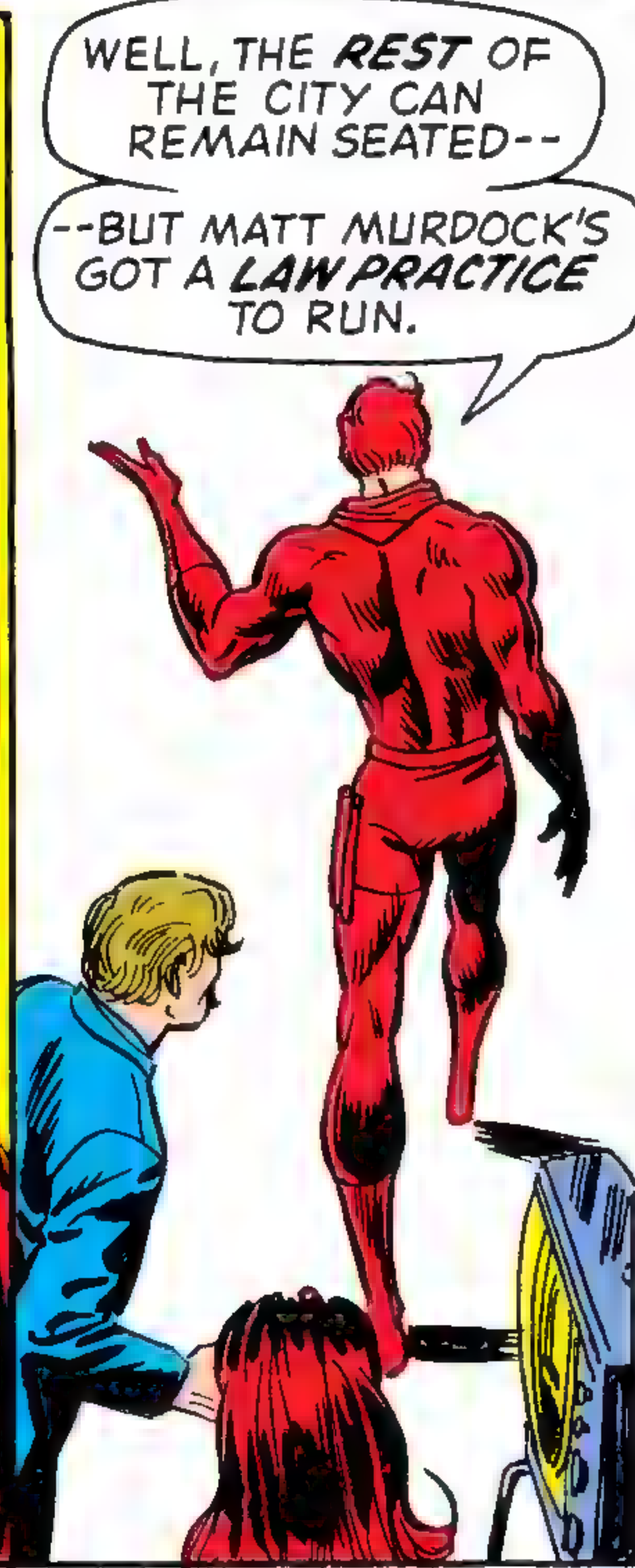
POLICE ADVISE YOU TO REMAIN IN YOUR HOMES AND STAY SEATED AT ALL TIMES, IF POSSIBLE...



YEAH, THAT'S THE ANSWER. WE BECOME VEGETABLES AND JUST LET ANGAR HAVE THE WORLD!

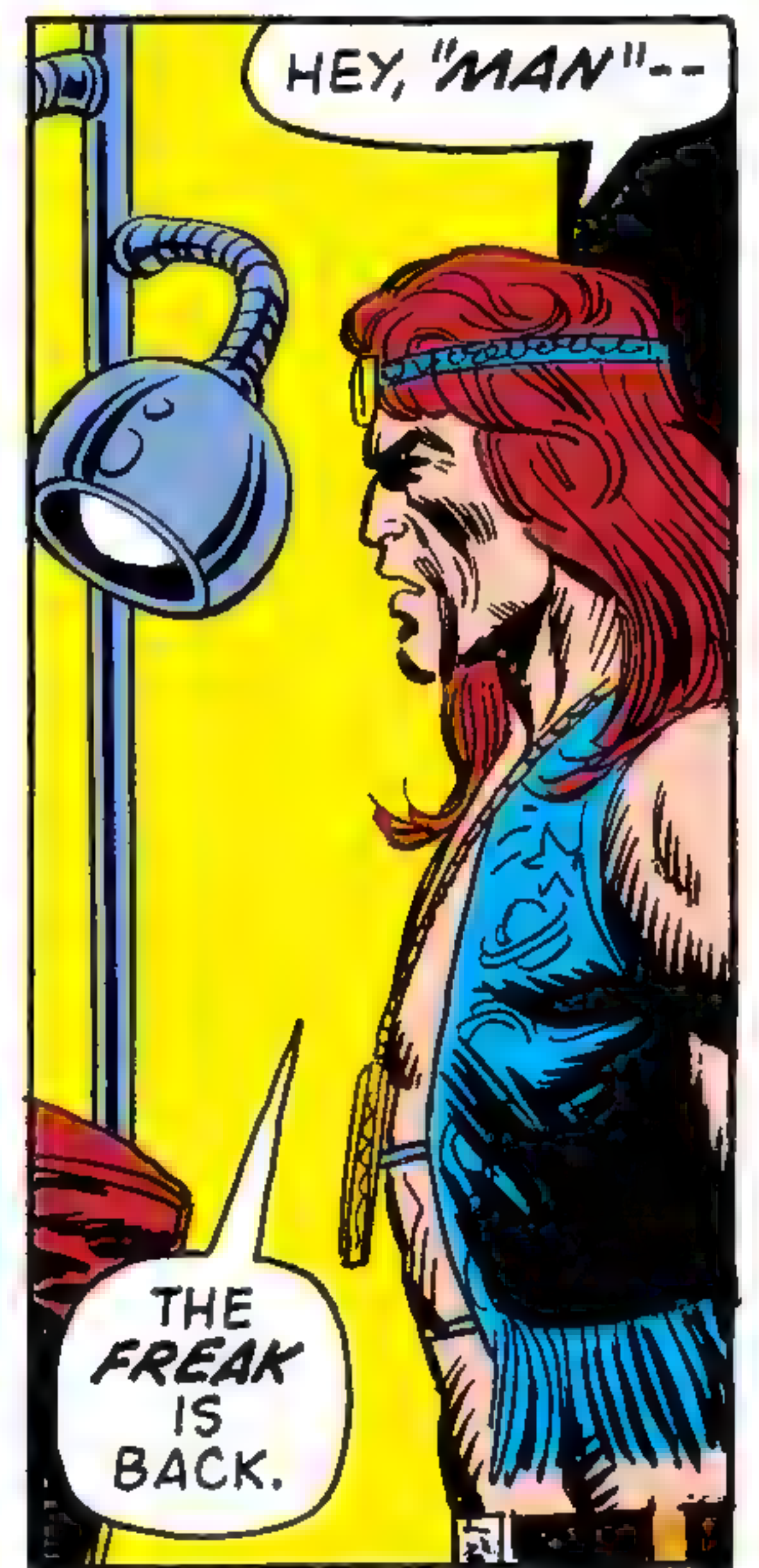
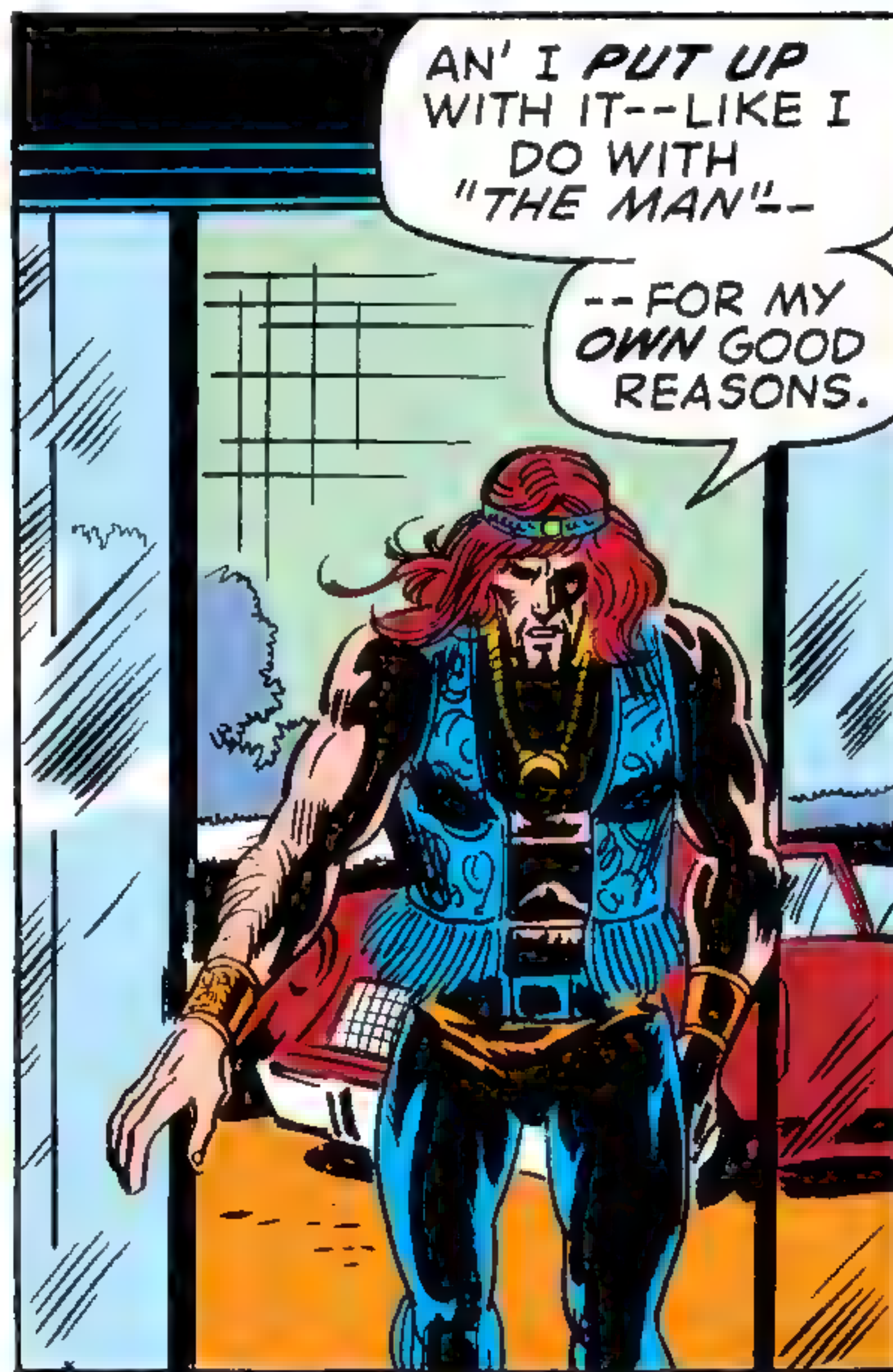
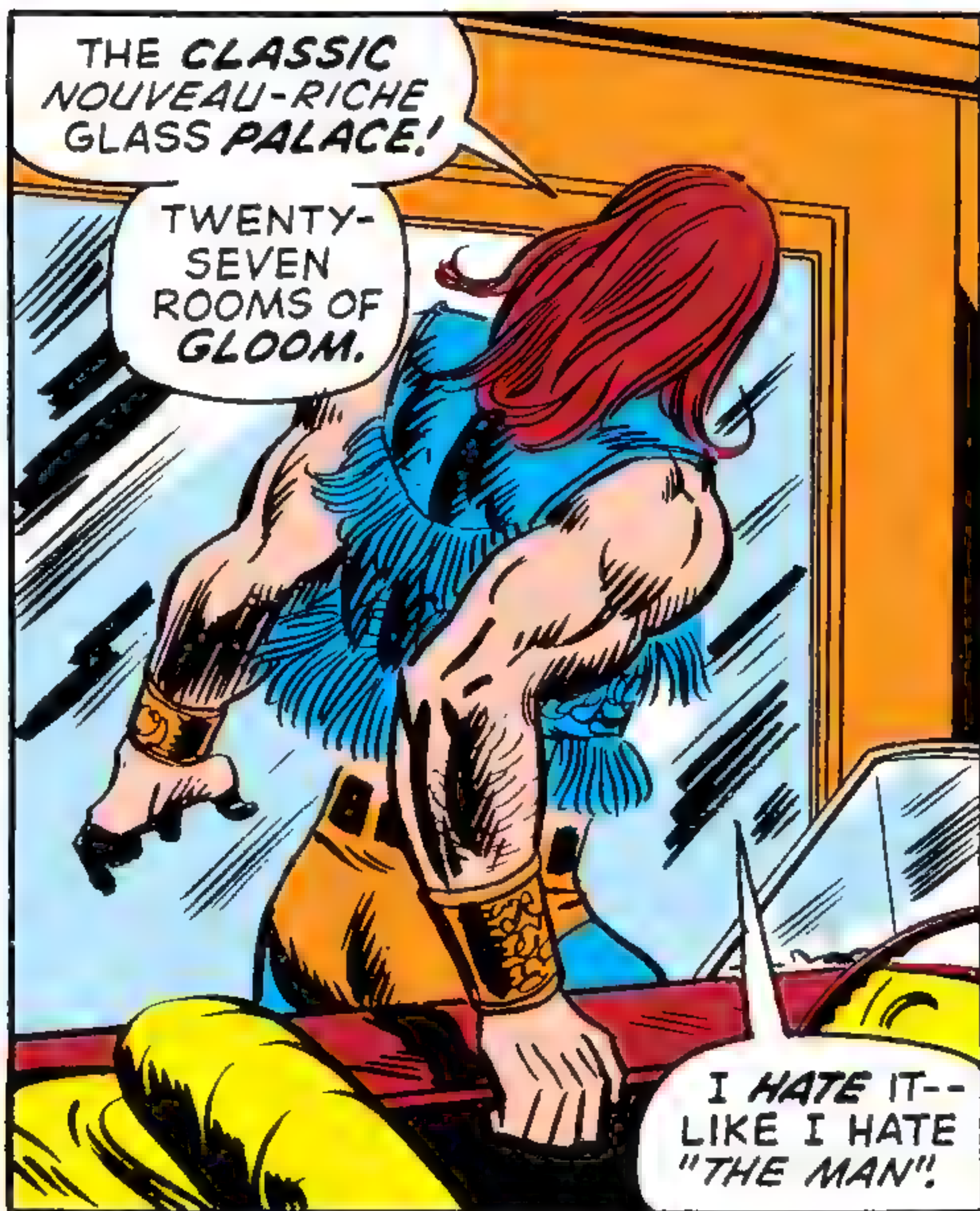
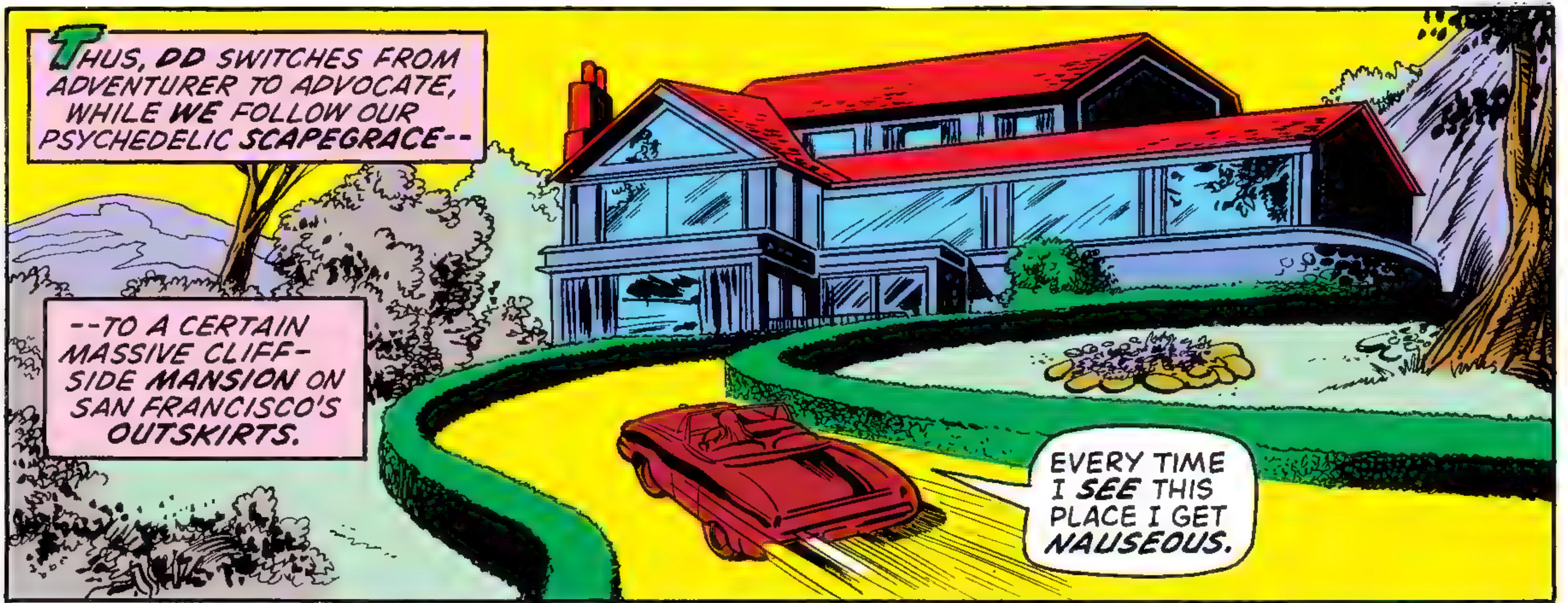
CLICK!

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO PEOPLE?

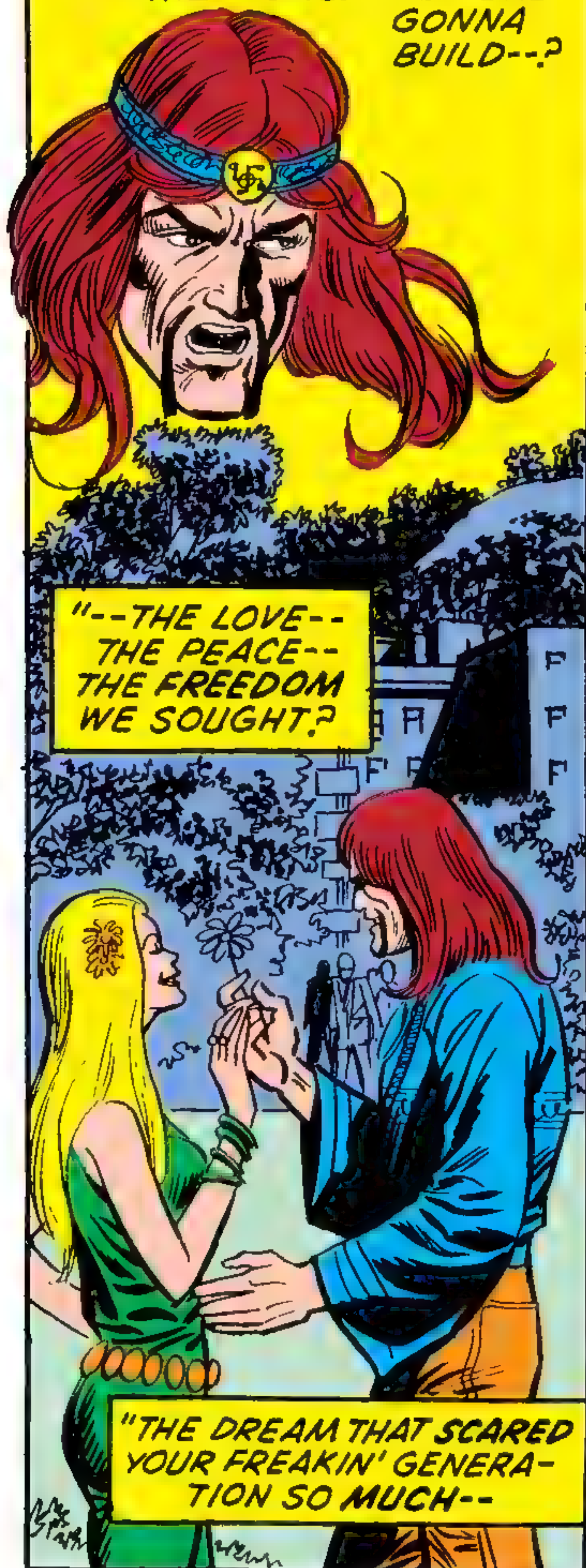


WELL, THE REST OF THE CITY CAN REMAIN SEATED--

--BUT MATT MURDOCK'S GOT A LAW PRACTICE TO RUN.



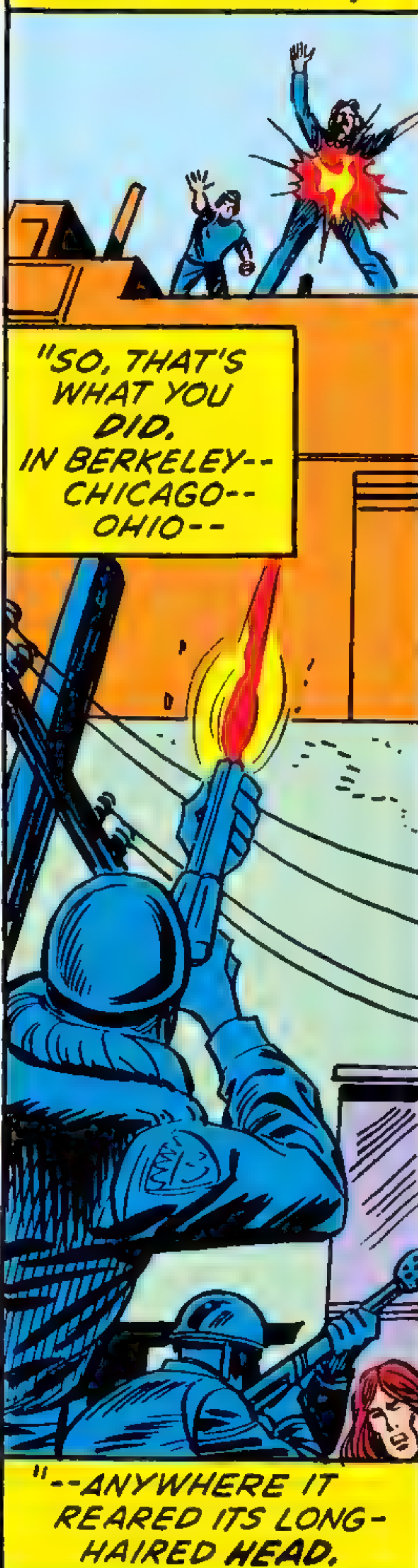
"WANNA HEAR IT AGAIN, 'MAN'?
THE STORY OF OUR DREAM--
OF THE WORLD WE WERE
GONNA
BUILD--?"



"--THE LOVE--
THE PEACE--
THE FREEDOM
WE SOUGHT?"

"THE DREAM THAT SCARED
YOUR FREAKIN' GENERA-
TION SO MUCH--"

"--YOU KNEW YOU
HAD TO KILL IT!"



"SO, THAT'S
WHAT YOU
DID,
IN BERKELEY--
CHICAGO--
OHIO--"

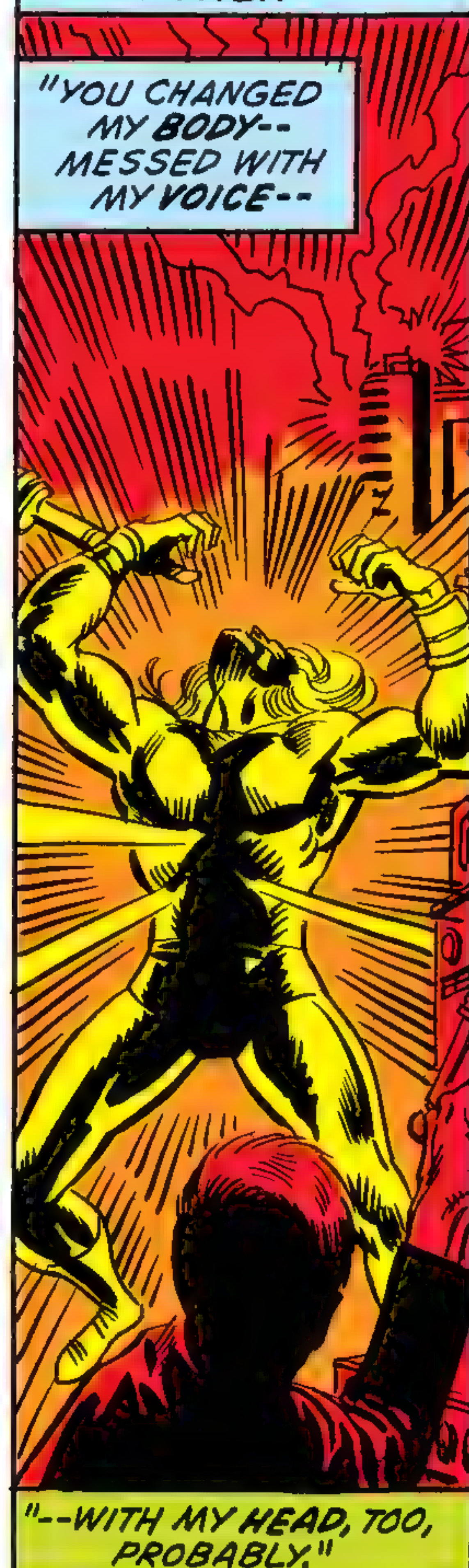
"--ANYWHERE IT
REARED ITS LONG-
HAIRED HEAD."

"YOU BROKE US,
'MAN'. WE STOPPED
CARING-- MOST OF
US... BUT NOT ME."



"I WANTED
VENGEANCE-- ON
THE HIPPIES WHO
SOLD OUT-- AND
ON YOU AND YOUR
KIND."

"AND THAT'S WHEN
YOU CAME IN-- AND
BROUGHT ME THE
POWER--"



"YOU CHANGED
MY BODY--
MESSED WITH
MY VOICE--"

"--WITH MY HEAD, TOO,
PROBABLY."



NOT THAT IT
MATTERS...

...SINCE I'M THE
MASTER OF THE
MIND-STORM
NOW!

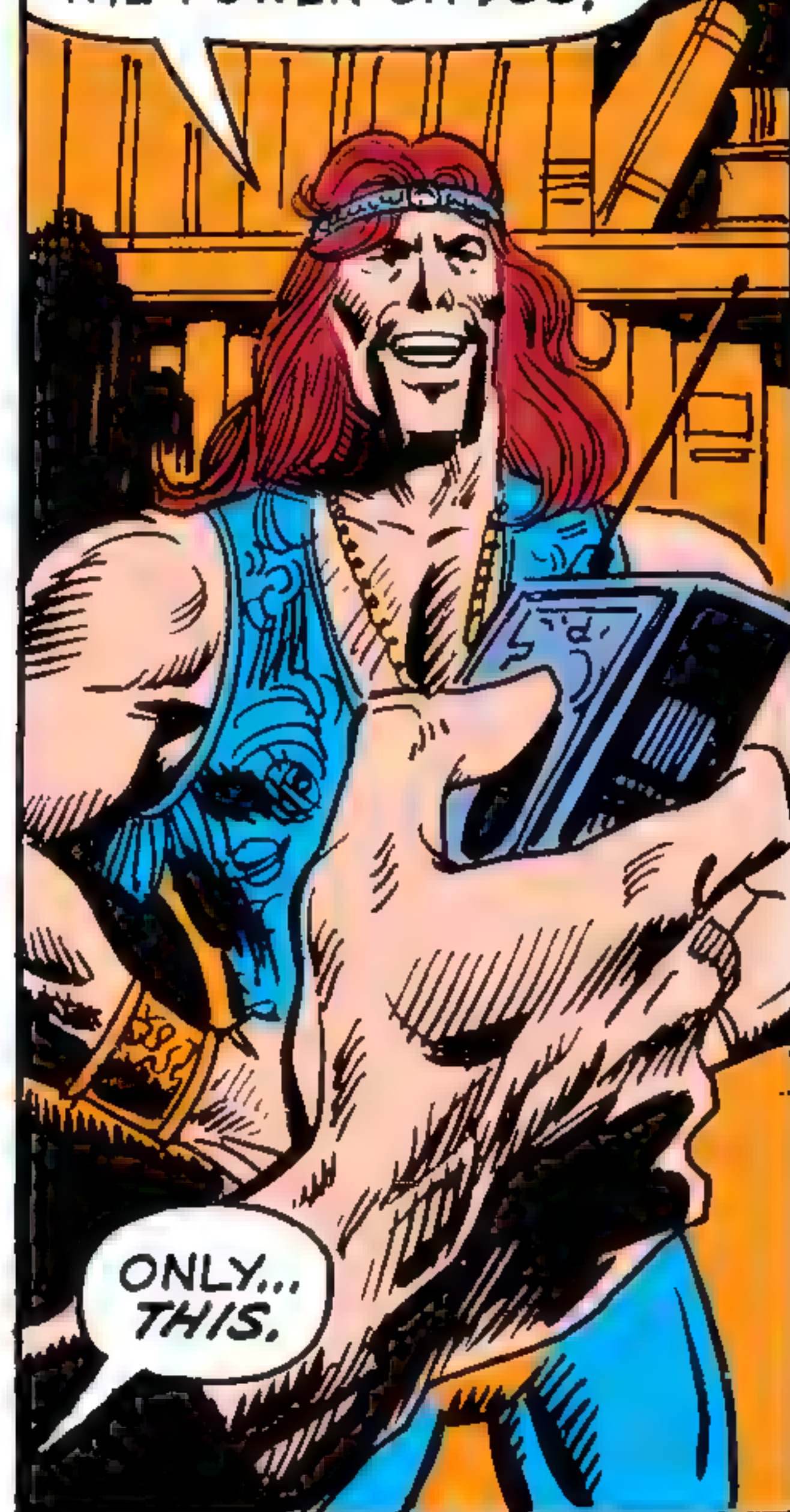
TODAY... TODAY,
I HAD THE
WHOLE CITY
ON ITS KNEES!
I KNOW NOW...

...NOTHING CAN
STOP ME! NOT
EVEN YOU!

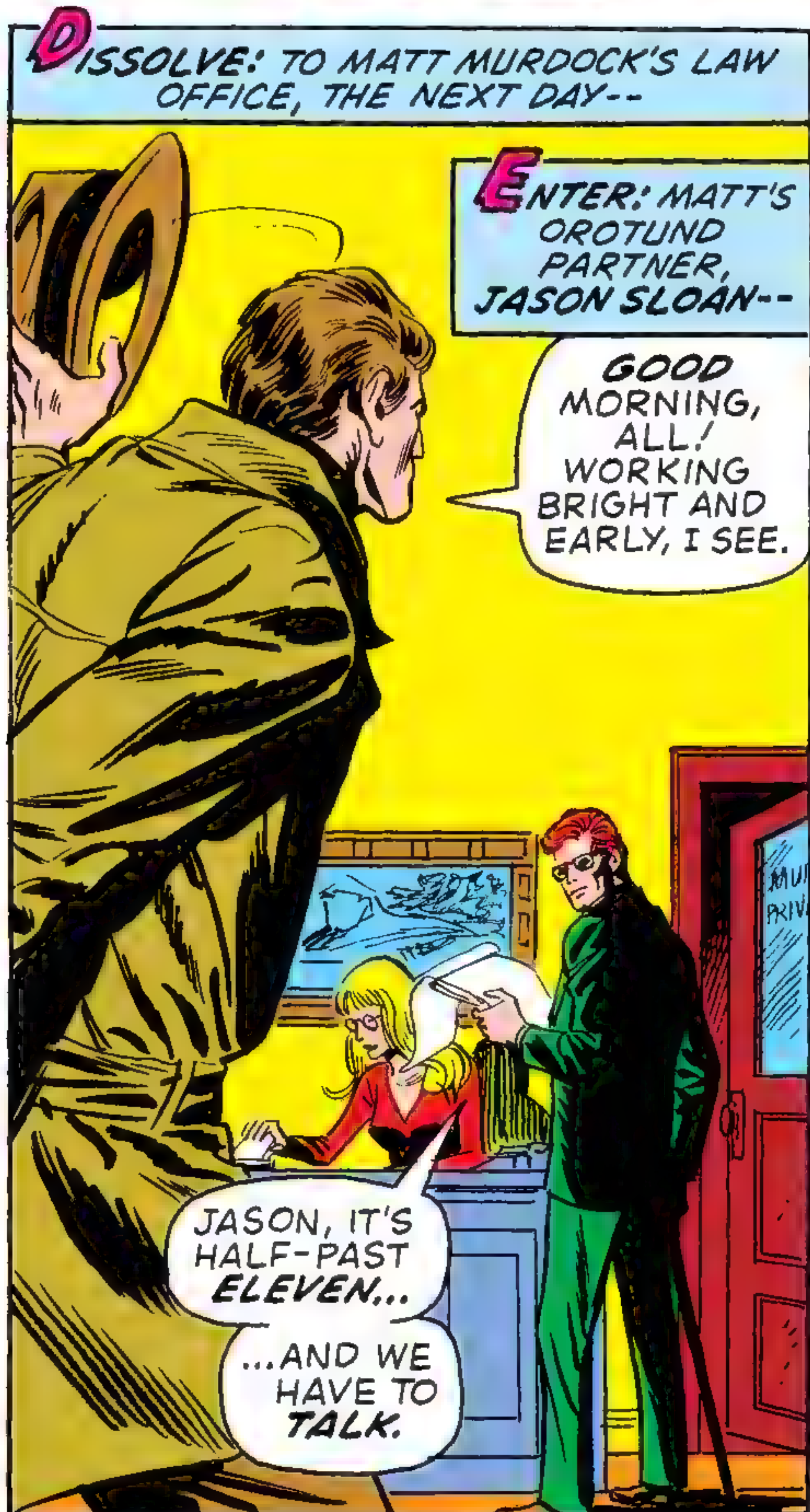
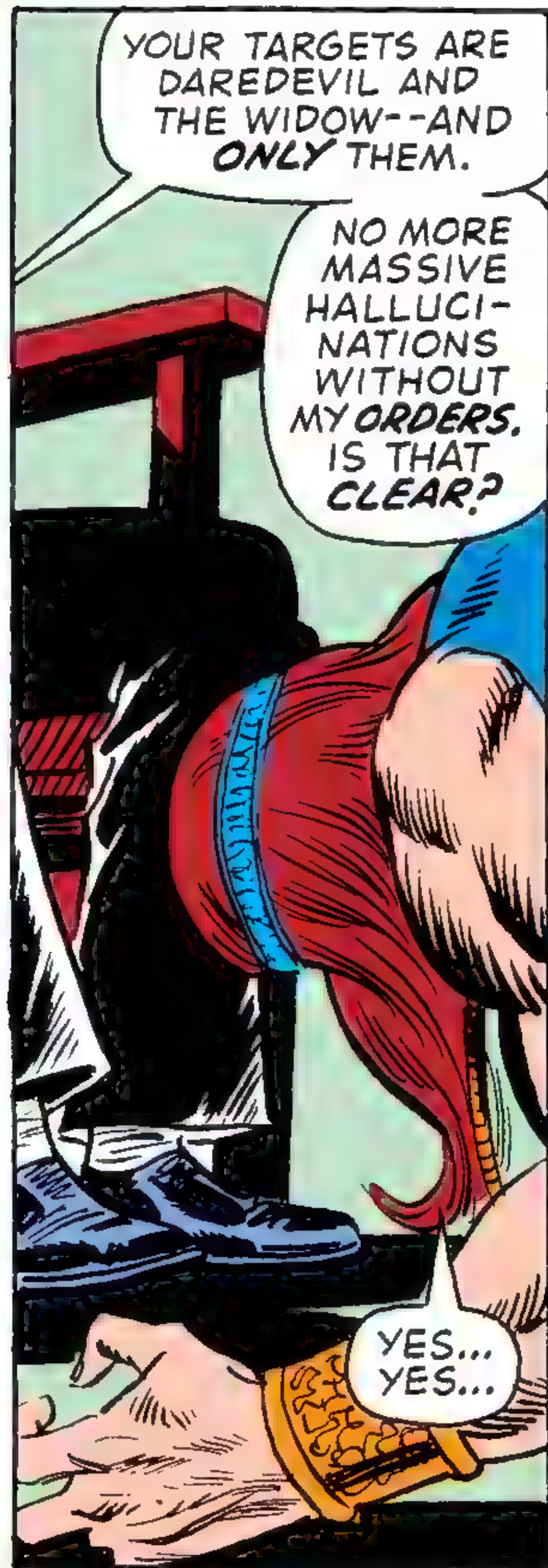
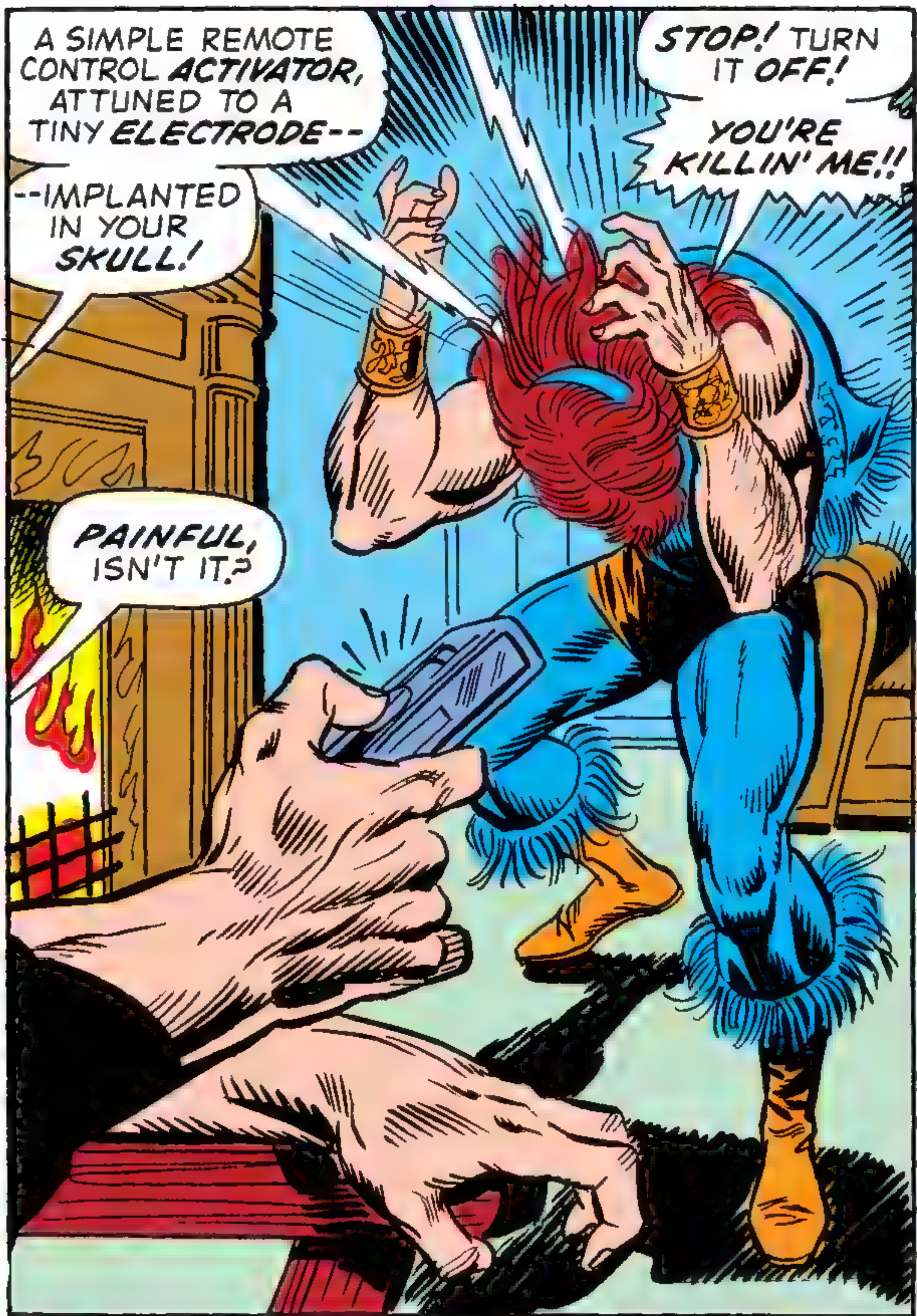


NO,
ANGAR.
YOU'RE
QUITE
WRONG.

YEAH? THEN TELL ME,
MR. "MAN"-- WHAT'S TO
STOP ME FROM USIN'
THE POWER ON YOU?



ONLY...
THIS.





...AND, ACCORDING TO DAREDEVIL, WHO HELPED CAPTURE THEM--THEY'RE ALSO NOT GUILTY.

AND DESPITE THE PROTESTATIONS OF KERWIN J. BRODERICK--THAT'S HOW I INTEND TO PLEAD.

PRETTY STRONG WORDS, COUNSELOR.



STOP AND *THINK*, MATT. YOU'RE PART OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL FIRM IN THE STATE--

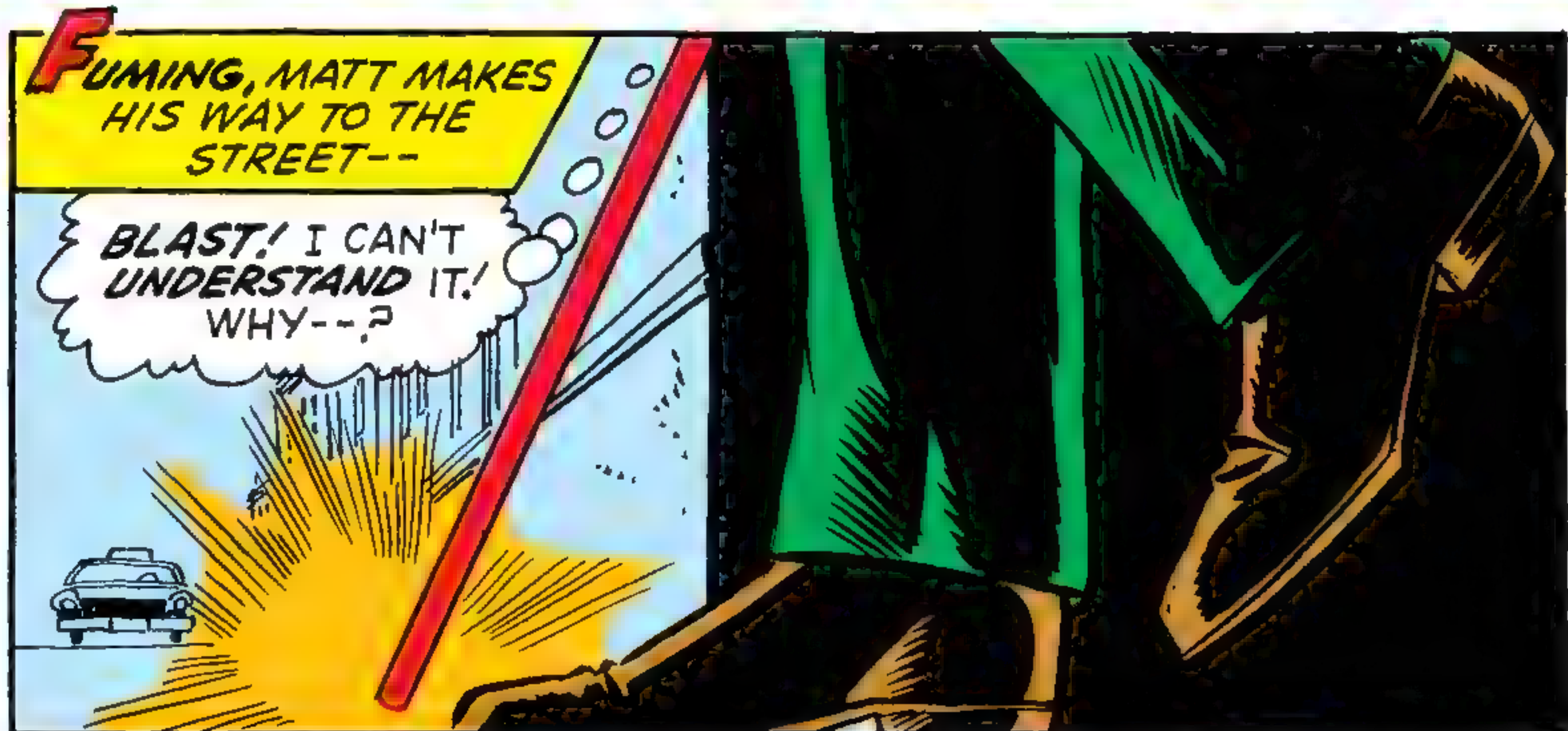
--A FIRM BRODERICK BUILT. HIS IDEAS *SEEM* STRANGE, BUT THEY WORK OUT FOR THE BEST.

WHOSE BEST, JASON? OURS ...OR OUR CLIENTS'?



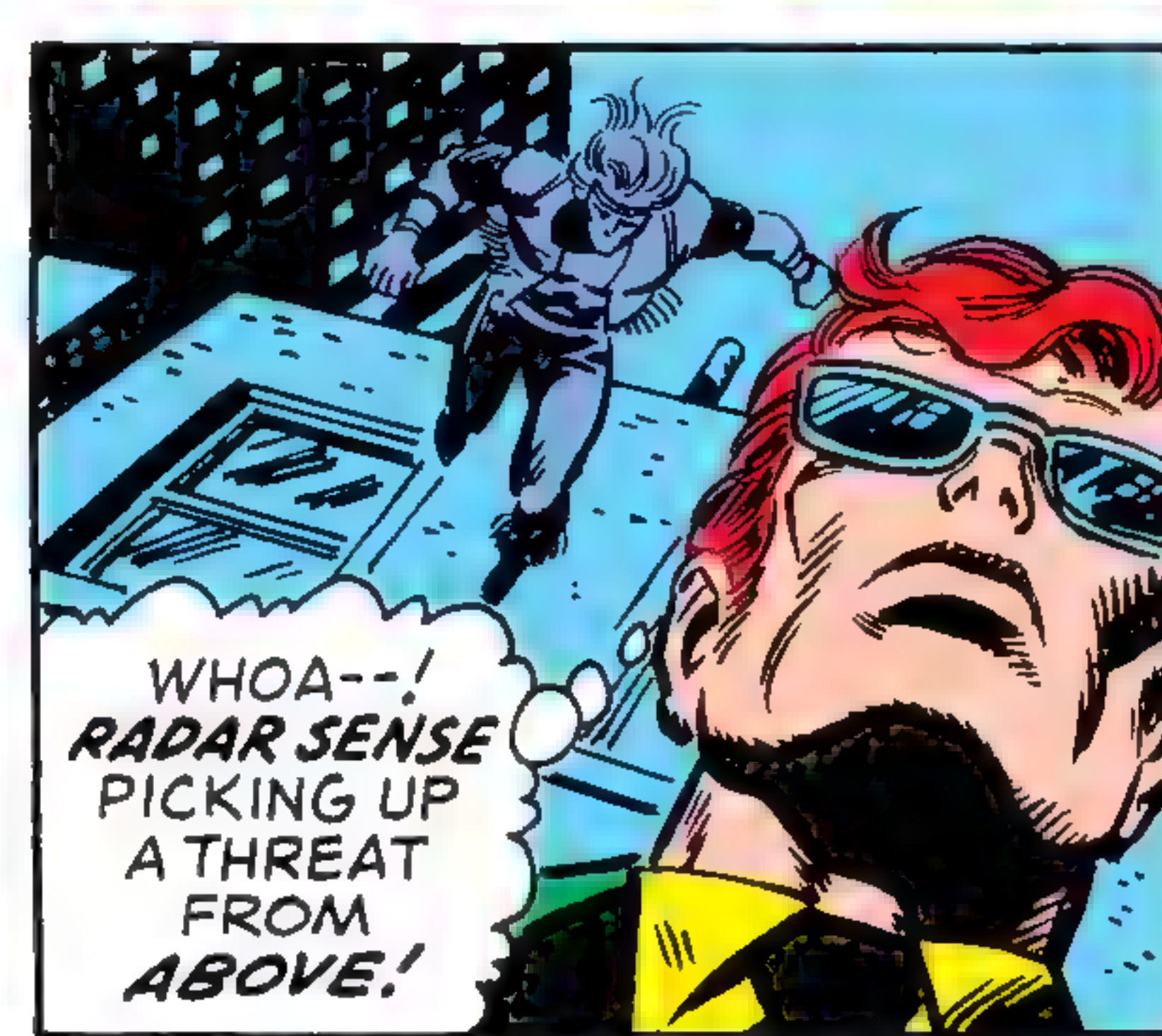
YOUR BEST, MATT--IF YOU WANT TO REMAIN A *PARTNER* IN THIS OFFICE.

I'M GOING TO *IGNORE* THAT, JASON--FOR NOW!

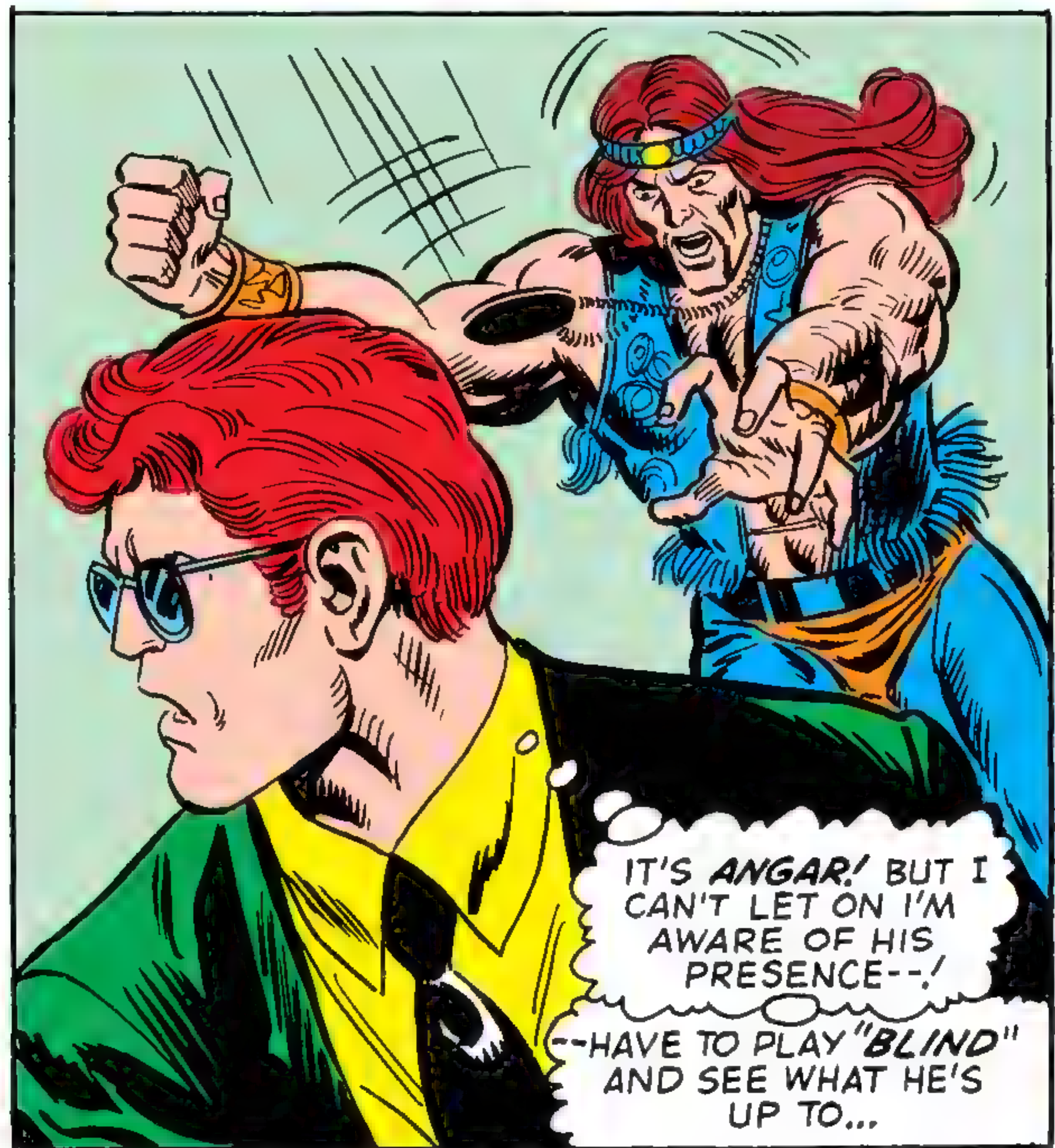


FUMING, MATT MAKES HIS WAY TO THE STREET--

BLAST! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! WHY--?



WHOA--! RADAR SENSE PICKING UP A THREAT FROM ABOVE!

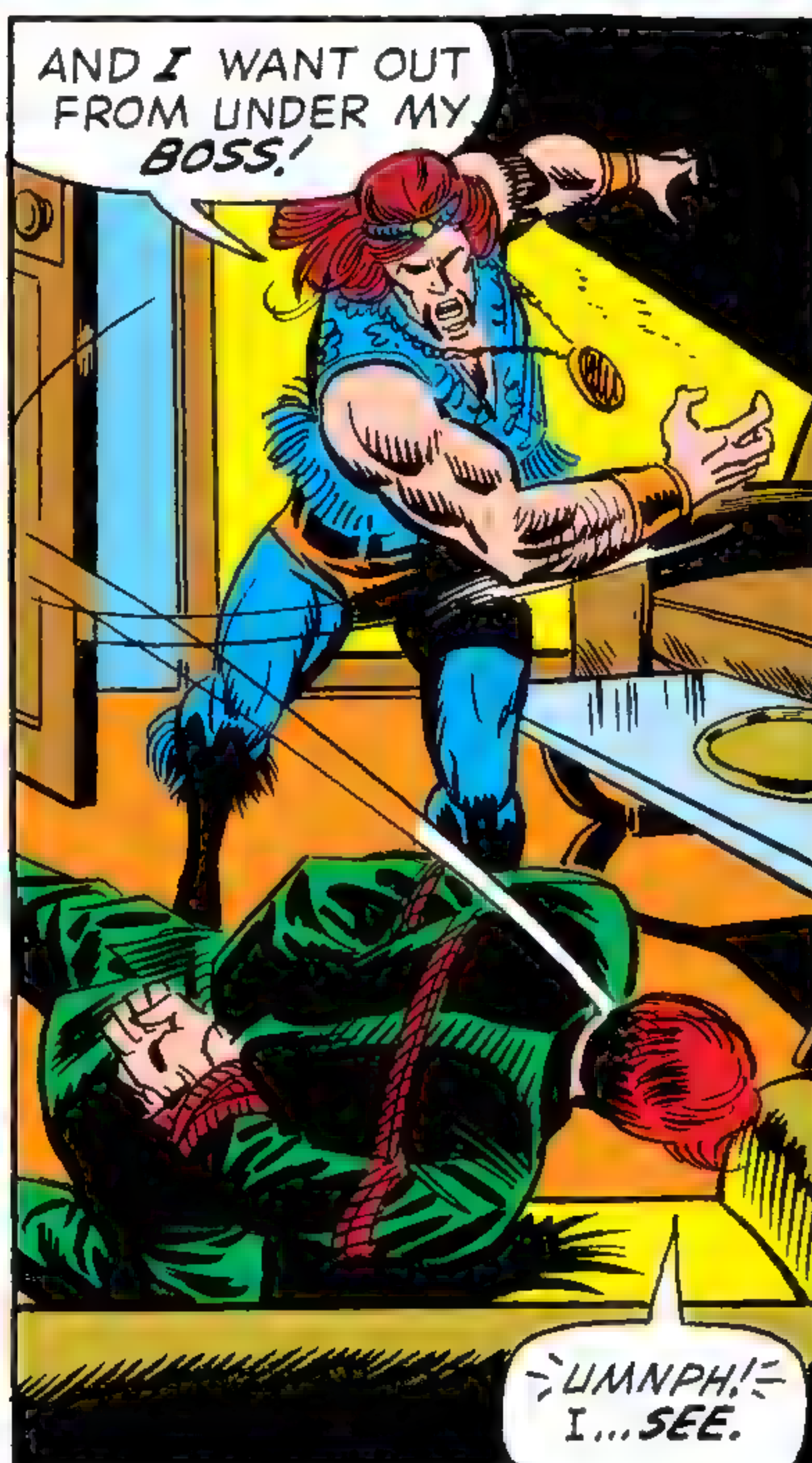
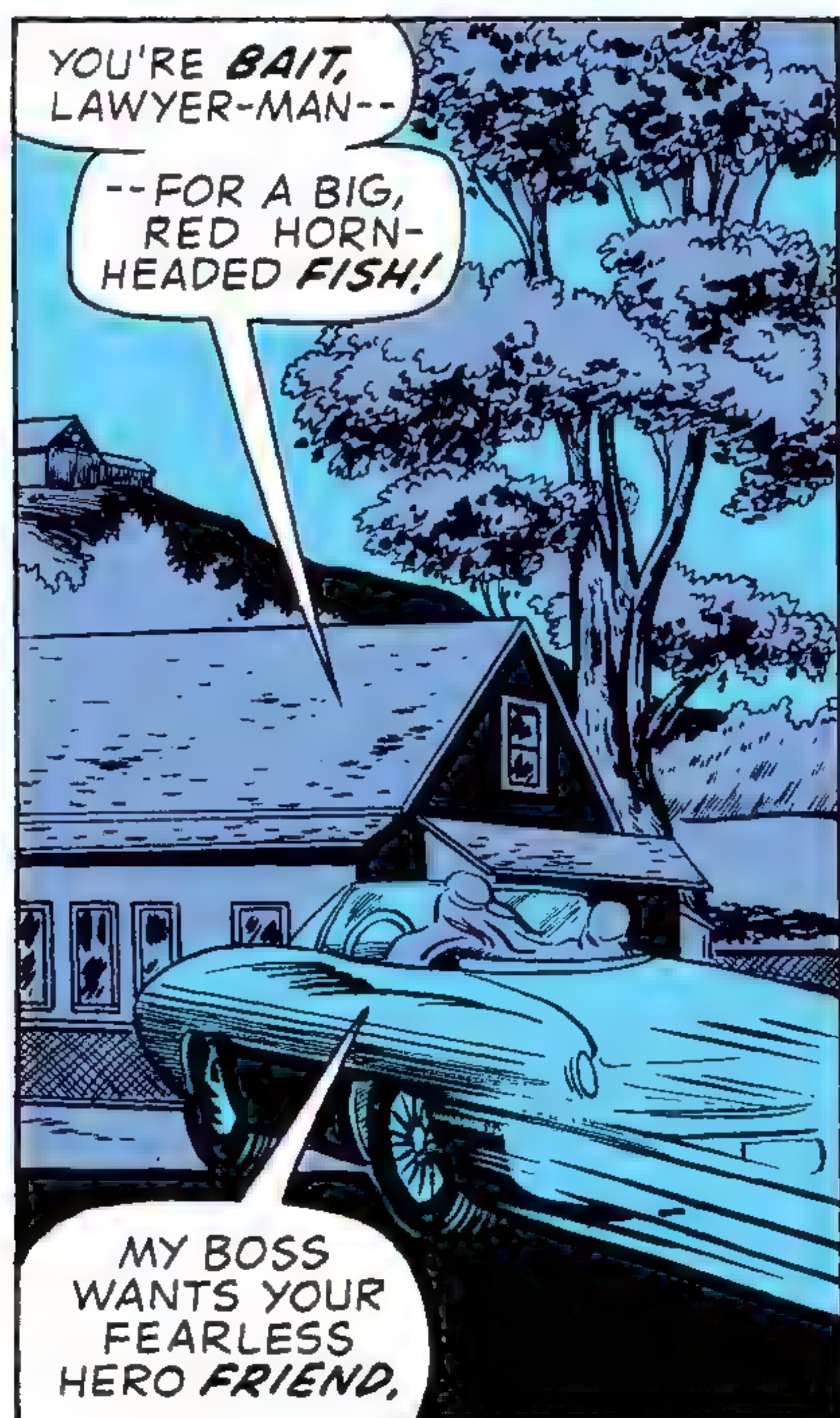
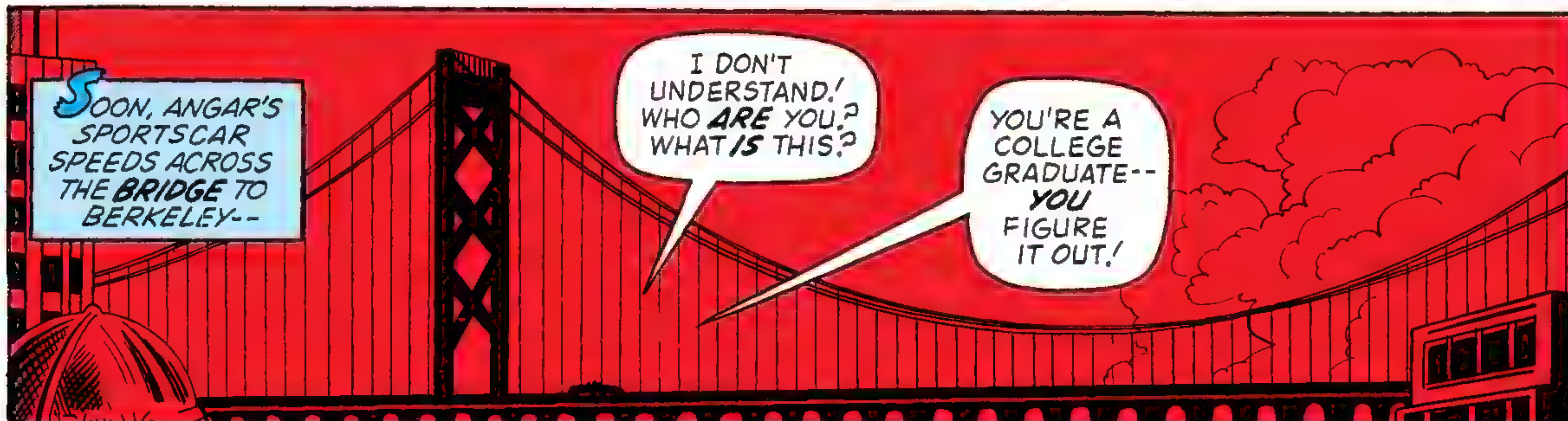
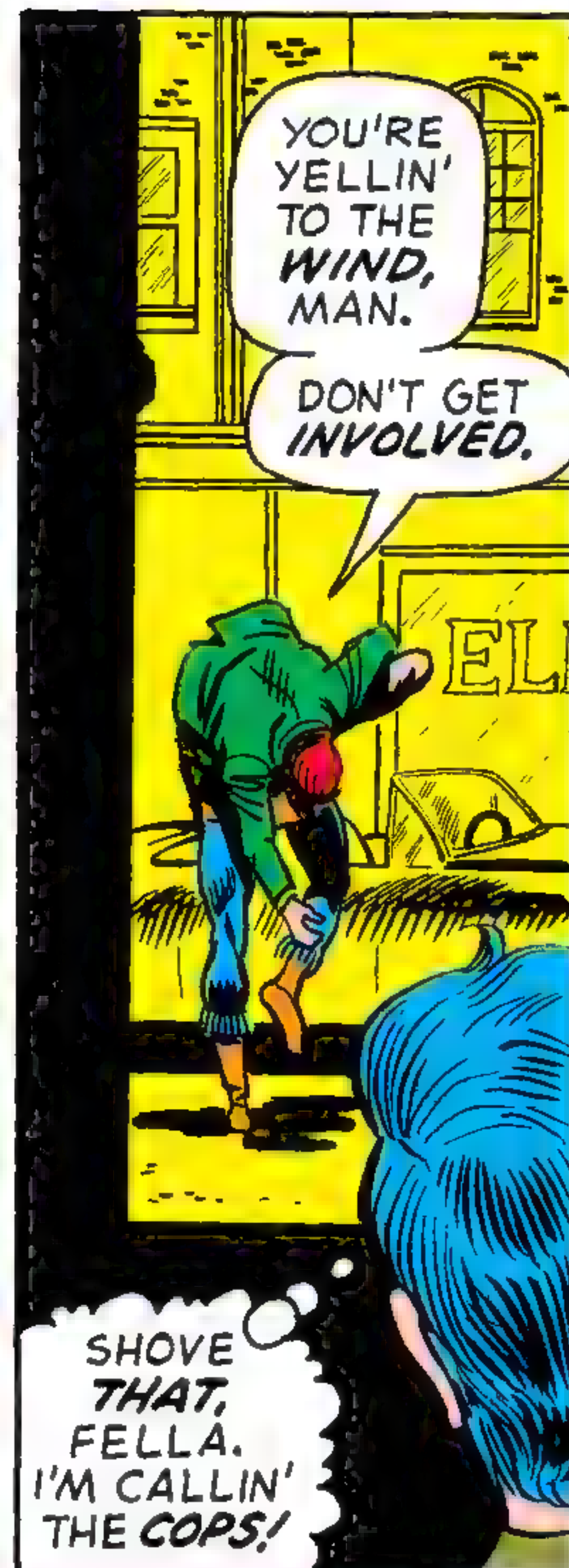
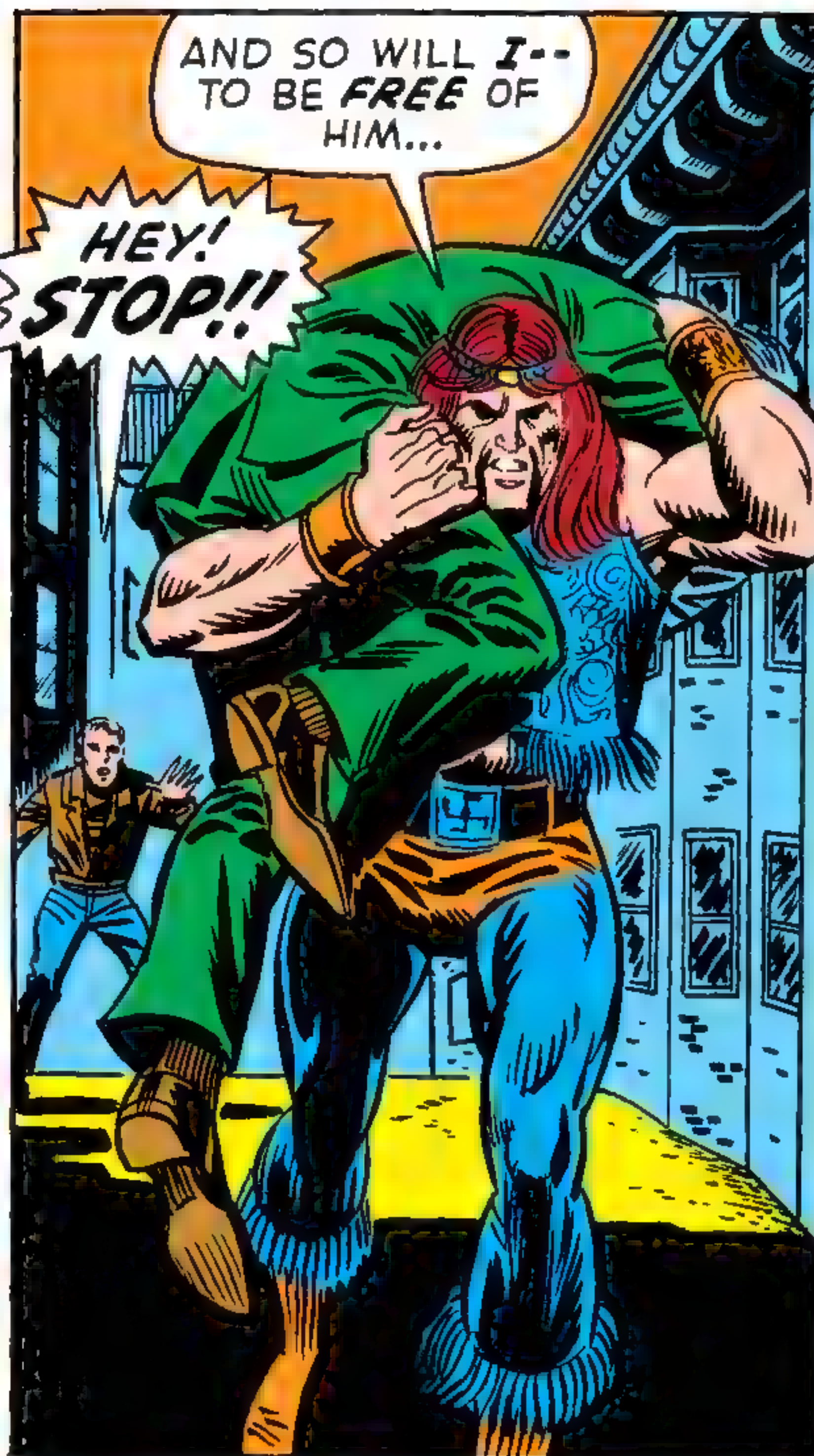
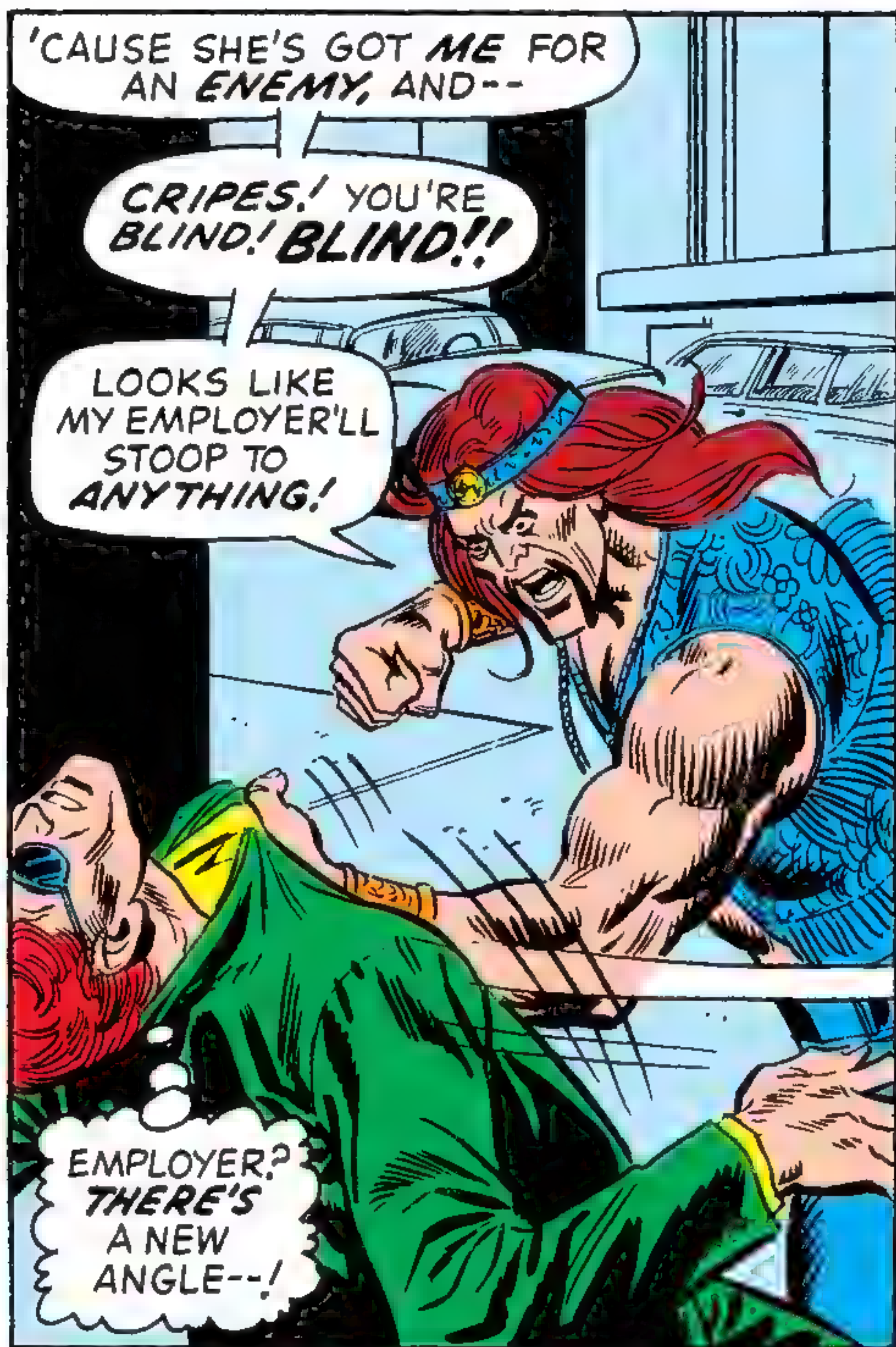


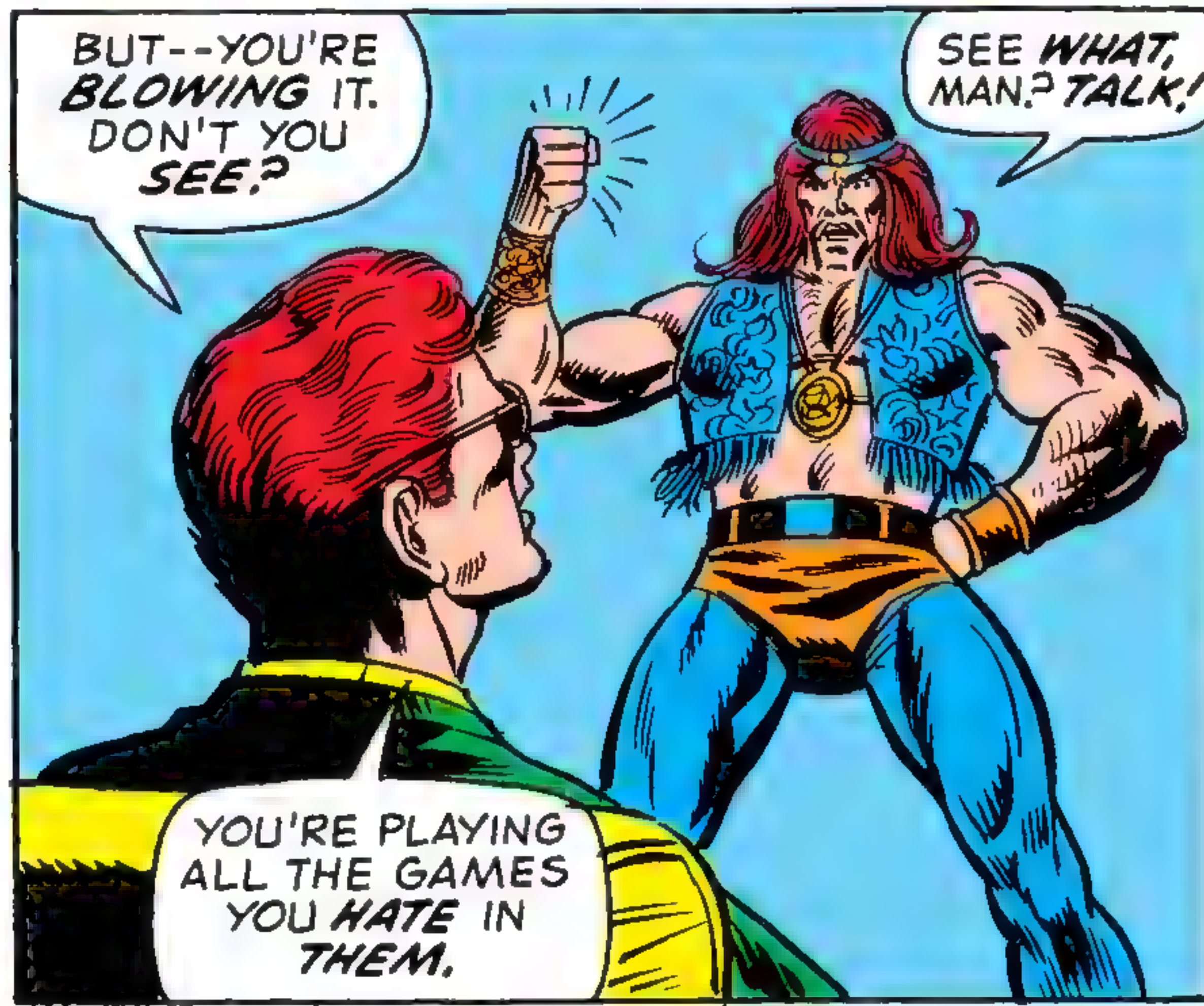
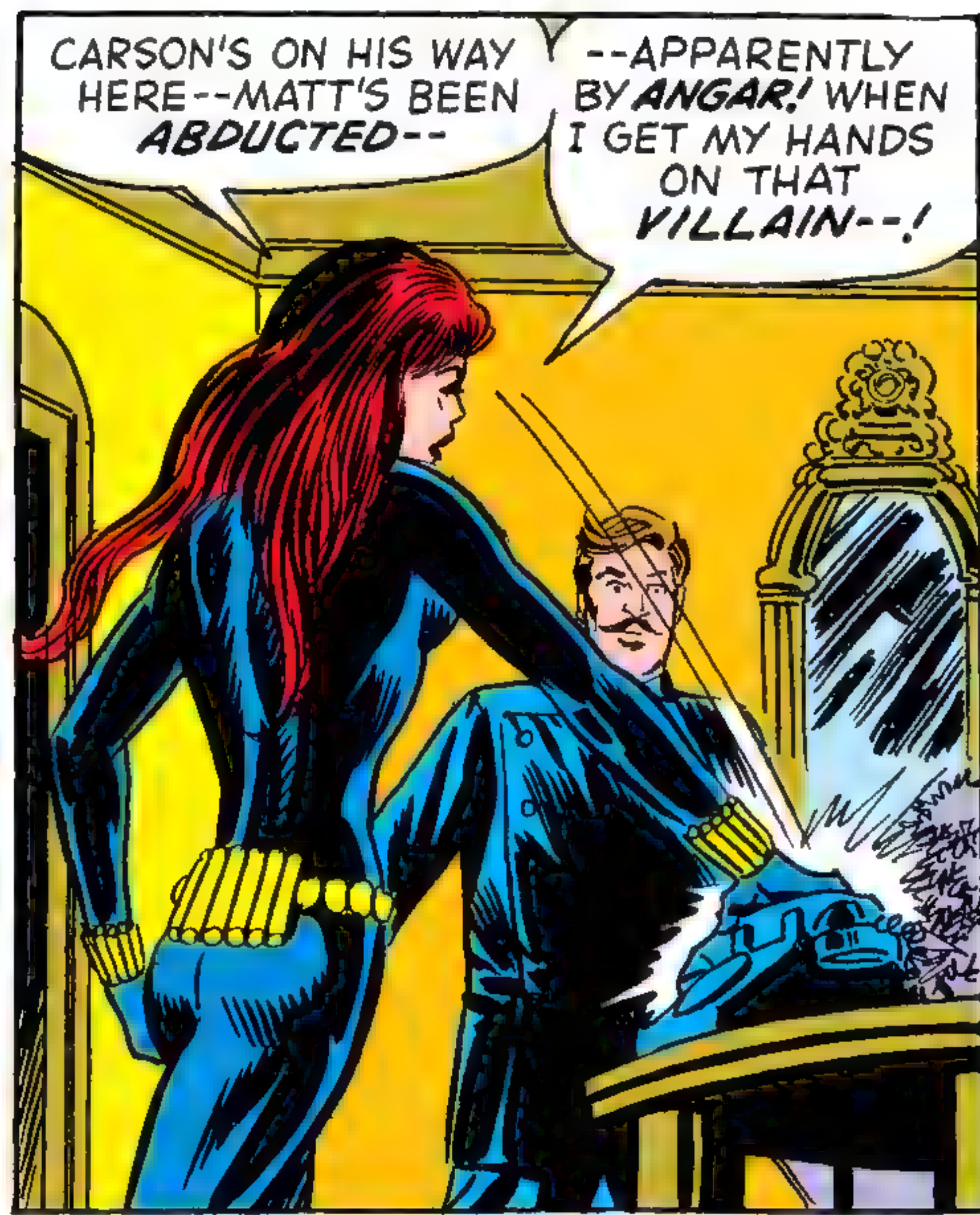
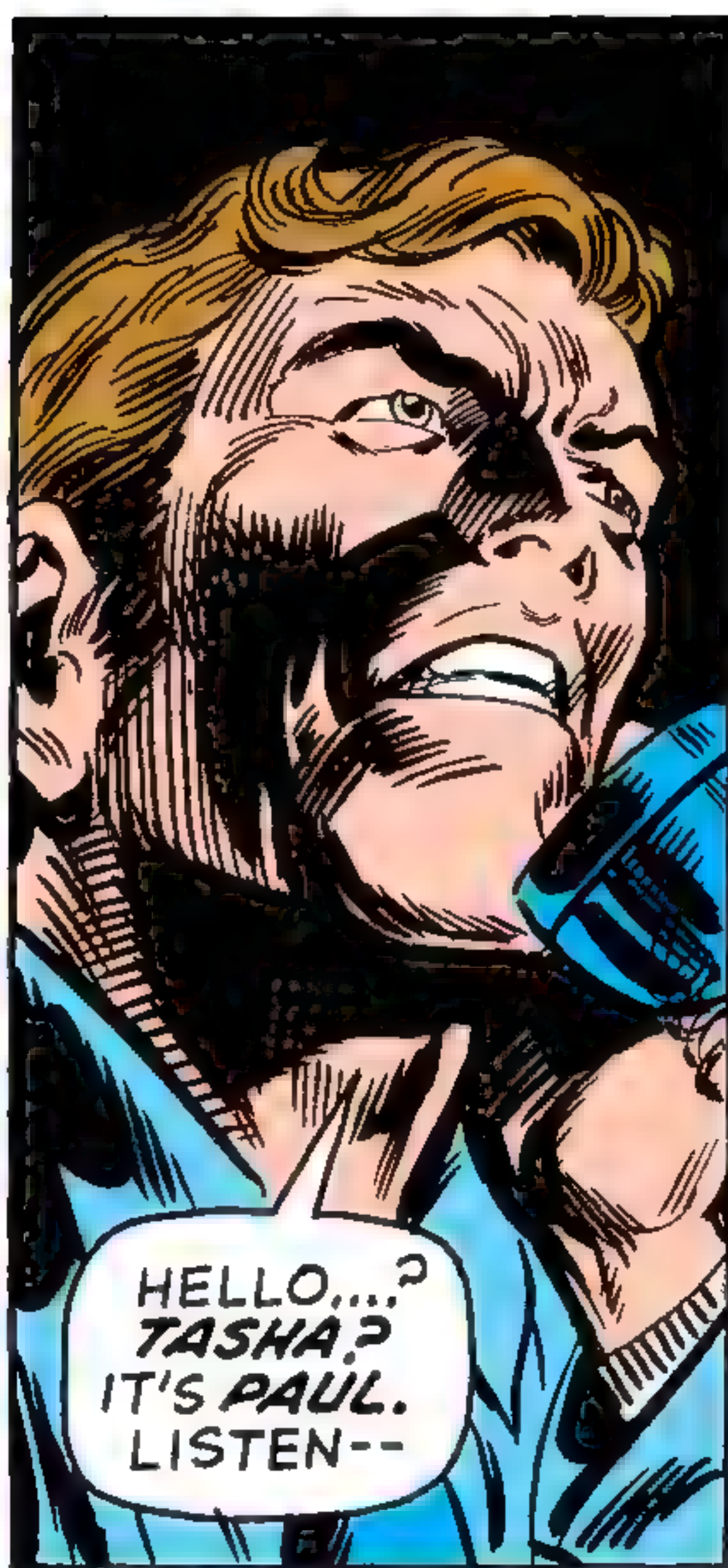
IT'S *ANGAR*! BUT I CAN'T LET ON I'M AWARE OF HIS PRESENCE--!
--HAVE TO PLAY "*BLIND*" AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO...



SO YOU'RE THE WIDOW'S TENANT, HUH?

SHE'S A DANGEROUS LANDLADY THESE DAYS.





BY HIS STANDARDS, HE'S ONLY BEEN PLAYING PRANKS SO FAR.

IF HE DECIDED TO CUT LOOSE, I'D HATE--UH-OH!

POLICE! AND A WOMAN WITH THEM--NATASHA!

IF THEY TRY TO STORM THE PLACE-- TAKE ANGAR BY FORCE --THERE'S BOUND TO BE BLOODSHED!

YOU IN THERE! SURRENDER! GIVE US MURDOCK--

--COME QUIETLY-- WE WON'T SHOOT!

MEN-- WAIT! DON'T PANIC! MURDOCK'S SAFE!

DAREDEVIL!

WHAT'RE YOU SAYING, RED?

MURDOCK ISN'T IN THERE.

HE'S ALREADY BEEN FREED, THERE'S NO NEED TO--

NO NEED? THAT WEIRDO'S STILL A KIDNAPPER--A CRIMINAL!

BUT ANGAR'S POWER! YOU DON'T--

PAUL'S RIGHT, DD...!

DAREDEVIL'S SENTENCE STOPS SHORT --AS HIS HYPER-SENSITIVE HEARING PICKS UP FOOTFALLS ON THE LAWN--!

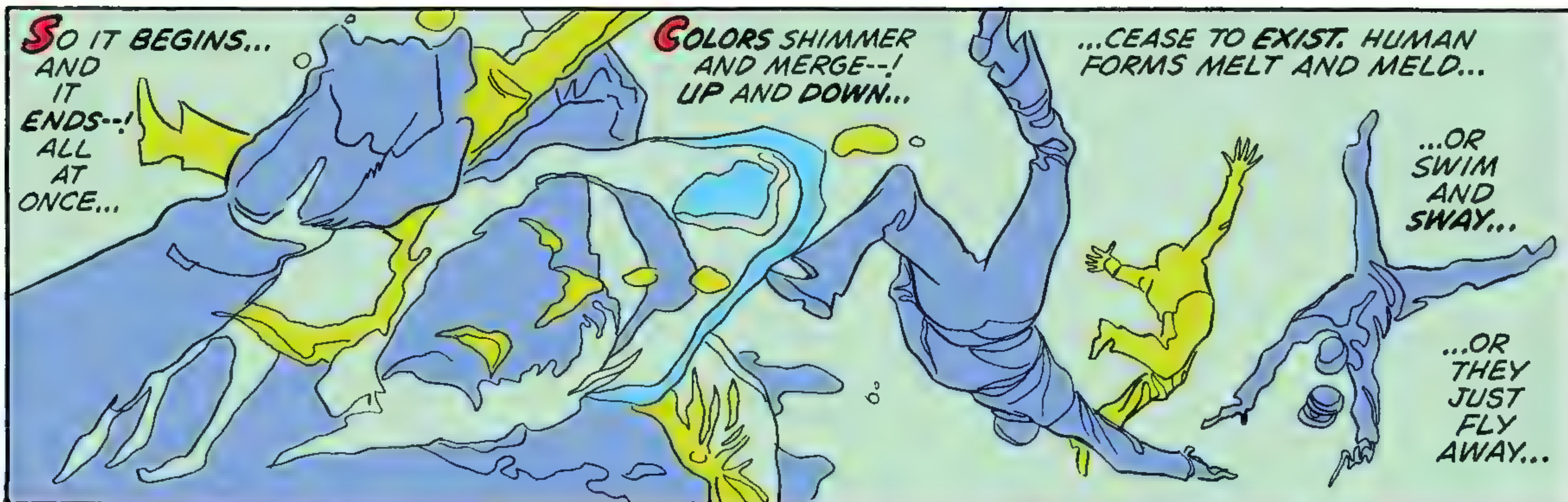
ALL EYES SAVE HIS OWN TURN, AND AS ONE, ALL GAZES LOCK--

--ON THE DEMONIC FACE AND MASSIVE MUSCULATURE OF THE FIGURE STRIDING TOWARDS THEM.

AND THEN--

--THE SCREAM!

DEEP FROM AN ANGUISHED SOUL, IT RISES... RESONANT --RESONATING... REVERBERATING--!



SO IT BEGINS...
AND
IT
ENDS--!
ALL
AT
ONCE...

COLORS SHIMMER
AND MERGE--!
UP AND DOWN...

...CEASE TO EXIST. HUMAN
FORMS MELT AND MELD...

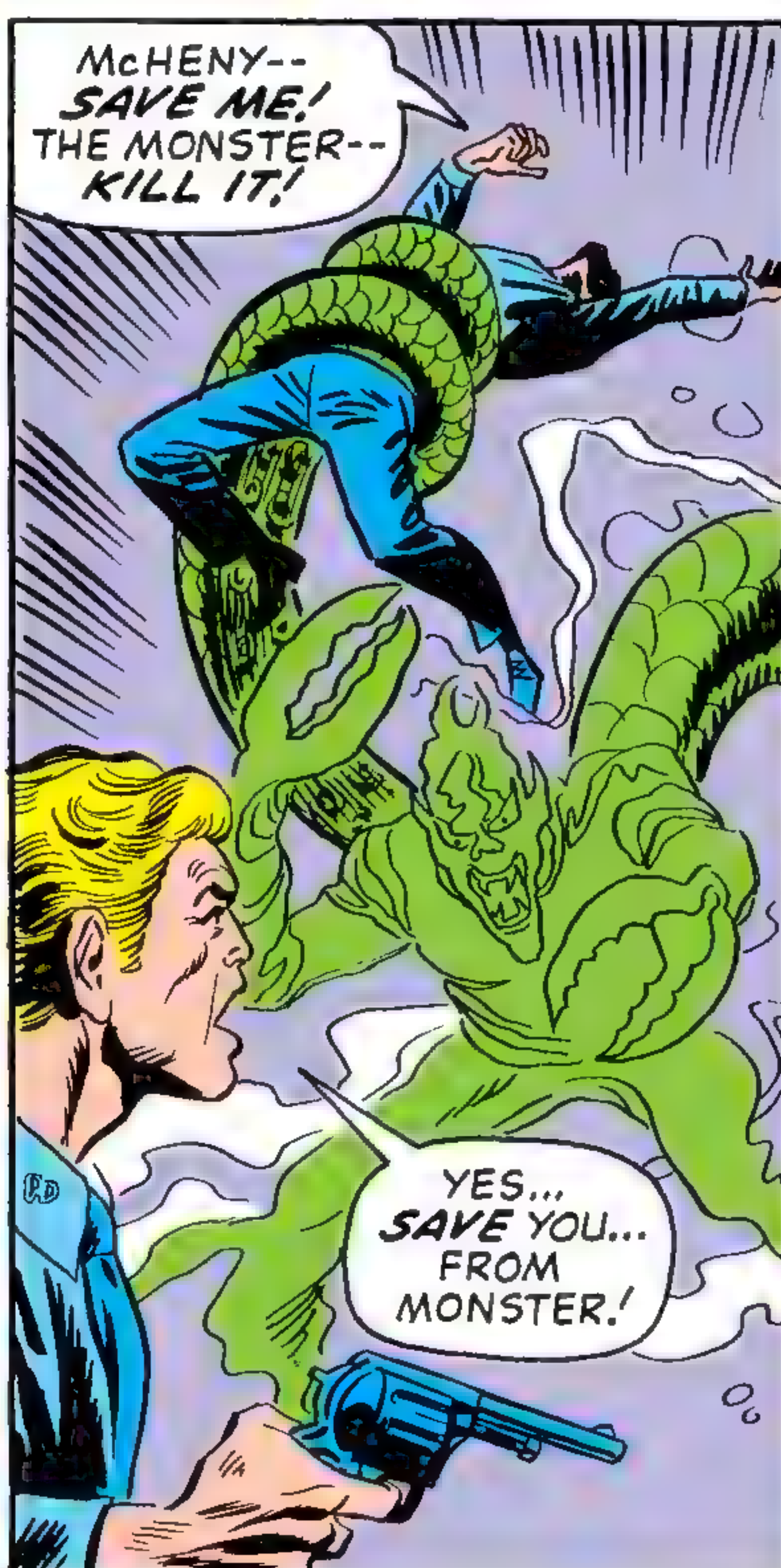
...OR
SWIM
AND
SWAY...

...OR
THEY
JUST
FLY
AWAY...



MONSTERS!!

CREATURES
SENT TO
KILL US!



McHENY--
SAVE ME!
THE MONSTER--
KILL IT!

YES...
SAVE YOU...
FROM
MONSTER!



BUT...IS
IT A
MONSTER?
REALLY--
?

McHENY!
DON'T!
IT'S ME--
TRAVERS--

AARGH--

KILL
MONSTER--
SAVE
PAUL--
KILL!

THUS, BULLETS PLAY THE
CRACKLING PERCUSSION PART--



--IN THE TERROR--
SONG OF ANGAR--

--A CACOPHONUS CANTICLE
WHICH NOW REACHES A
CRESCENDO AND...CEASES!



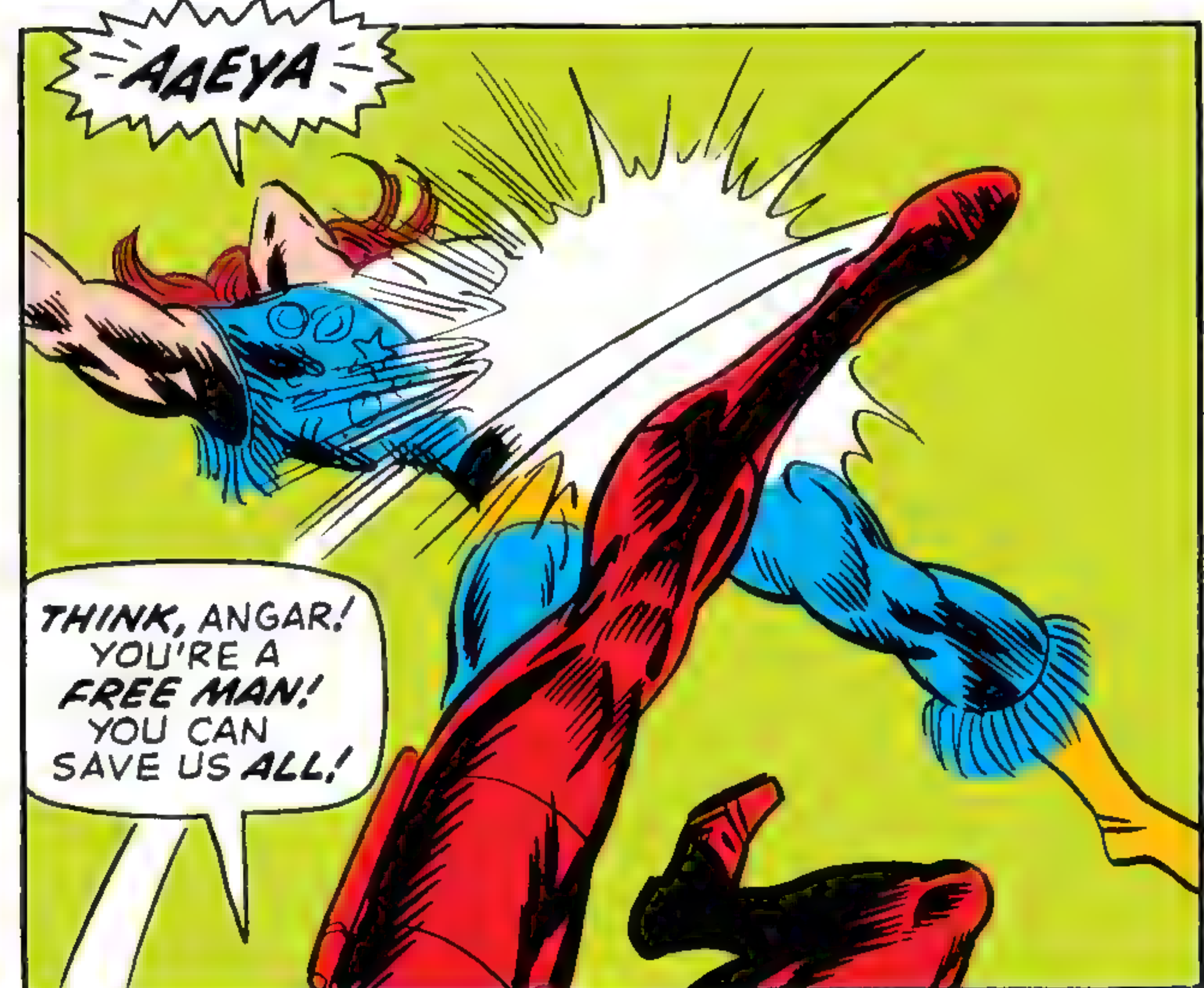
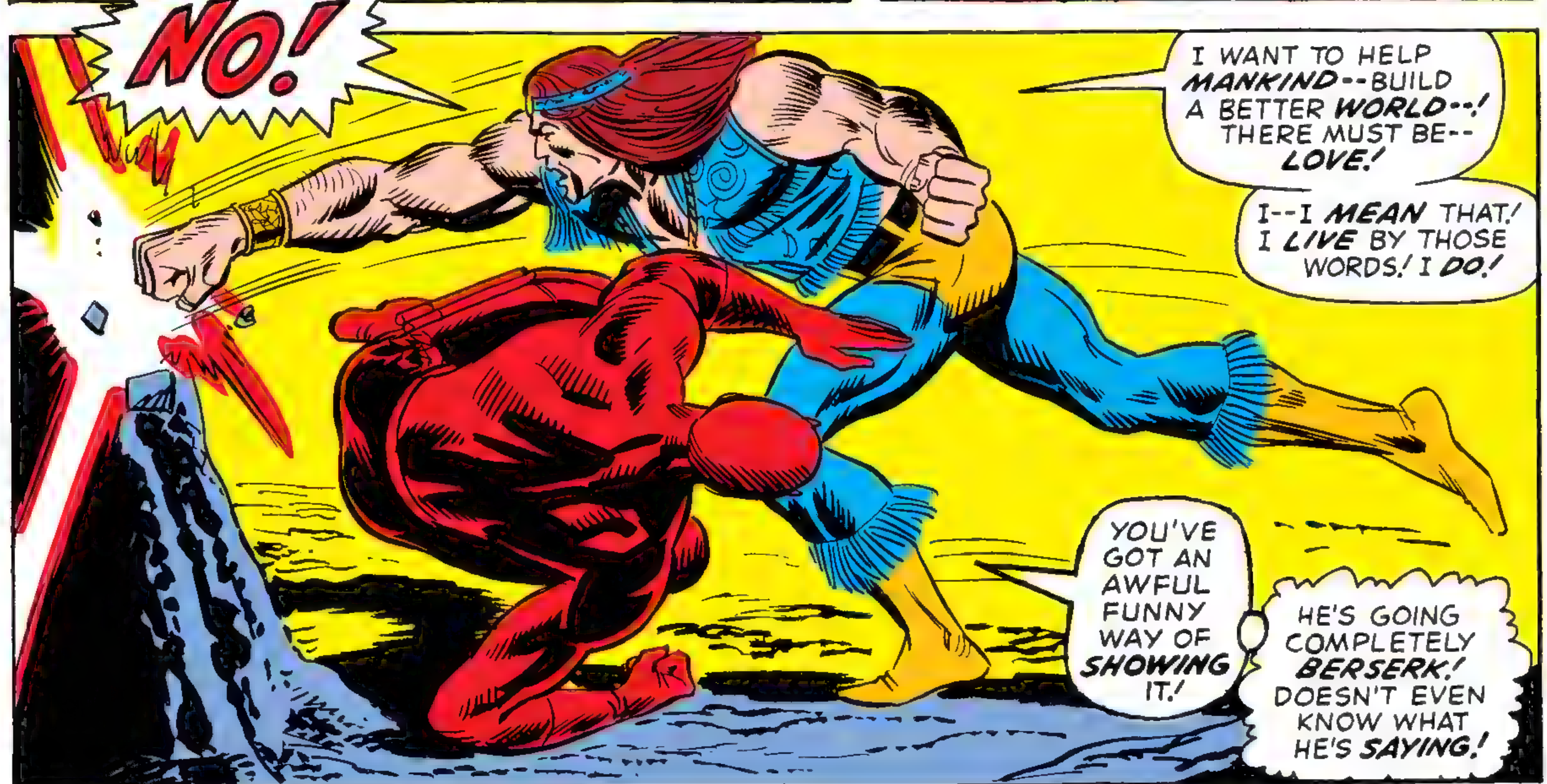
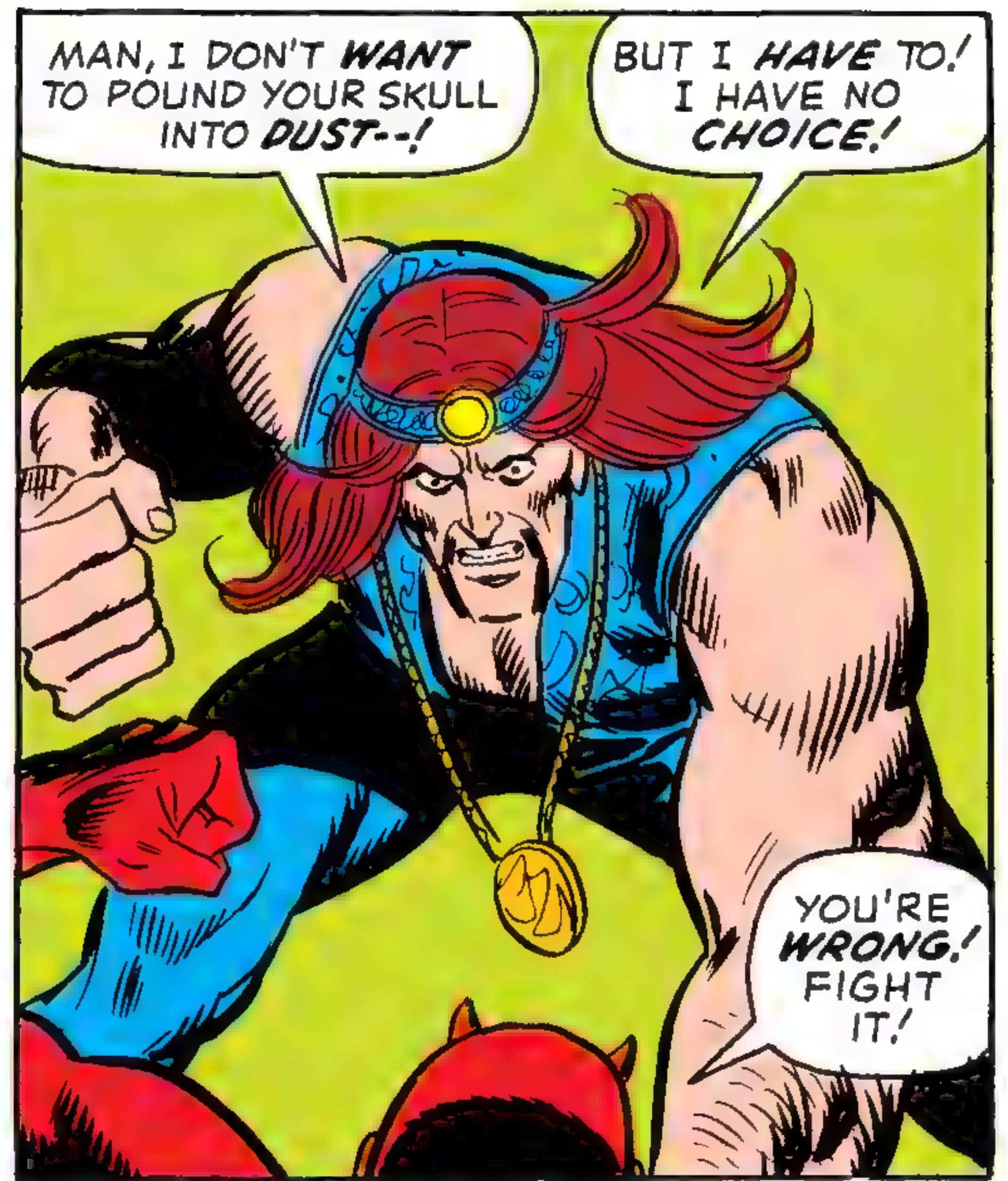
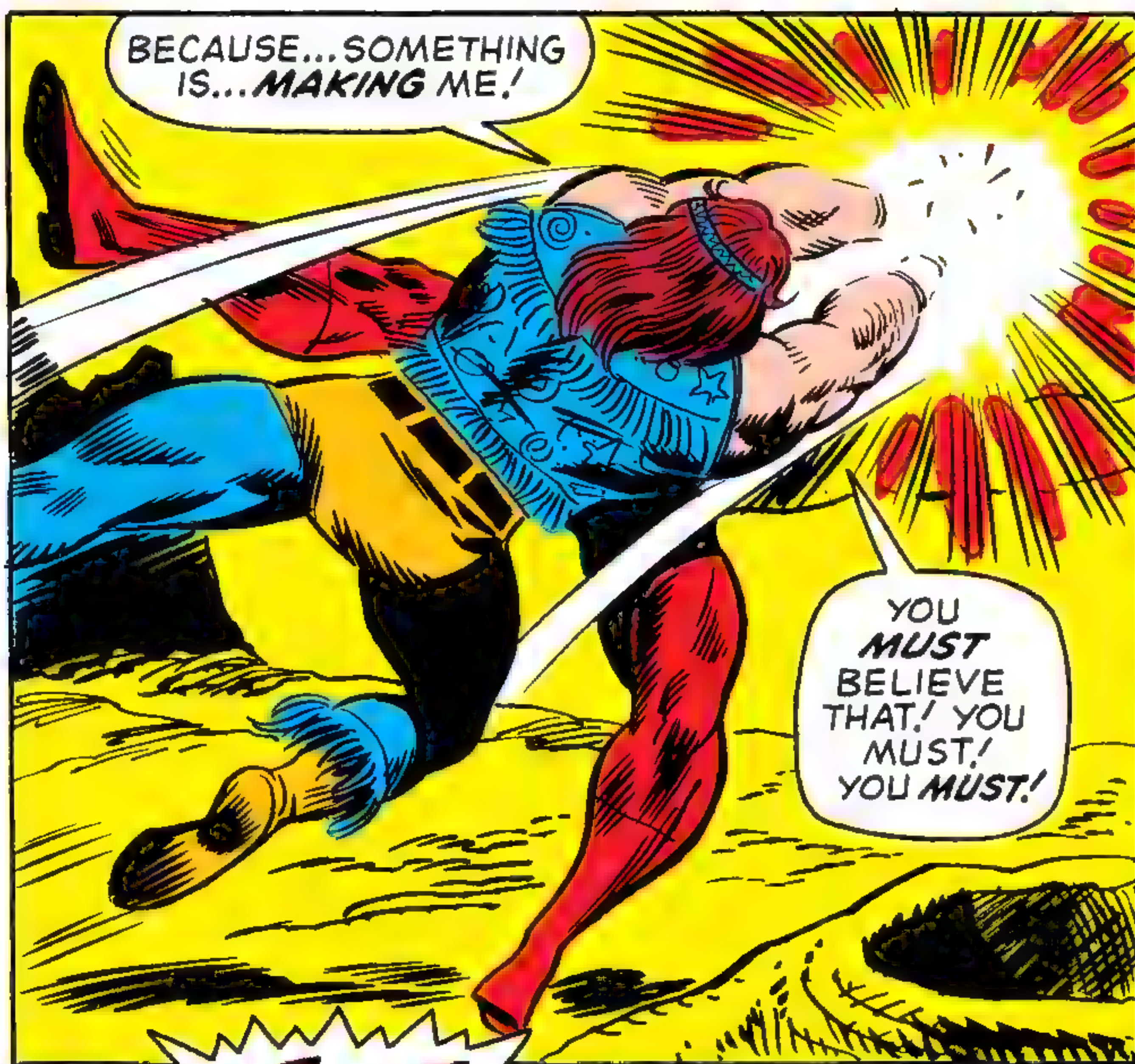
BUT THE
MANIA
LINGERS
ON--!

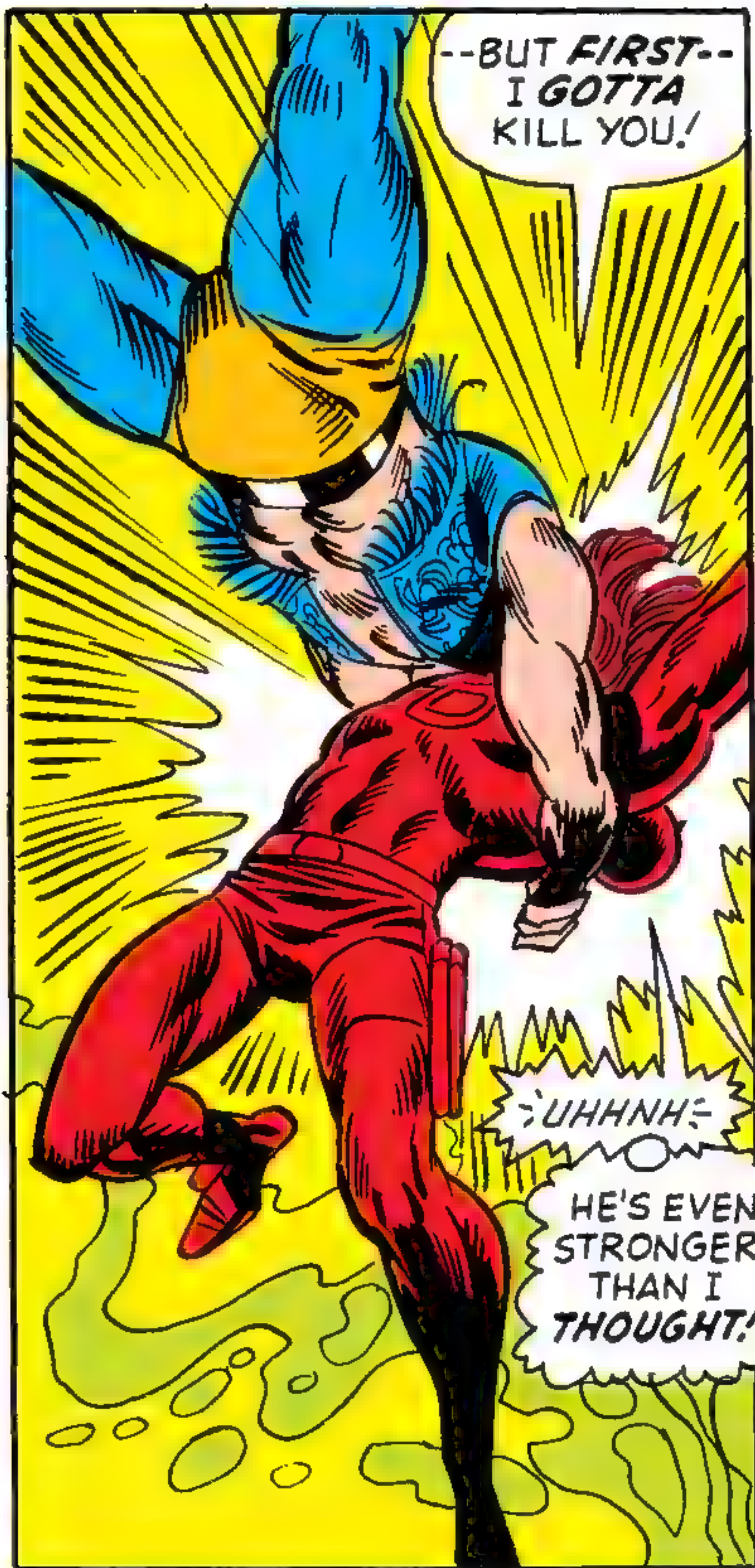
AND NOW...
YOU MUST
DIE.



I DON'T WANT
TO KILL...
MURDOCK
SHOWED ME
THAT...

THEN
WHY,
ANGAR?
WHY?





--BUT **FIRST--**
I GOTTA
KILL YOU!

UHHNH-

HE'S EVEN
STRONGER
THAN I
THOUGHT!



AND HE MUST
BE **PROGRAMMED**
TO MURDER
ME!

HERE COMES
YOUR **OLD LADY**,
DD! BUT SHE
CAN'T HELP
YOU NOW--!

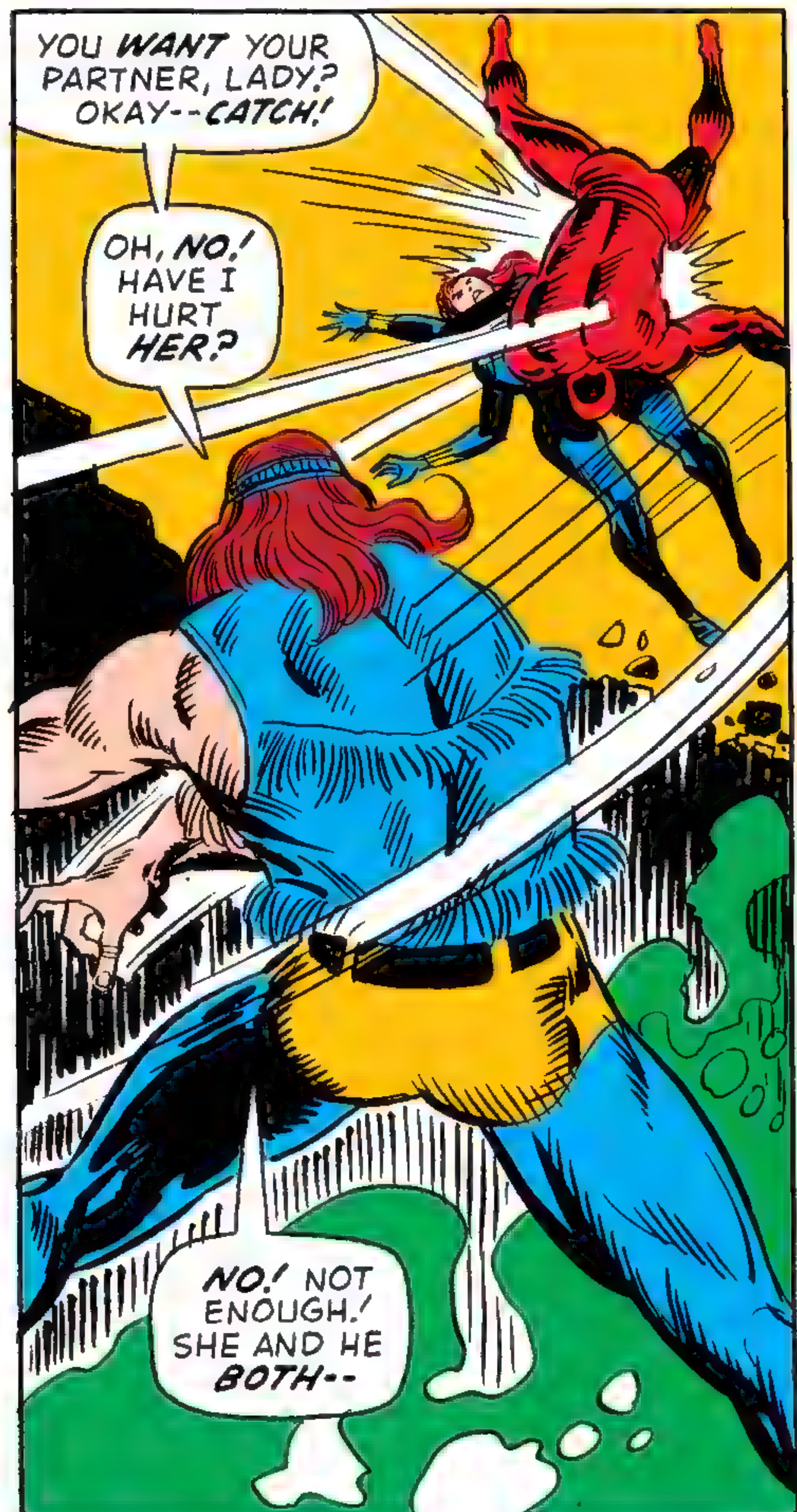


NOTHING
CAN!!

SO YOU
SAY!
BUT MY
WIDOW'S
STING--

WHAT?

--IT'S
SHOOTING
OUT--
FLOWERS!!



YOU **WANT** YOUR
PARTNER, LADY?
OKAY--**CATCH!**

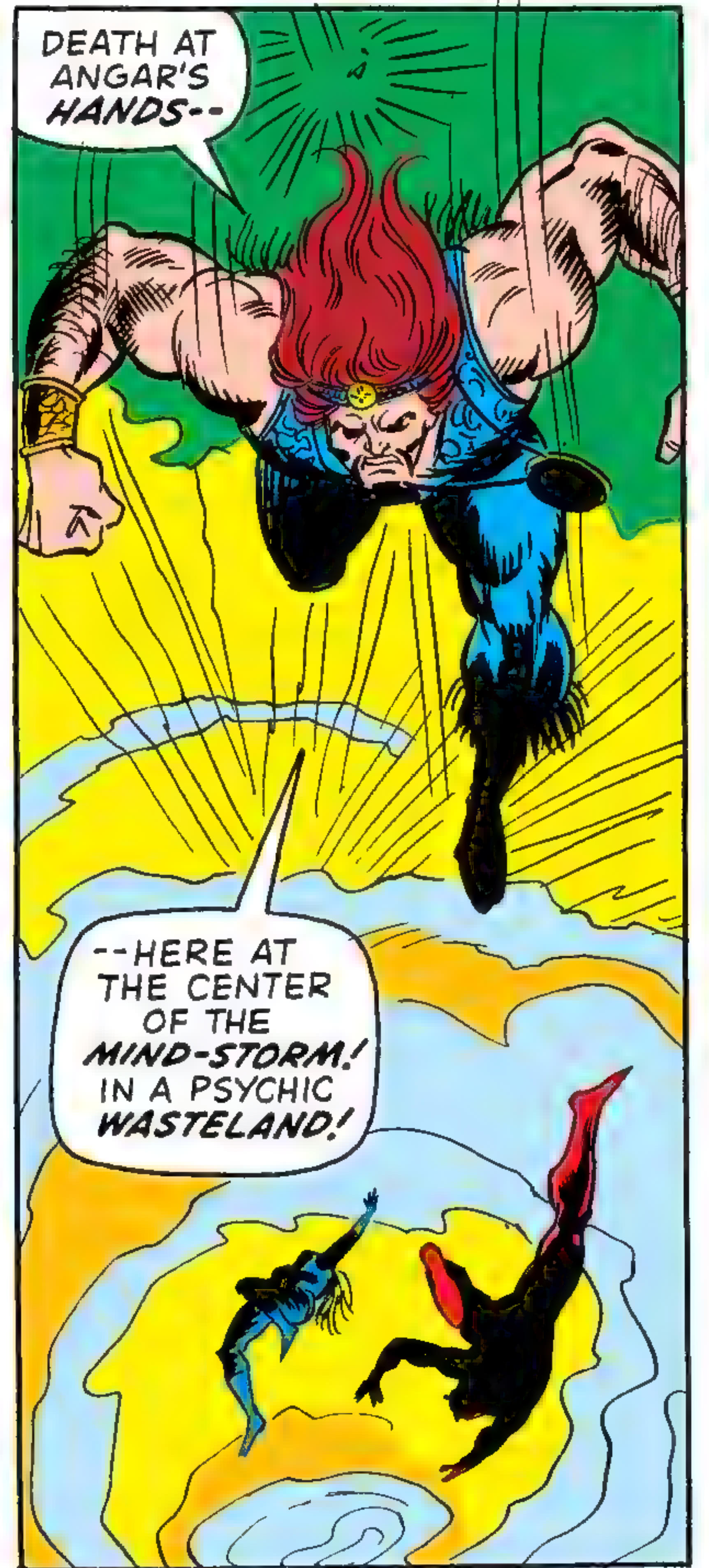
OH, **NO!**
HAVE I
HURT
HER?

NO! NOT
ENOUGH!
SHE AND HE
BOTH--



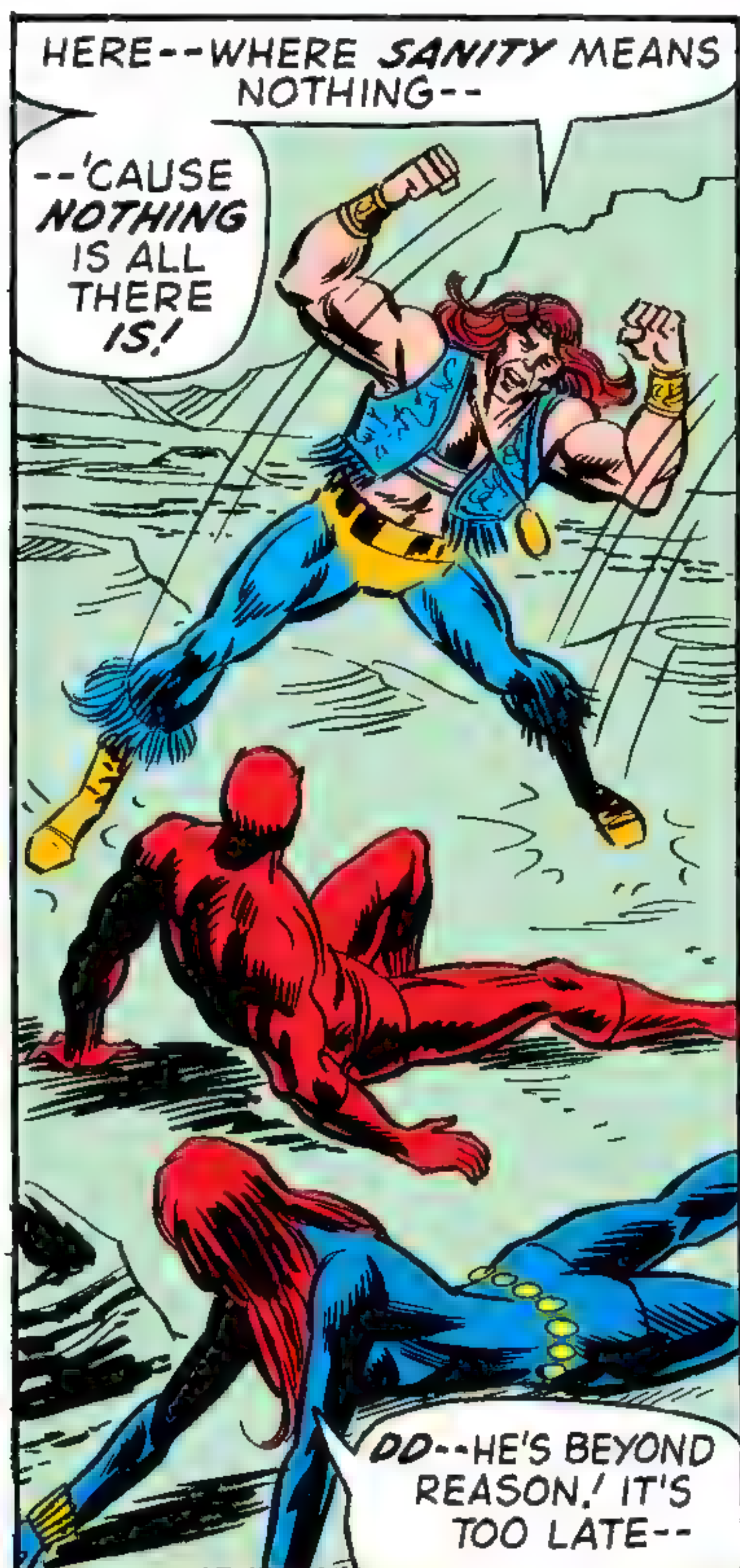
--HAVE GOTTA
SUFFER THE
ULTIMATE
HURT!
DEATH!

THE
GROUND!
IT
VANISHED--
WE'RE
FALLING!



DEATH AT
ANGAR'S
HANDS--

--HERE AT
THE CENTER
OF THE
MIND-STORM!
IN A **PSYCHIC**
WASTELAND!



HERE--WHERE *SANITY* MEANS NOTHING--

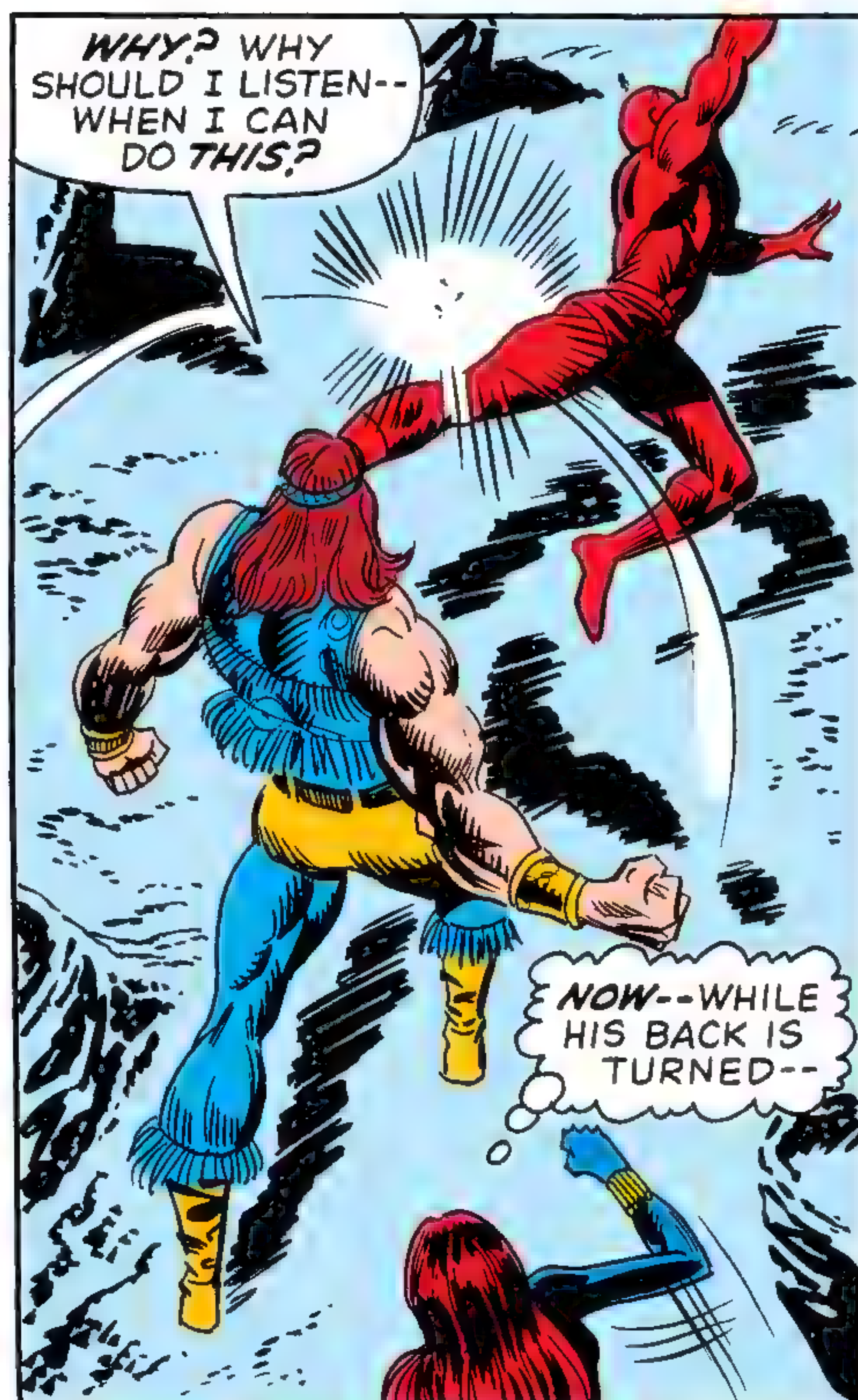
--'CAUSE *NOTHING* IS ALL THERE IS!

DO--HE'S BEYOND REASON! IT'S TOO LATE--



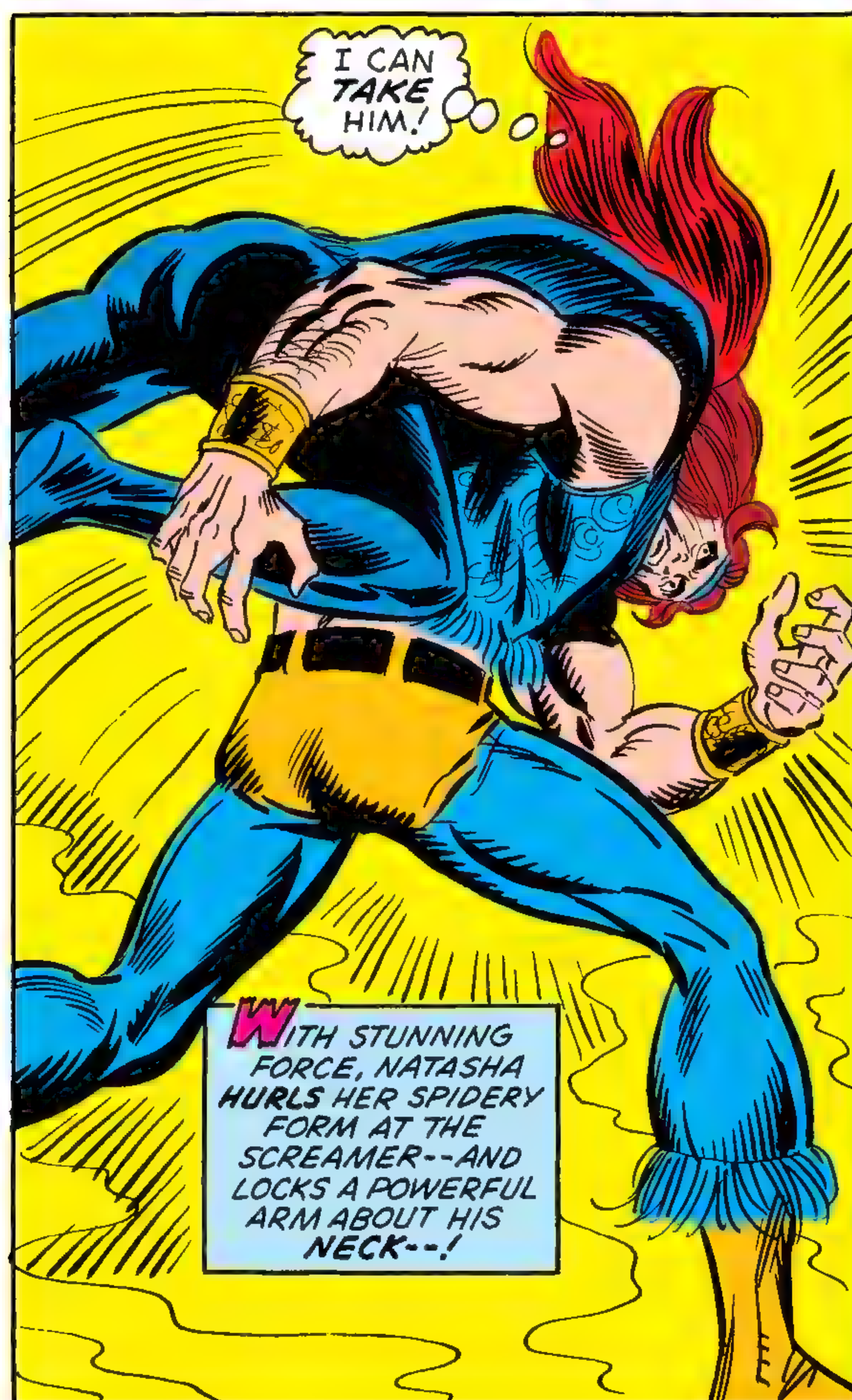
RIGHT ON, LADY! TOO LATE FOR ANYTHING!

ANGAR-- LISTEN--



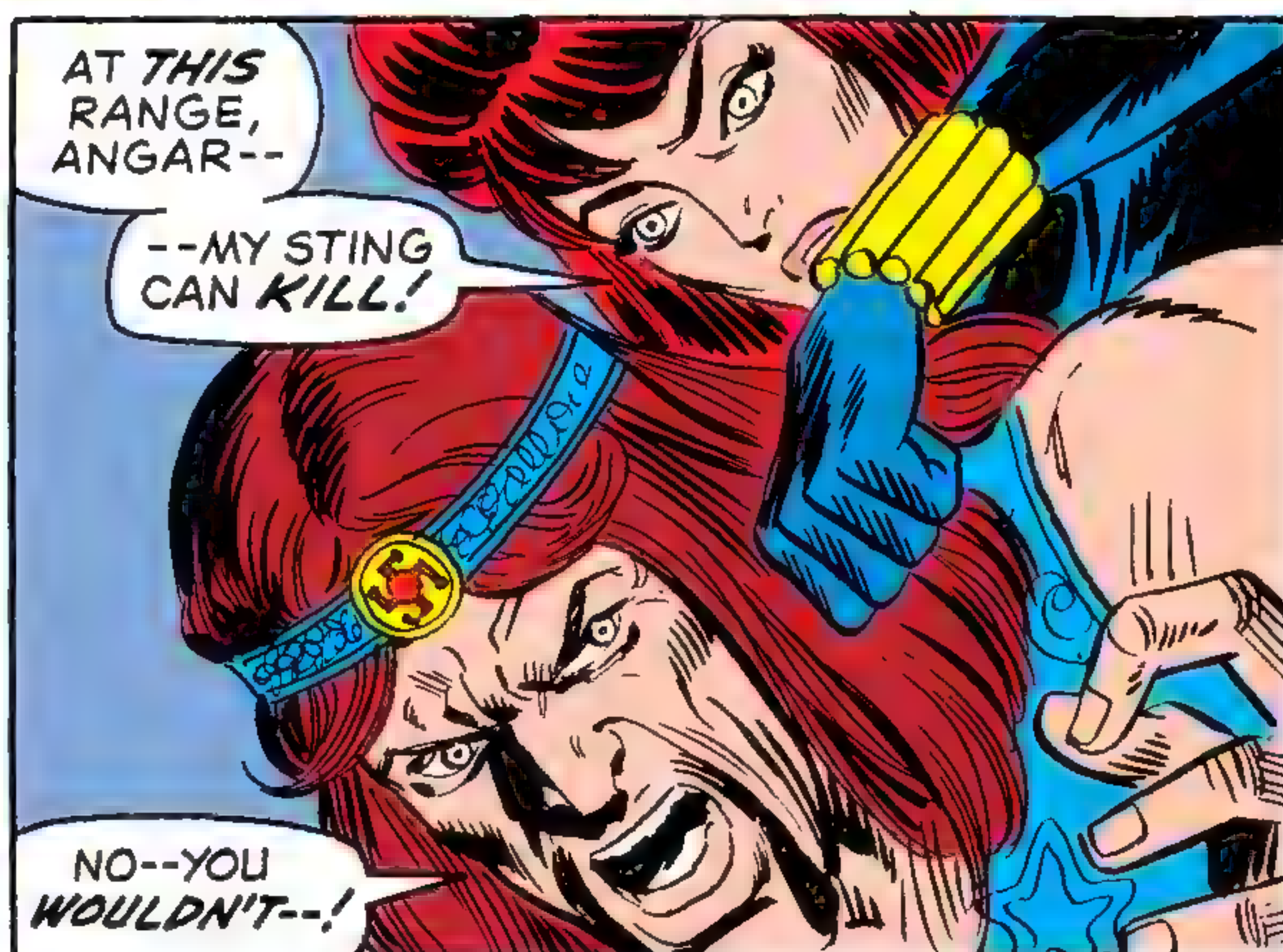
WHY? WHY SHOULD I LISTEN-- WHEN I CAN DO THIS?

NOW--WHILE HIS BACK IS TURNED--



I CAN TAKE HIM!

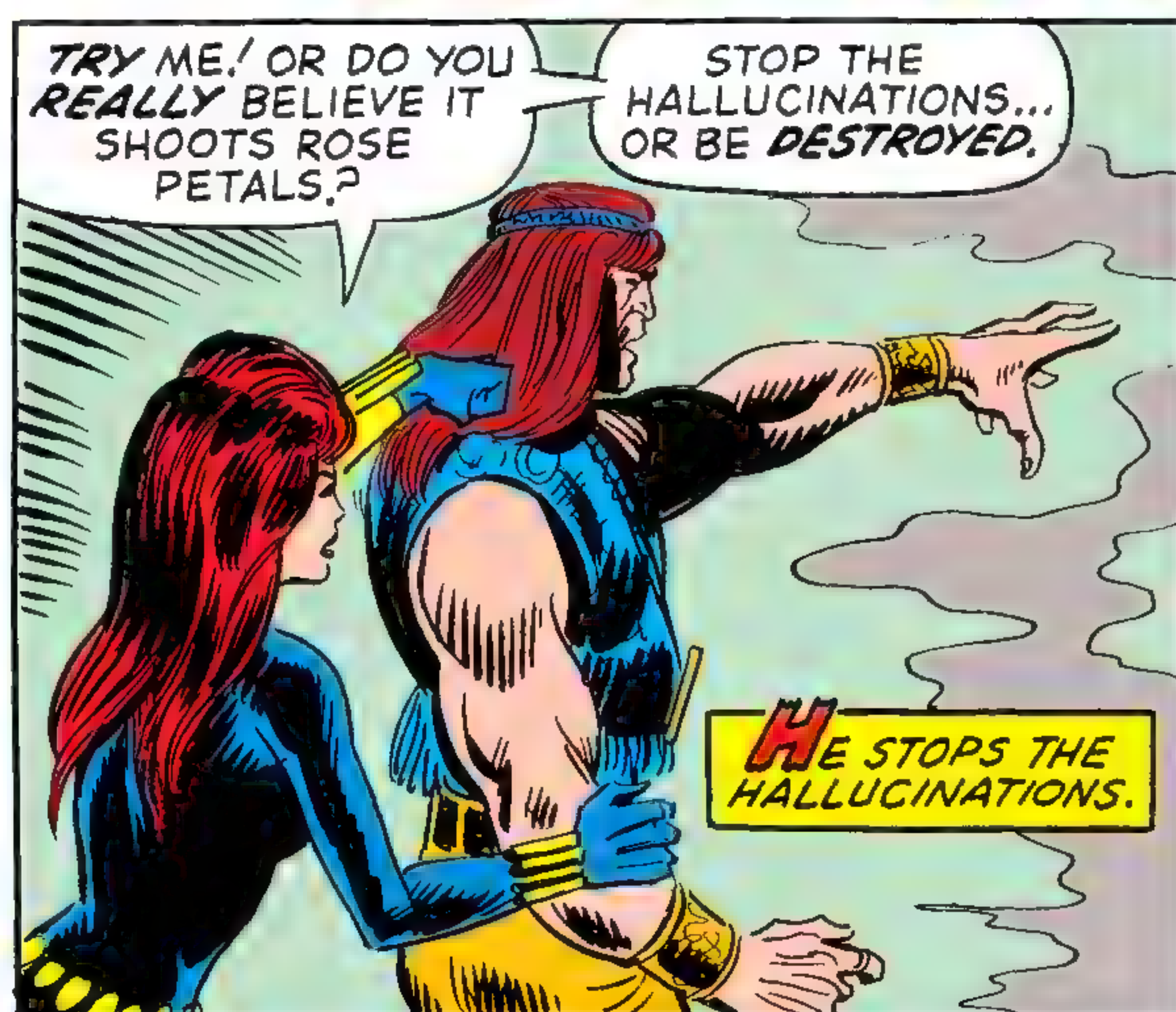
WITH STUNNING FORCE, NATASHA HURLS HER SPIDERY FORM AT THE SCREAMER--AND LOCKS A POWERFUL ARM ABOUT HIS NECK--!



AT THIS RANGE, ANGAR--

--MY STING CAN KILL!

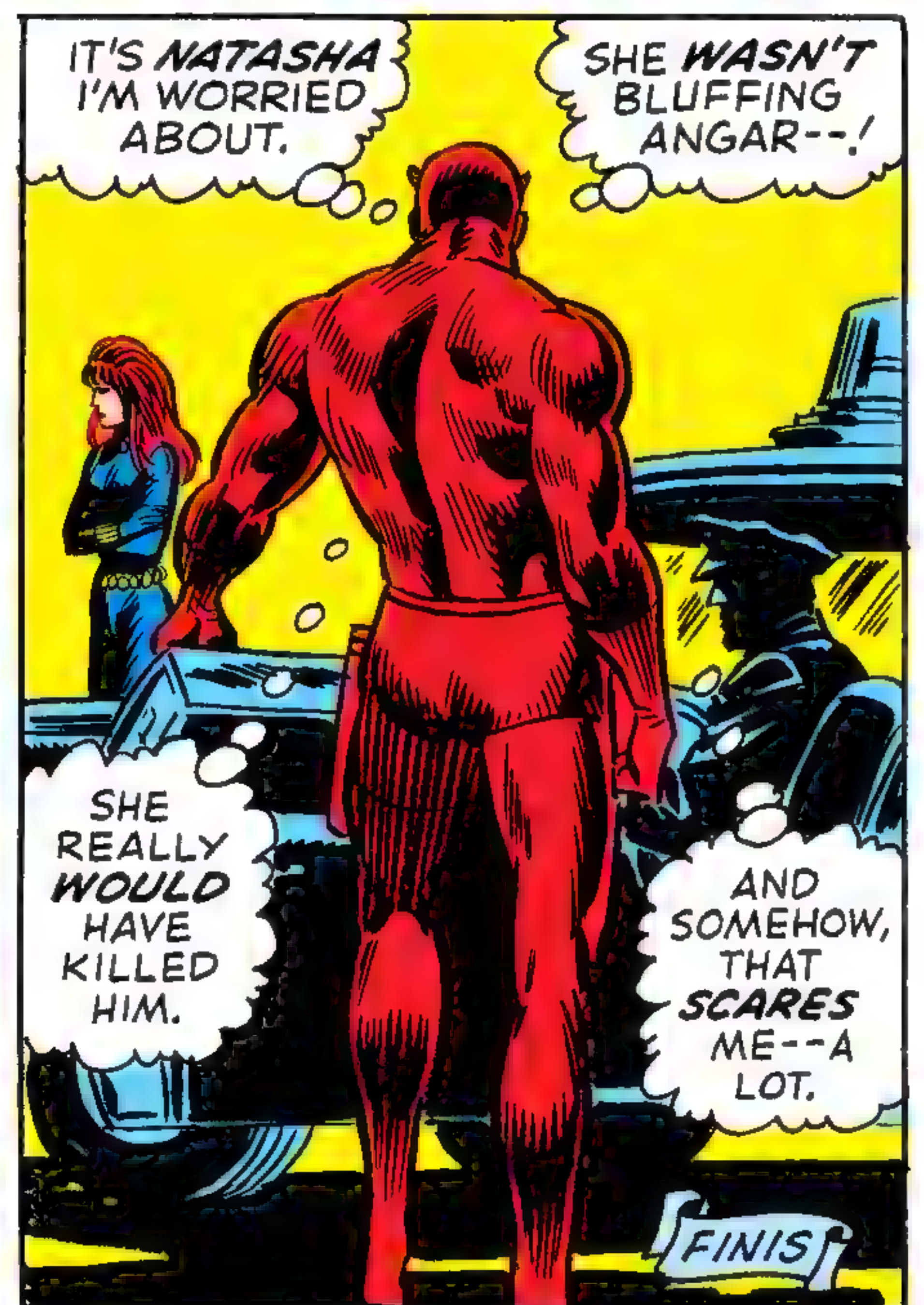
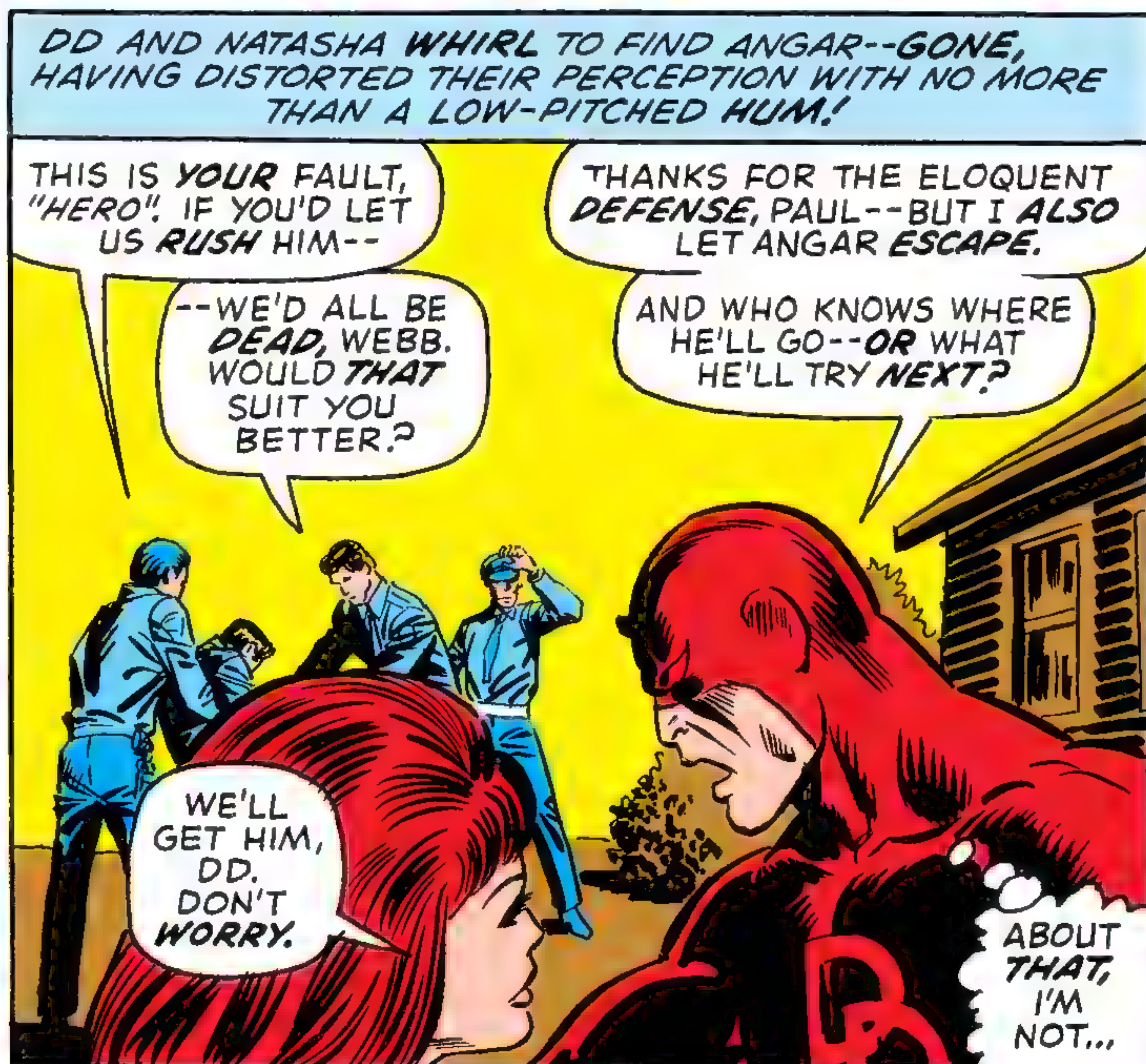
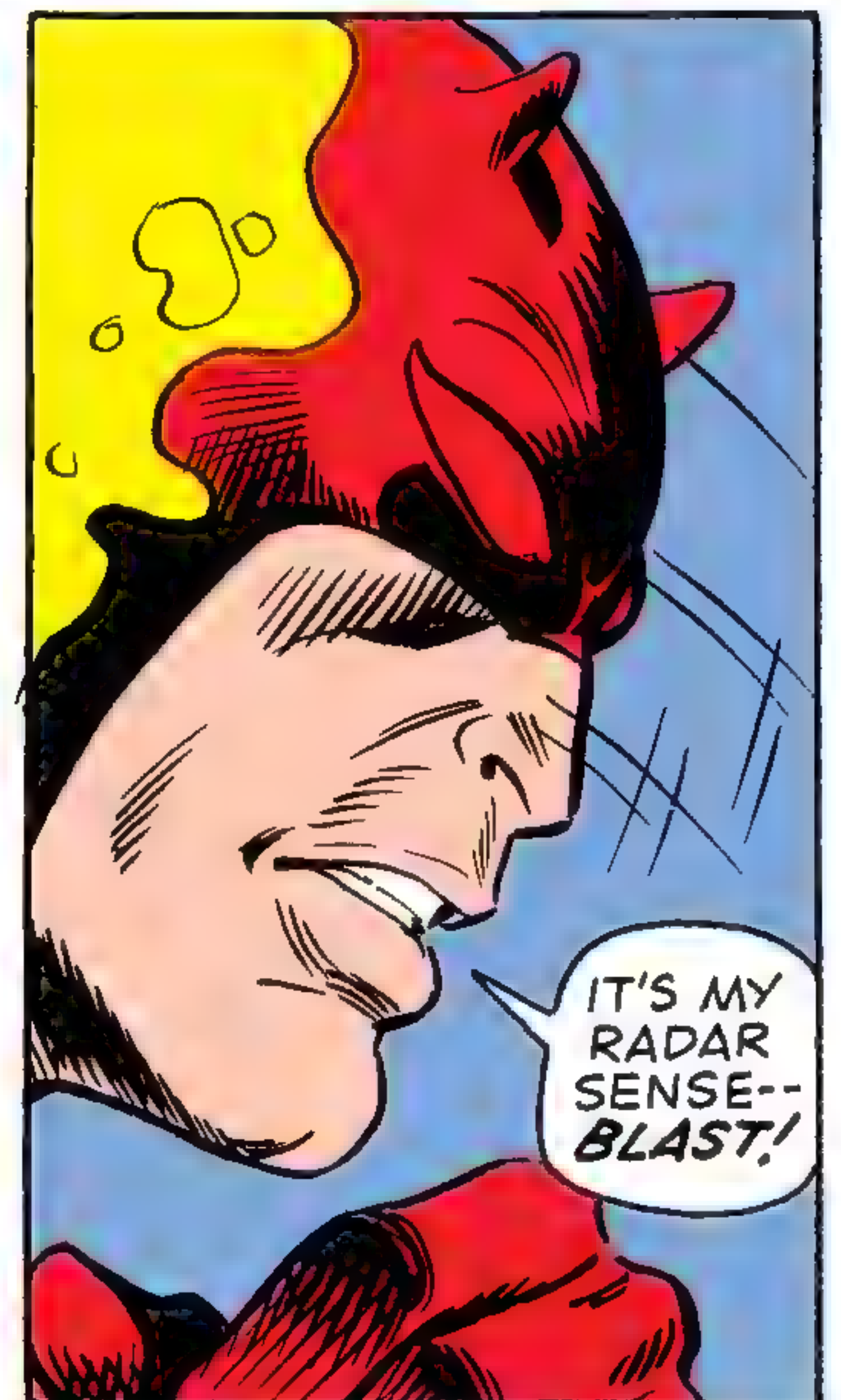
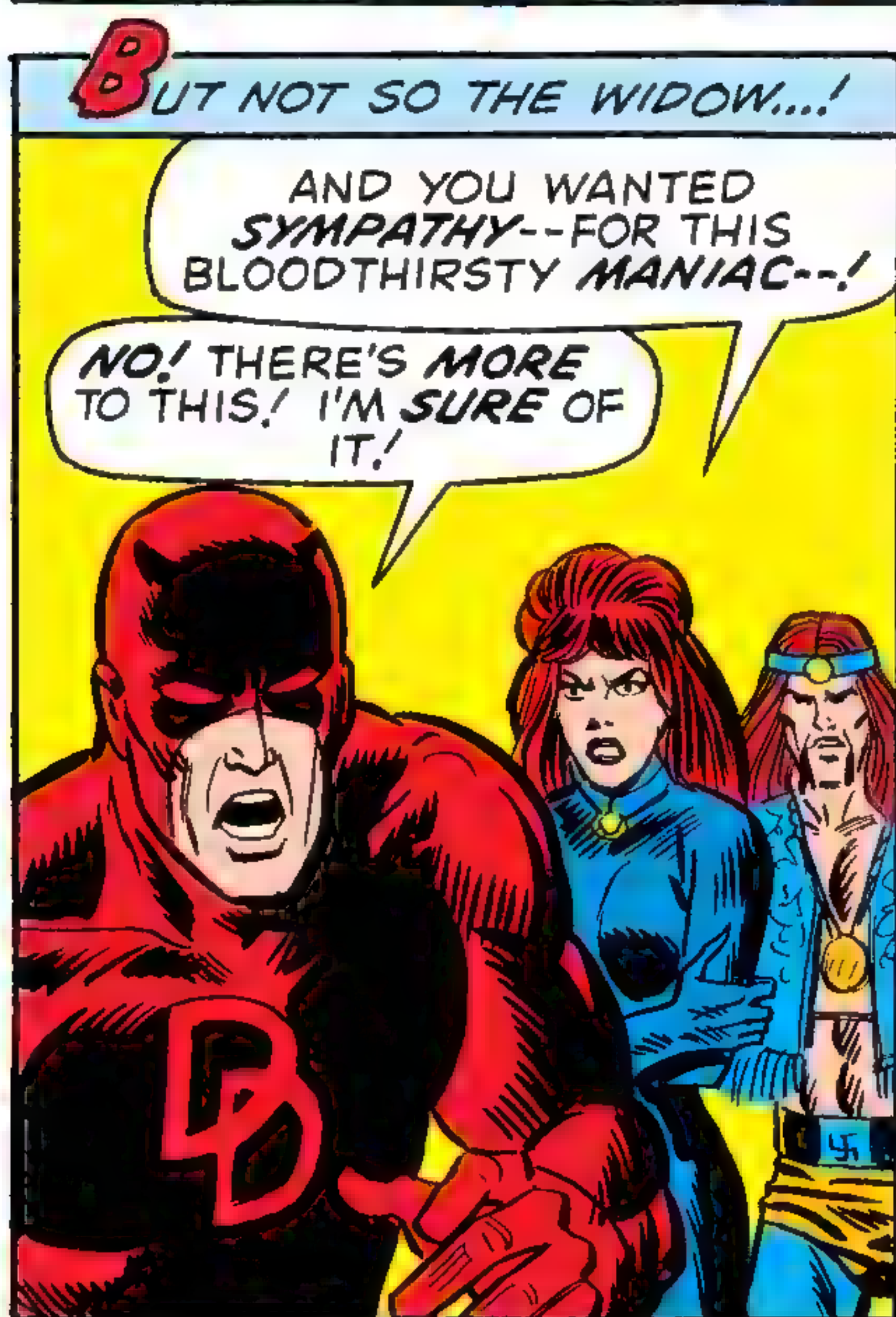
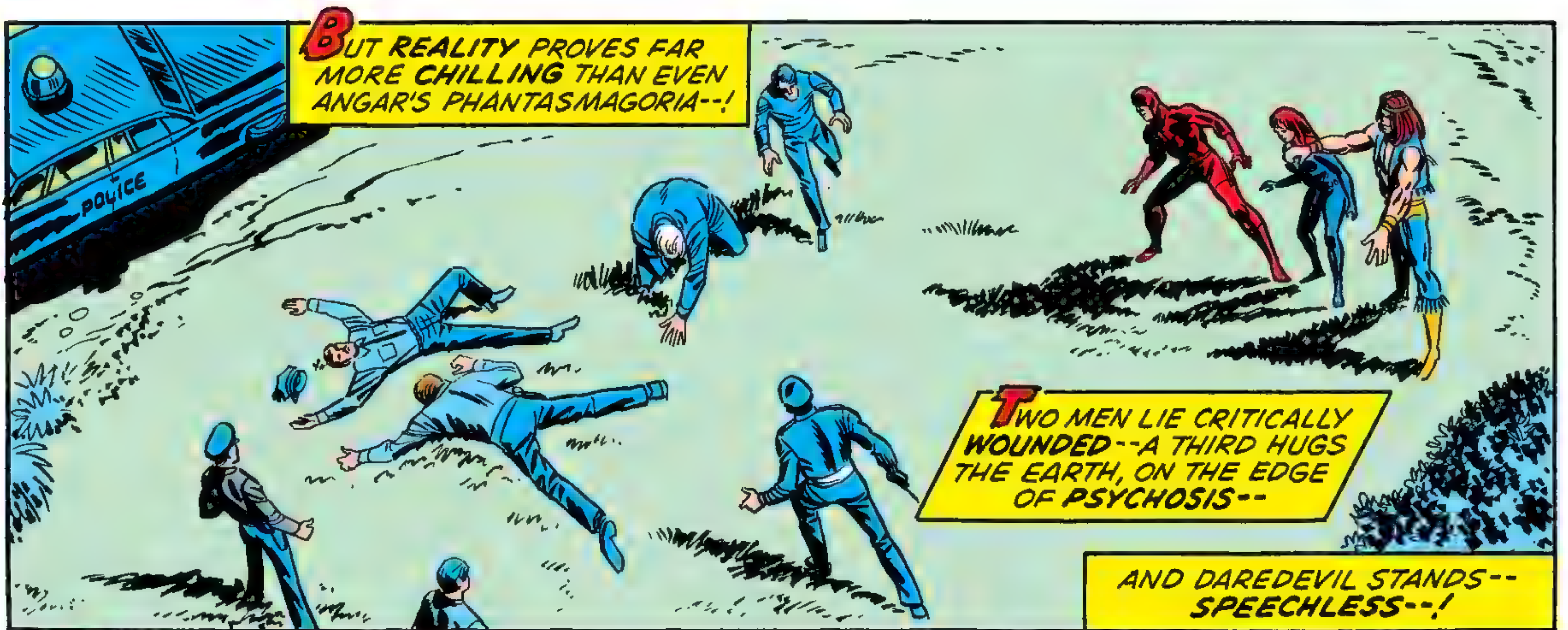
NO--YOU WOULDN'T--!



TRY ME! OR DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE IT SHOOTS ROSE PETALS?

STOP THE HALLUCINATIONS... OR BE DESTROYED.

HE STOPS THE HALLUCINATIONS.



DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUPTM



20¢ 102
AUG
02459

DAREDEVIL[®]

AND THE

BLACK WIDOWTM

THE
WIDOW'S
OUT OF ACTION,
HORNHEAD--
AND NOW
FOR--

UNHH!

THE ONLY
THING THAT'S
GONNA BE
OUT, TALL
MAN--IS
YOU!

BUT, IF HER
LIFELINE
GIVES OUT
BEFORE I
BEAT
STILTY--

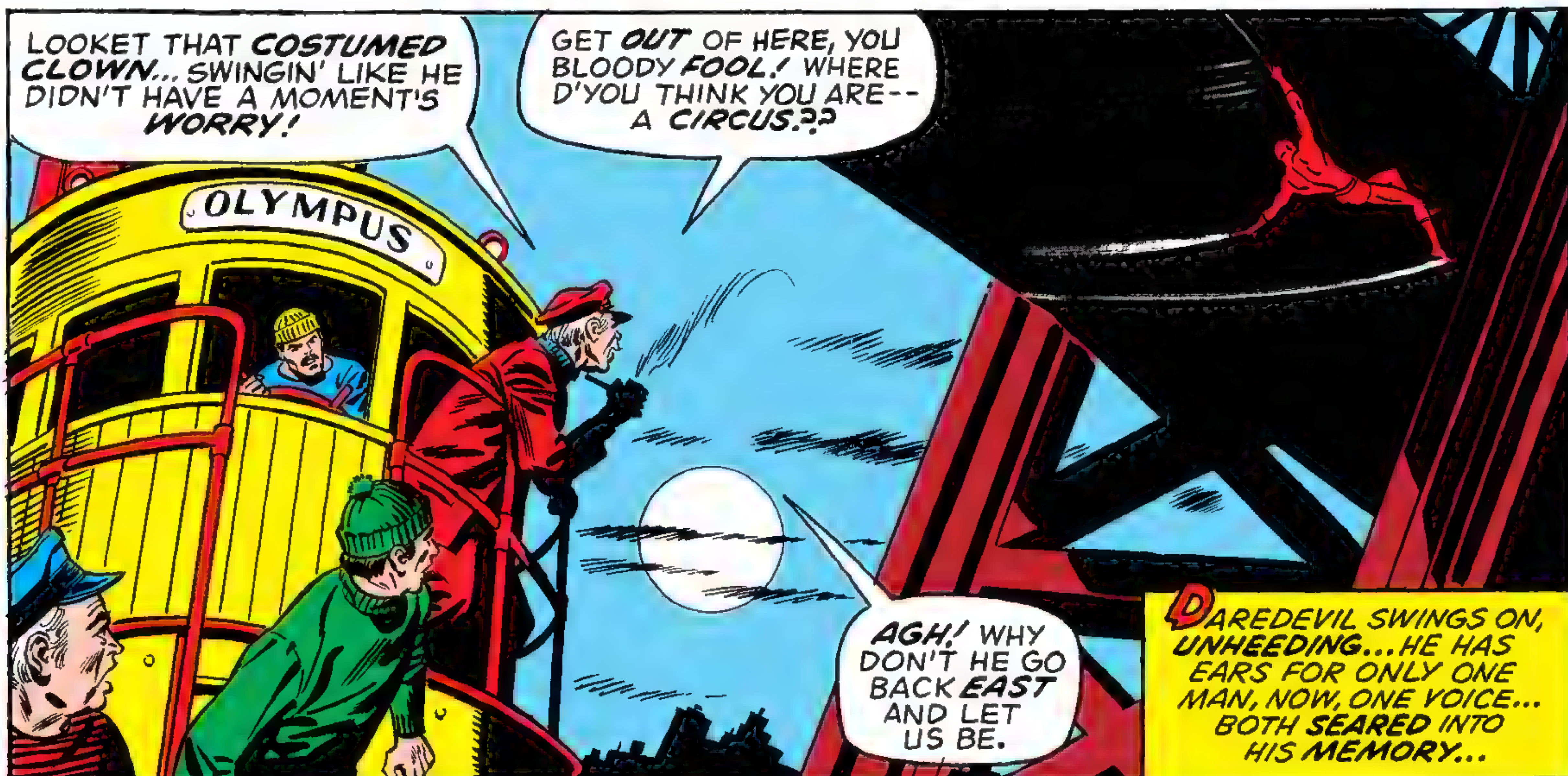
--NATASHA'S
**HAD
IT!**

WHERE STALKS THE
STILTMAN!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL**, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™



CHRIS CLAREMONT AUTHOR	SYD SHORES ARTIST	FRANK GIACOIA INKER	ARTIE SIMEK COLORIST	ROY THOMAS EDITOR
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LOOKET THAT **COSTUMED CLOWN**... SWINGIN' LIKE HE DIDN'T HAVE A MOMENT'S **WORRY!**

GET **OUT** OF HERE, YOU **BLOODY FOOL!** WHERE D'YOU THINK YOU ARE-- A **CIRCUS**??

AGH! WHY DON'T HE GO BACK **EAST** AND LET US BE.

DAREDEVIL SWINGS ON, **UNHEEDING**... HE HAS EARS FOR ONLY ONE MAN, NOW, ONE VOICE... BOTH **SEARED** INTO HIS **MEMORY**...



ANGAR!!

ALL DAY... ALL NIGHT... HE'S SEARCHED THIS CITY ON THE **BAY**...



...**A**ND FOUND **NOTHING!**

NO MORE, **MATTHEW**-- YOU'VE HAD IT FOR NOW...



TIME TO HIT THE **SACK**... **HOLD IT!**



THAT **HEARTBEAT**... I KNOW IT!

BUT IT CAN'T BE. I THOUGHT HE WAS STILL IN **PRISON**...

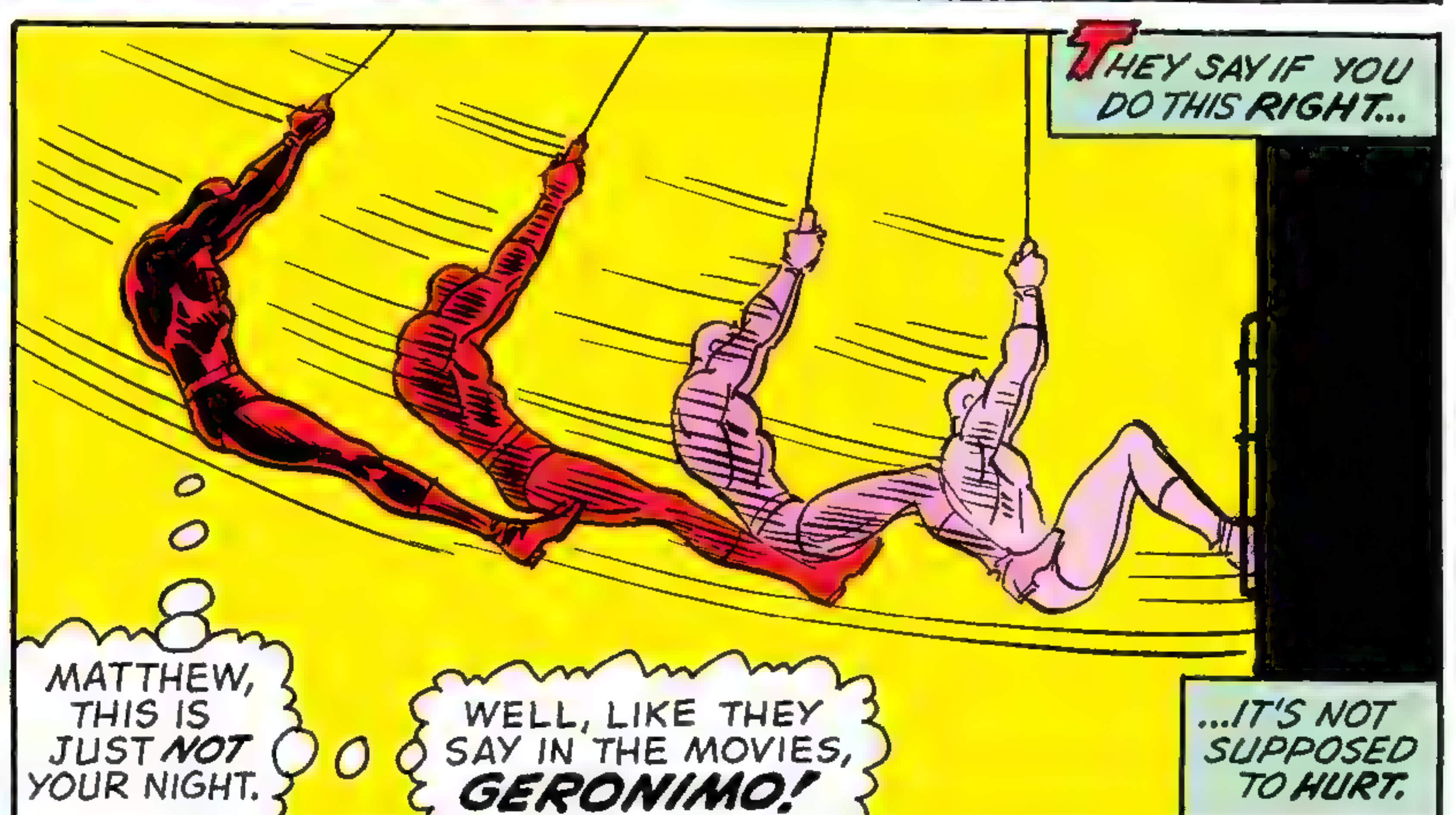
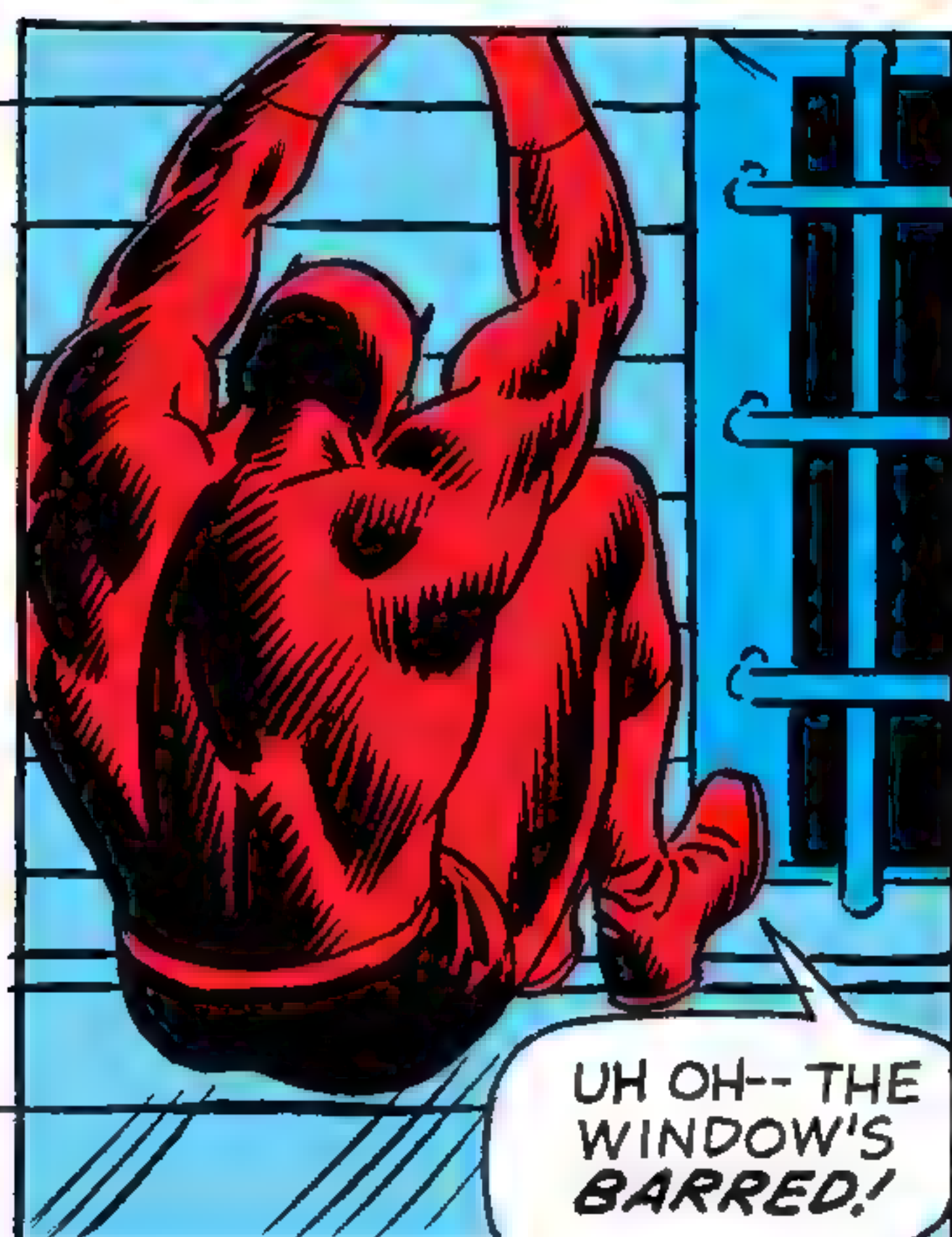
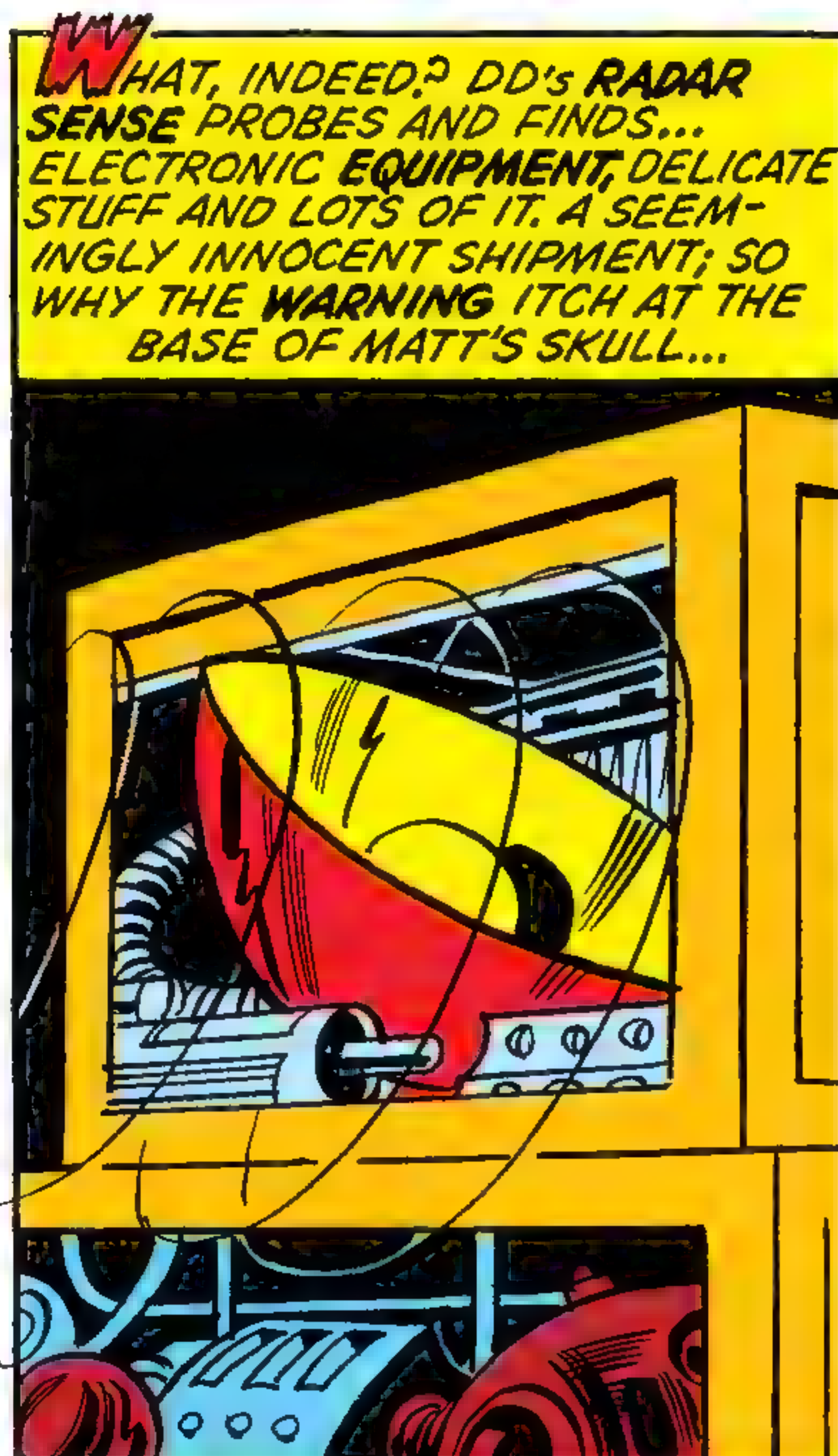
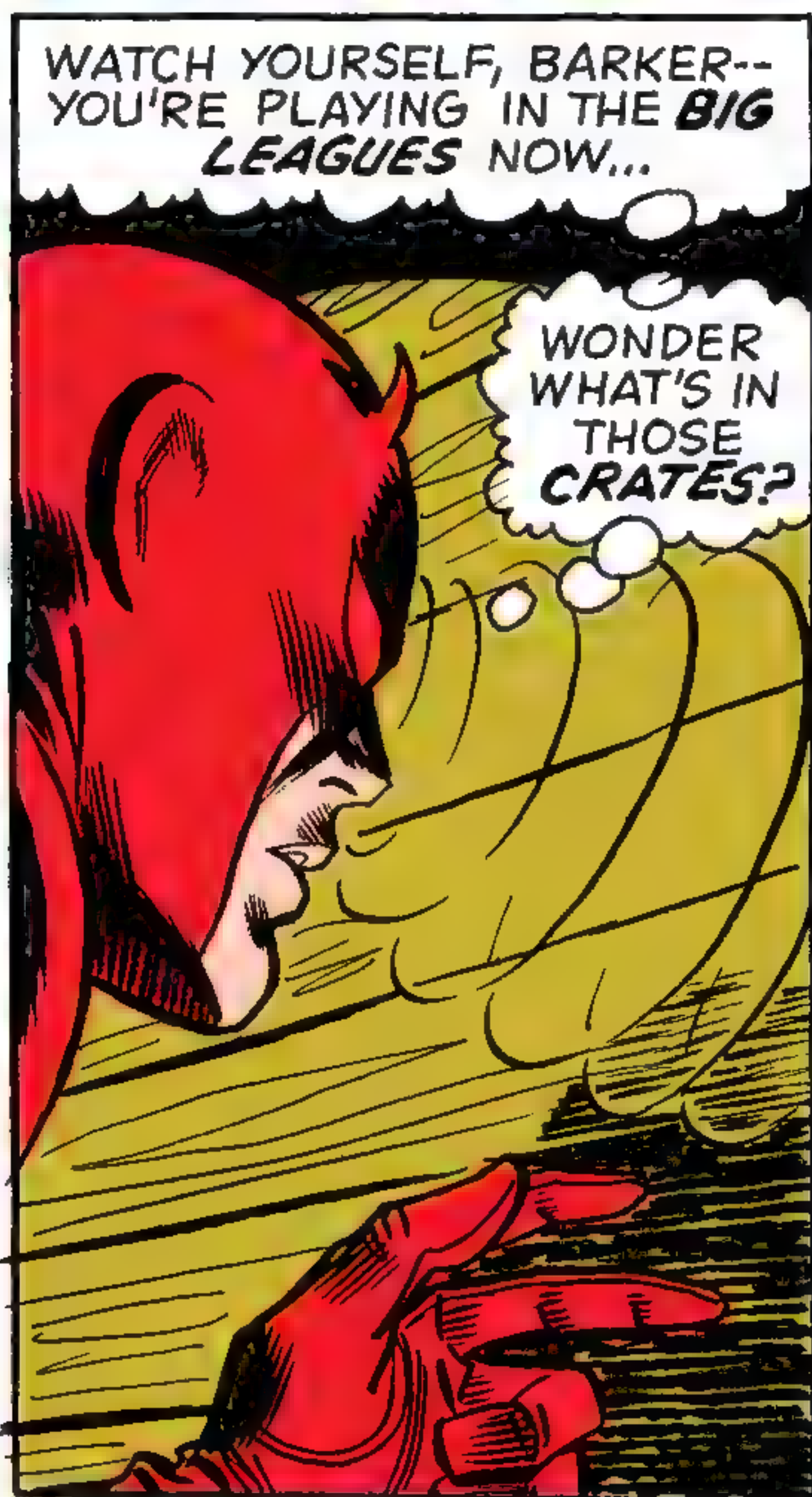
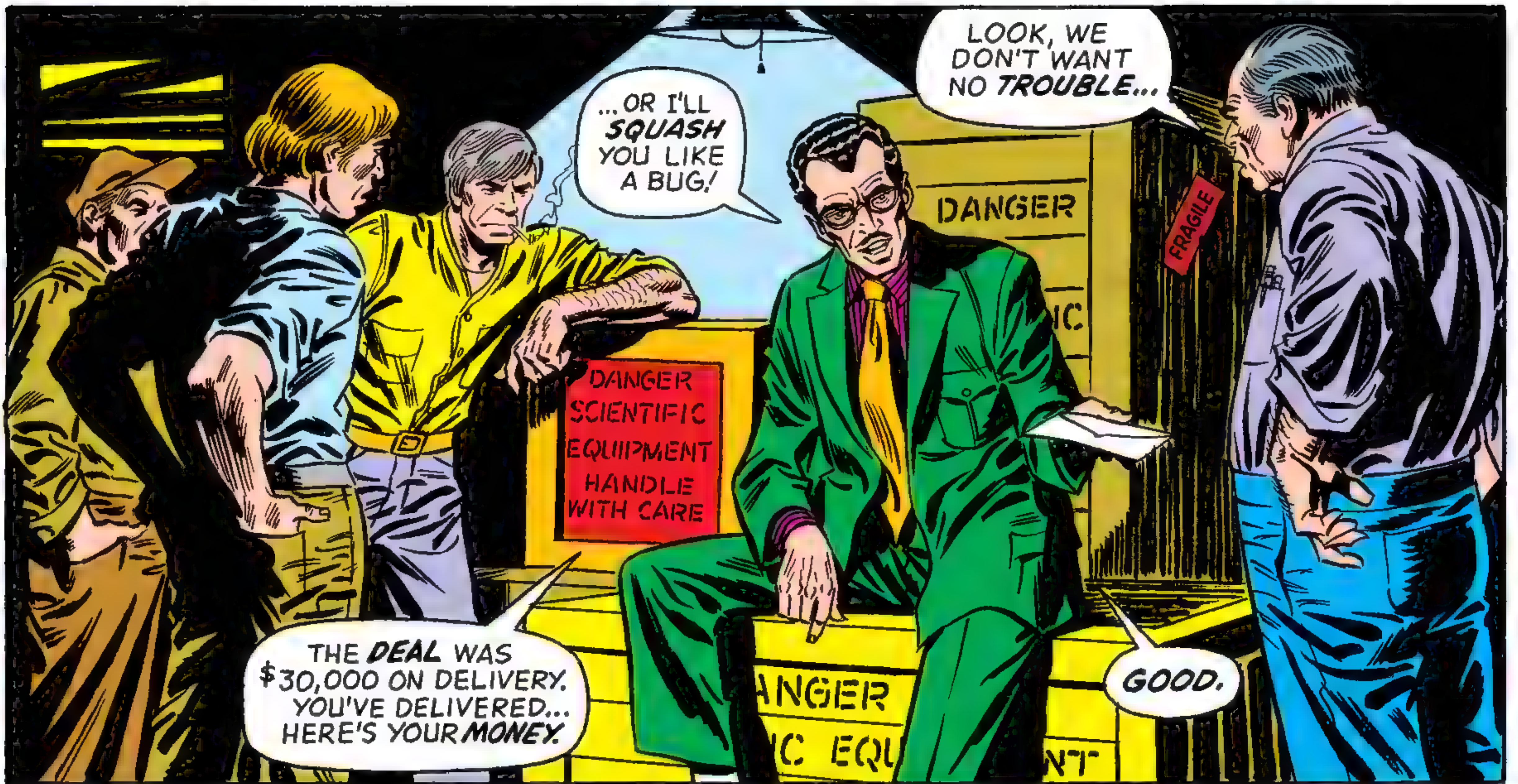


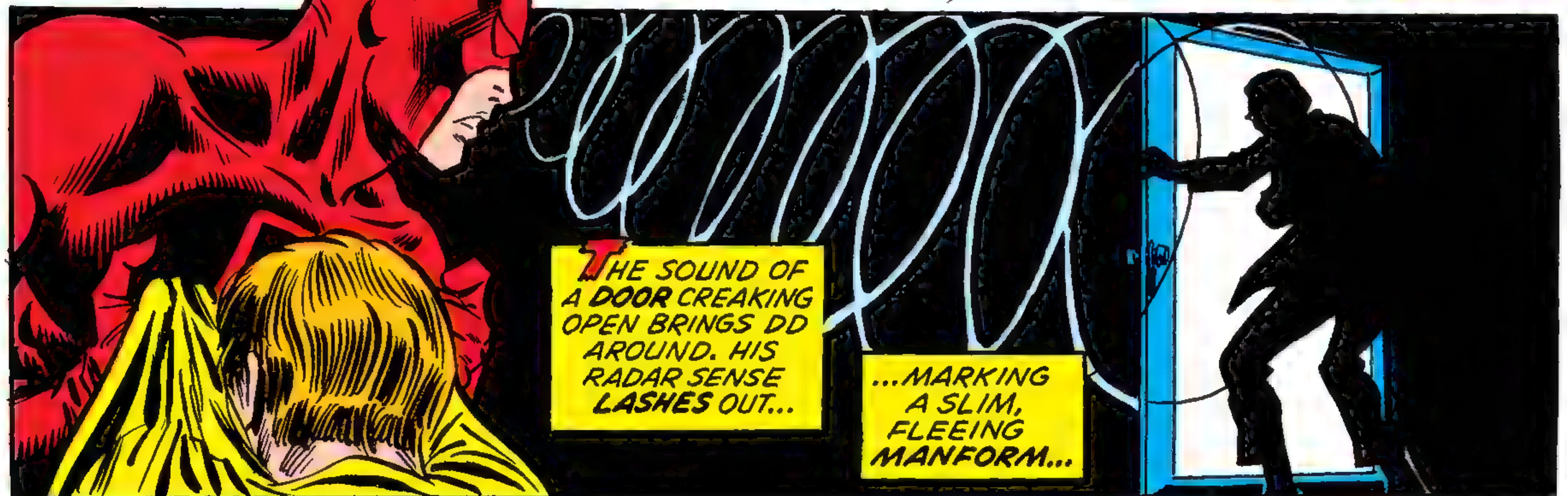
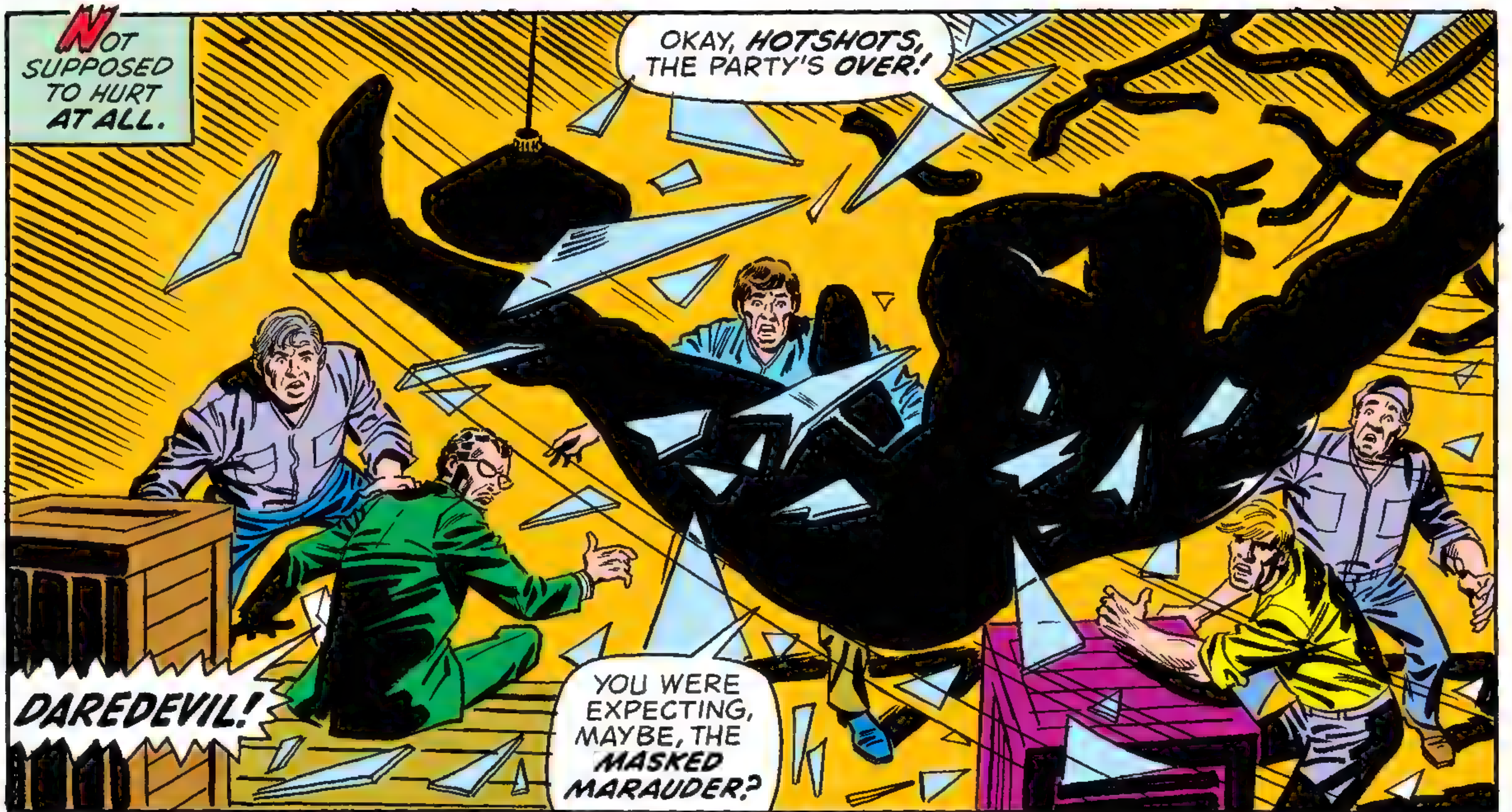
NO, IT IS **HIM**. JUST MY **LUCK**-- **FIRST ANGAR**, NOW **HIM!**

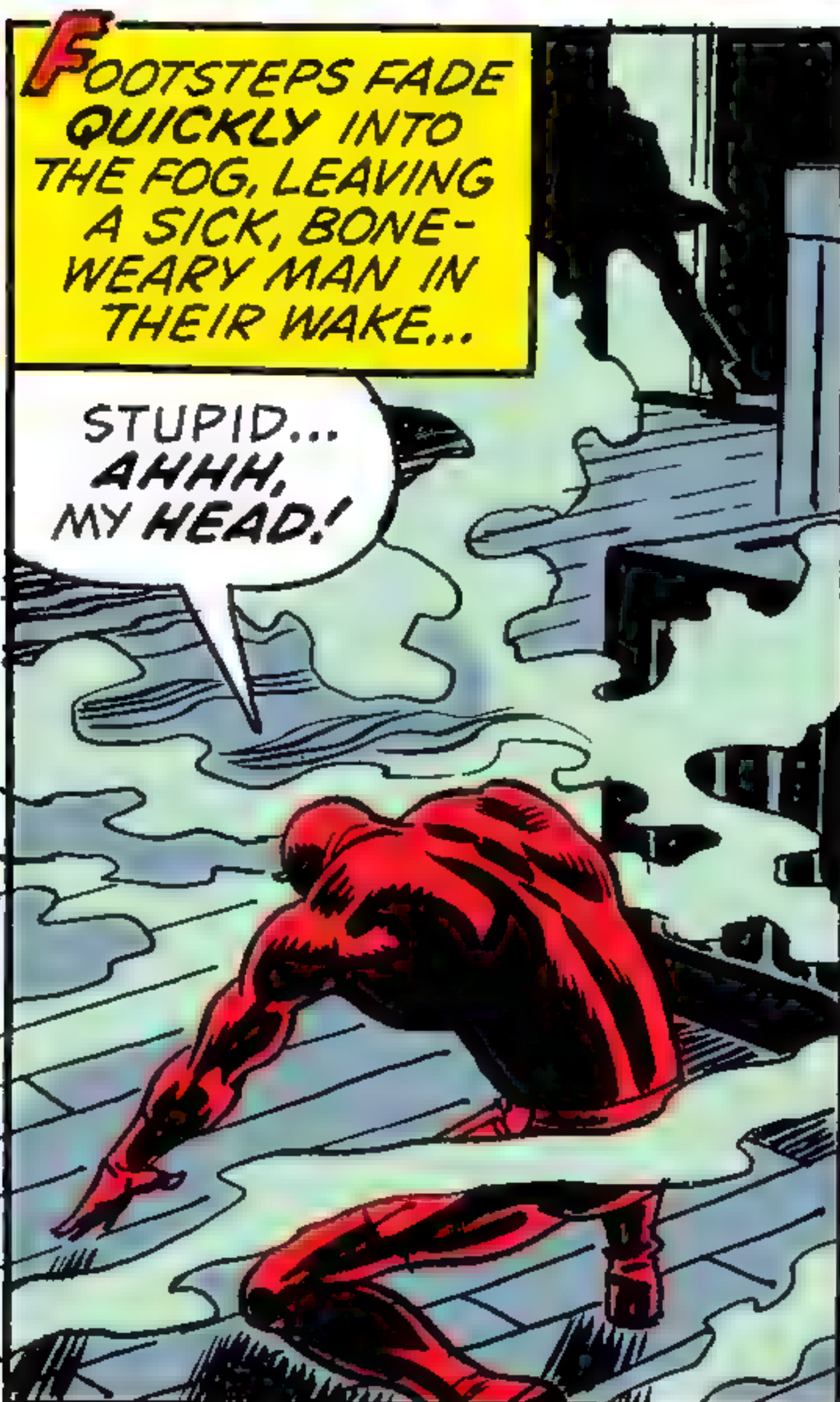
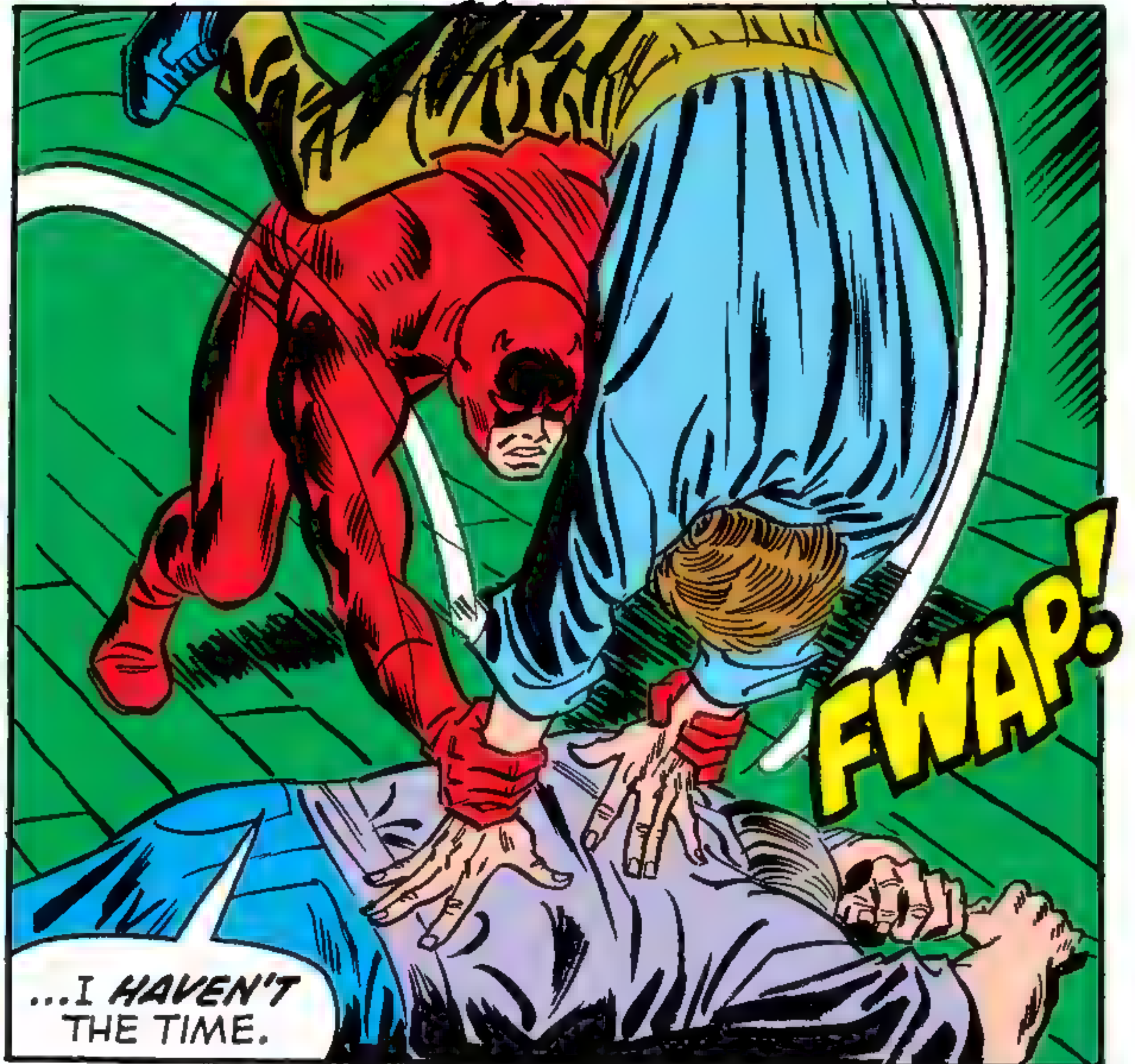
WHAT'S HE SAYING??

ALL WE'RE SAYIN', **MR. ROSS**, IS THAT IT COST US **MORE'N** WE FIGURED TO GET THIS **STUFF** PAST CUSTOMS-- SO WE WANT MORE **BREAD** FROM YOU...

DON'T PLAY GAMES WITH **ME**, **BARKER**...

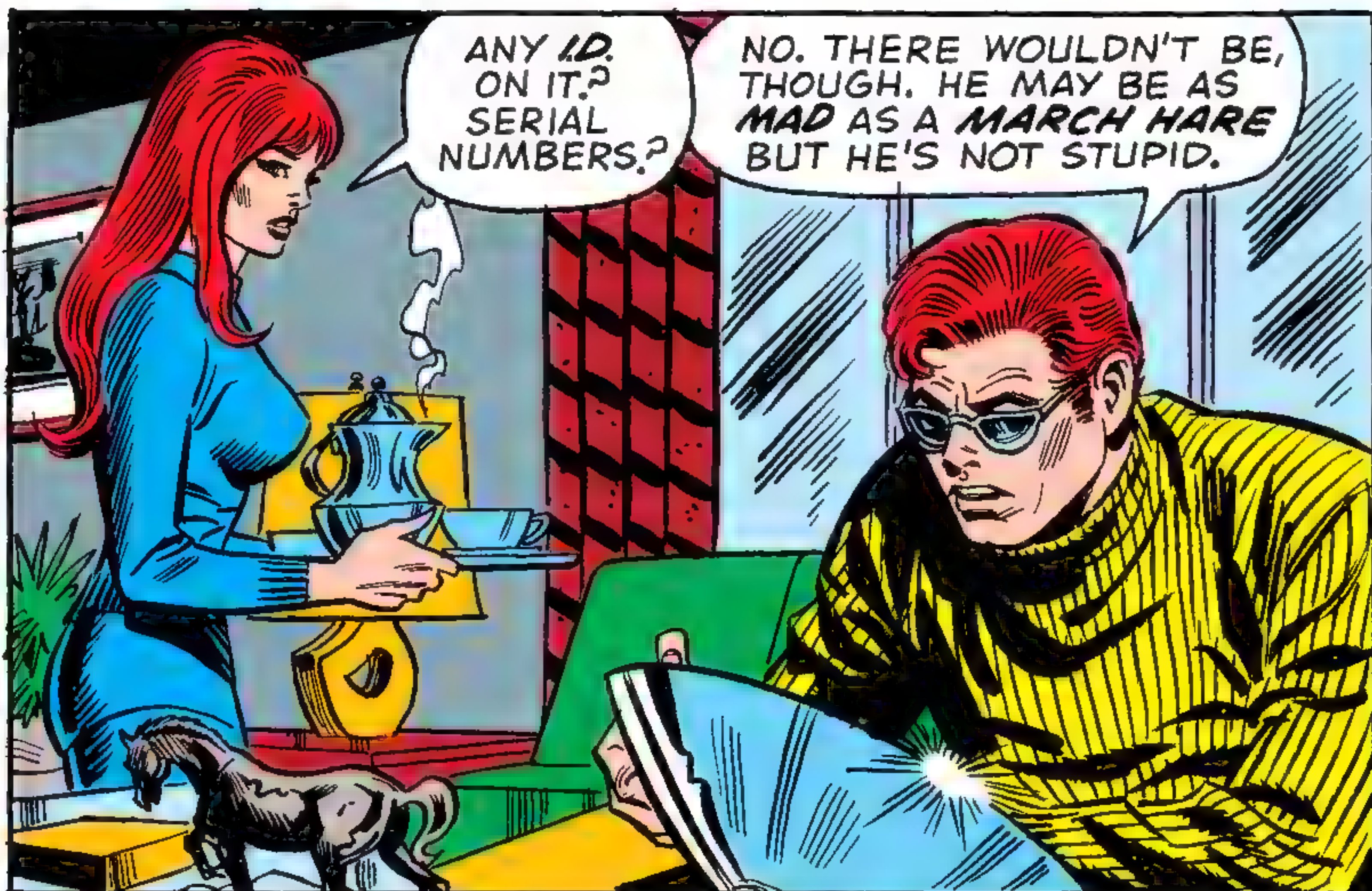








WHAT WOULD HE WANT WITH IT? IT'S TOO BIG FOR A HAND WEAPON, TOO.....



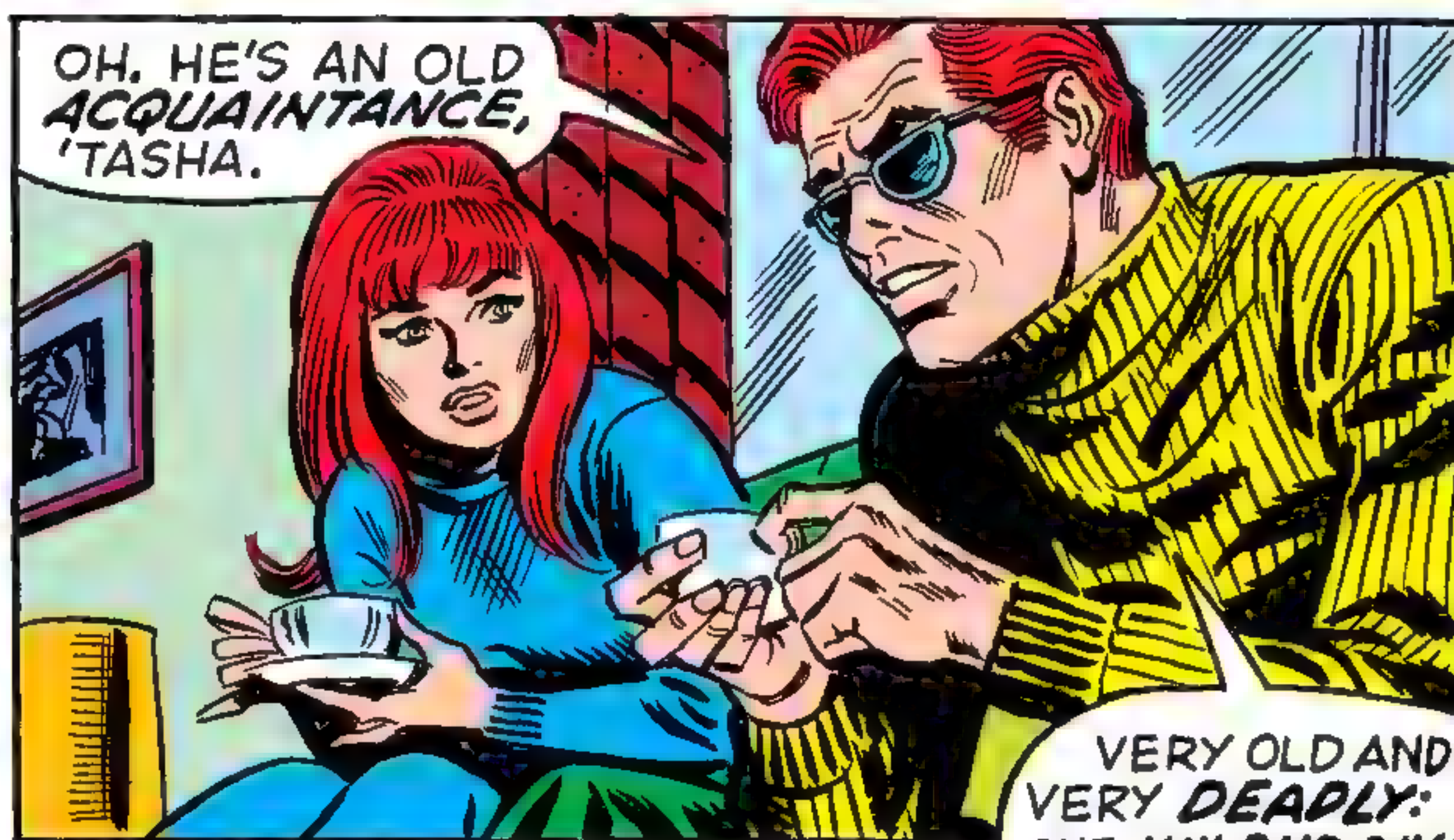
ANY ID. ON IT? SERIAL NUMBERS?

NO. THERE WOULDN'T BE, THOUGH. HE MAY BE AS MAD AS A MARCH HARE BUT HE'S NOT STUPID.



WHO MATT?!?

HM.?



OH, HE'S AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE, 'TASHA.

VERY OLD AND VERY DEADLY: ONE WILBUR DAY, ALSO KNOWN AS--



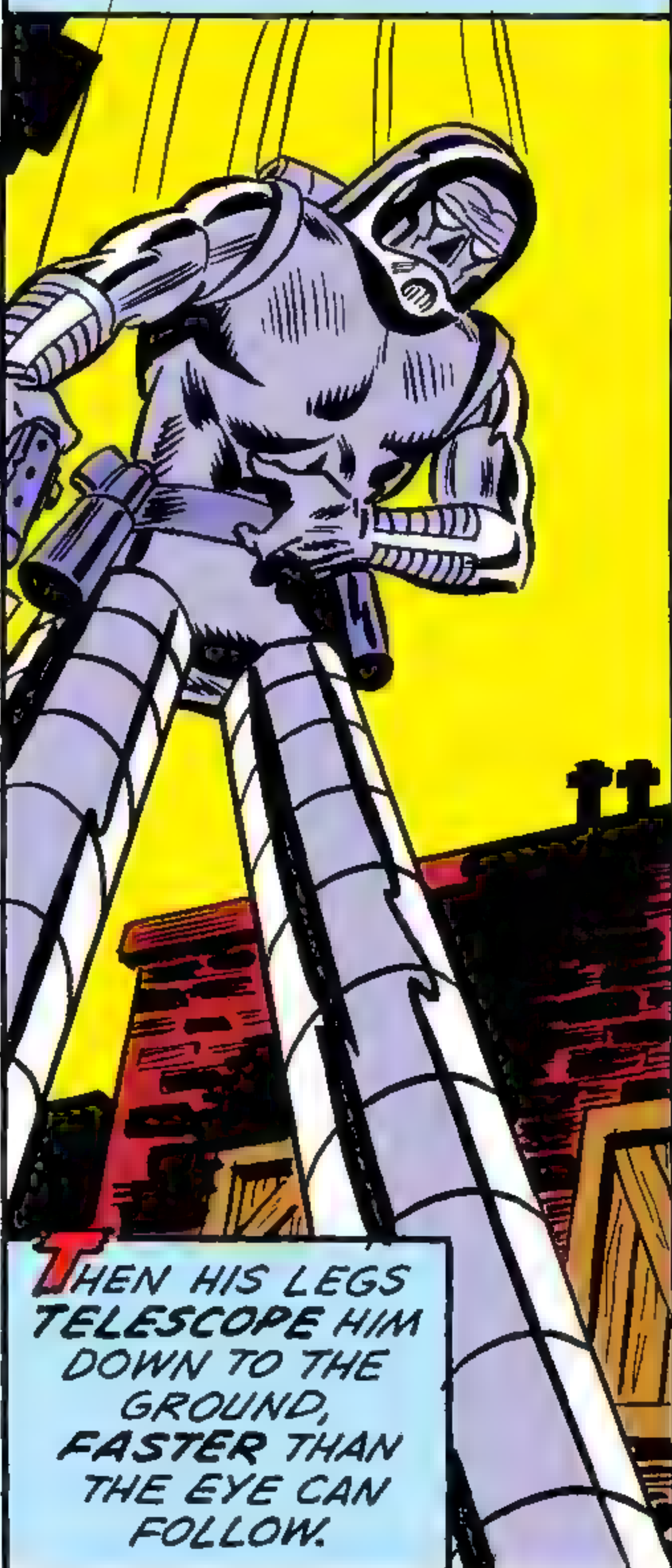
THE STILT MAN!

HE LOOMS TALL IN THE MOONLIGHT, SEVEN-LEAGUE STRIDES TAKING HIS GLEAMING METAL FORM EASILY OVER THE BAYSIDE SKYSCRAPERS.

HE MOVES UNAFRAID-- WHO IS THERE TO SEE HIM AT THIS HOUR OF THE MORNING.

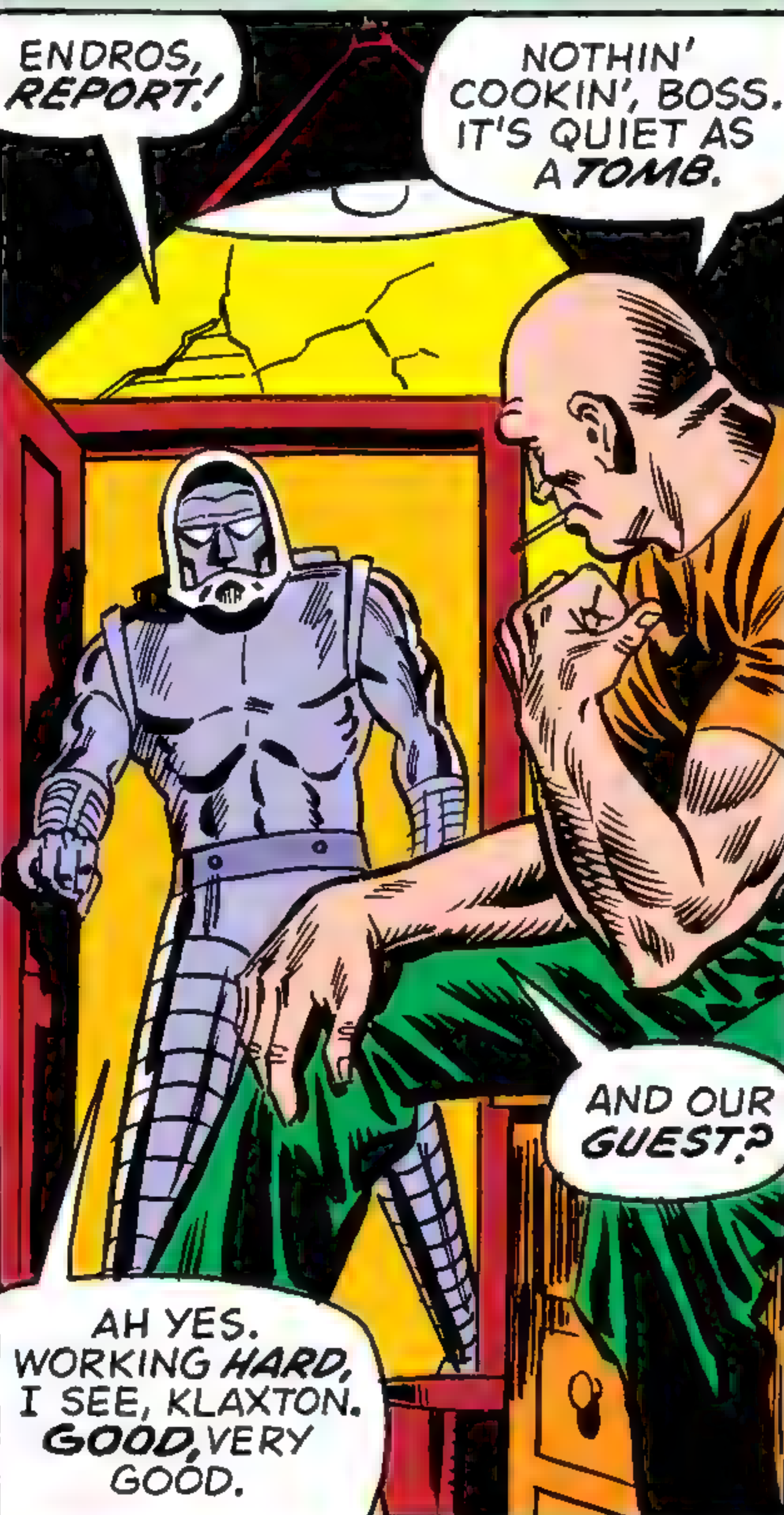
AND EVEN IF HE WAS SEEN, WHO'D BELIEVE IT? THIS IS SAN FRANCISCO, PILGRIM, NOT NEW YORK. DIG?

HE TOWERS ABOVE A ROW OF CRUMBLING TENEMENTS FOR A MOMENT--LISTENING, WATCHING FOR ANY SIGNS OF PURSUIT...



THEN HIS LEGS TELESCOPE HIM DOWN TO THE GROUND, FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW.

THE INSIDE OF THE SHACK IS AS DECAYED AND FORGOTTEN AS THE GHETTO AROUND IT--A PLACE ONE WOULD RATHER WALK FROM THAN TO...



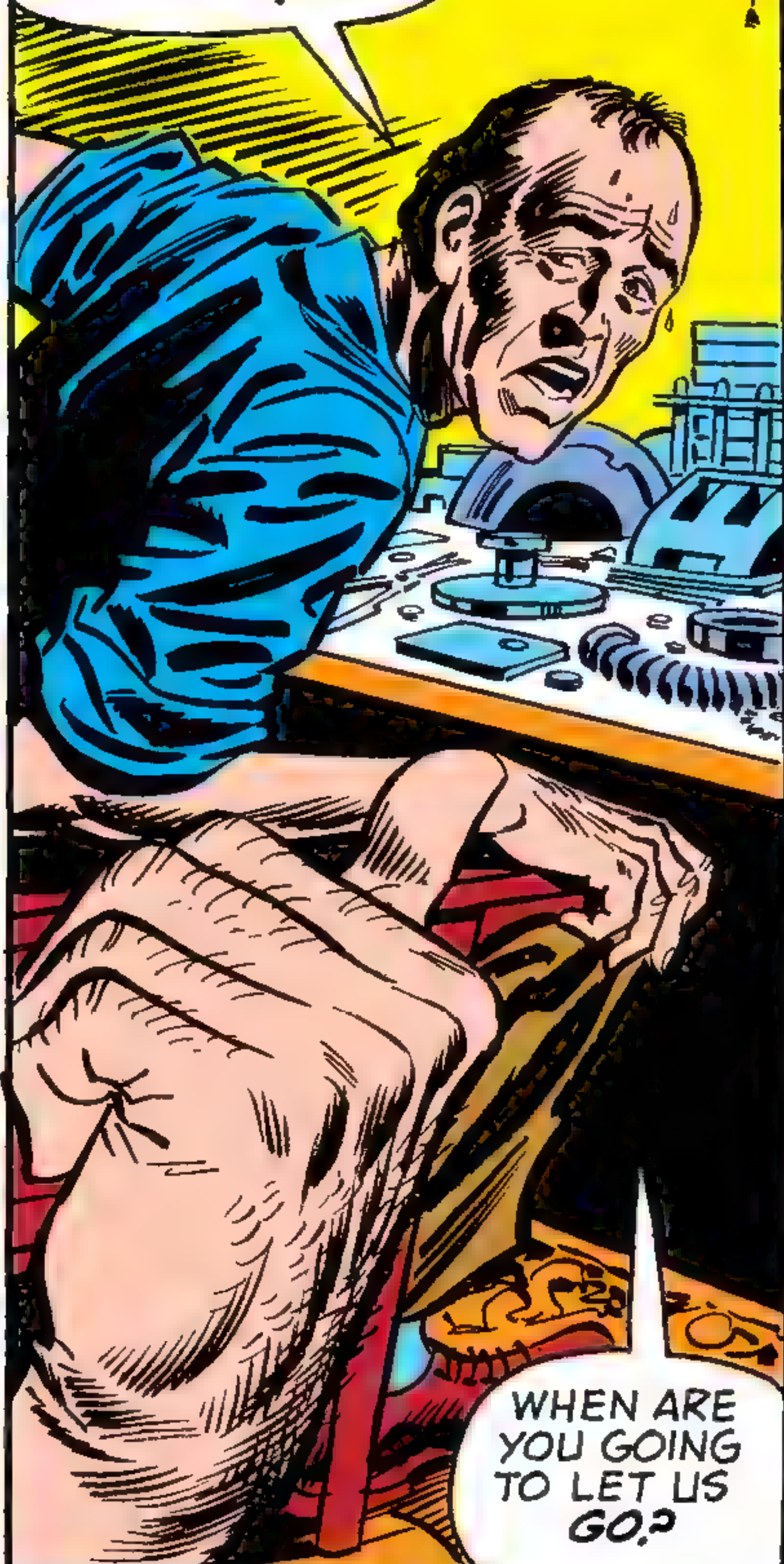
ENDROS, REPORT!

NOTHIN' COOKIN', BOSS. IT'S QUIET AS A TOMB.

AND OUR GUEST?

AH YES. WORKING HARD, I SEE, KLAXTON. GOOD, VERY GOOD.

P-PLEASE...HOW MUCH LONGER WILL WE BE KEPT HERE?

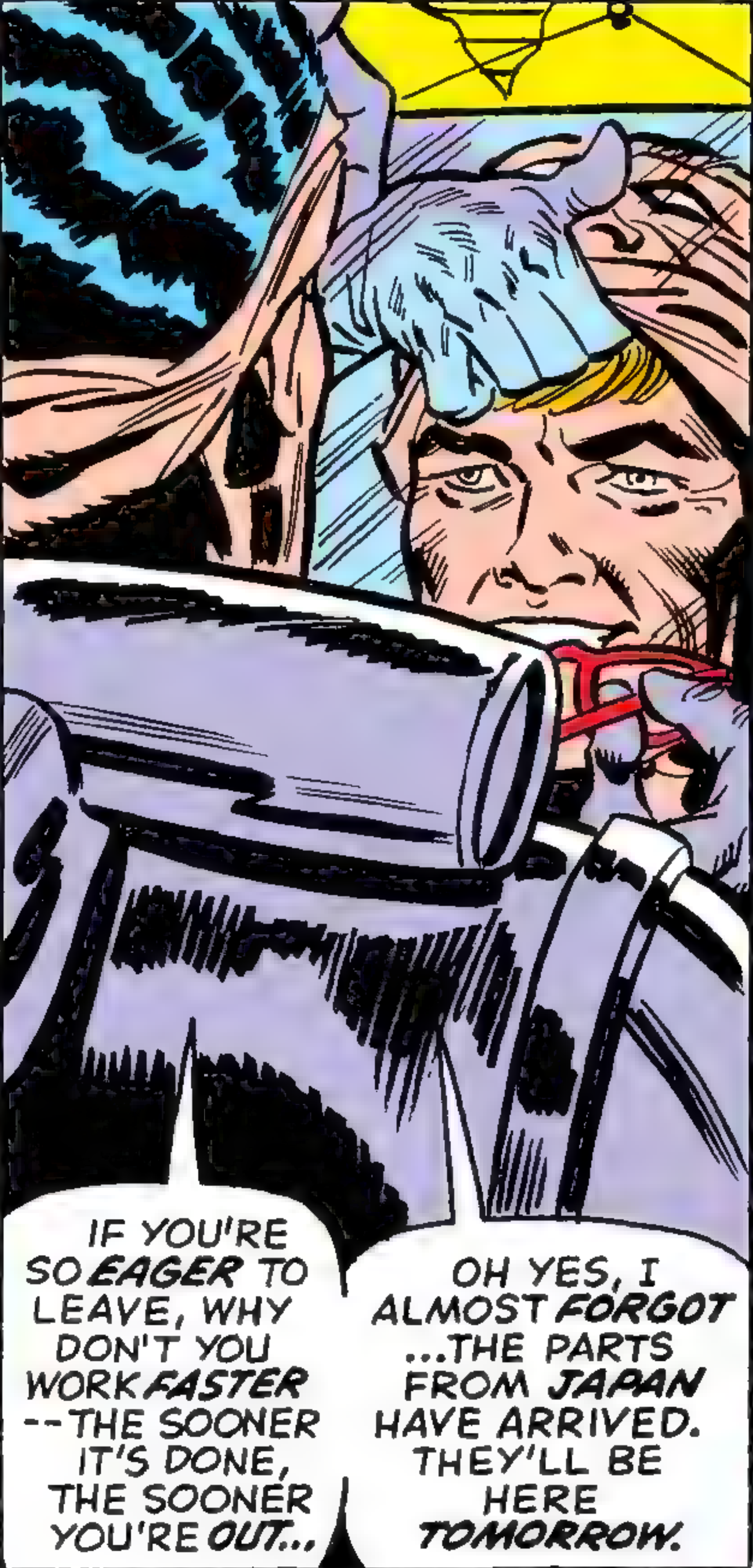


WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LET US GO?

KLAXTON, DEAR KLAXTON, I TOLD YOU--YOU'LL BE FREED WHEN THE MOLECULAR CONDENSER IS MODIFIED...



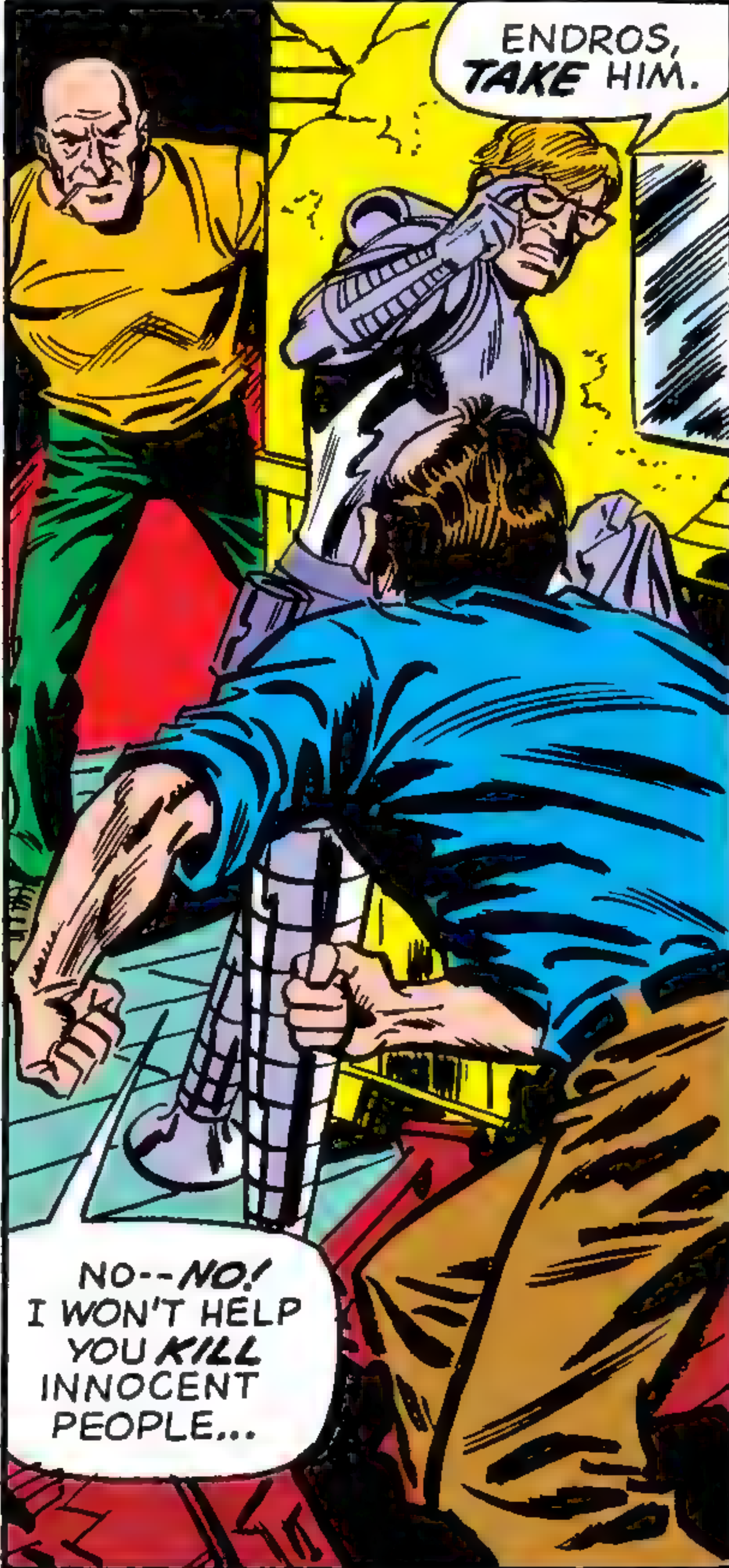
...NOT BEFORE.



IF YOU'RE SO EAGER TO LEAVE, WHY DON'T YOU WORK FASTER--THE SOONER IT'S DONE, THE SOONER YOU'RE OUT...

OH YES, I ALMOST FORGOT...THE PARTS FROM JAPAN HAVE ARRIVED. THEY'LL BE HERE TOMORROW.

ENDROS, TAKE HIM.



NO--NO! I WON'T HELP YOU KILL INNOCENT PEOPLE...



YOU TRY MY PATIENCE, KLAXTON!

BUT IF YOU INSIST ON BEING HEROIC, REMEMBER THIS...



...YOU WON'T BE THE ONE WHO'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR IT!

BARBARA!

LOOK AT YOUR DAUGHTER, DR. KLAXTON --ENDROS COULD TEACH HER A THING OR TWO ABOUT LIFE...AND DEATH. HE'D LIKE THAT VERY MUCH.

YOU FILTH!



FILTH, AM I? OHHH, KLAXTON, IF I DIDN'T NEED YOU ALIVE AND HEALTHY, I'D...FINISH THE RAY, KLAXTON. QUICKLY.

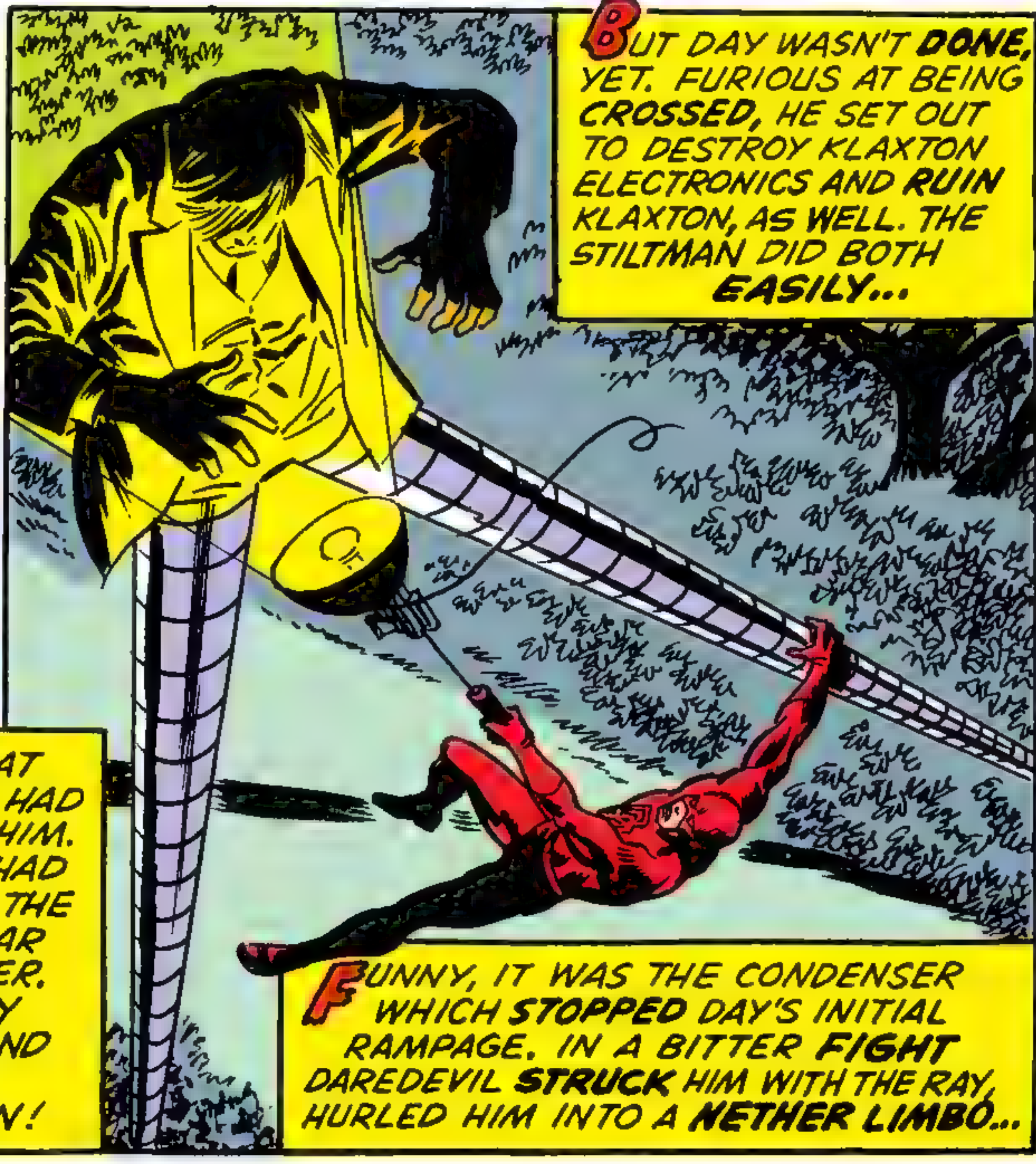
OR I'LL LEAVE YOUR DAUGHTER TO ENDROS' TENDER MERCIES.



KLAXTON GIVES IN WITHOUT A WORD.

HE ALWAYS DID. LONG AGO HE'D LEARNED THE PRICE OF RESISTANCE...

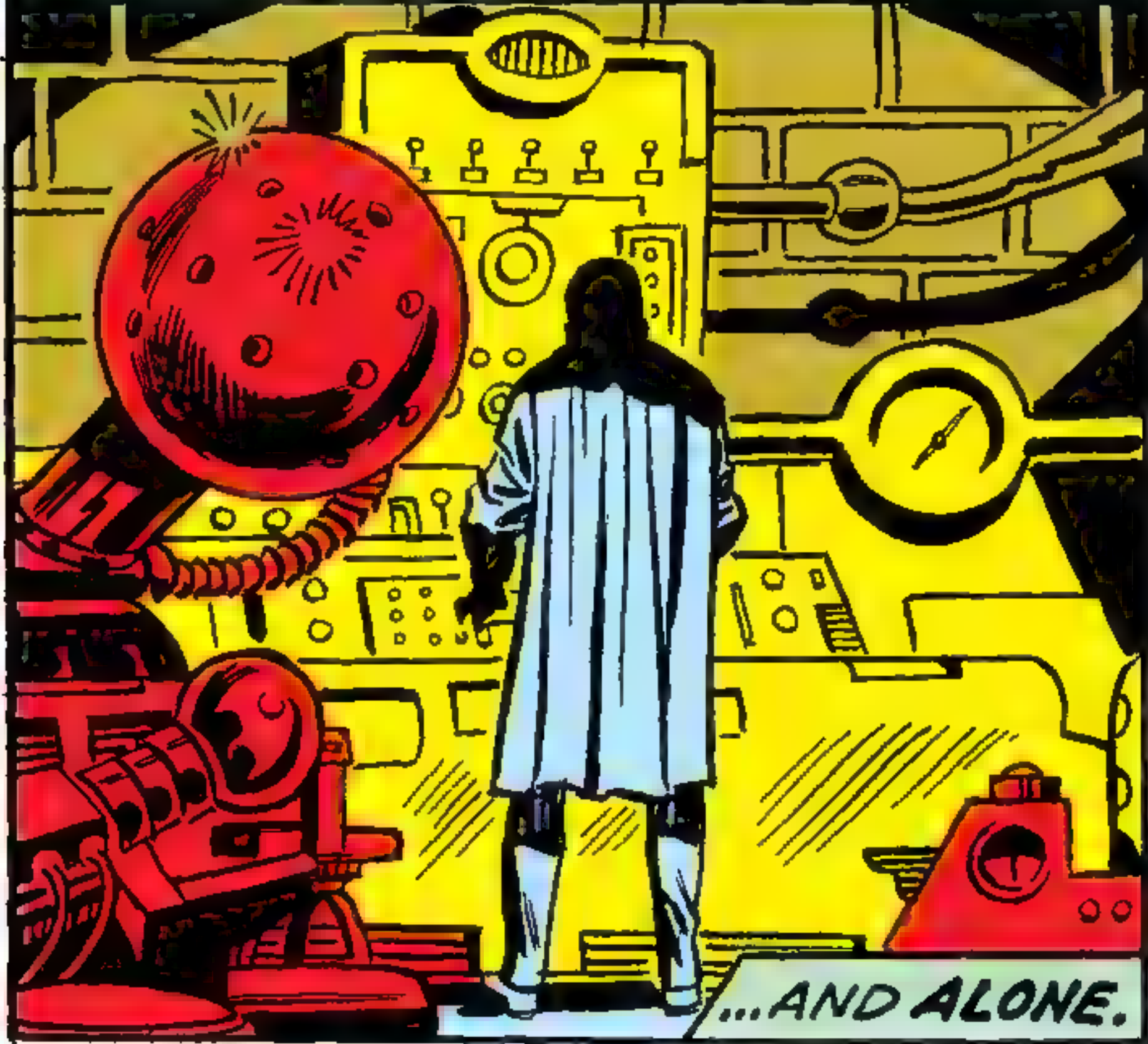
AND THAT LEARNING HAD BROKEN HIM. KLAXTON HAD DEVELOPED THE MOLECULAR CONDENSER. WILBUR DAY WANTED IT; AND SO, HAD STOLEN IN!



BUT DAY WASN'T DONE, YET. FURIOUS AT BEING CROSSED, HE SET OUT TO DESTROY KLAXTON ELECTRONICS AND RUIN KLAXTON, AS WELL. THE STILTMAN DID BOTH EASILY...

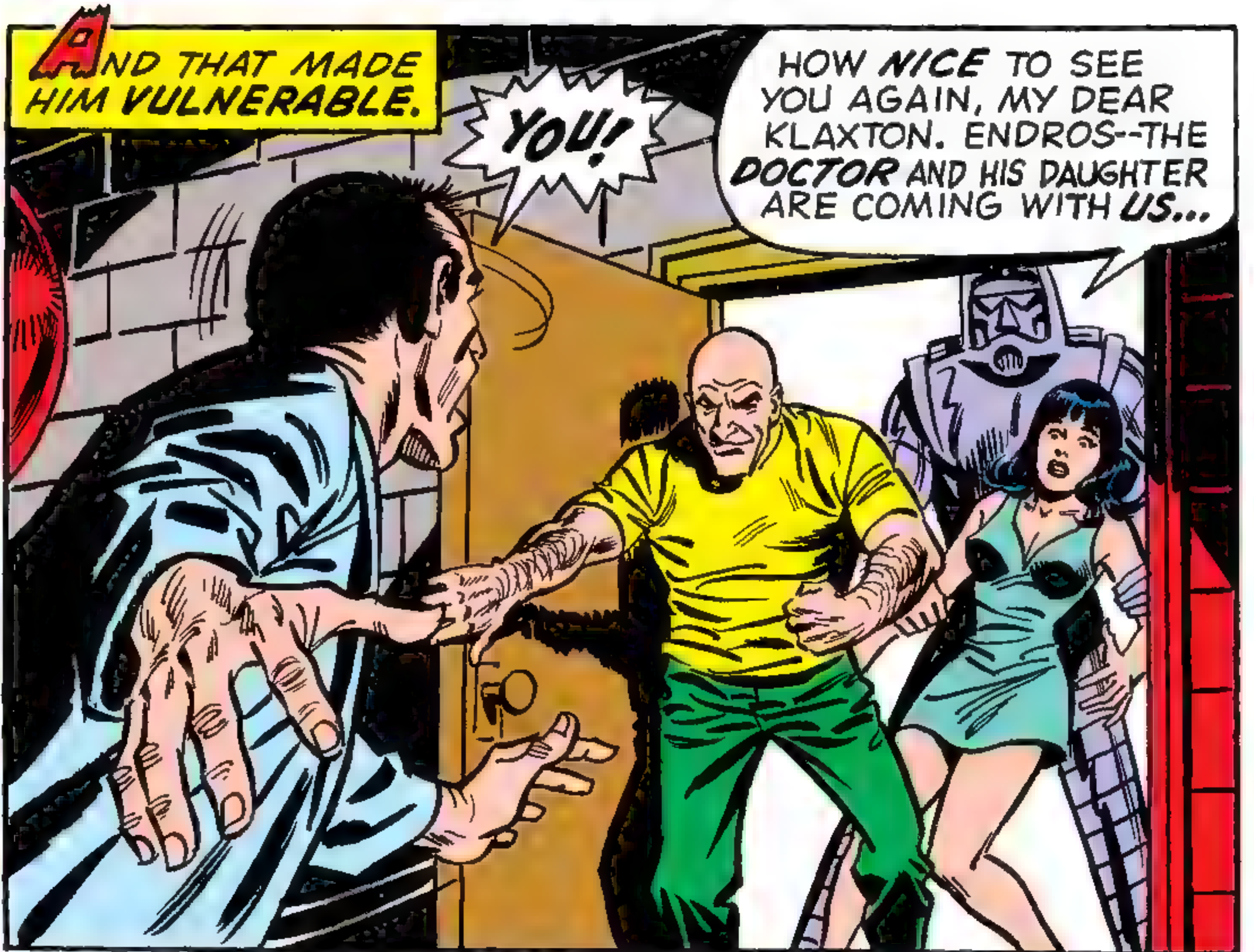
FUNNY, IT WAS THE CONDENSER WHICH STOPPED DAY'S INITIAL RAMPAGE. IN A BITTER FIGHT DAREDEVIL STRUCK HIM WITH THE RAY, HURLED HIM INTO A NETHER LIMBO...

FOR A TIME, THE NIGHTMARE WAS PAST... KLAXTON WAS A GOOD PHYSICIST, GOOD ENOUGH TO GET A FAIR JOB AND KEEP IT. TROUBLE WAS, HE OFTEN HAD TO WORK LATE...



...AND ALONE.

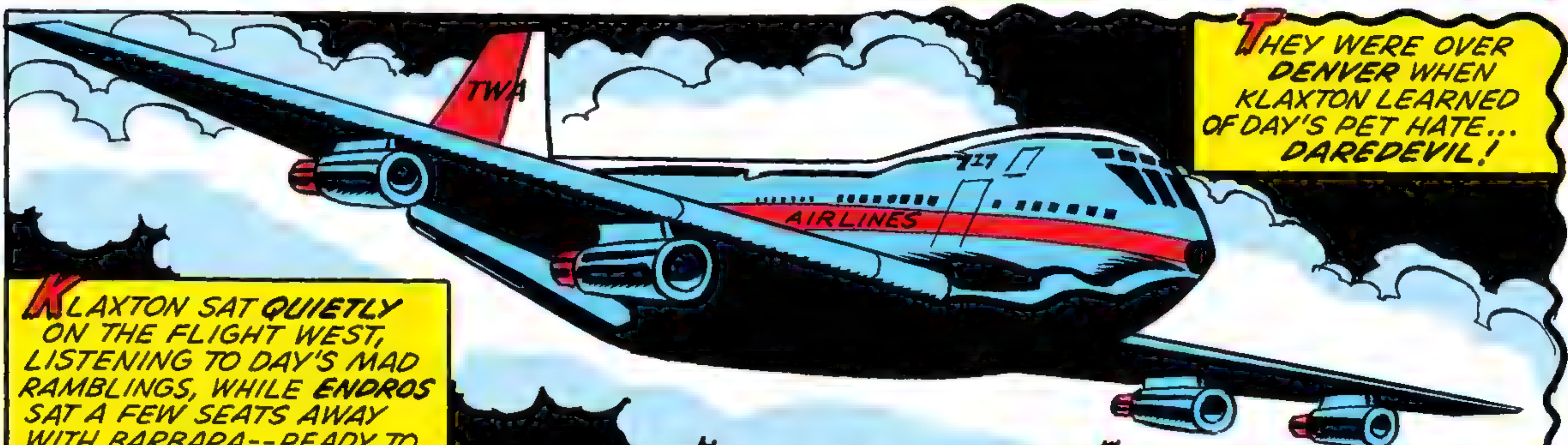
AND THAT MADE HIM VULNERABLE.



HOW NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MY DEAR KLAXTON. ENDROS--THE DOCTOR AND HIS DAUGHTER ARE COMING WITH US...

THEY WERE OVER DENVER WHEN KLAXTON LEARNED OF DAY'S PET HATE... DAREDEVIL!

KLAXTON SAT QUIETLY ON THE FLIGHT WEST, LISTENING TO DAY'S MAD RAMBLINGS, WHILE ENDROS SAT A FEW SEATS AWAY WITH BARBARA--READY TO KILL ON COMMAND...



IT WAS A VERY BIG HATE.

WHEN THE RAY'S READY, I'LL TURN IT ON **SAN FRANCISCO**--A BILLION DOLLARS AND DAREDEVIL'S FRESH CORPSE, OR I'LL CRUSH THE CITY WITH MY THUMB...

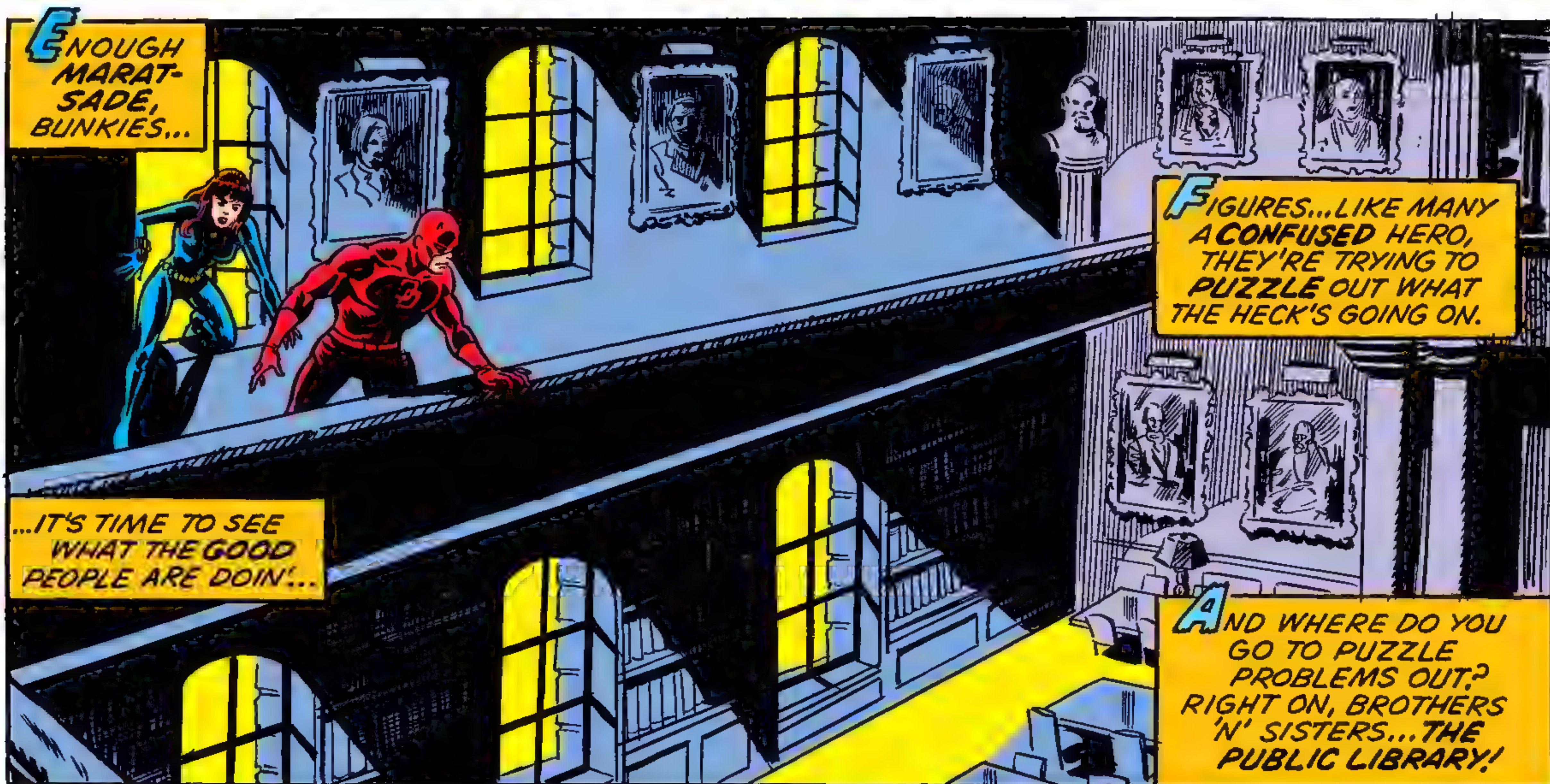


...AND THEY'LL PAY, KLAXTON, BECAUSE THEY WANT TO LIVE... HA! PERHAPS I'LL TAKE THE MONEY AND DESTROY THE CITY ANYWAY!

WITH YOUR RAY, I CAN BE RULER OF THE WORLD. I CAN BE A GOD. DO YOU HEAR ME, KLAXTON...



...A GOD!!



ENOUGH MARAT-SADE, BUNKIES...

FIGURES... LIKE MANY A CONFUSED HERO, THEY'RE TRYING TO PUZZLE OUT WHAT THE HECK'S GOING ON.

...IT'S TIME TO SEE WHAT THE GOOD PEOPLE ARE DOIN'...

AND WHERE DO YOU GO TO PUZZLE PROBLEMS OUT? RIGHT ON, BROTHERS 'N' SISTERS... THE PUBLIC LIBRARY!

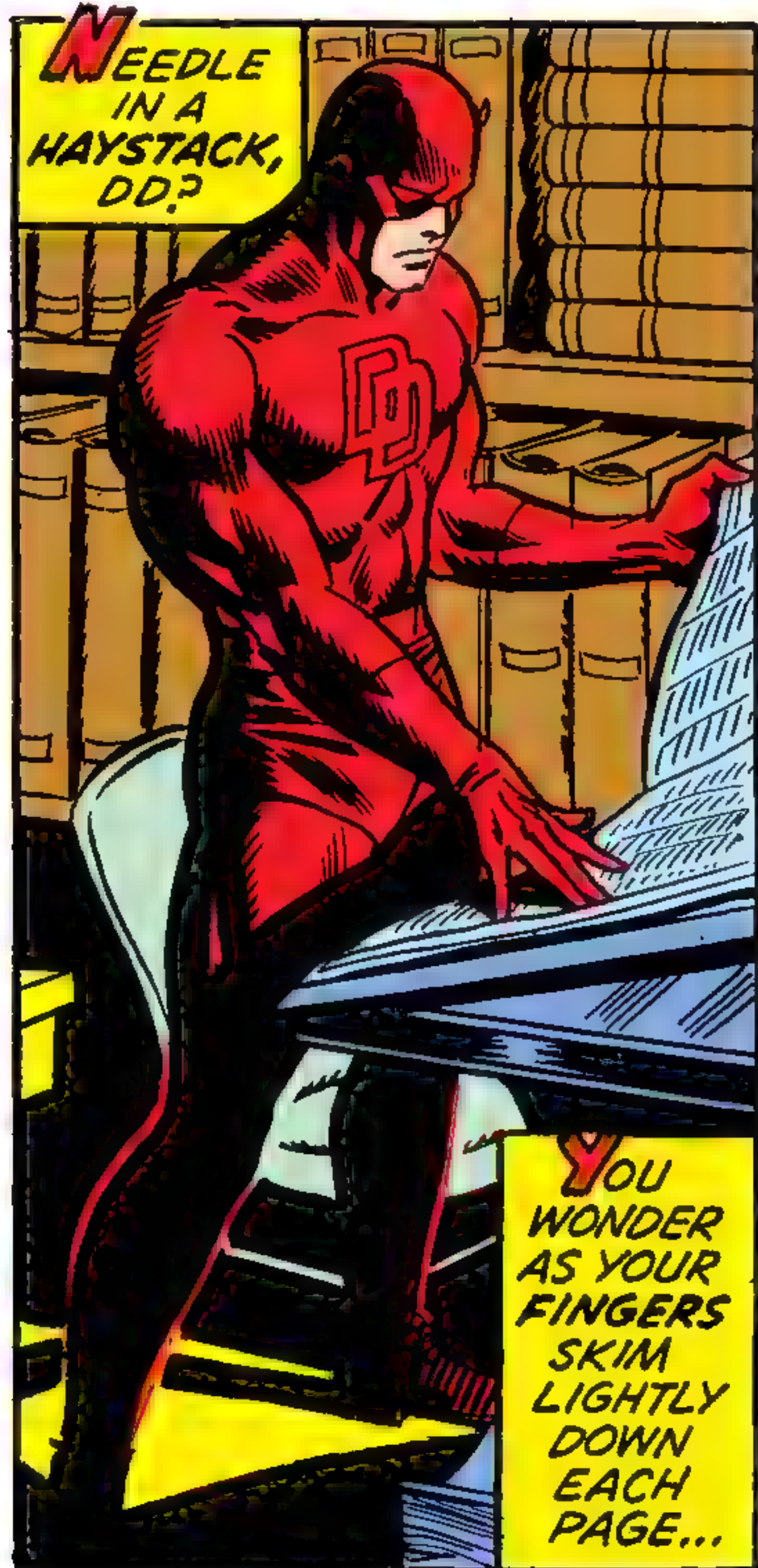


OF COURSE, IT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO BE OPEN AT TWO AM...

THERE, MATT; BACK ISSUE NEWSPAPERS... BOUND AND MICRO-FILM...

OKAY, 'TASHA! YOU TAKE THE FILM, I'LL CHECK THE BOUND EDITIONS. LOOK FOR ANYTHING UNDER KLAXTON'S NAME OR DAY'S...

...**B**UT WE WON'T TELL IF YOU WON'T...



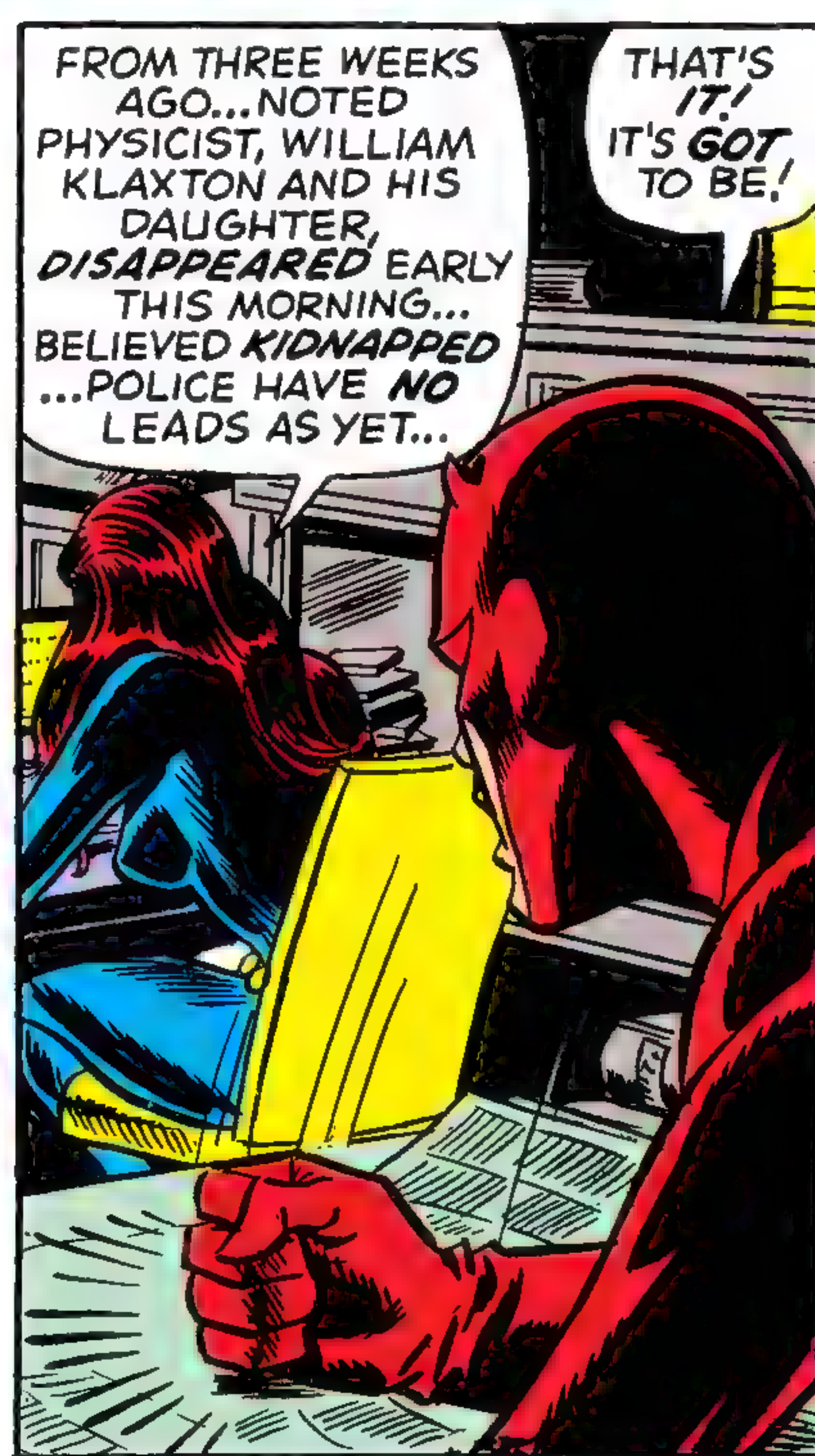
NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK, DD?

YOU WONDER AS YOUR FINGERS SKIM LIGHTLY DOWN EACH PAGE...



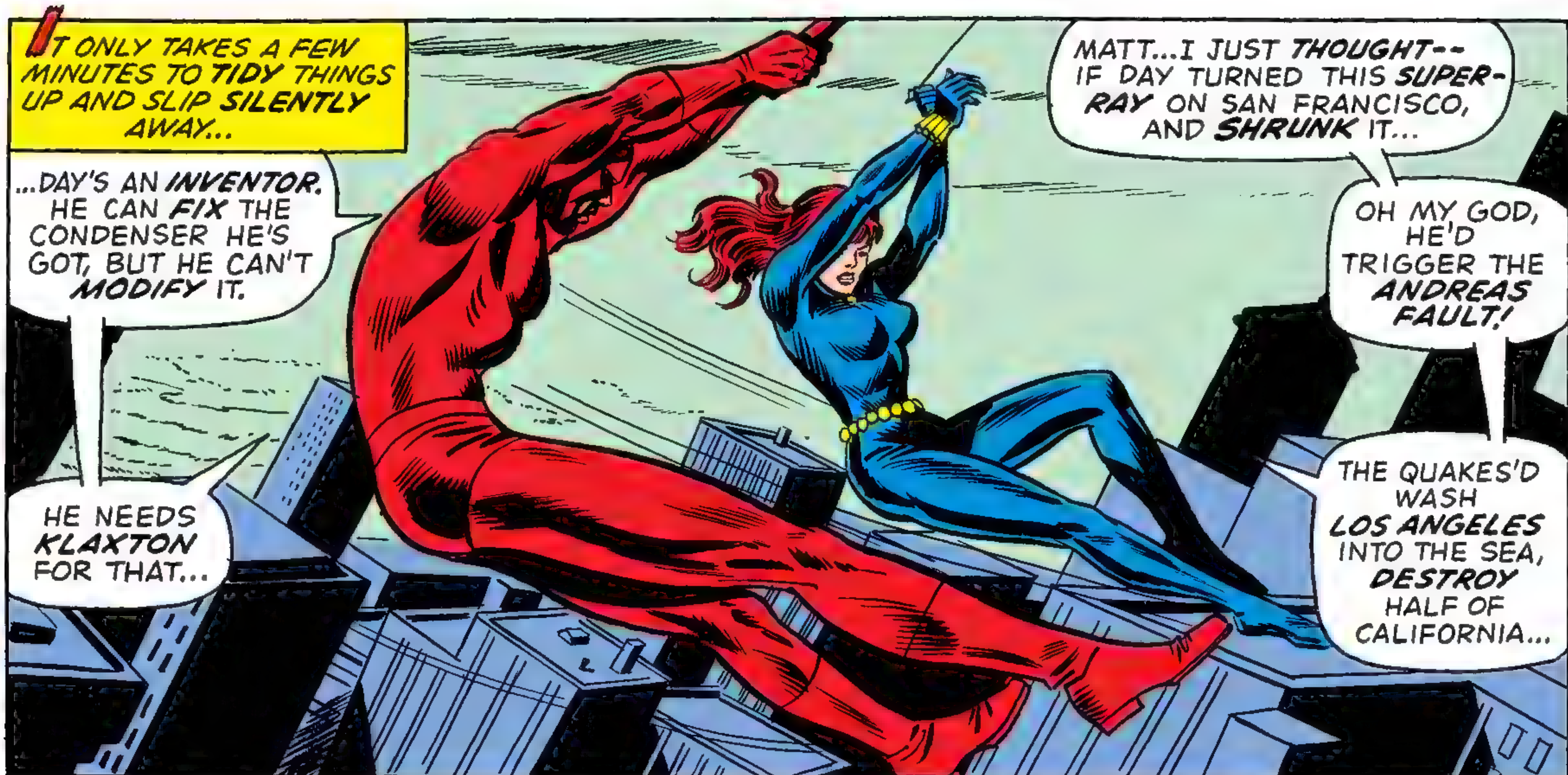
FORGET IT, THERE'S WORSE TO COME...

MATT, I THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHING...



FROM THREE WEEKS AGO... NOTED PHYSICIST, WILLIAM KLAXTON AND HIS DAUGHTER, DISAPPEARED EARLY THIS MORNING... BELIEVED KIDNAPPED... POLICE HAVE NO LEADS AS YET...

THAT'S IT! IT'S GOT TO BE!



IT ONLY TAKES A FEW MINUTES TO TIDY THINGS UP AND SLIP SILENTLY AWAY...

...DAY'S AN INVENTOR. HE CAN FIX THE CONDENSER HE'S GOT, BUT HE CAN'T MODIFY IT.

HE NEEDS KLAXTON FOR THAT...

MATT...I JUST THOUGHT-- IF DAY TURNED THIS SUPER-RAY ON SAN FRANCISCO, AND SHRUNK IT...

OH MY GOD, HE'D TRIGGER THE ANDREAS FAULT!

THE QUAKES'D WASH LOS ANGELES INTO THE SEA, DESTROY HALF OF CALIFORNIA...



YEAH...I'VE BEEN CHECKING WITH PETE CORBEAU ABOUT THAT...

BUT DOESN'T STILTMAN REALIZE...

HE'S MAD, 'TASHA; WHY SHOULD HE CARE? THAT'S WHY WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM.

BUT HOW, MATT? WHERE DO WE BEGIN TO LOOK? HERE? OAKLAND? BERKELEY? HE COULD BE ANYWHERE!



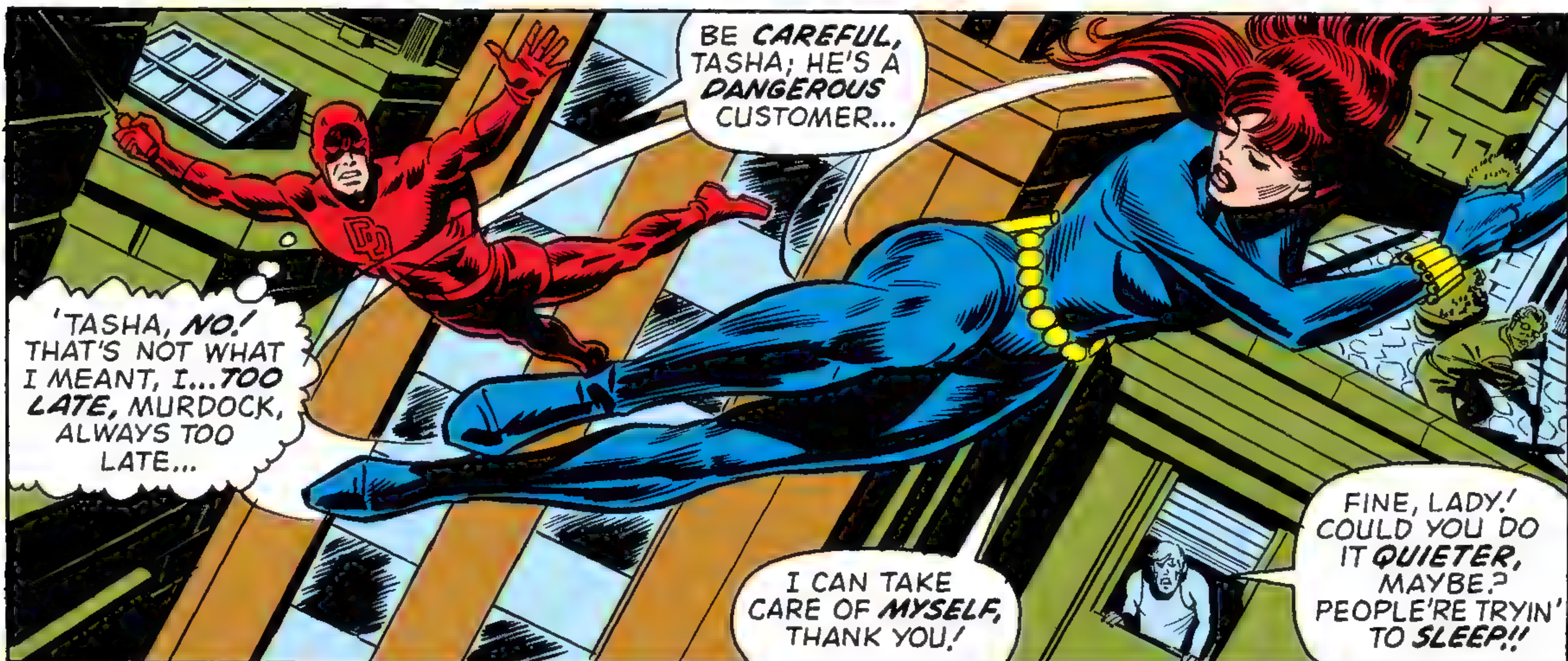
I KNOW, NATASHA! I KNOW, SO GIVE ME A DECENT ALTERNATIVE? WELL?

I CAN'T.

ALRIGHT, THEN. IT'S UP TO US. I'LL GO AFTER KLAXTON; I KNOW HIS HEARTBEAT. YOU LOOK FOR STILTMAN.

SHOULDN'T BE THAT HARD--THE ARMY HAD NO TROUBLE FINDING KING KONG.

VERY FUNNY.

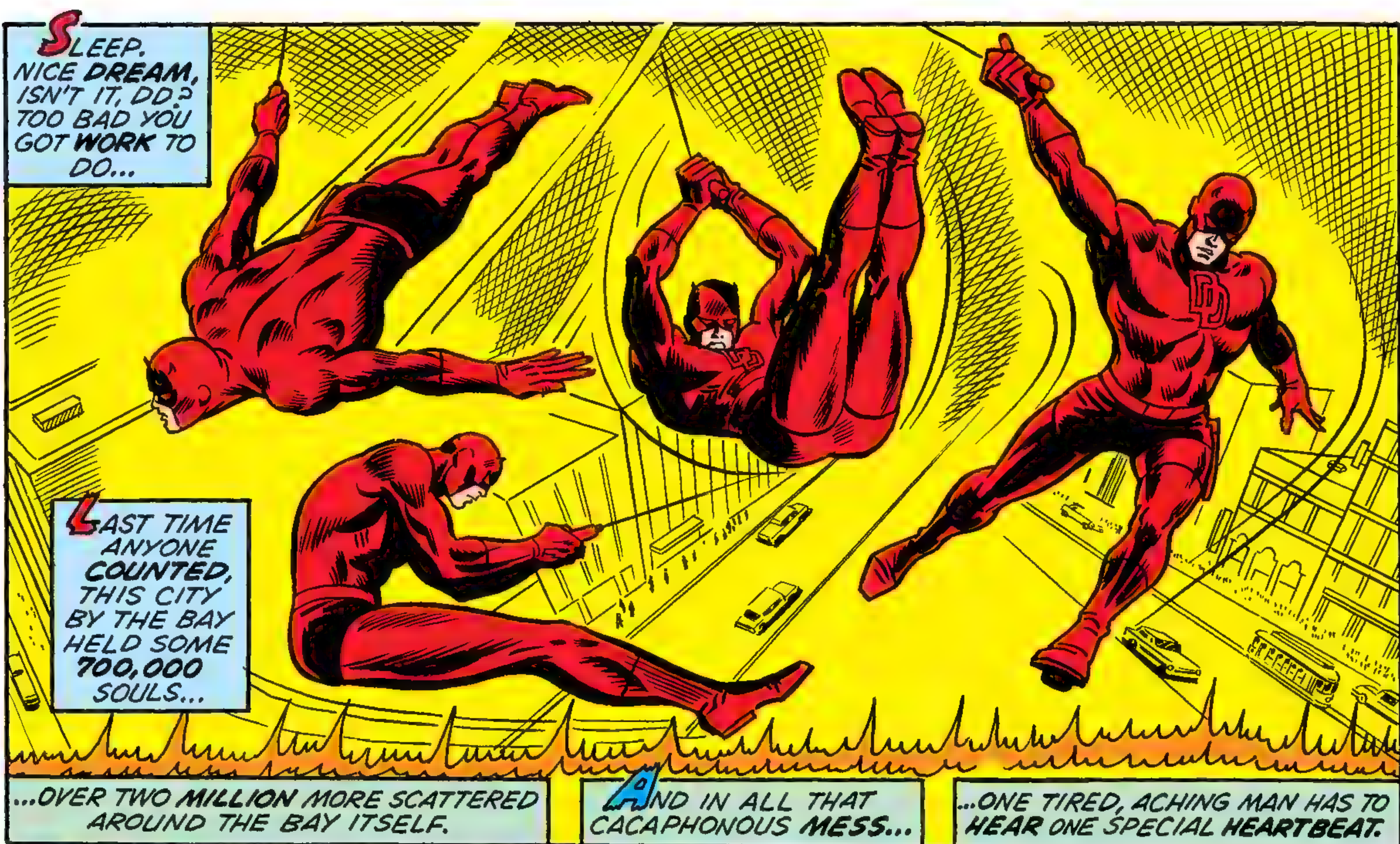


BE CAREFUL, TASHA; HE'S A DANGEROUS CUSTOMER...

'TASHA, NO! THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT, I...TOO LATE, MURDOCK, ALWAYS TOO LATE...

I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF, THANK YOU!

FINE, LADY! COULD YOU DO IT QUIETER, MAYBE? PEOPLE'RE TRYIN' TO SLEEP!!



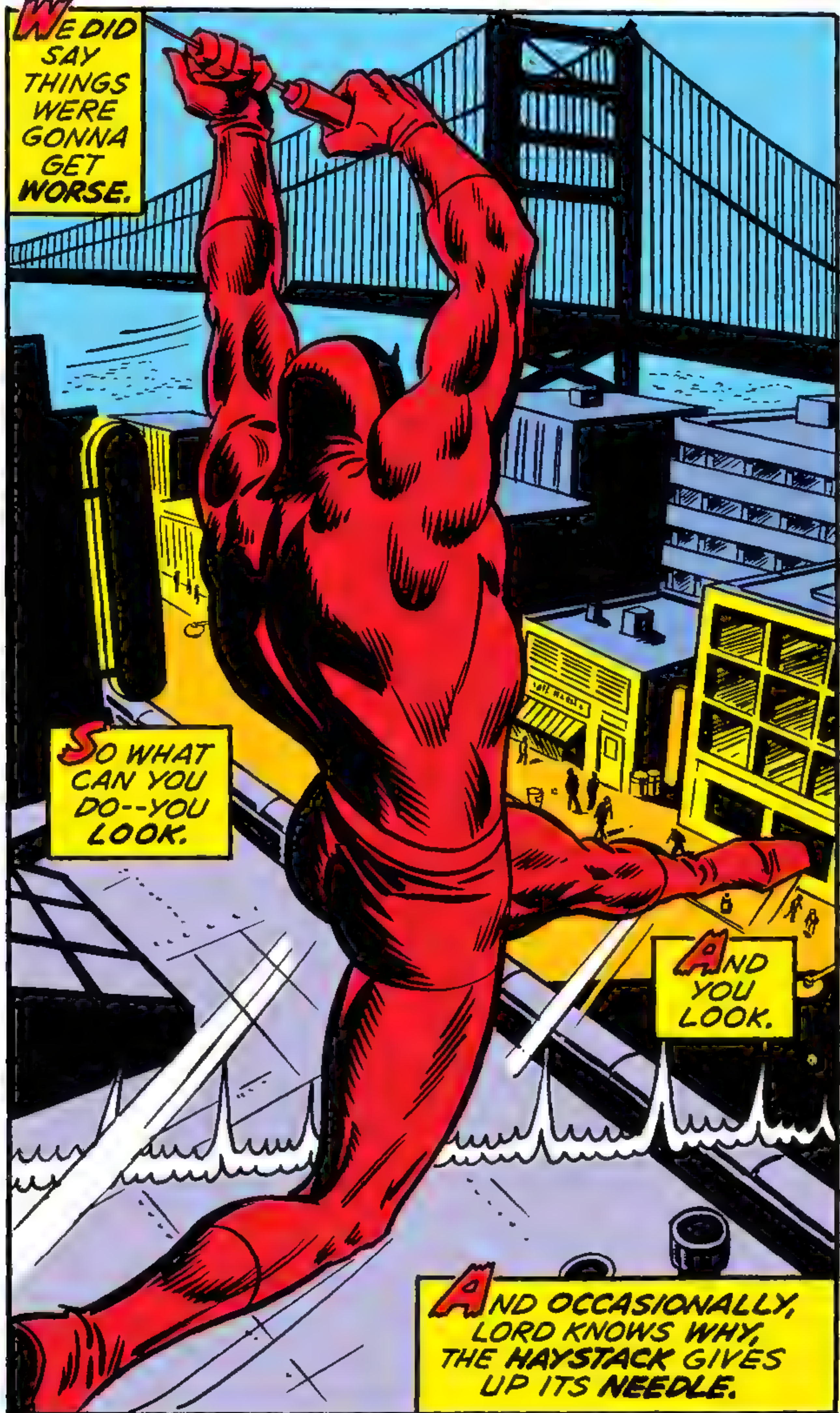
SLEEP.
NICE DREAM,
ISN'T IT, DD?
TOO BAD YOU
GOT WORK TO
DO...

LAST TIME
ANYONE
COUNTED,
THIS CITY
BY THE BAY
HELD SOME
700,000
SOULS...

...OVER TWO MILLION MORE SCATTERED
AROUND THE BAY ITSELF.

AND IN ALL THAT
CACAPHONOUS MESS...

...ONE TIRED, ACHING MAN HAS TO
HEAR ONE SPECIAL HEARTBEAT.



WE DID
SAY
THINGS
WERE
GONNA
GET
WORSE.

SO WHAT
CAN YOU
DO--YOU
LOOK.

AND
YOU
LOOK.

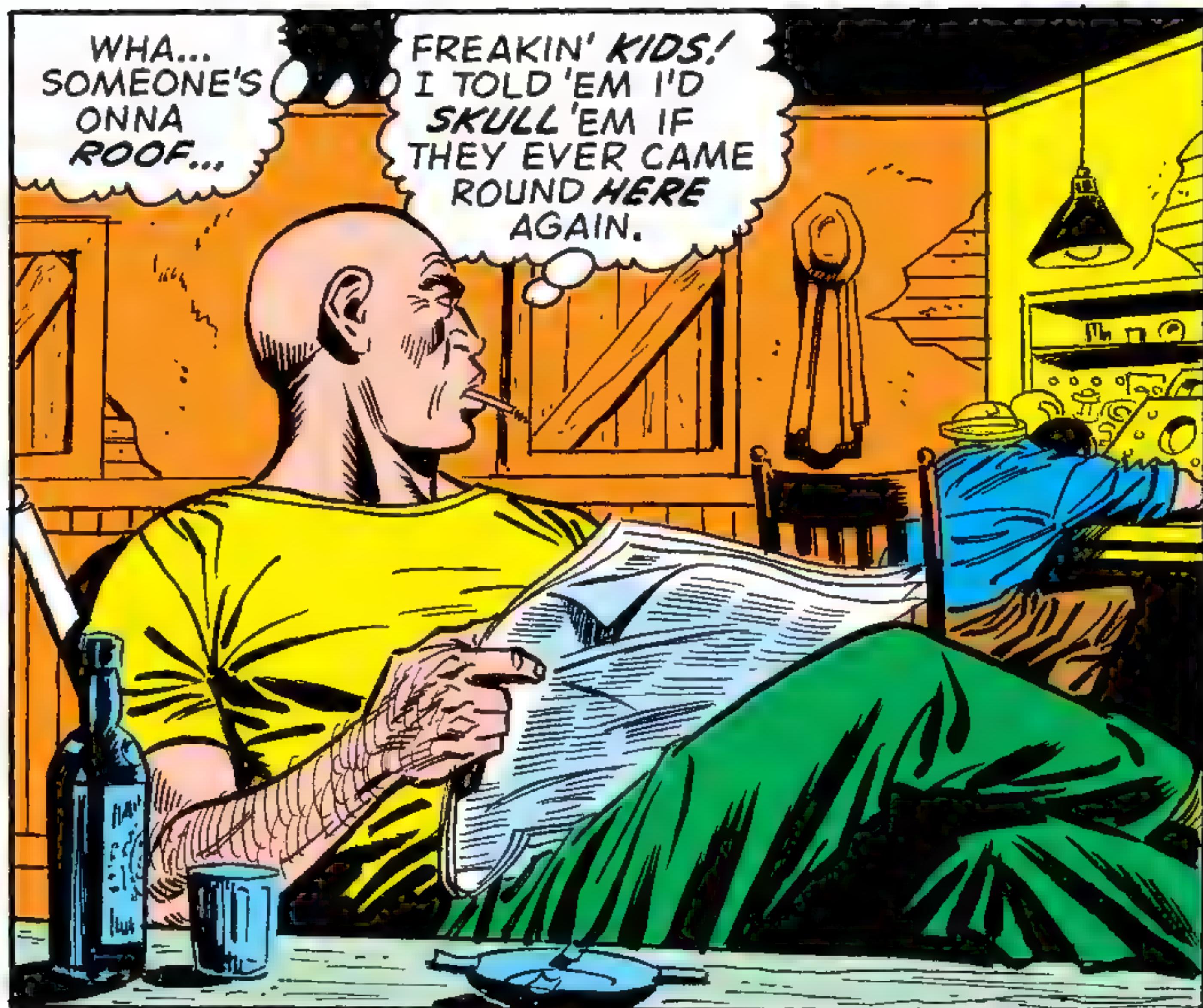
AND OCCASIONALLY,
LORD KNOWS WHY,
THE HAYSTACK GIVES
UP ITS NEEDLE.



BINGO!!

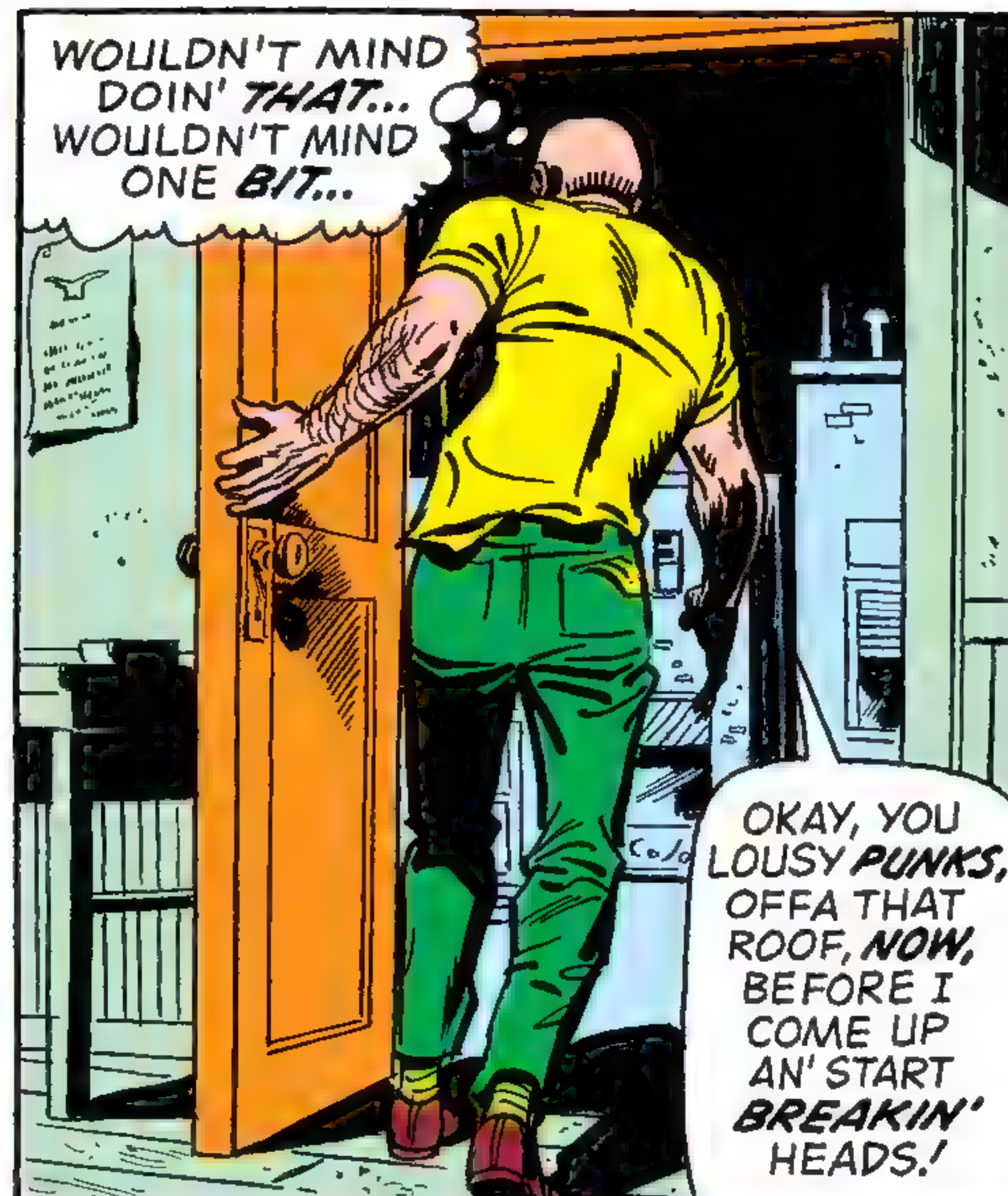
WHOA, MATT...
TAKE IT *EASY*...
YEAH, THERE'S
KLAXTON'S
HEARTBEAT!

AND I'M PICKING UP
SOMEONE ELSE--
OKAY, LET'S GO
TO IT, DD!



WHA...
SOMEONE'S
ONNA
ROOF...

FREAKIN' KIDS!
I TOLD 'EM I'D
SKULL 'EM IF
THEY EVER CAME
ROUND HERE
AGAIN.



WOULDN'T MIND
DOIN' THAT...
WOULDN'T MIND
ONE BIT...

OKAY, YOU
LOUSY PUNKS,
OFFA THAT
ROOF, NOW,
BEFORE I
COME UP
AN' START
BREAKIN'
HEADS!



WHOOOMPI!

ANYTHING
TO
OBLIGE,
CHUBBINS.
SWEET
DREAMS.

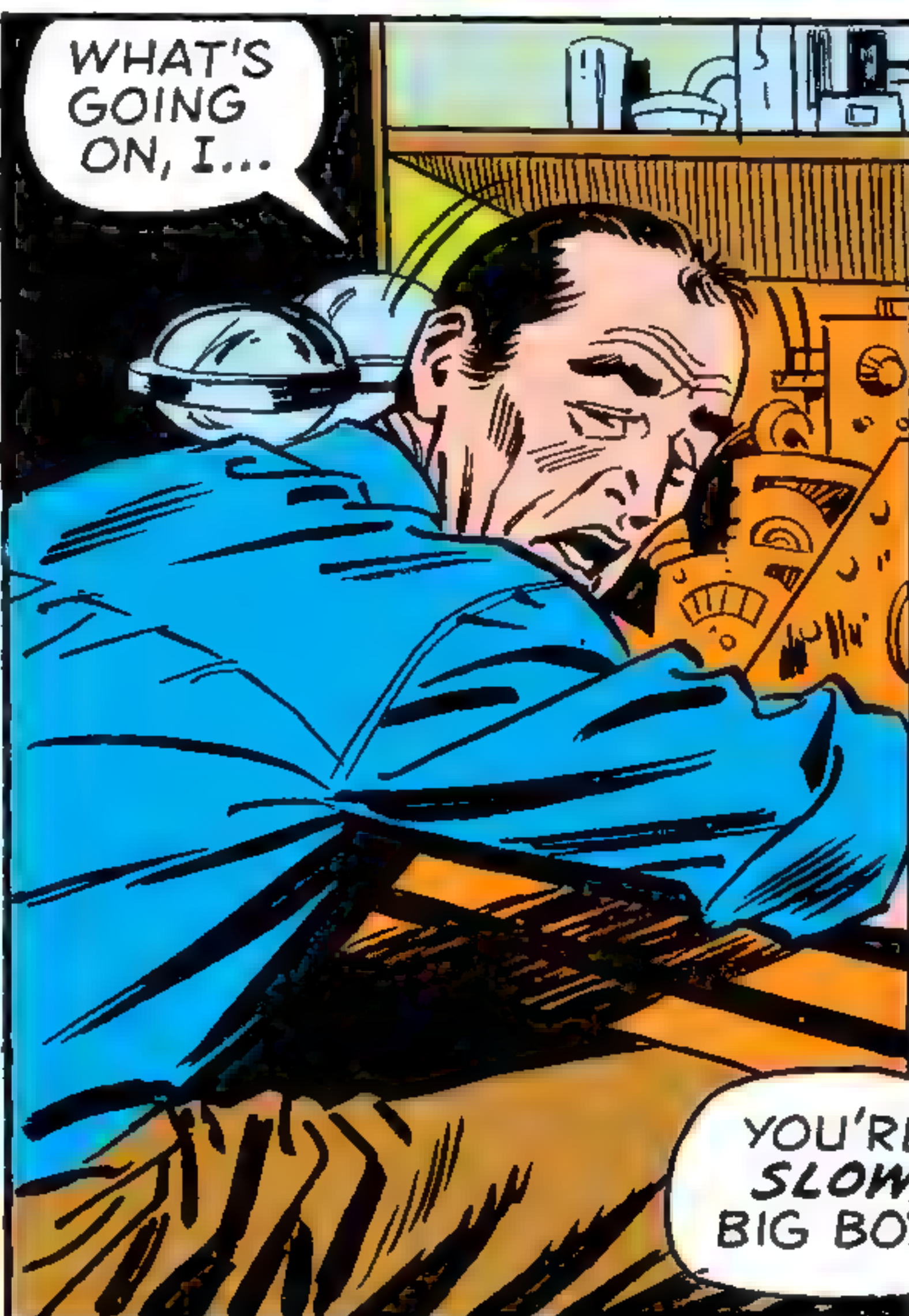
CRIPES!
I DIDN'T
THINK HE
WAS
THIS BIG...
HE'S BUILT
LIKE A
ROCK, TOO...
HOPE MY
FOOT'S NOT
BROKEN...



YOU
STINKIN'
CRUD...

I'M GONNA
ENJOY
STOMPIN'
YOU!

WORDS,
CHUBBY;
JUST
WORDS.

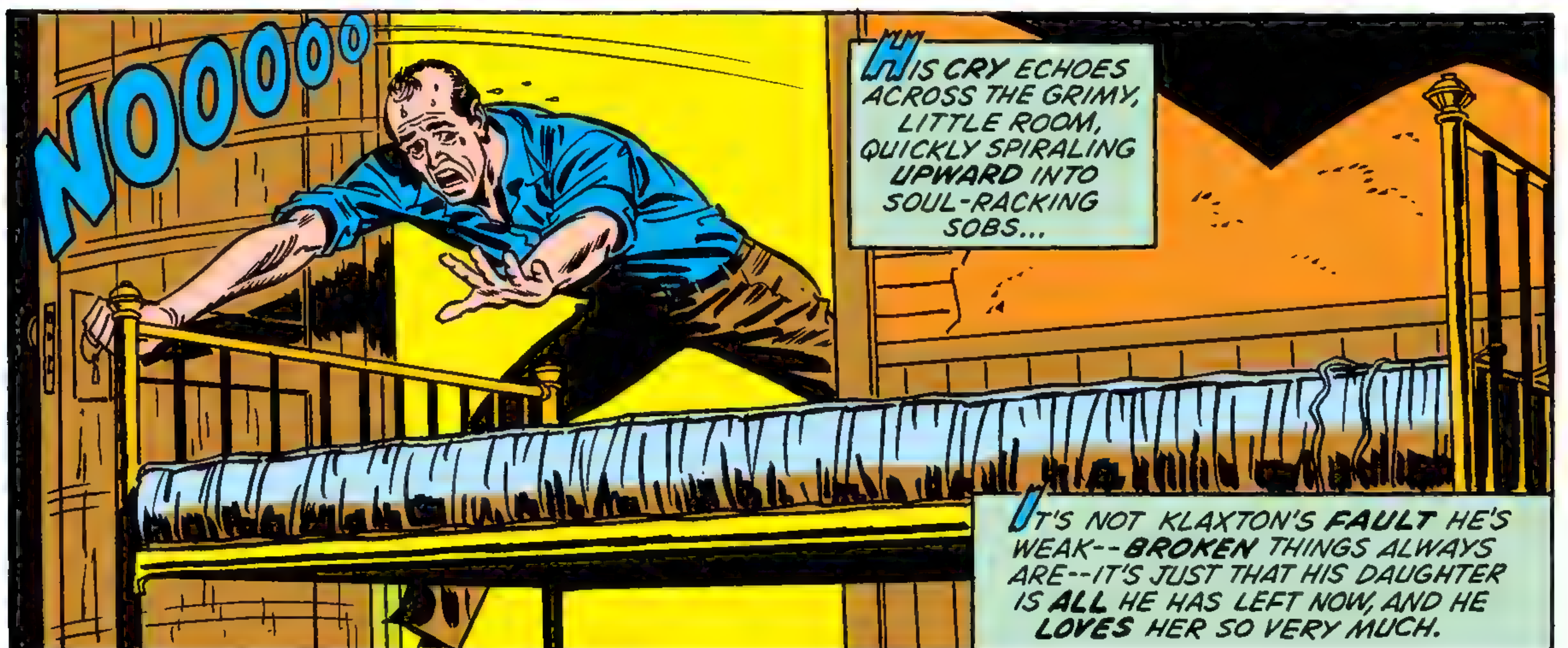
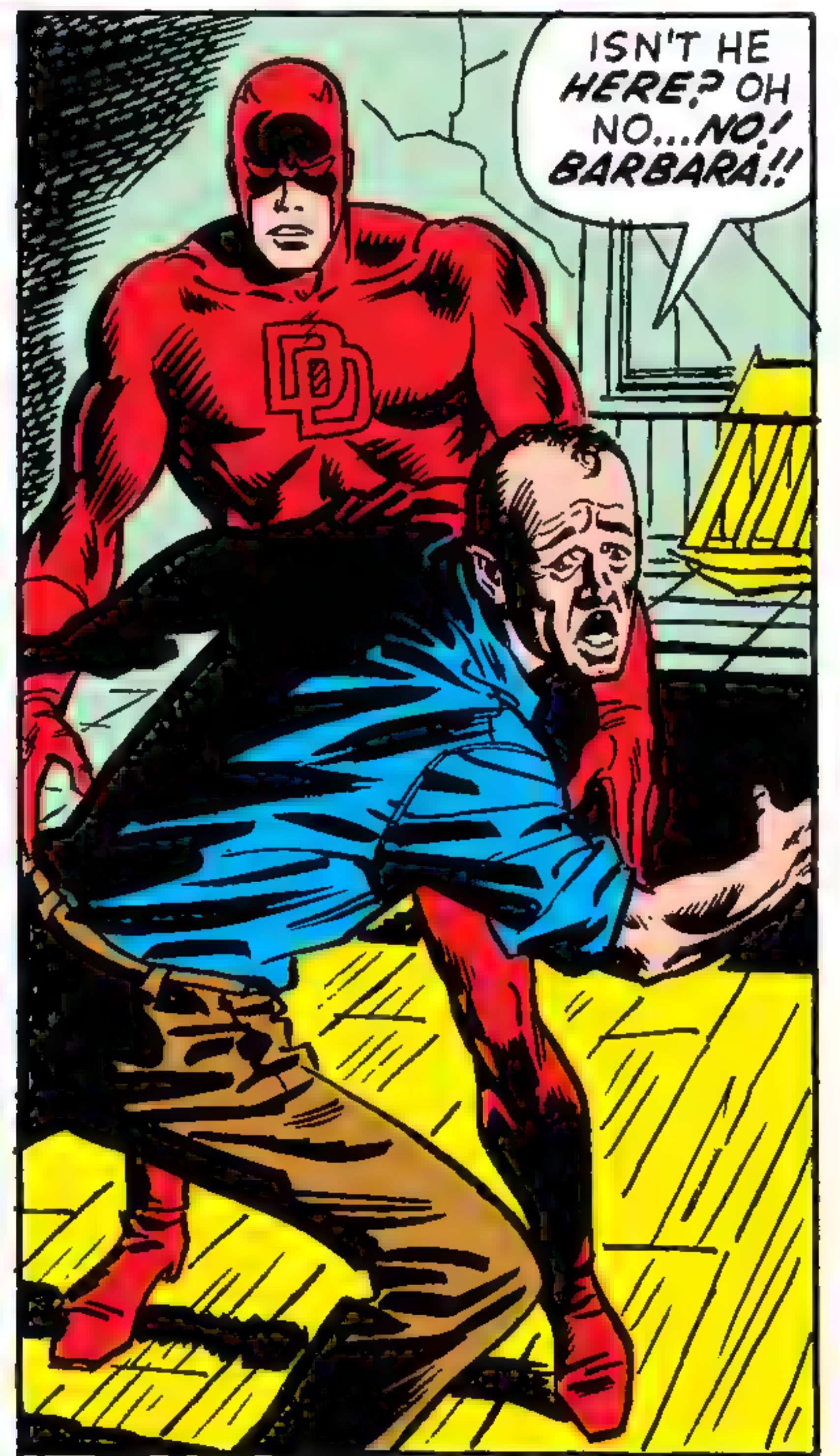


WHAT'S
GOING
ON, I...



CRUMPH

YOU'RE
SLOW,
BIG BOY...



HIS WORDS RUN TOGETHER, FEAR DRIVING HIM INEXORABLY TOWARDS MADNESS...

HE'LL KILL HER... KILL HER... KILL HER KILL...

DAREDEVIL HASN'T TIME TO BE GENTLE.

KLAXTON, NOT NOW!

DOES DAY HAVE THE CONDENSER WITH HIM?

Y...I... Y-YES...

HE P-PLANS TO USE IT ON THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE AS A DEMONSTRATION...

WH-WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO STOP HIM!

BUT THERE IS ANOTHER WHO ALSO SPEAKS SUCH WORDS...

KING KONG, INDEED! I'LL GIVE HIM KING KONG!

THE WIDOW'S LOOKED HARD THESE PAST FEW HOURS--FOR ALL THE GOOD IT'S DONE...

CALM DOWN, NATASHA ALIANOVNA! HE MEANT WELL--BUT SOMETIMES I CAN'T HELP MYSELF, I COULD JUST...

...OH BOY.

FOR A MOMENT, SHE SITS STUNNED...

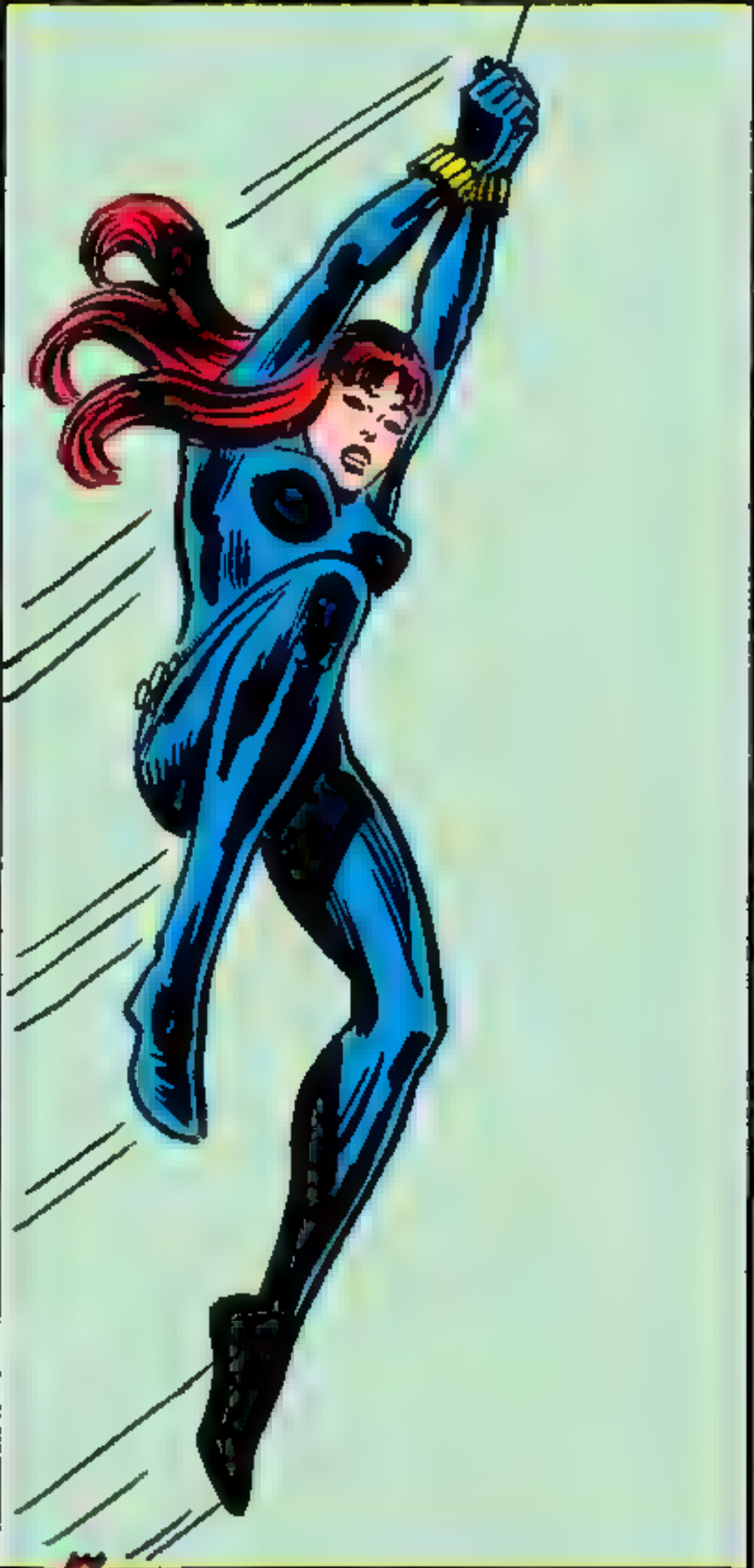
AND WHO WOULDN'T, IN HER PLACE. SHE'S TWENTY STORIES UP AND STILTMAN'S STILL TALLER THAN SHE IS...

SOMEBODY MENTION KING KONG?

AND IN THAT
MOMENT, FEAR
CLOSES IN ON THE
BEAUTIFUL
BLACK WIDOW...



FEAR IS NO
STRANGER TO THE
WIDOW--SHE'S KNOWN
IT WELL SINCE IVAN
FOUND HER AMID
THE RUBBLE OF
HER BOMBED-OUT HOME...



IT'S SOMETHING A
PROFESSIONAL
AGENT LEARNS TO
LIVE WITH...



...OR SHE
DOESN'T
LIVE
AT ALL.



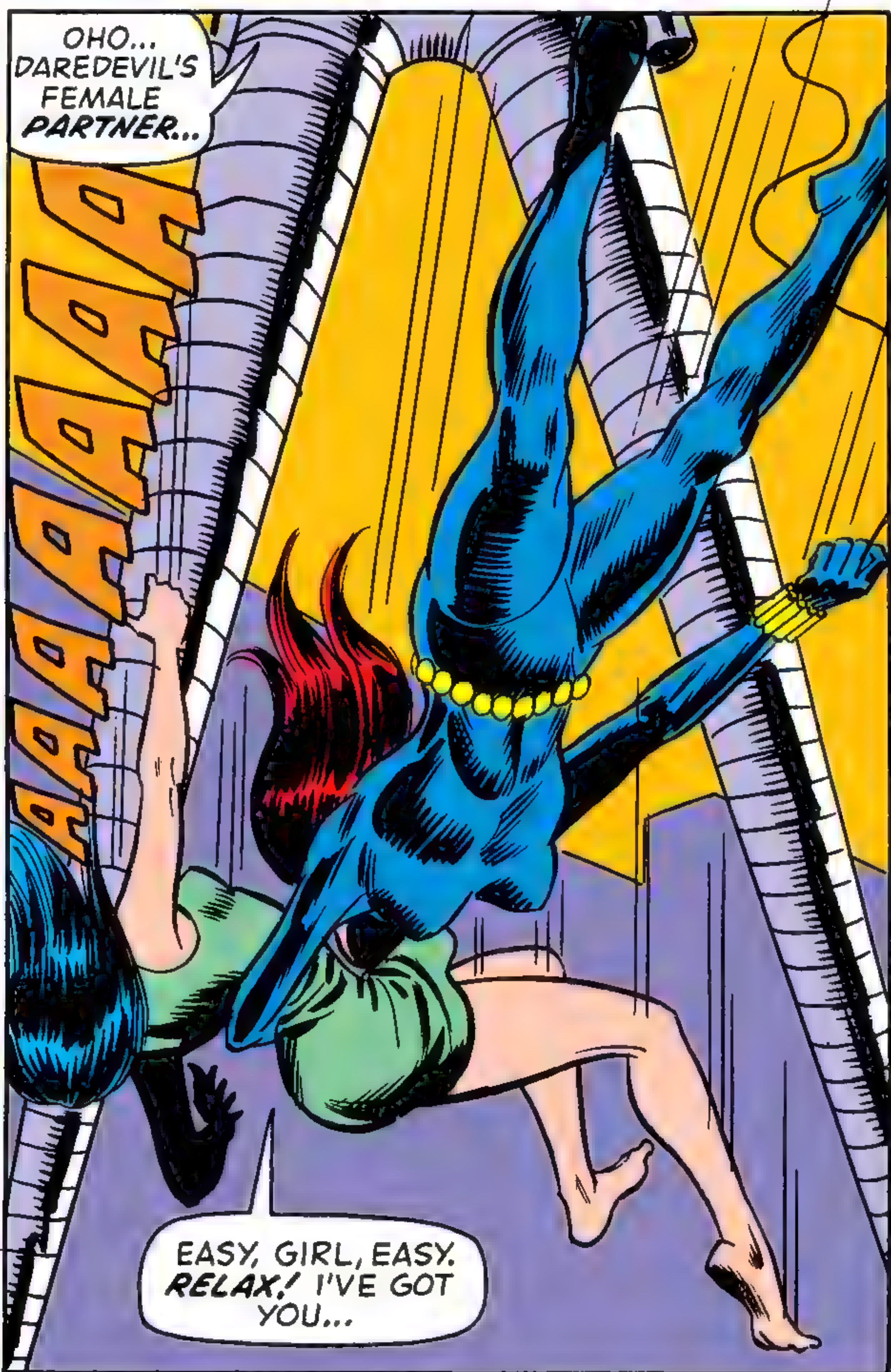
YES... OUR YOUNG
TSARINA IS AFRAID...

AND THAT MAKES HER ALL
THE MORE DANGEROUS.



DAREDEVIL!

NOT
DAREDEVIL,
CLOWN--
BUT THE
BLACK
WIDOW!



OHO...
DAREDEVIL'S
FEMALE
PARTNER...

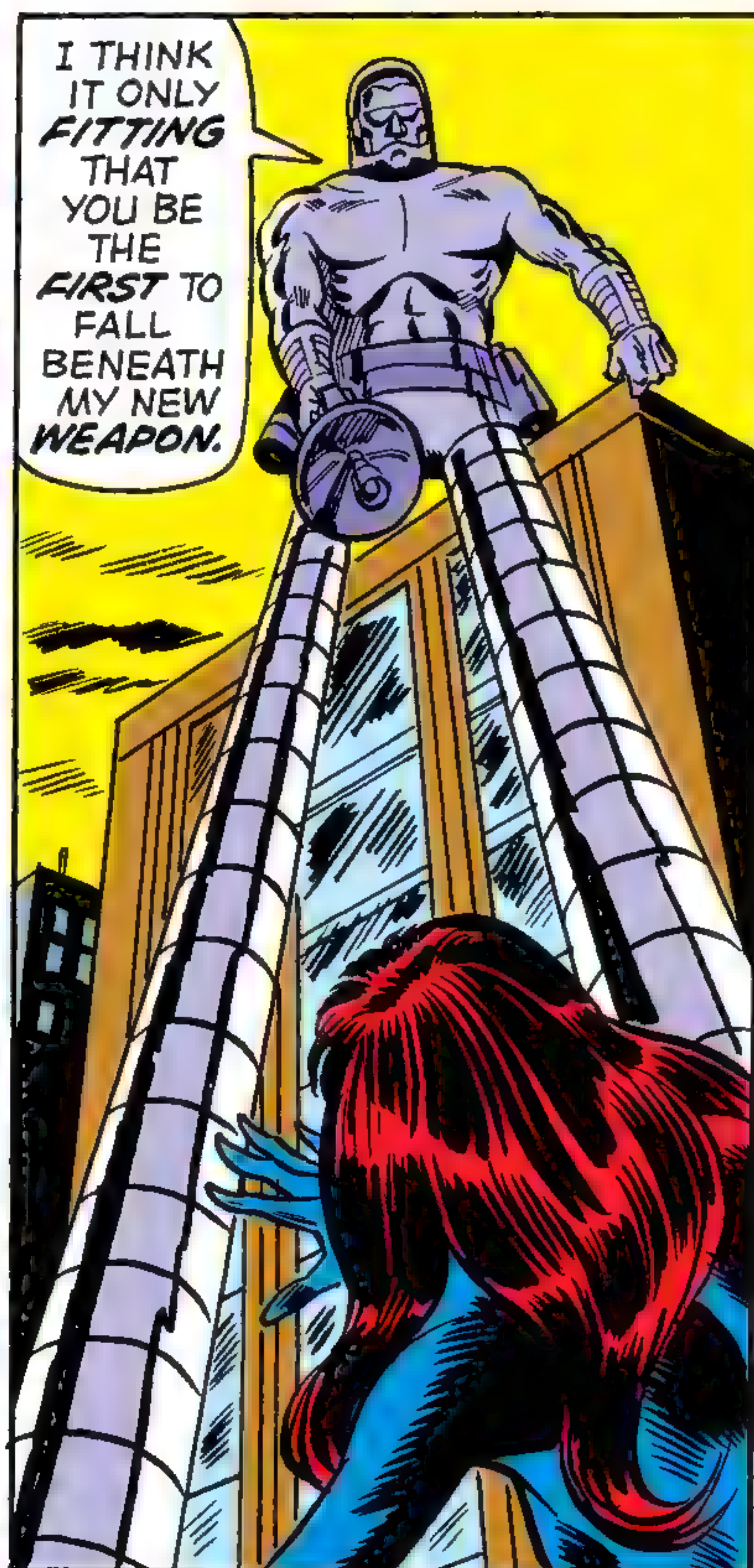
EASY, GIRL, EASY.
RELAX! I'VE GOT
YOU...



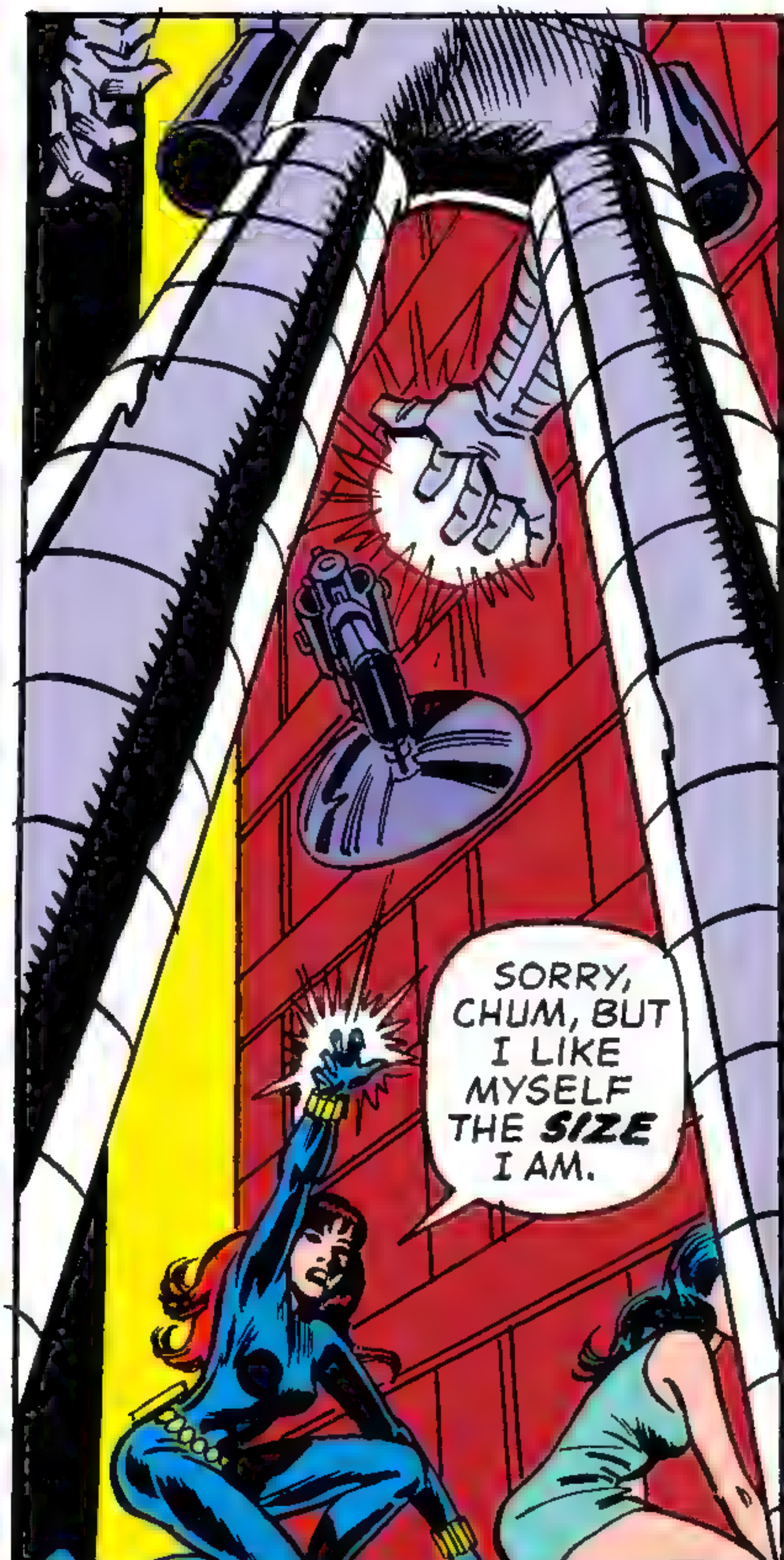
YOU LITTLE PEOPLE ARE REALLY QUITE ANNOYING-- BUT YOU ARE BRAVE...

THANKS A HEAP.

PLEASE, DON'T HURT US. P-PLEASE.

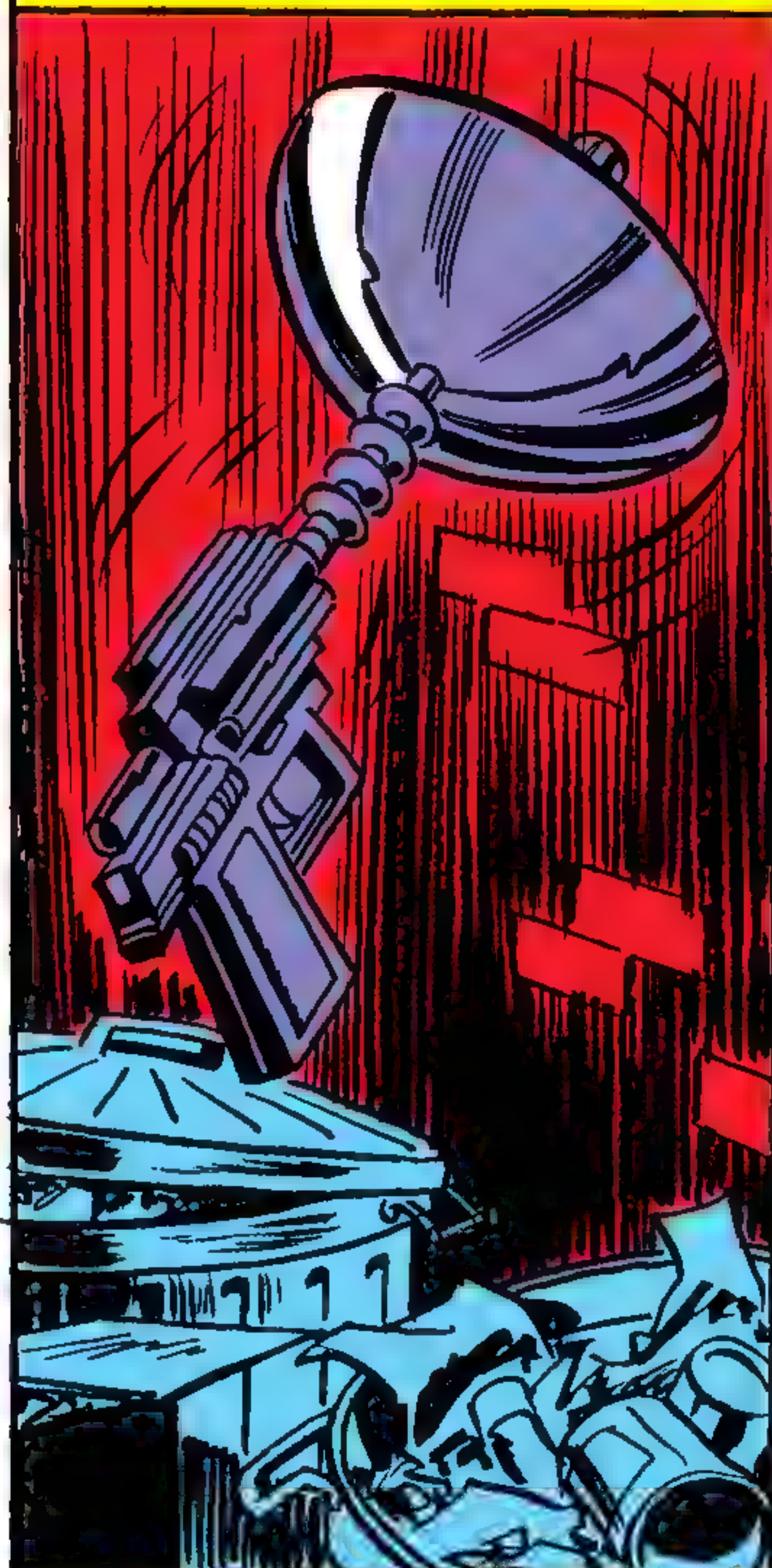


I THINK IT ONLY FITTING THAT YOU BE THE FIRST TO FALL BENEATH MY NEW WEAPON.

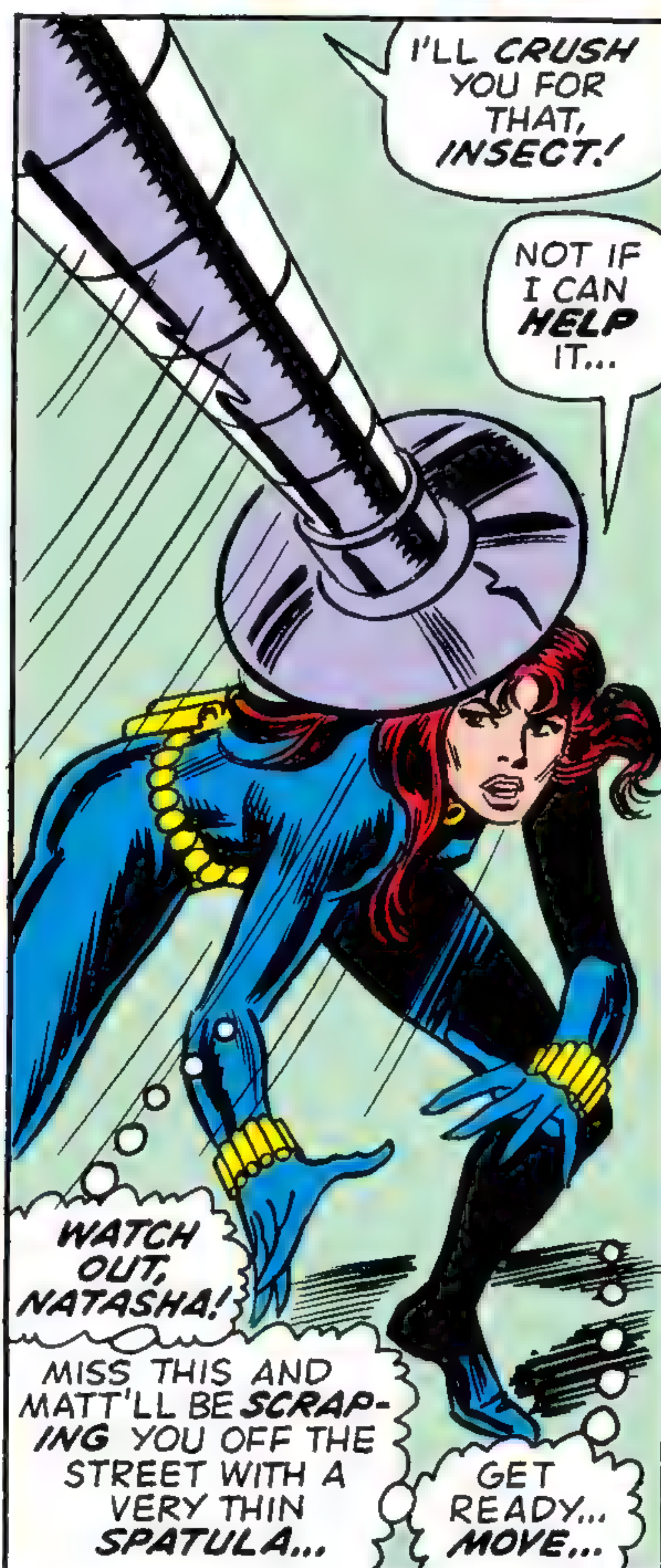


SORRY, CHUM, BUT I LIKE MYSELF THE **SIZE** I AM.

STILTMAN SHRIEKS WITH PAIN AS THE CONDENSER FLIES OUT OF HIS NUMBED HAND...



IT SKITTERS DOWN A MOULDY WALL BEFORE FINALLY CLATTERING TO REST IN A GARBAGE-STREWN ALLEY.



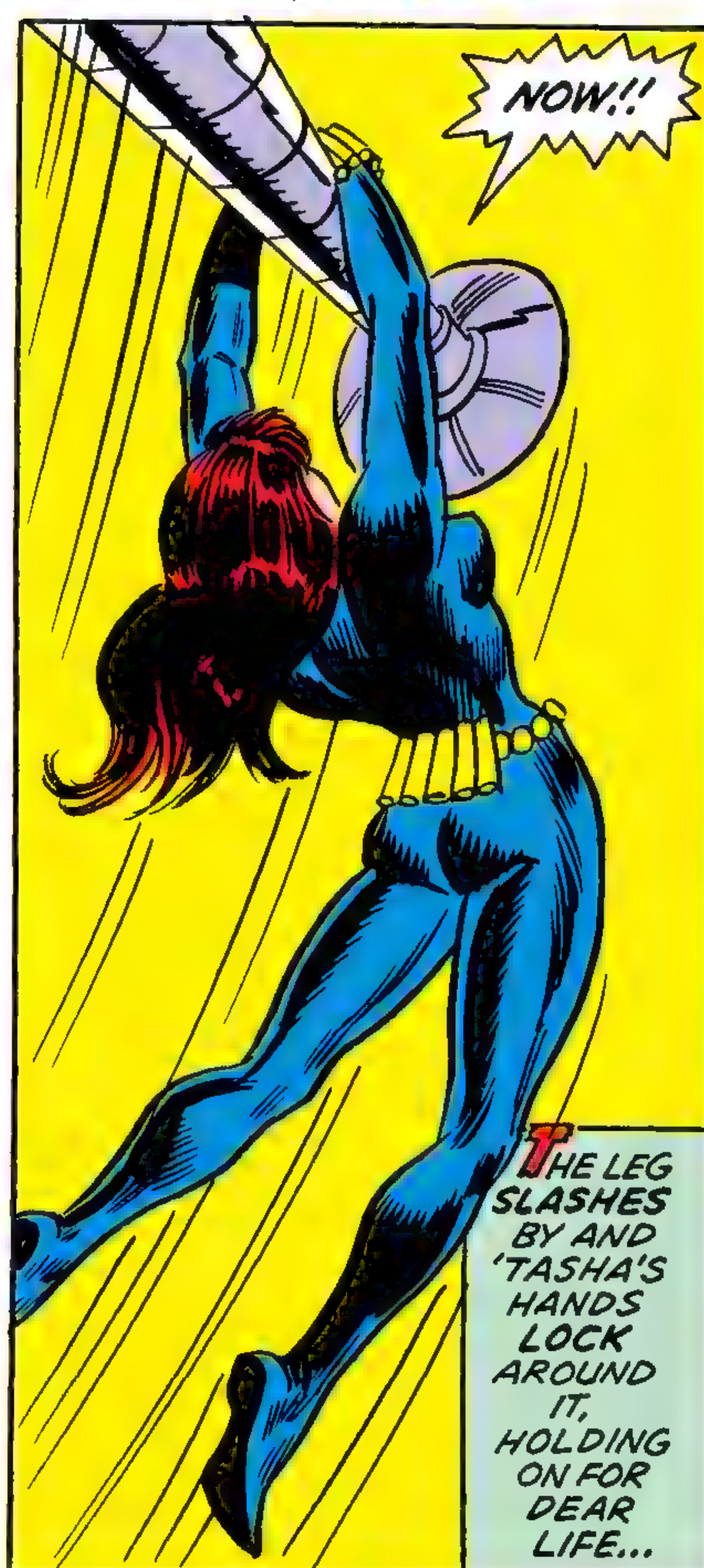
I'LL CRUSH YOU FOR THAT, INSECT!

NOT IF I CAN **HELP** IT...

WATCH OUT, NATASHA!

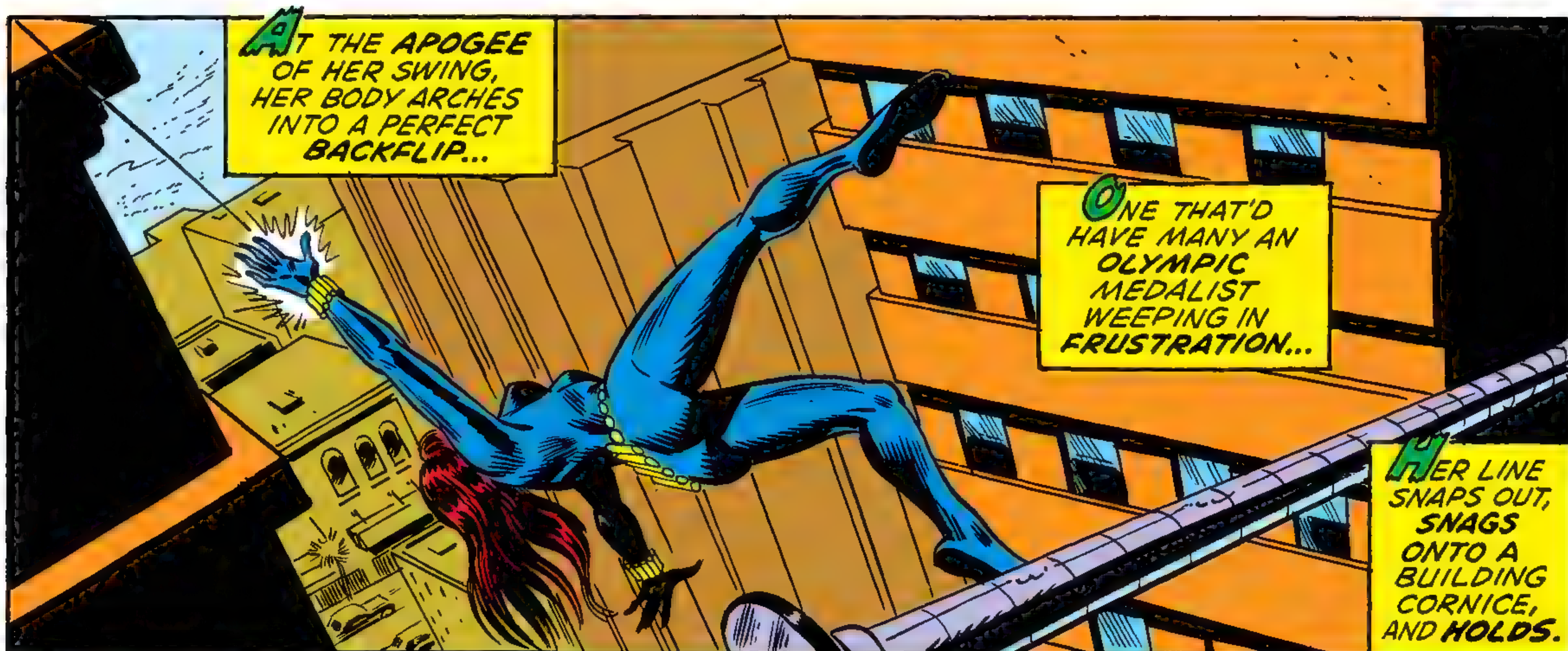
MISS THIS AND MATT'LL BE **SCRAP-**ING YOU OFF THE STREET WITH A VERY THIN SPATULA...

GET READY... **MOVE...**



NOW!!

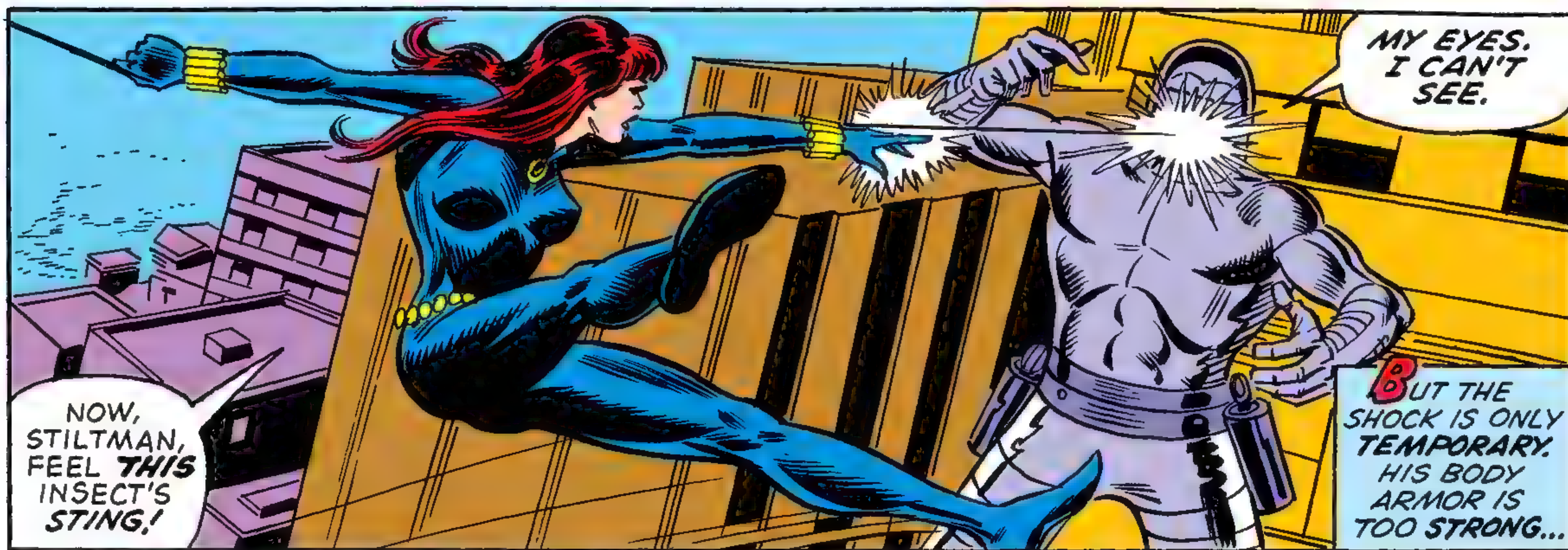
THE LEG SLASHES BY AND 'TASHA'S HANDS LOCK AROUND IT, HOLDING ON FOR DEAR LIFE...



AT THE APOGEE OF HER SWING, HER BODY ARCHES INTO A PERFECT BACKFLIP...

ONE THAT'D HAVE MANY AN OLYMPIC MEDALIST WEeping IN FRUSTRATION...

HER LINE SNAPS OUT, SNAGS ONTO A BUILDING CORNICE, AND HOLDS.



MY EYES. I CAN'T SEE.

NOW, STILTMAN, FEEL **THIS** INSECT'S STING!

BUT THE SHOCK IS ONLY TEMPORARY. HIS BODY ARMOR IS TOO STRONG...



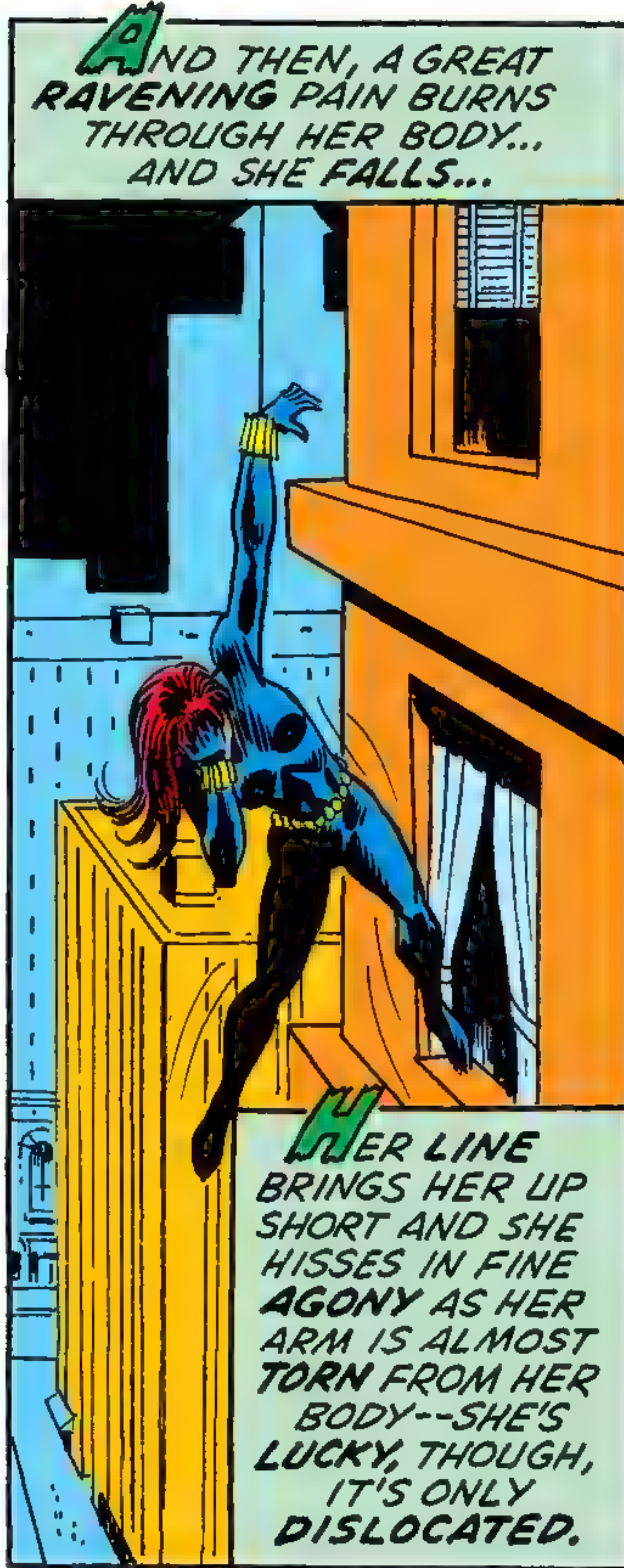
SO THE WIDOW DECIDES TO MOVE IN CLOSER.

'TASHA! LOOK OUT!!



AAA

FOR AN INSTANT, THERE IS NOTHING.



AND THEN, A GREAT RAVENING PAIN BURNS THROUGH HER BODY... AND SHE FALLS...

HER LINE BRINGS HER UP SHORT AND SHE HISSES IN FINE AGONY AS HER ARM IS ALMOST TORN FROM HER BODY--SHE'S LUCKY, THOUGH, IT'S ONLY DISLOCATED.

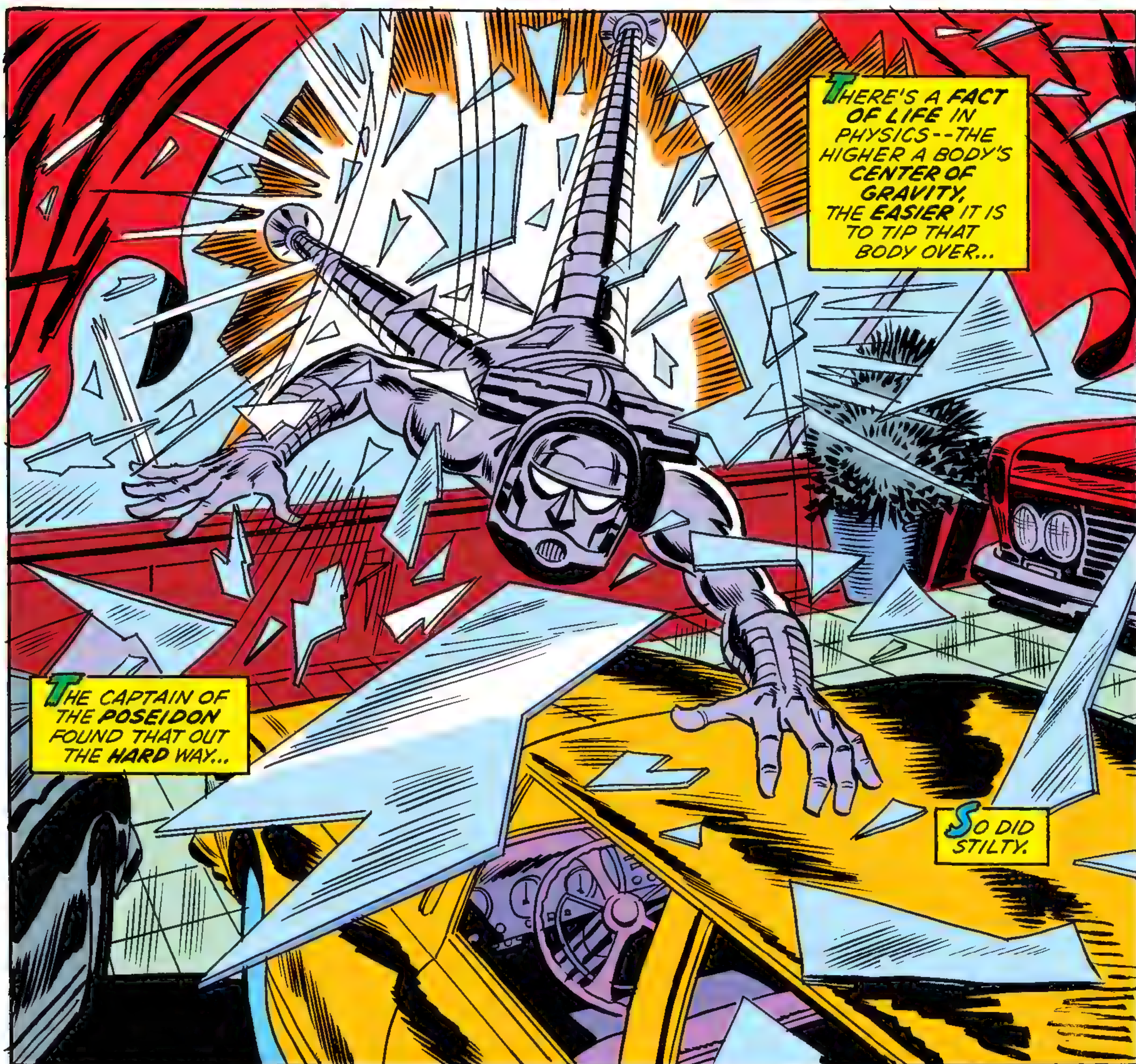


STILTMAN,
IF SHE'S
HURT,
I'LL...

...KILL
YOU!

YOU SEE, HE'S MADE
DAREDEVIL ANGRY-- AND
AN ANGRY DAREDEVIL IS
NOT TO BE TRIFLED
WITH... NOSIREEE...

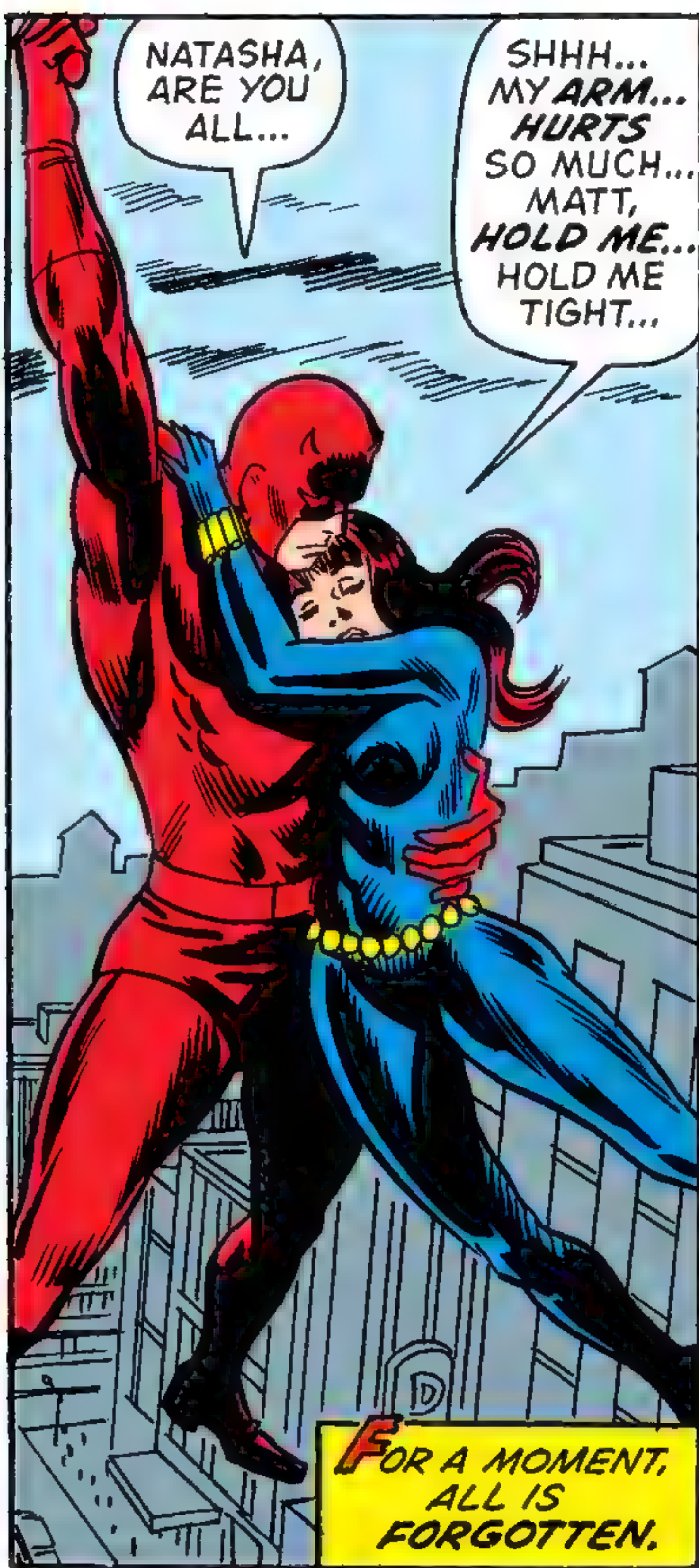
STILTMAN WHIRLS,
BUT TOO LATE...
TOO LATE!!



THERE'S A FACT
OF LIFE IN
PHYSICS--THE
HIGHER A BODY'S
CENTER OF
GRAVITY,
THE EASIER IT IS
TO TIP THAT
BODY OVER...

THE CAPTAIN OF
THE POSEIDON
FOUND THAT OUT
THE HARD WAY...

SO DID
STILTY.



NATASHA,
ARE YOU
ALL...

SHHH...
MY ARM...
HURTS
SO MUCH...
MATT,
HOLD ME...
HOLD ME
TIGHT...

FOR A MOMENT,
ALL IS
FORGOTTEN.



BUT OUR TSARINA IS TOUGH
--SHE'S BEEN HURT BEFORE,
WORSE THAN THIS...

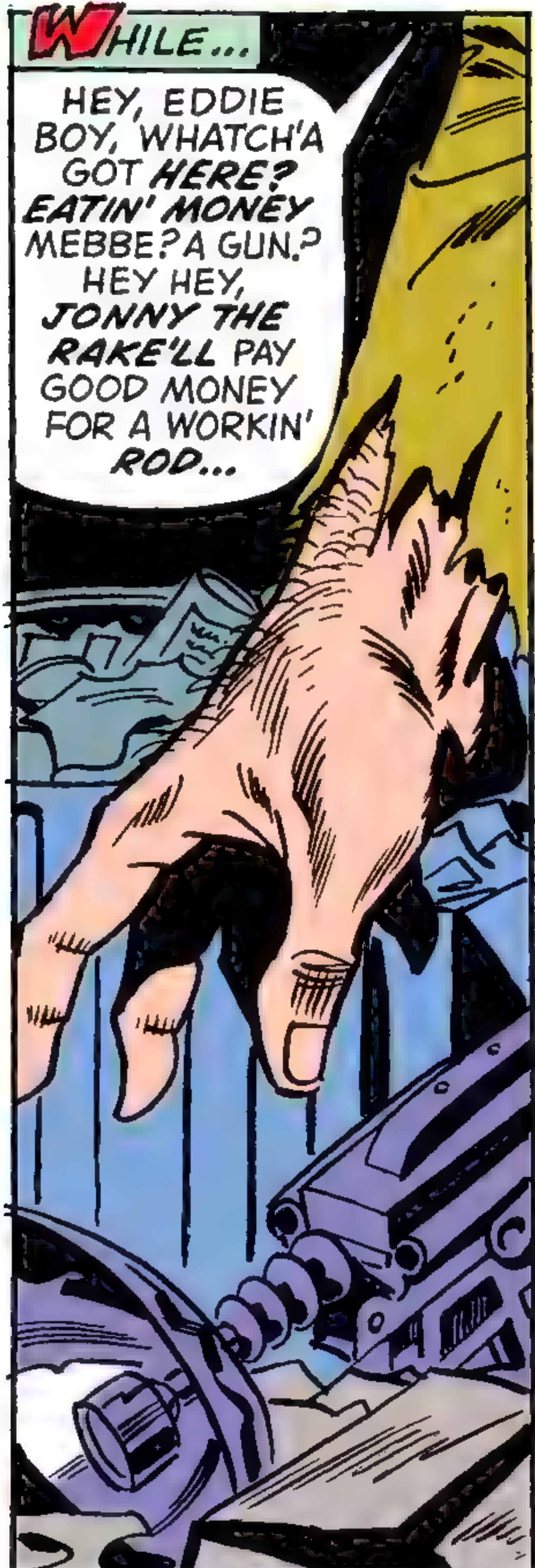
MY DAD, IS HE...

HE'S FINE, BARBARA
--A LITTLE WORRIED
AND TIRED, BUT ALL
RIGHT...



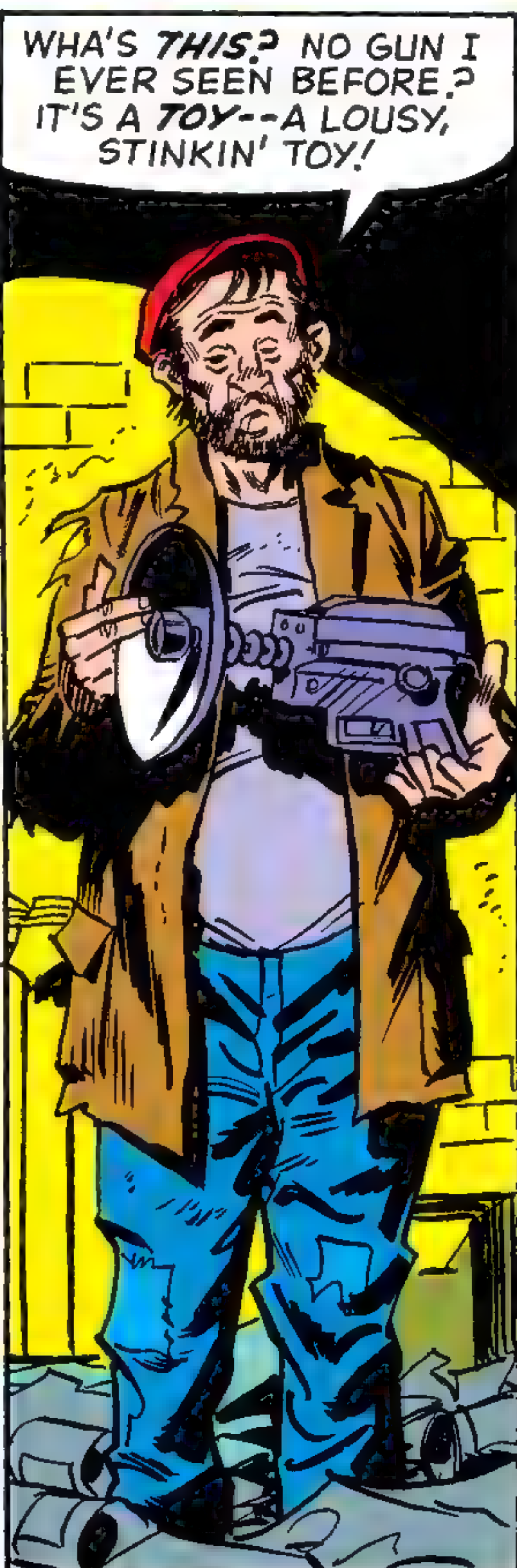
C'MON, LET'S
GET YOUR
DAD AND
COLLAR US
SOME
BREAKFAST...

I'LL
DRINK
TO THAT.
I'M
STARVED.

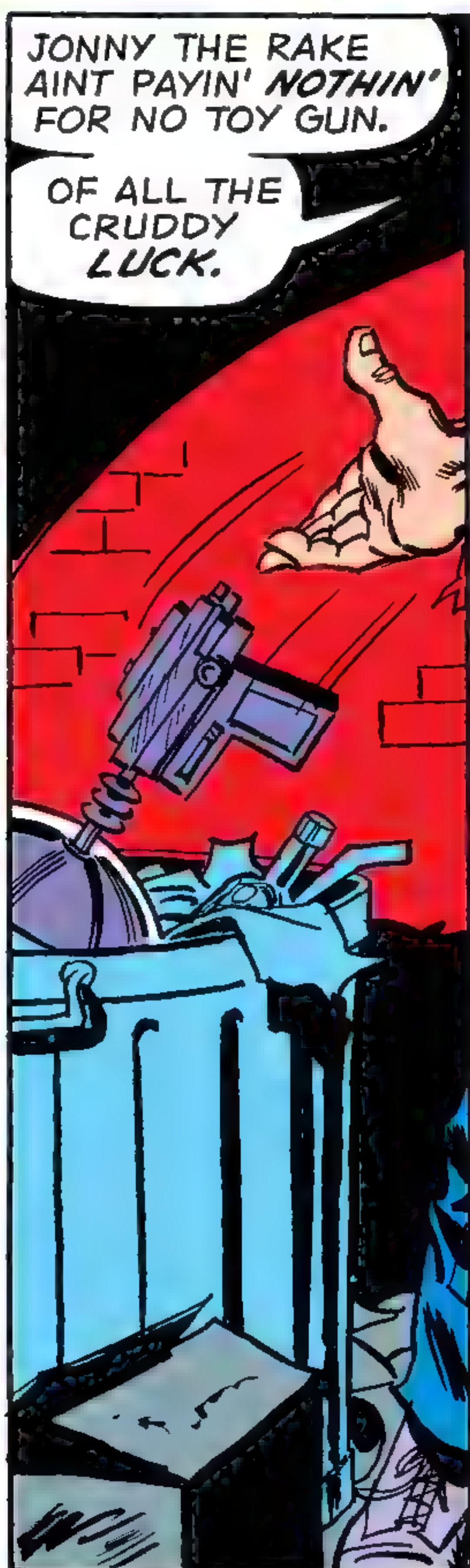


WHILE...

HEY, EDDIE
BOY, WHATCH'A
GOT HERE?
EATIN' MONEY
MEBBE? A GUN?
HEY HEY,
JONNY THE
RAKE'LL PAY
GOOD MONEY
FOR A WORKIN'
ROD...



WHAS THIS? NO GUN I
EVER SEEN BEFORE?
IT'S A TOY--A LOUSY,
STINKIN' TOY!



JONNY THE RAKE
AINT PAYIN' *NOTHIN'*
FOR NO TOY GUN.

OF ALL THE
CRUDDY
LUCK.



WELL, I
GUESS
I GOTTA
HIT THE
MISSION.

LOUSY
PSALM-
SINGERS...
ALWAYS
DOWNIN'
BOOZE 'N'
BROADS...

I
HATE
'EM.

HATE
'EM
ALL.

SO IT GOES.

**NEXT: THEN CAME--
RAMROD!**

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

APPROVED
BY THE
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DAREDEVIL® AND THE BLACK WIDOW



TM

FACE IT
HORNHEAD--

SPIDER-MAN
CAN'T HELP YOU--
AND NEITHER CAN
THE WIDOW!

AIN'T ENOUGH
SUPERHEROES IN
THE WORLD TO
BEAT UP ON
RAMROD!



Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**™

STEVE GERBER . DON HECK . SAL TRAPANI . ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERING . ROY THOMAS
STORY ART INKING G. ROUSSOS, COLORING EDITOR

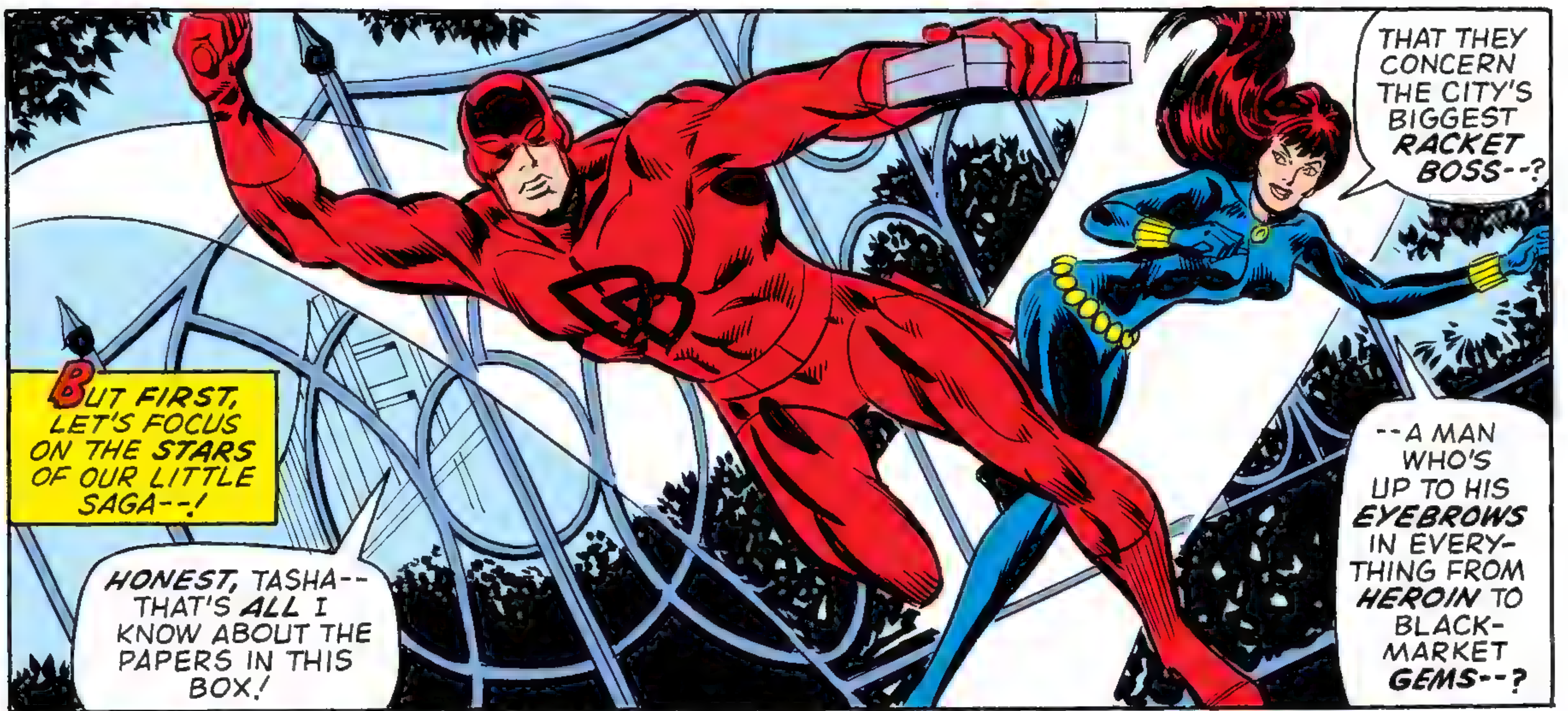
SUMMER IN SAN FRANCISCO:
A SOFT BAY BREEZE
GENTLY BRUSHES THE FACES
OF DAREDEVIL AND THE
BLACK WIDOW, AS
THEY RETURN TO HER
NORTH SHORE MANSION.

HOWEVER, IT'S NOT THE
SOOTHING WIND THAT
STRANGELY RUSTLES THE
BRANCHES ABOVE THEM.

RATHER, IT IS THE
RESTLESS FORM
OF--
SPIDER-MAN!!

WHAT BUSINESS HAS HE
WITH OUR SIGHTLESS
HERO AND HIS BEAUTIFUL
COMRADE? PATIENCE,
WE'LL SOON LEARN WHY
HE CAME--AND WHY...

...THEN
CAME
RAMROD!



BUT FIRST,
LET'S FOCUS
ON THE STARS
OF OUR LITTLE
SAGA--!

HONEST, TASHA--
THAT'S ALL I
KNOW ABOUT THE
PAPERS IN THIS
BOX!

THAT THEY
CONCERN
THE CITY'S
BIGGEST
RACKET
BOSS--?

--A MAN
WHO'S
UP TO HIS
EYEBROWS
IN EVERY-
THING FROM
HEROIN TO
BLACK-
MARKET
GEMS--?



AND THAT
THEY WERE
ALMOST
STOLEN
FROM THE
ROLLING
STONE
OFFICES.*

*SEE
DD/BW#100.
--R.T.



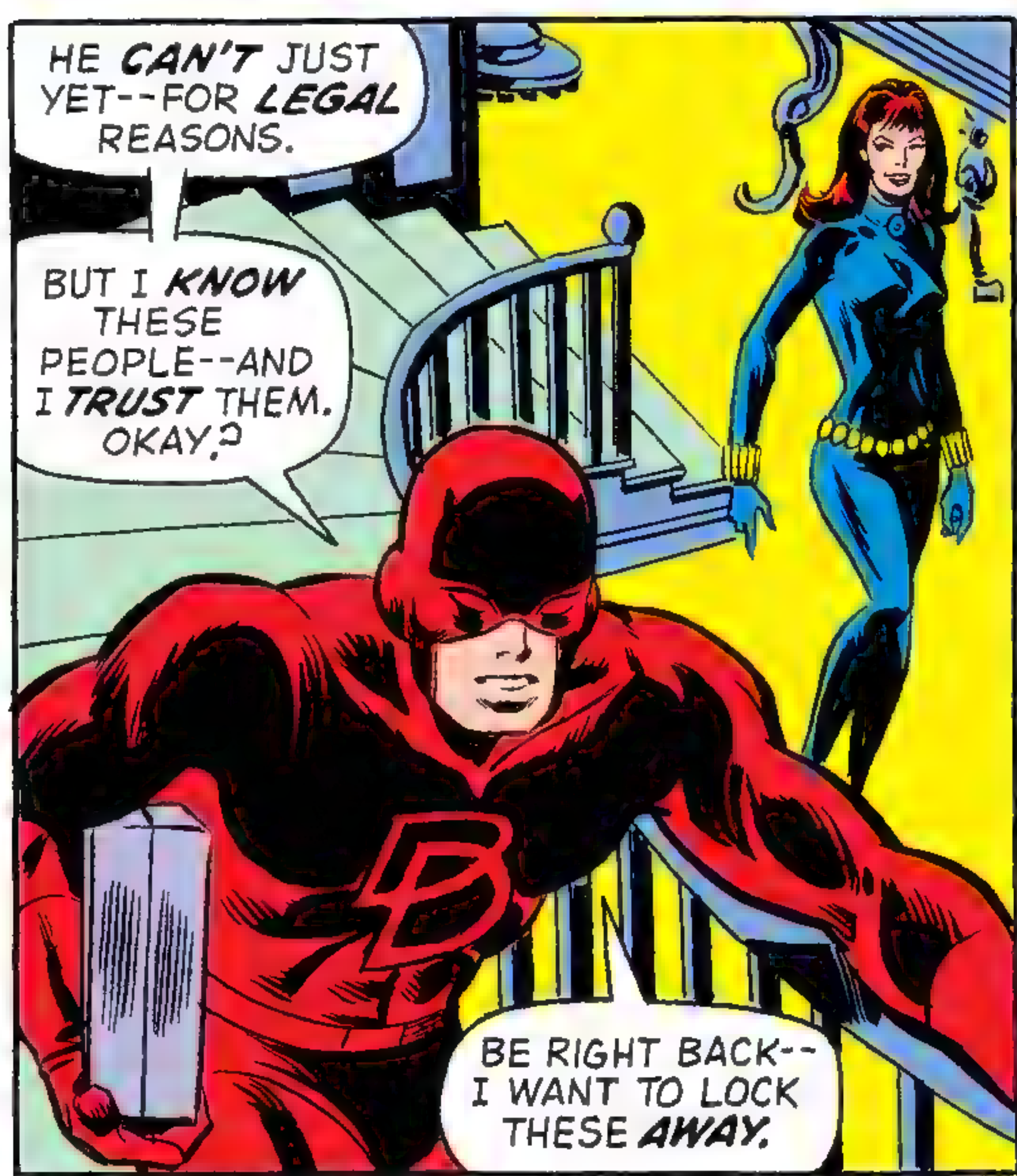
SO THE EDITOR
WANTS YOU TO
HOLD THEM FOR
SAFEKEEPING--

--UNTIL
THEY'RE
READY TO
PUBLISH
THEIR
EXPOSE.

BUT **WHY**
WOULDN'T HE
TELL YOU
THE MAN'S
NAME?



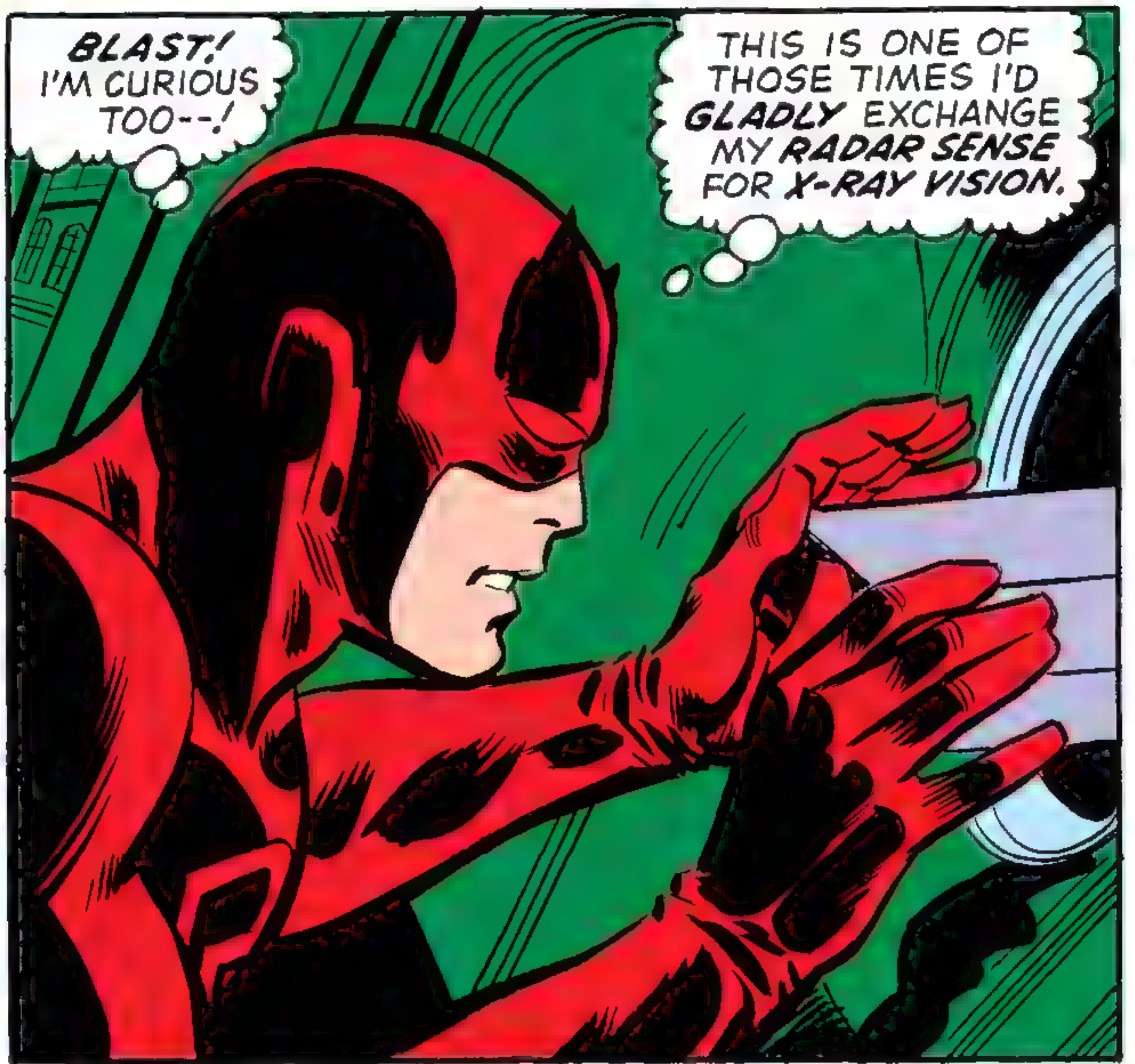
AH! THEY'VE
GONE INSIDE!
I'LL GIVE
'EM A SEC
TO GET
SETTLED--!



HE **CAN'T** JUST
YET--FOR **LEGAL**
REASONS.

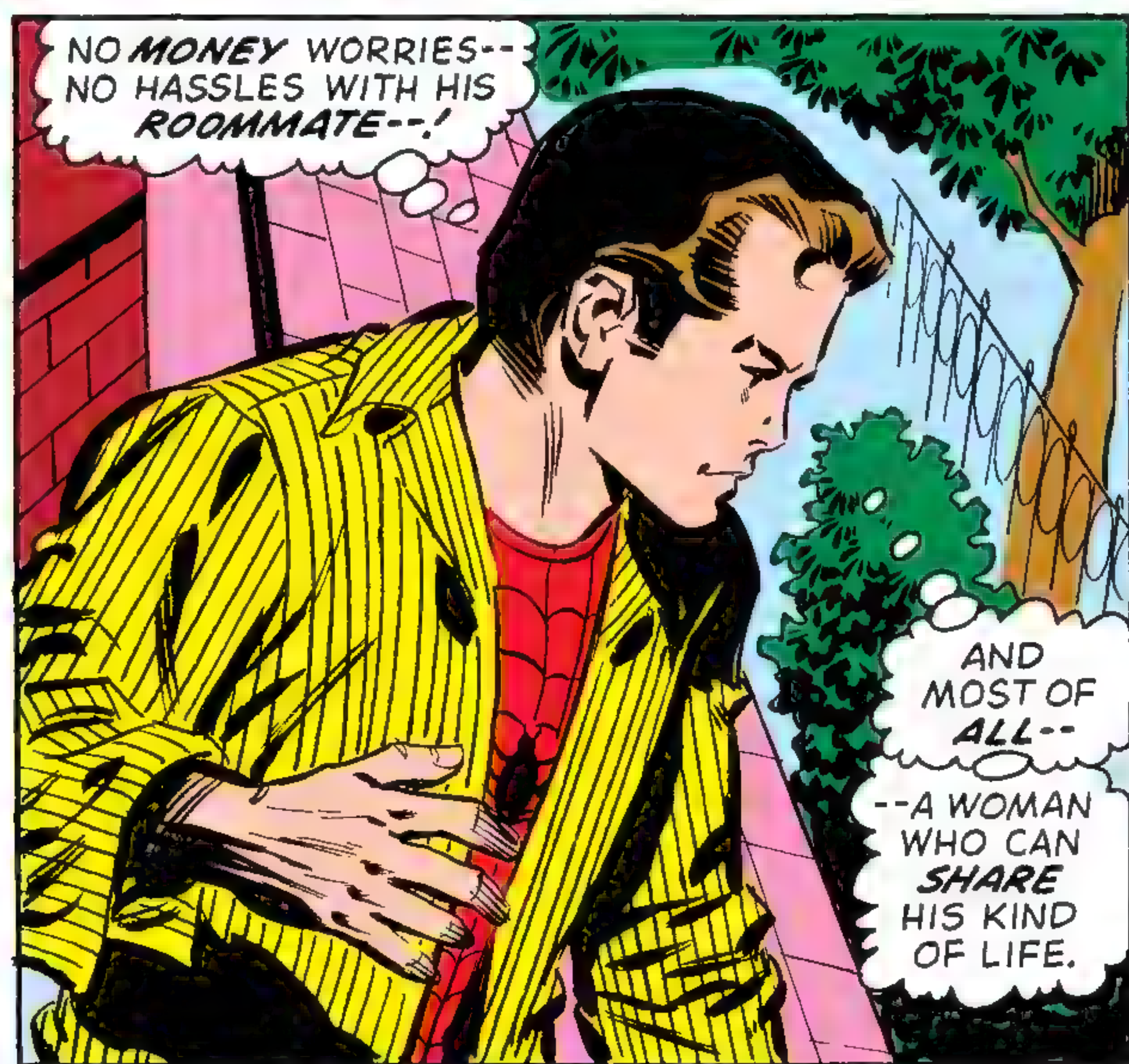
BUT I **KNOW**
THESE
PEOPLE--AND
I **TRUST** THEM.
OKAY?

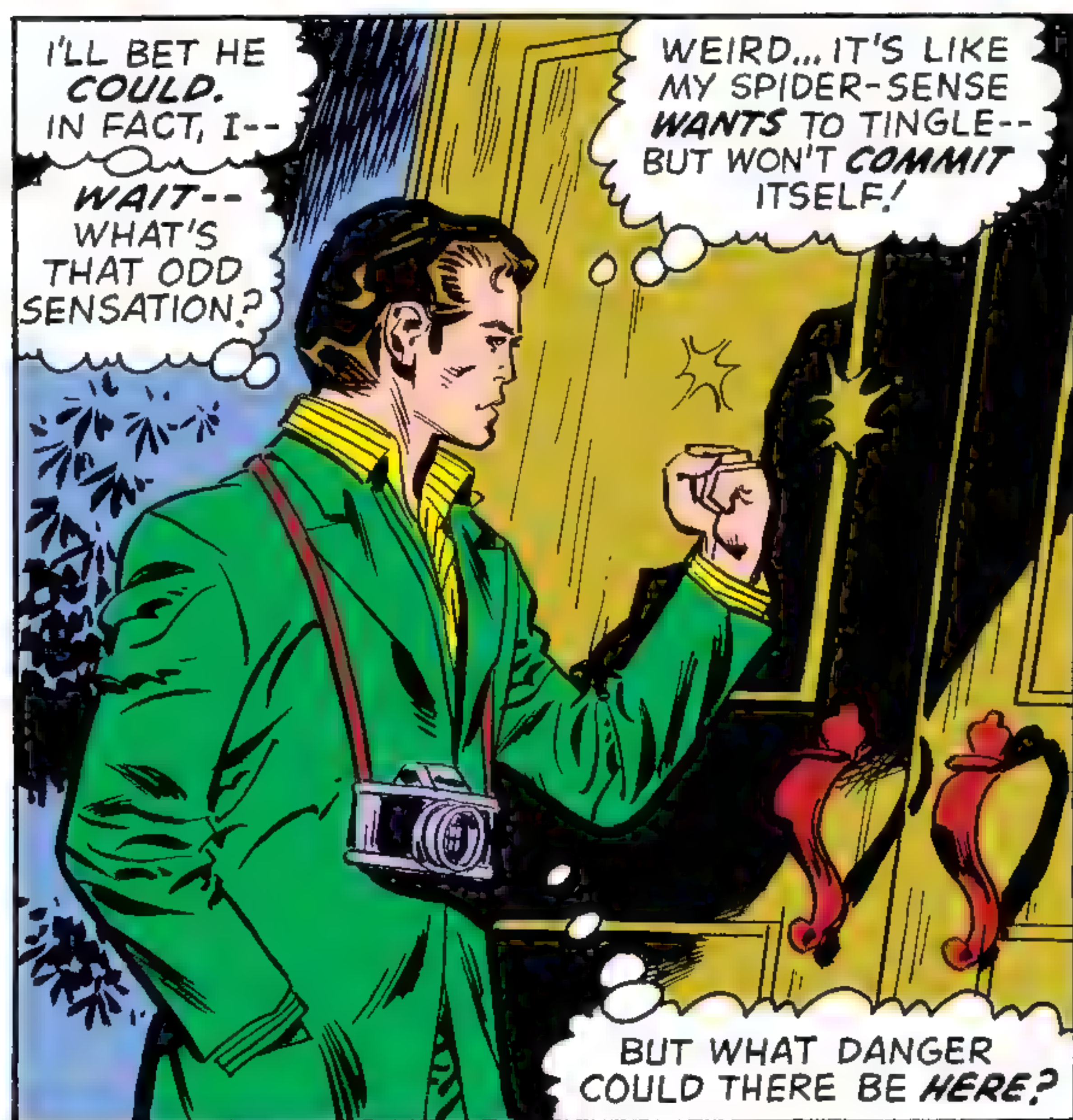
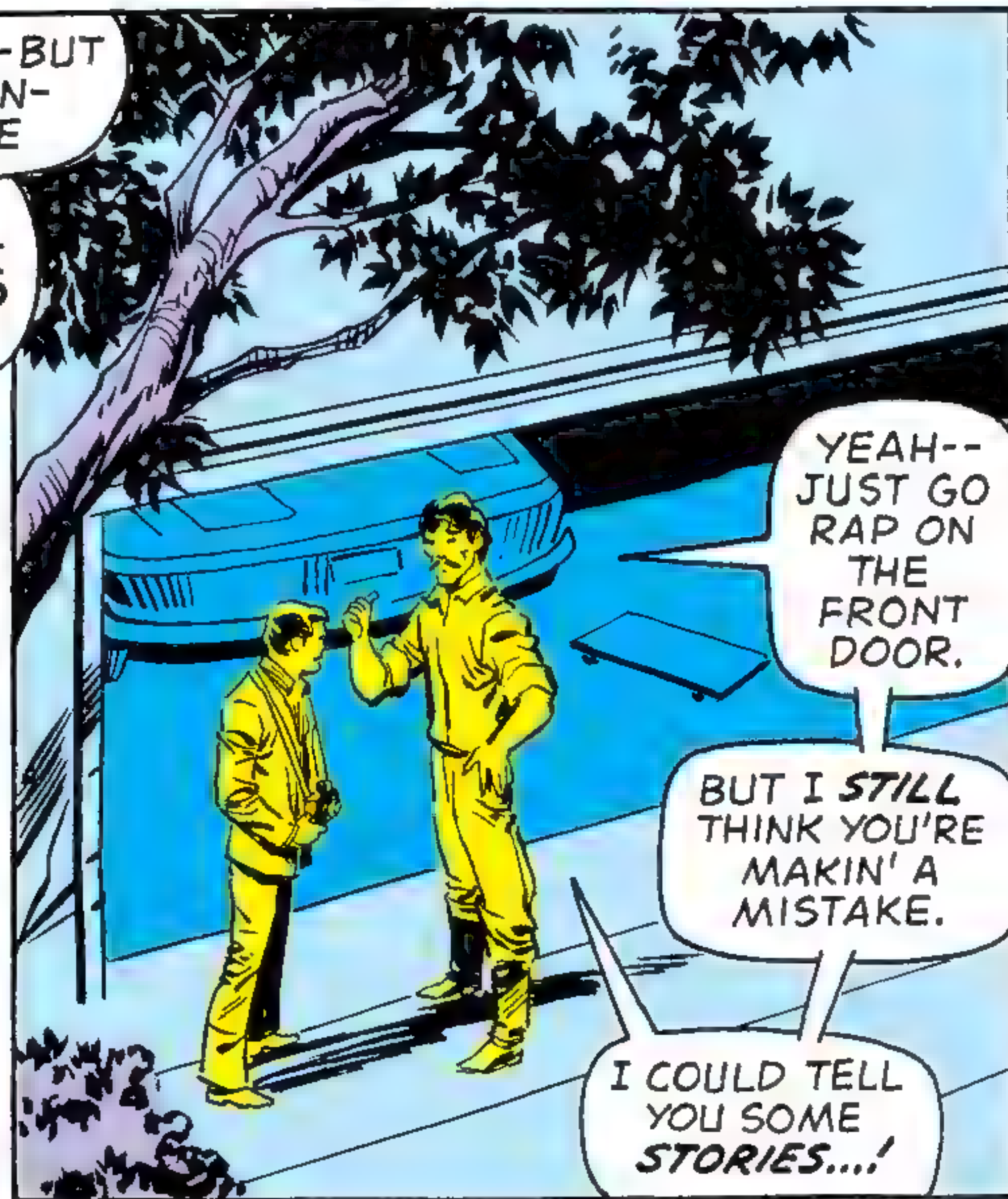
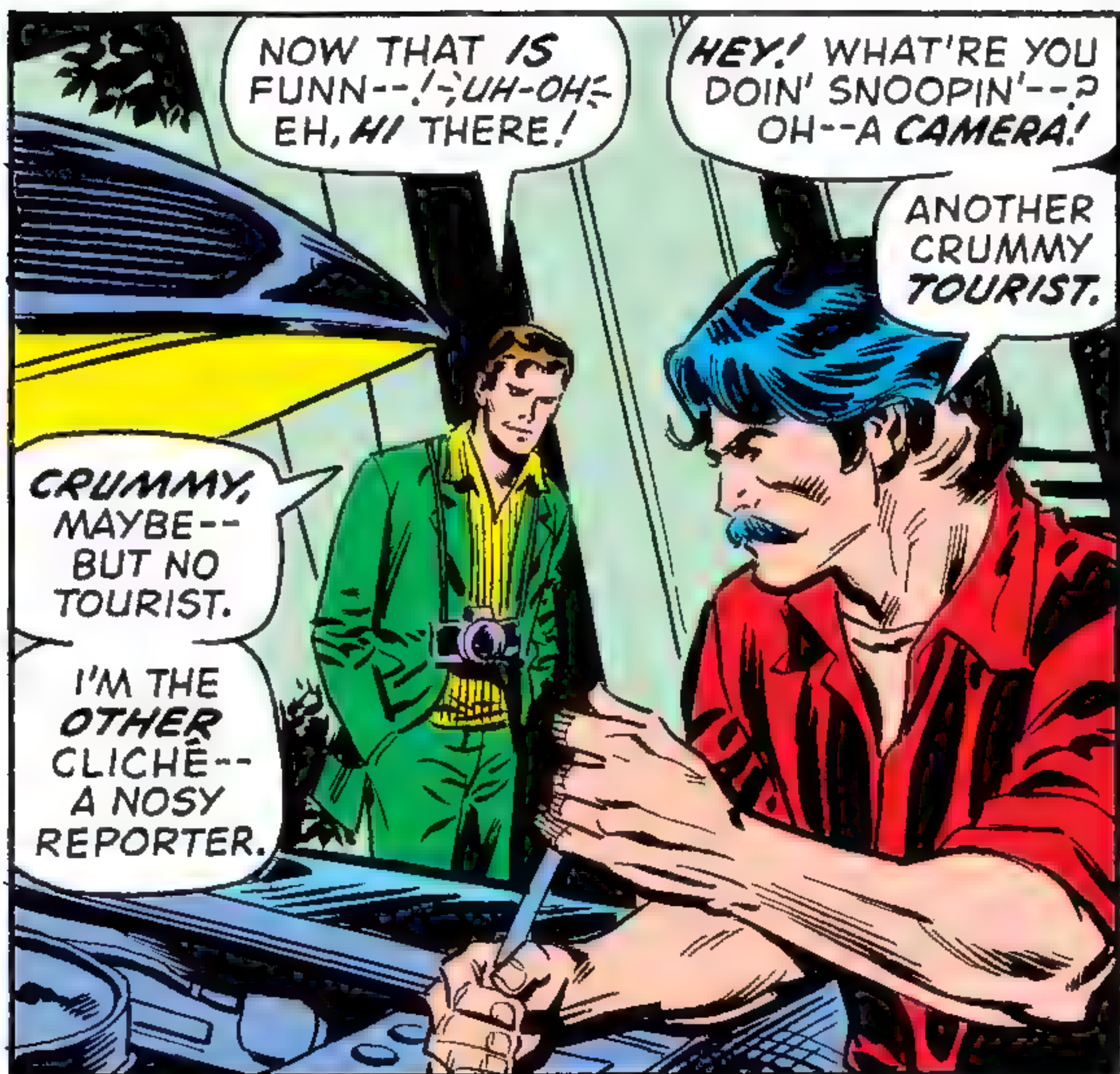
BE RIGHT BACK--
I WANT TO LOCK
THESE **AWAY.**

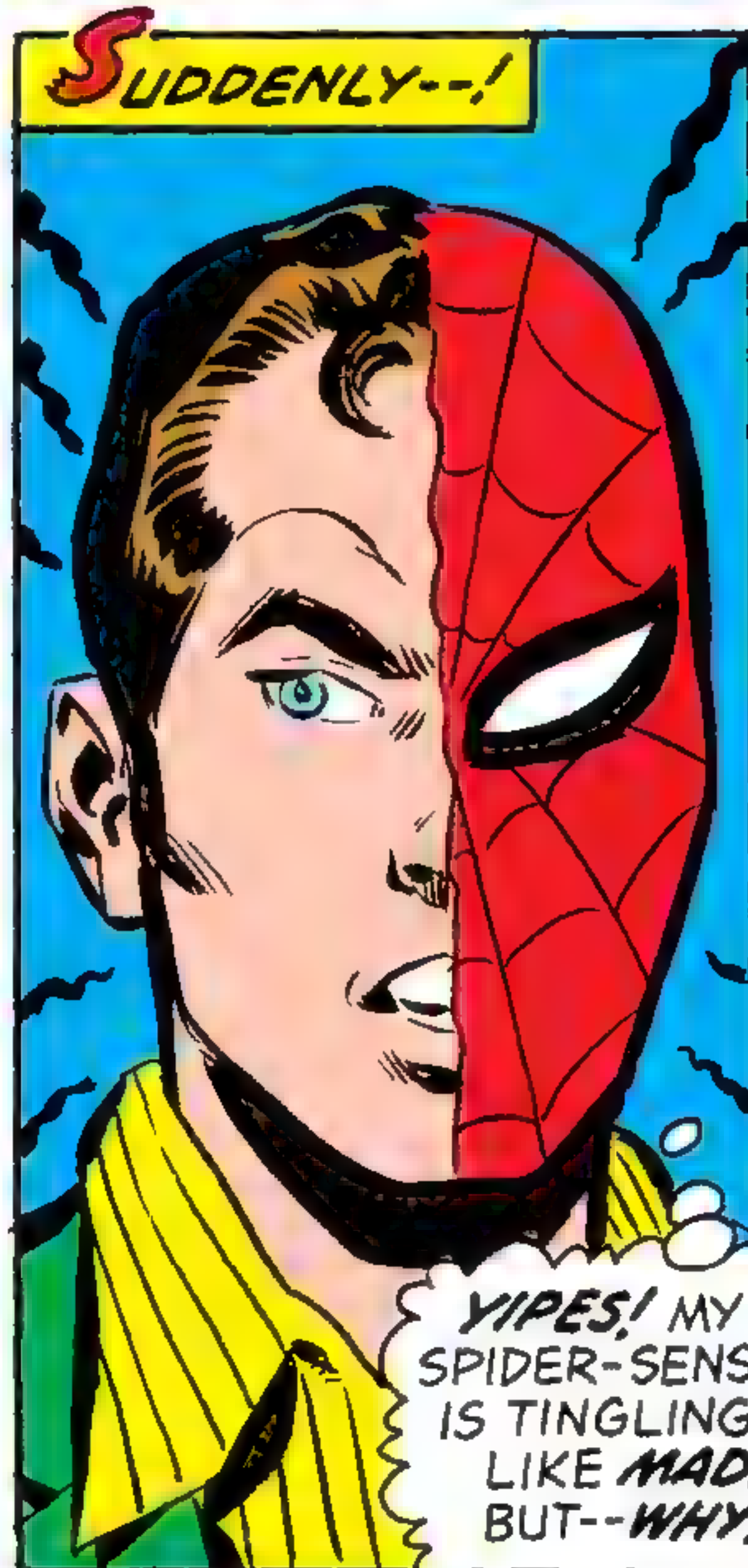
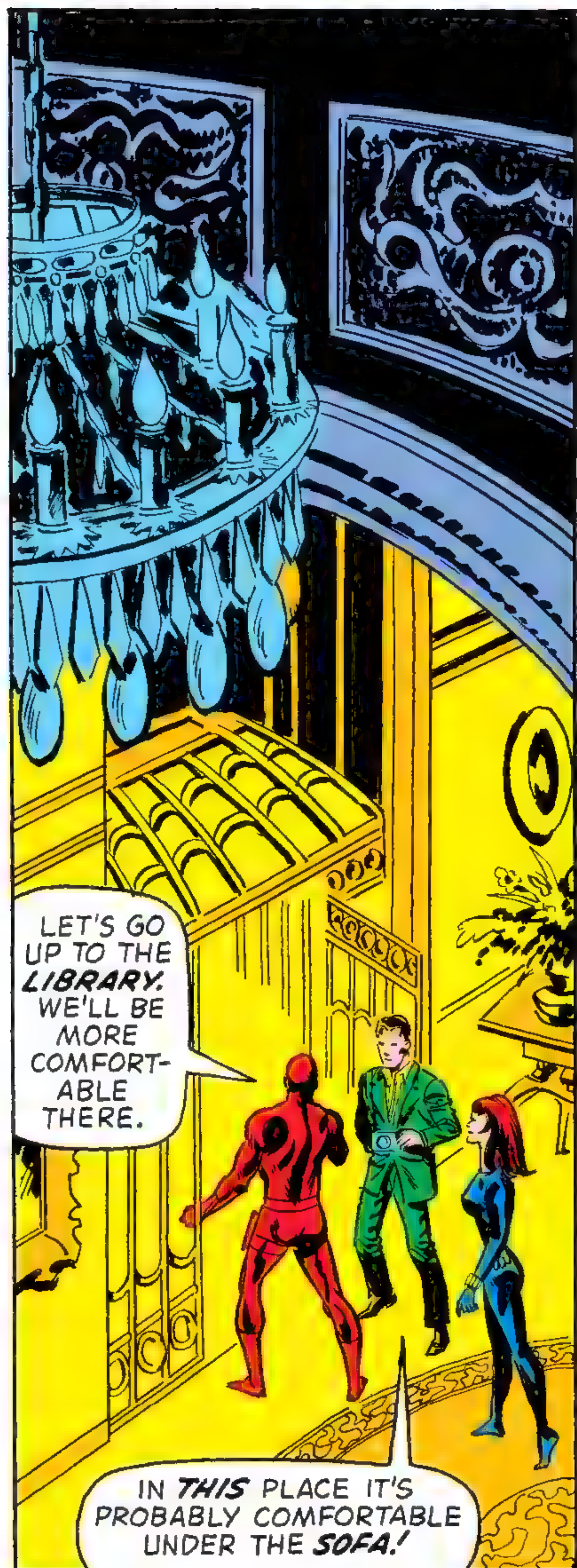


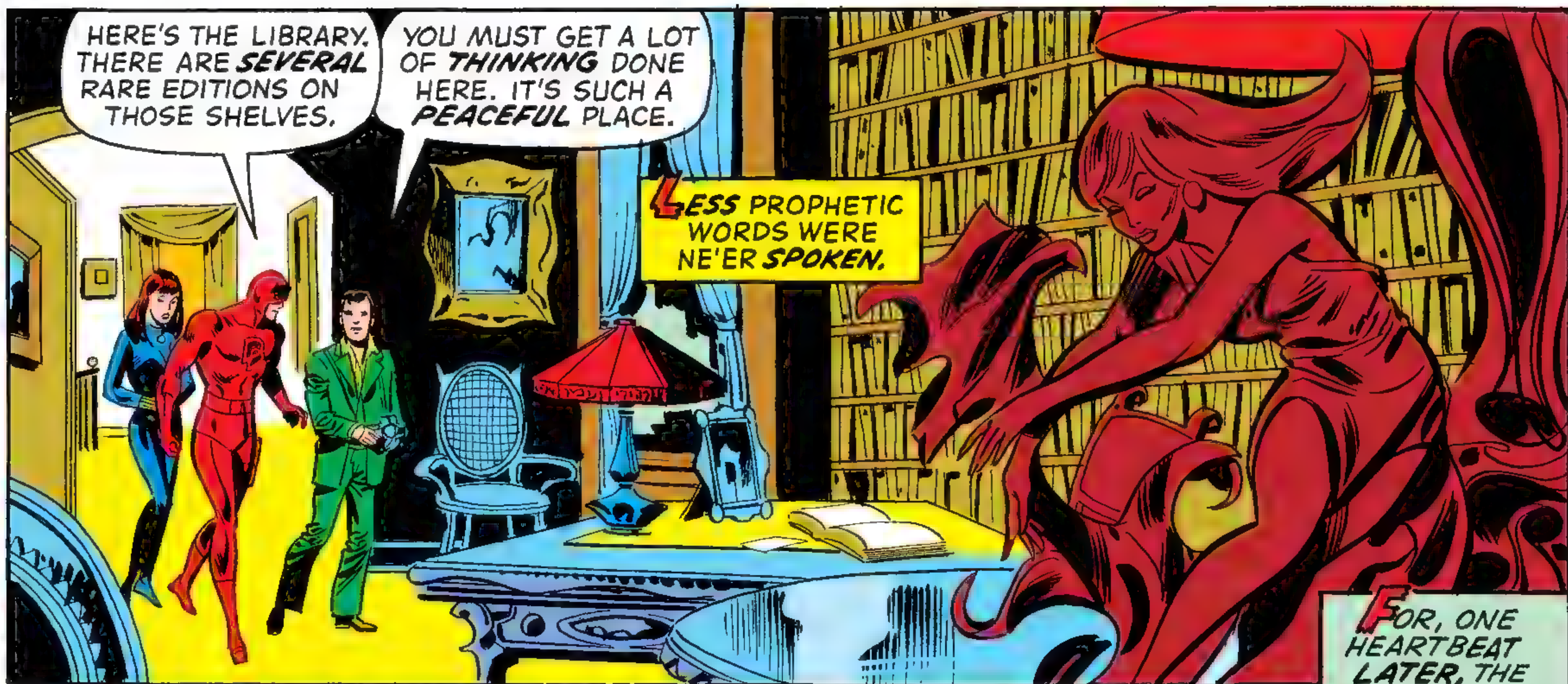
BLAST!
I'M CURIOUS
TOO--!

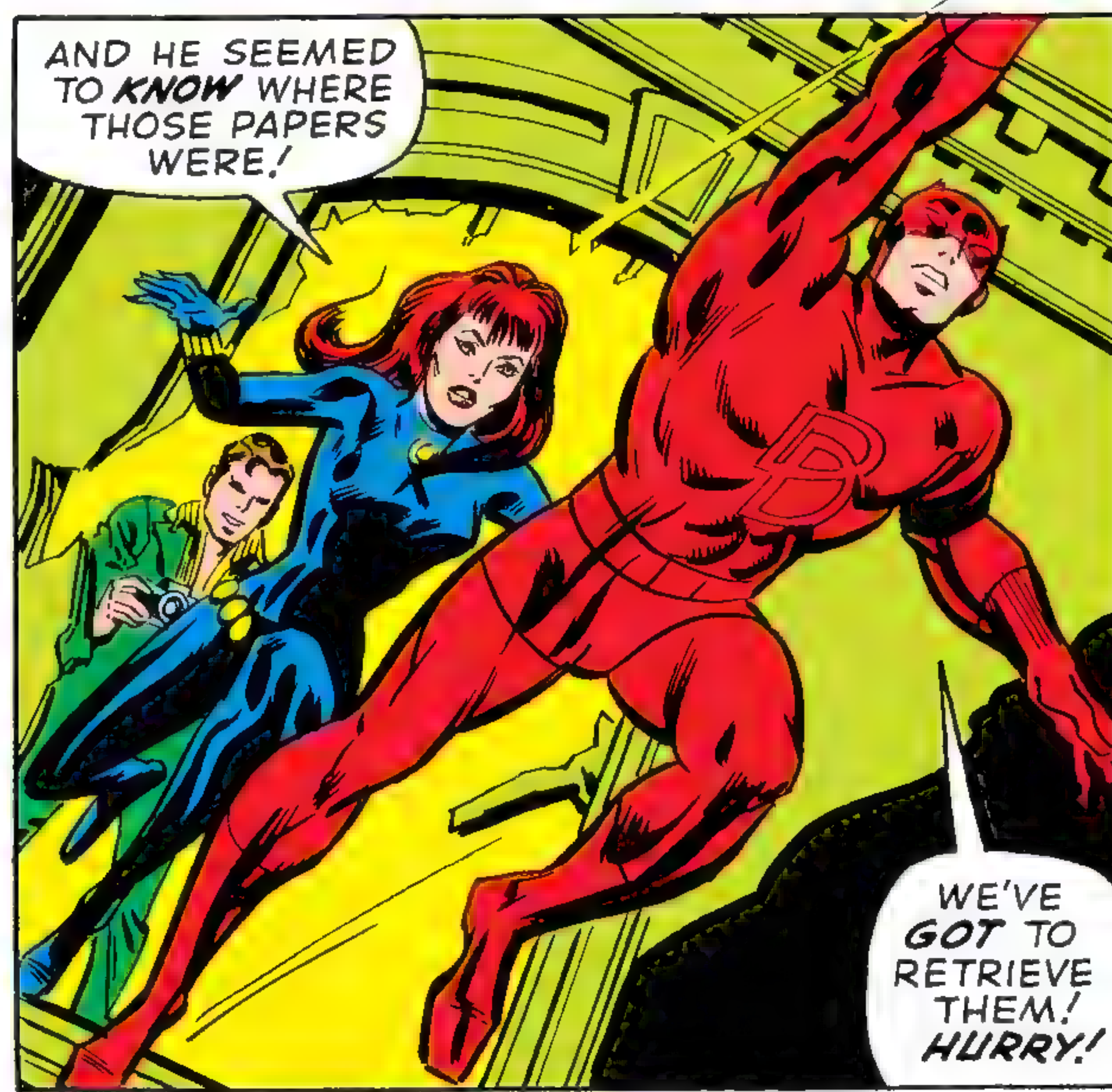
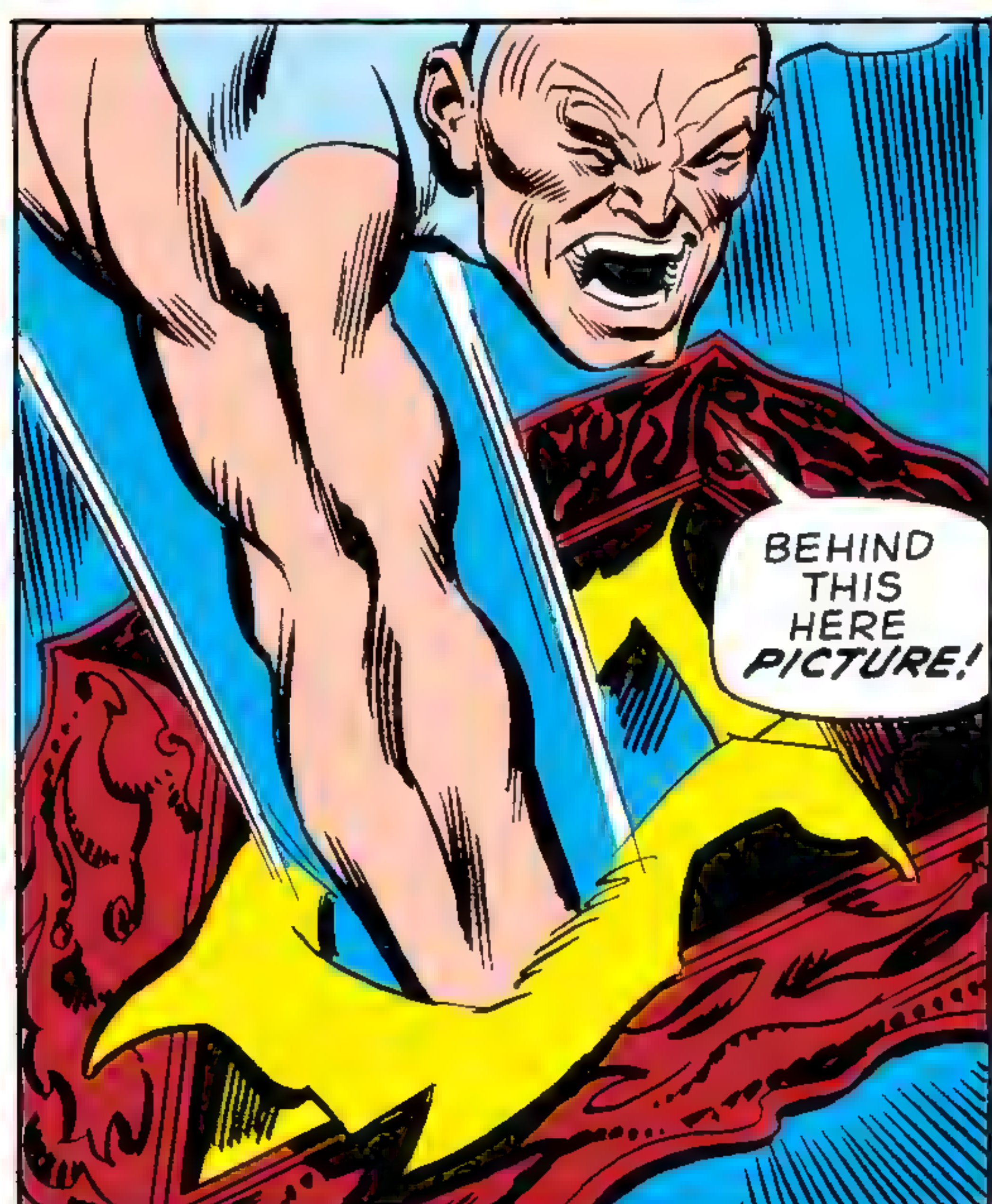
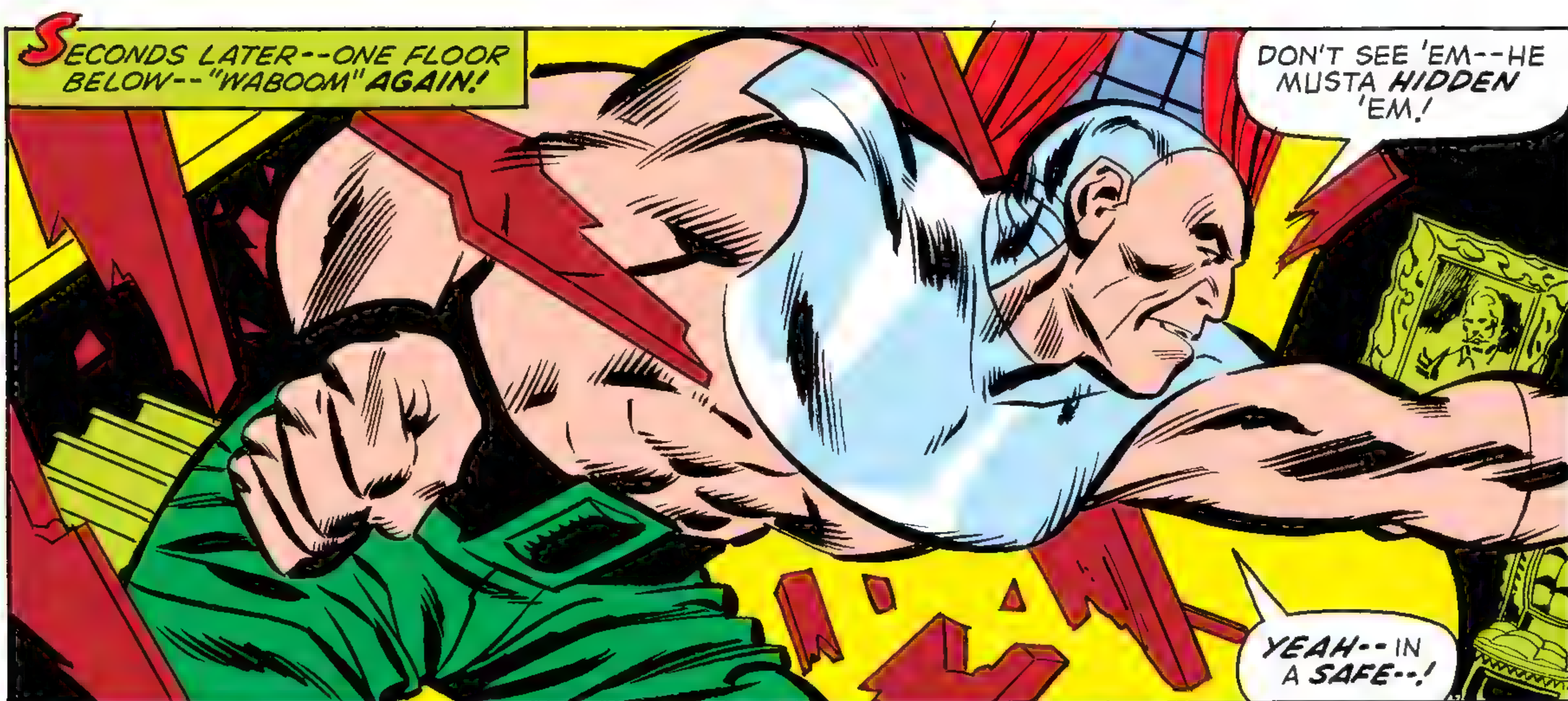
THIS IS ONE OF
THOSE TIMES I'D
GLADLY EXCHANGE
MY **RADAR SENSE**
FOR **X-RAY VISION.**

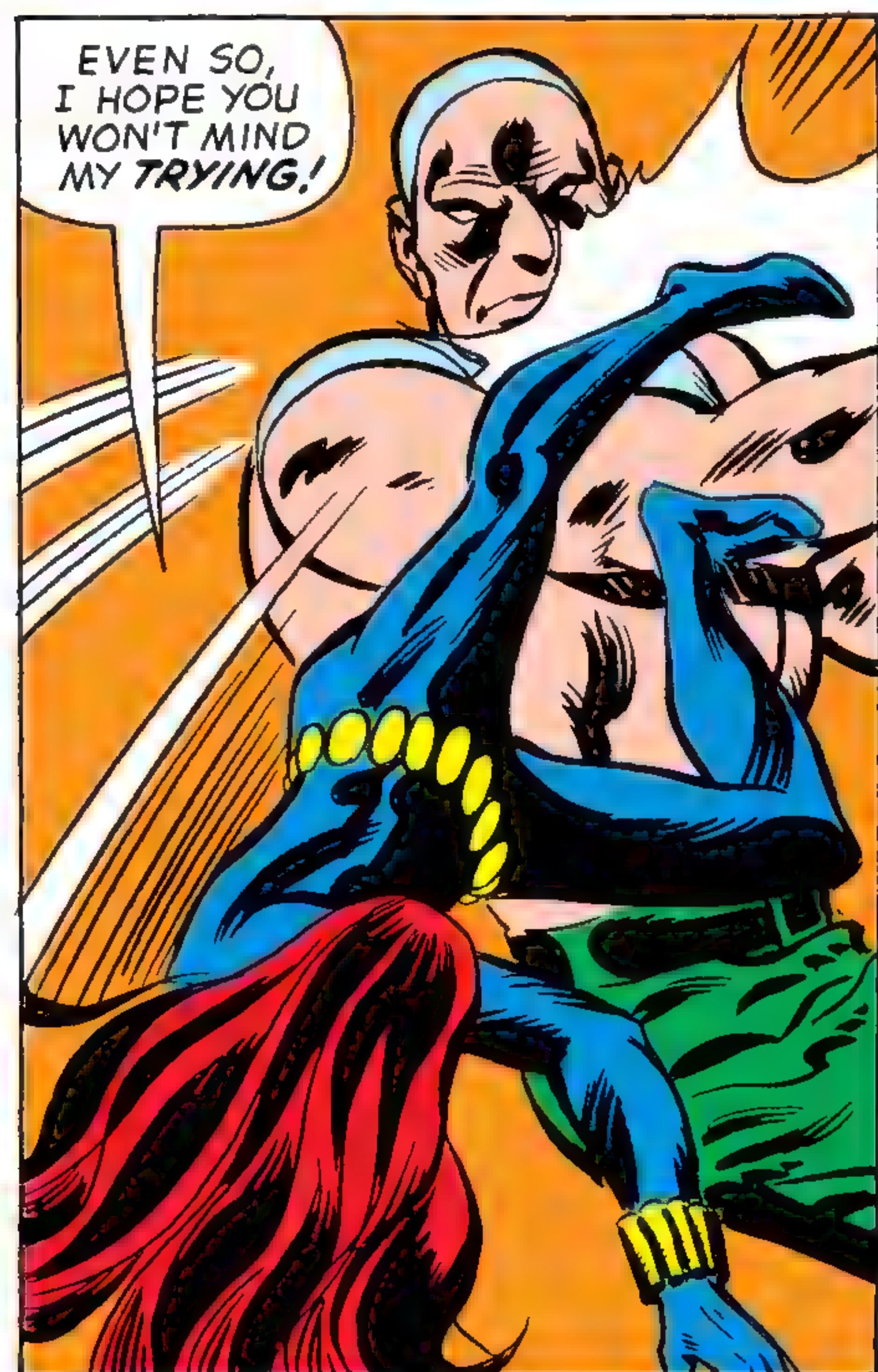
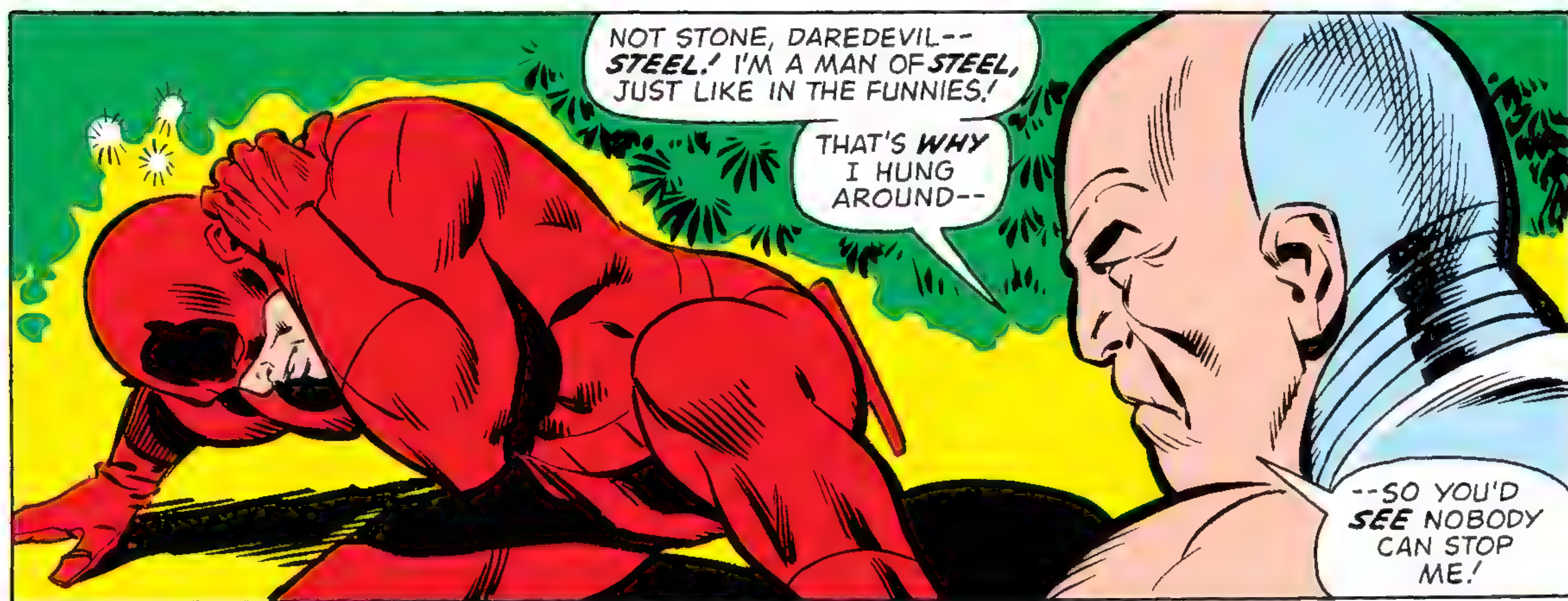
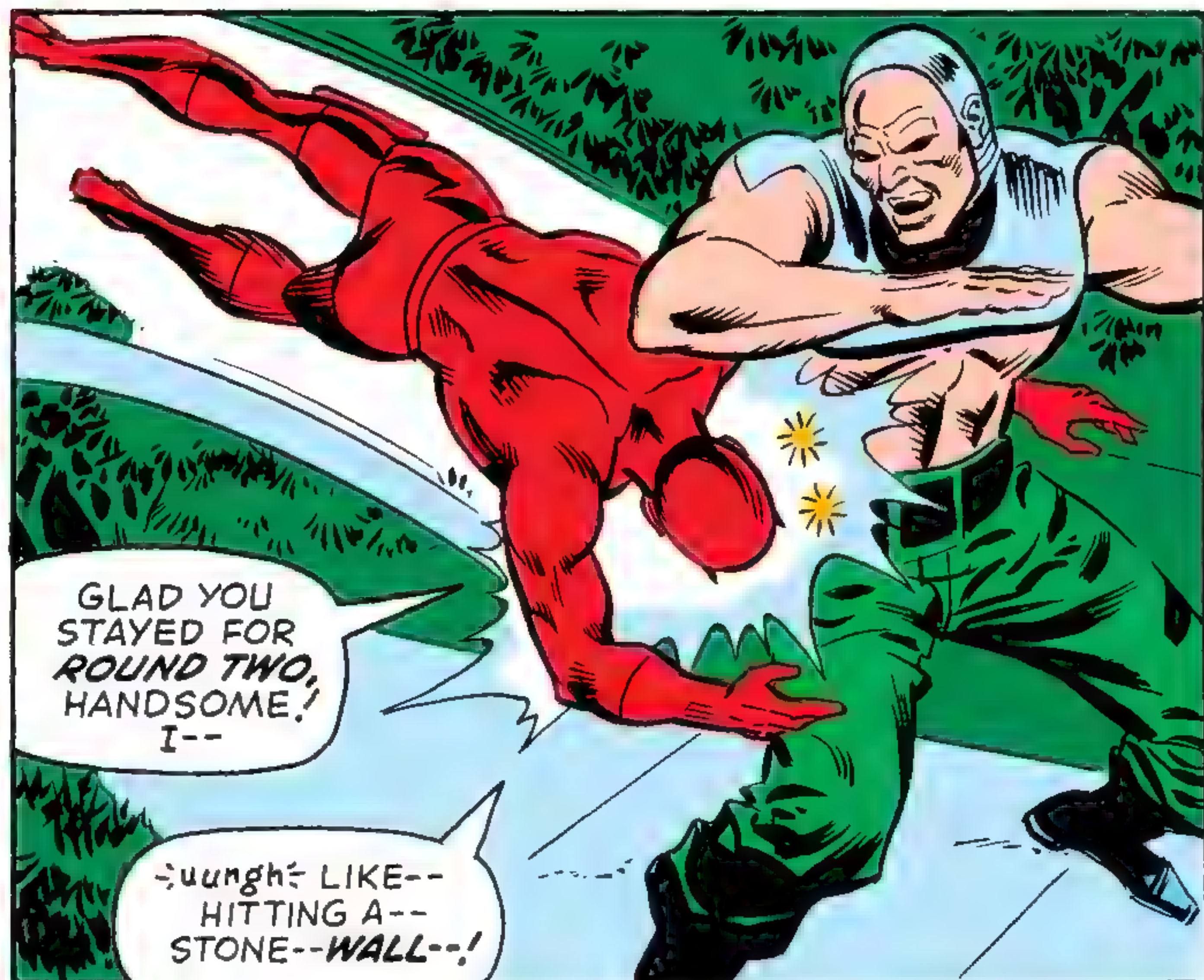


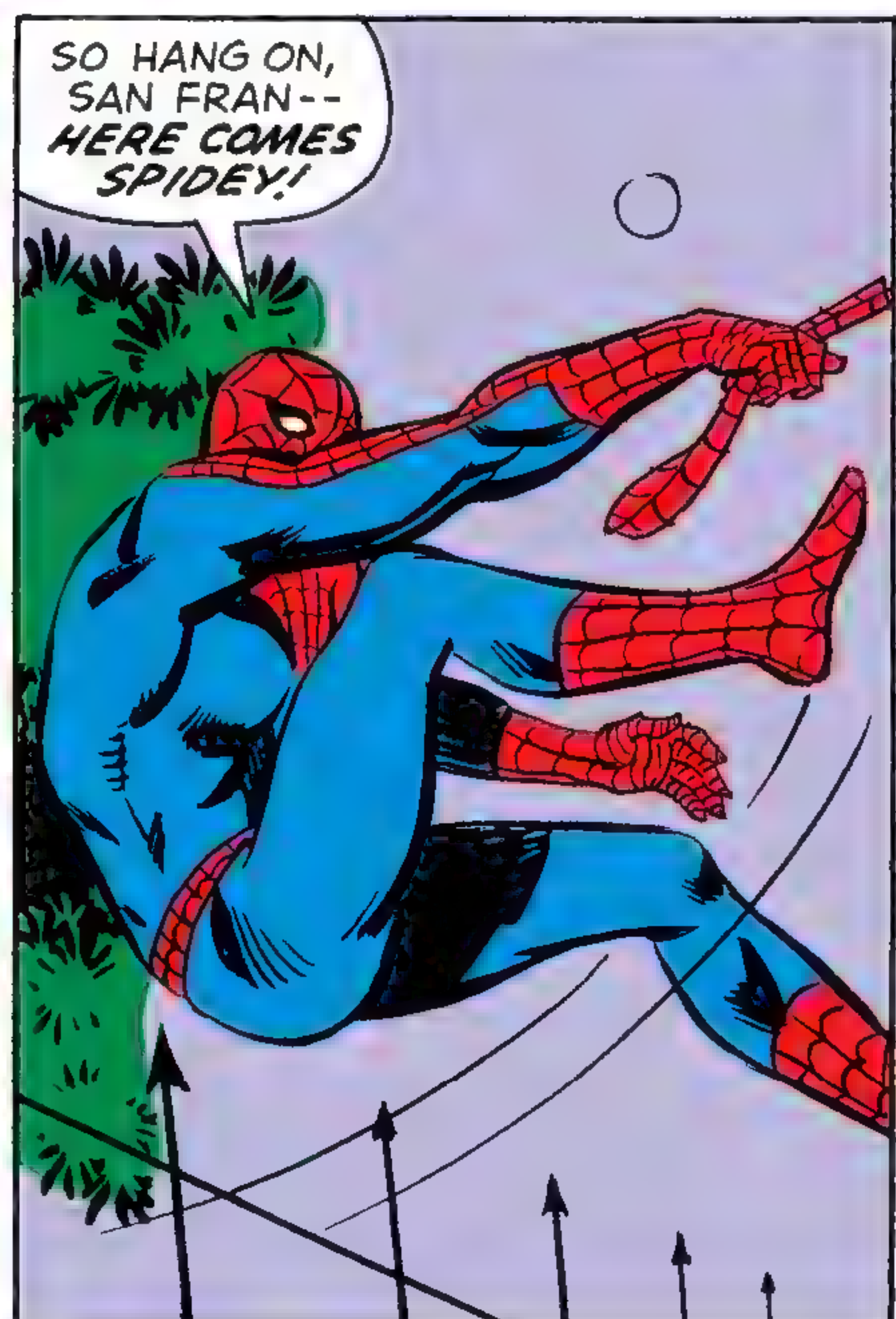
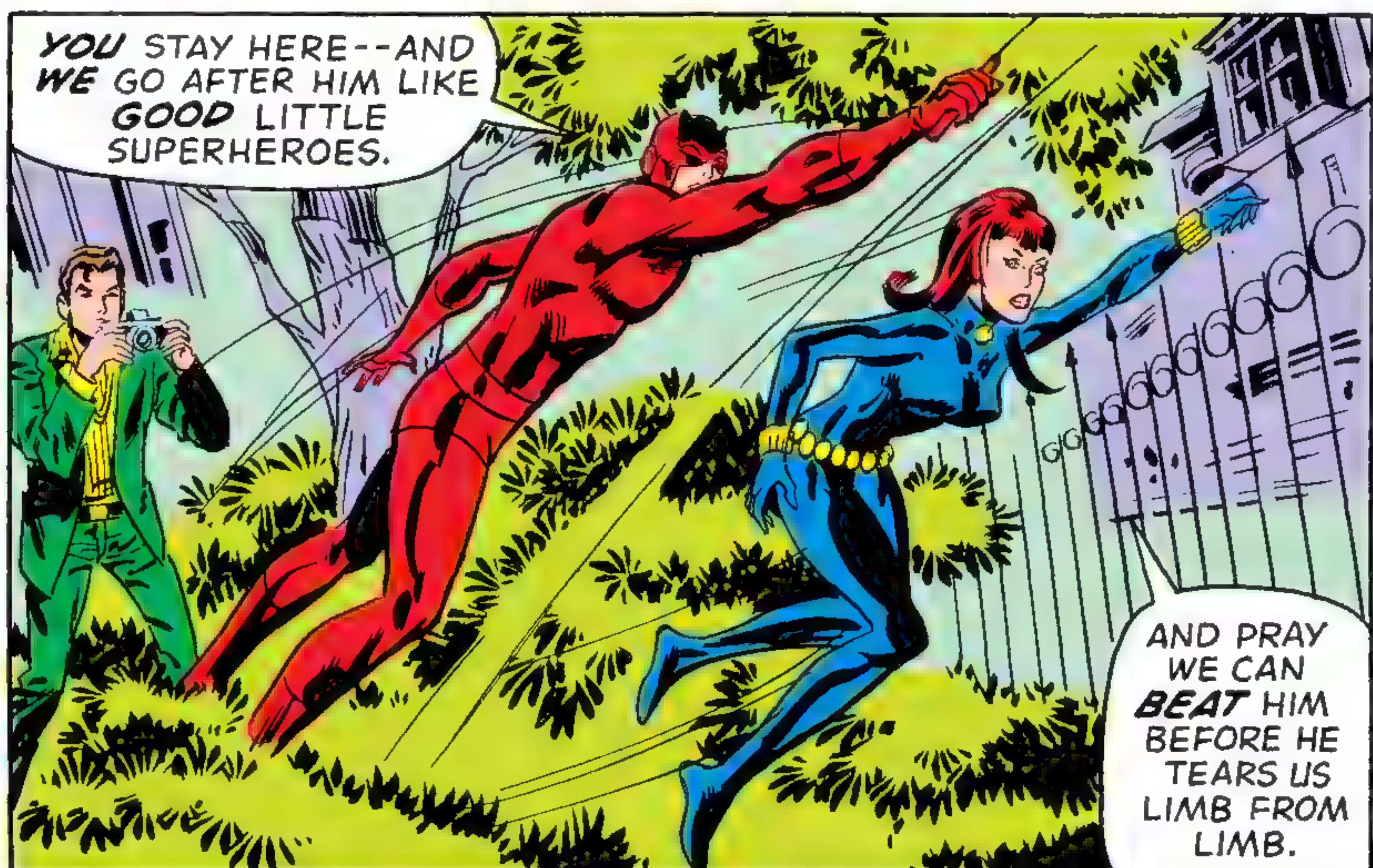
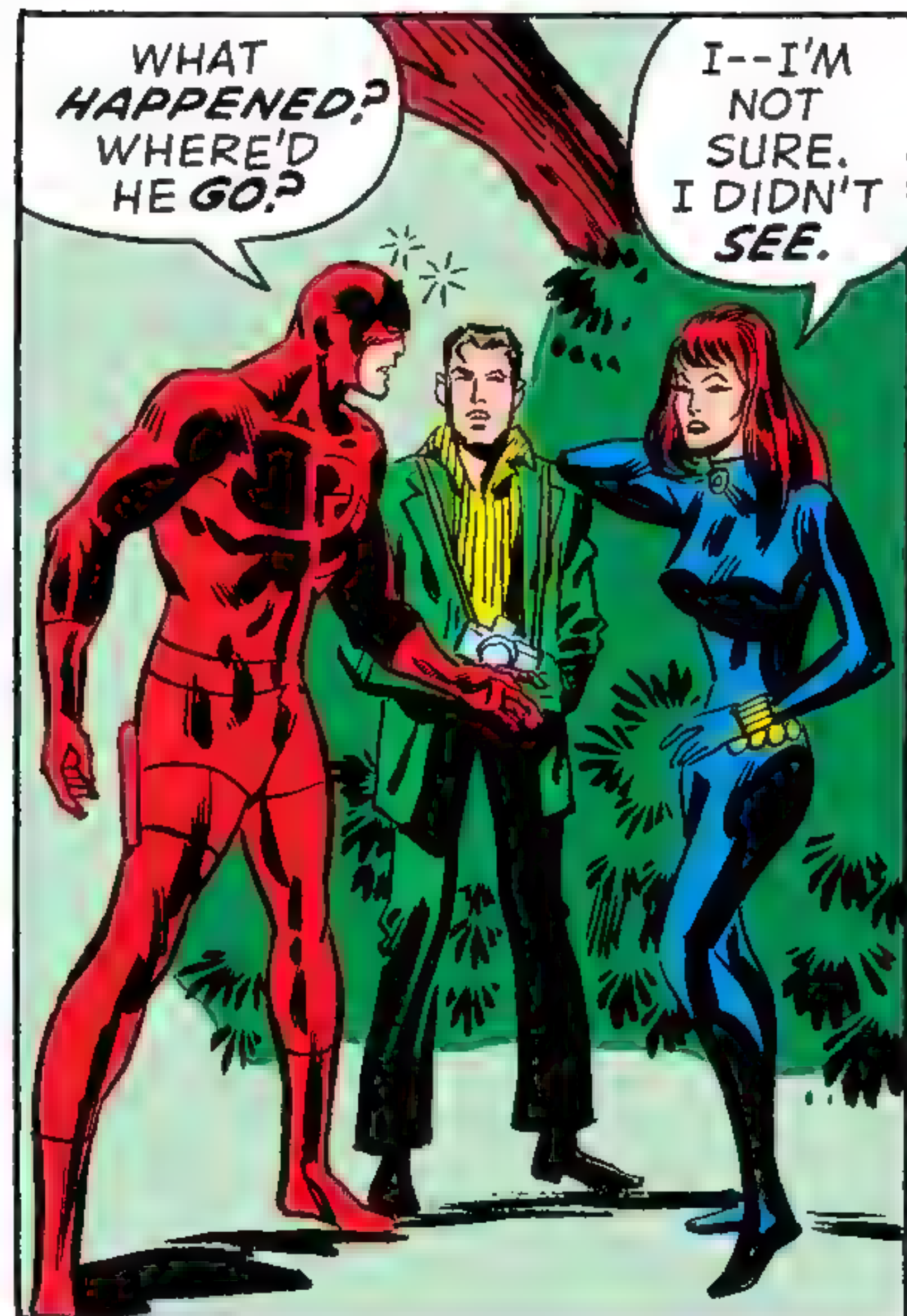


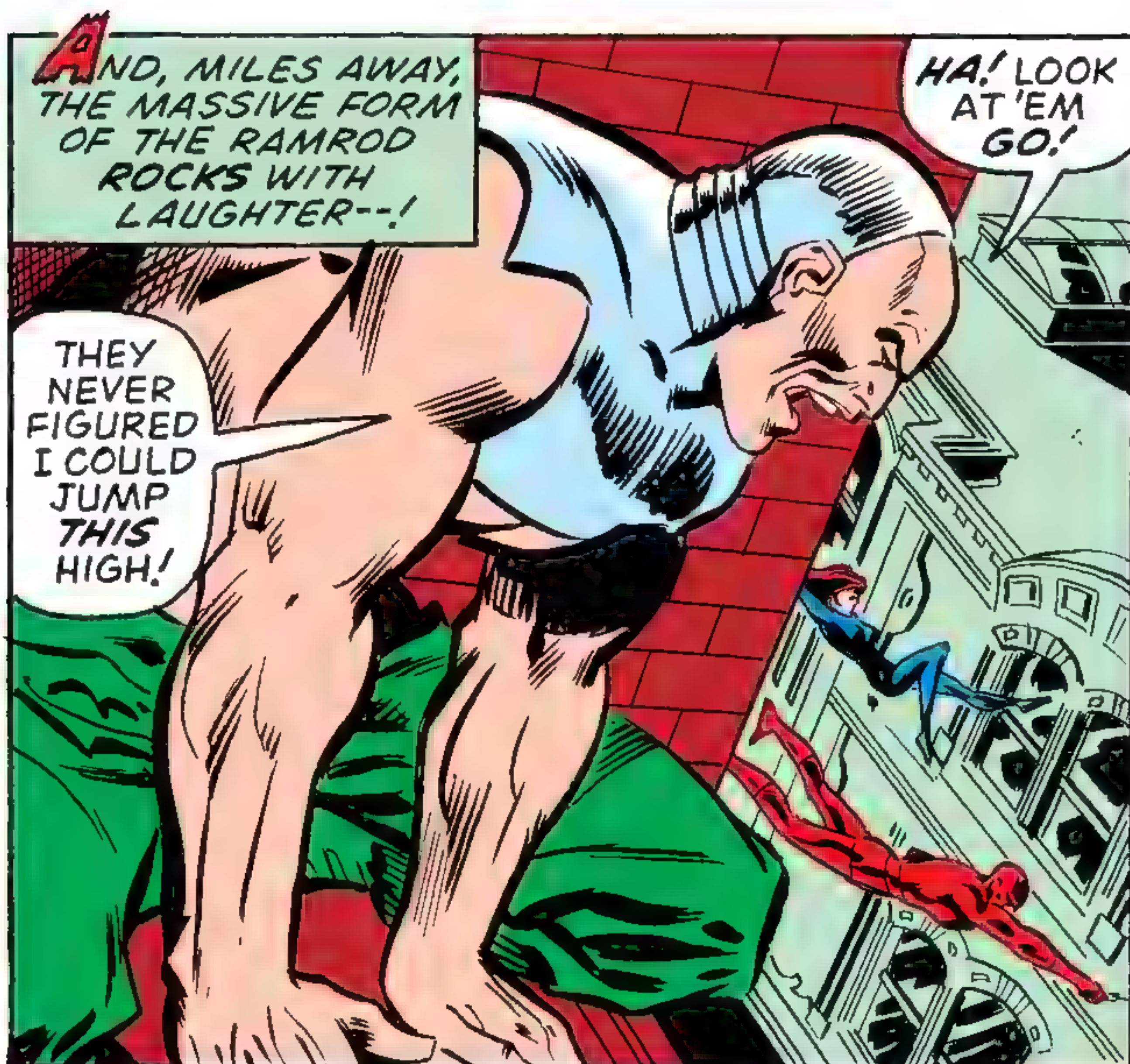












AND, MILES AWAY,
THE MASSIVE FORM
OF THE RAMROD
ROCKS WITH
LAUGHTER--!

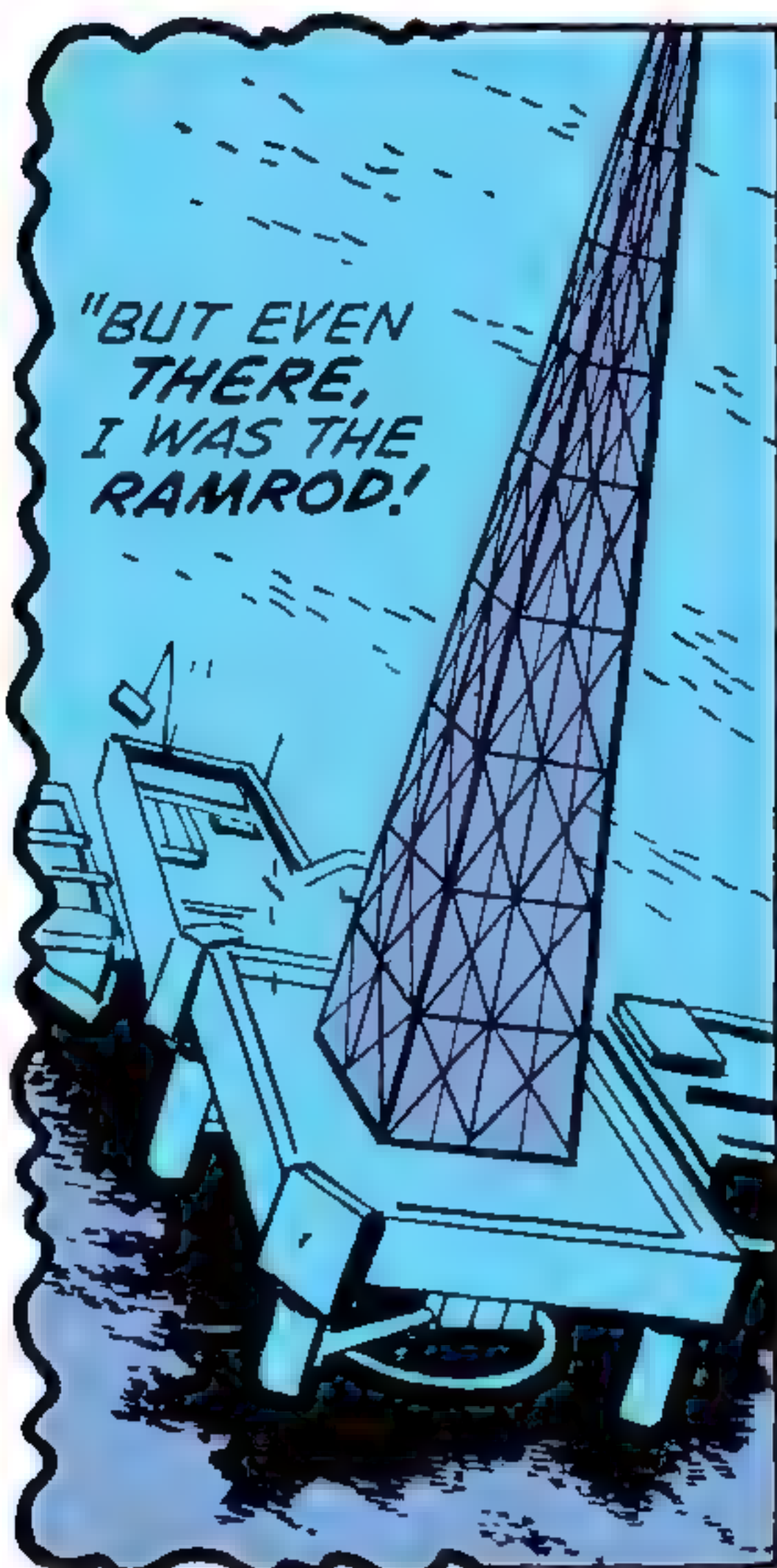
HA! LOOK
AT 'EM
GO!

THEY
NEVER
FIGURED
I COULD
JUMP
THIS
HIGH!



AND TA
THINK A
WEEK AGO
I WAS
NOTHIN'!

A FOREMAN ON
A LOUSY OFF-
SHORE OIL RIG!



"BUT EVEN
THERE,
I WAS THE
RAMROD!"



"I GAVE THE ORDERS--
PUSHED THEM GUYS
HARDER'N ANY OTHER
MAN WOULD'A DARED--"

"TILL MY LITTLE
ACCIDENT."



RAMROD!
LOOK
OUT!

"AN OIL DRUM--
FULL--GOT
LOOSE ON ME."

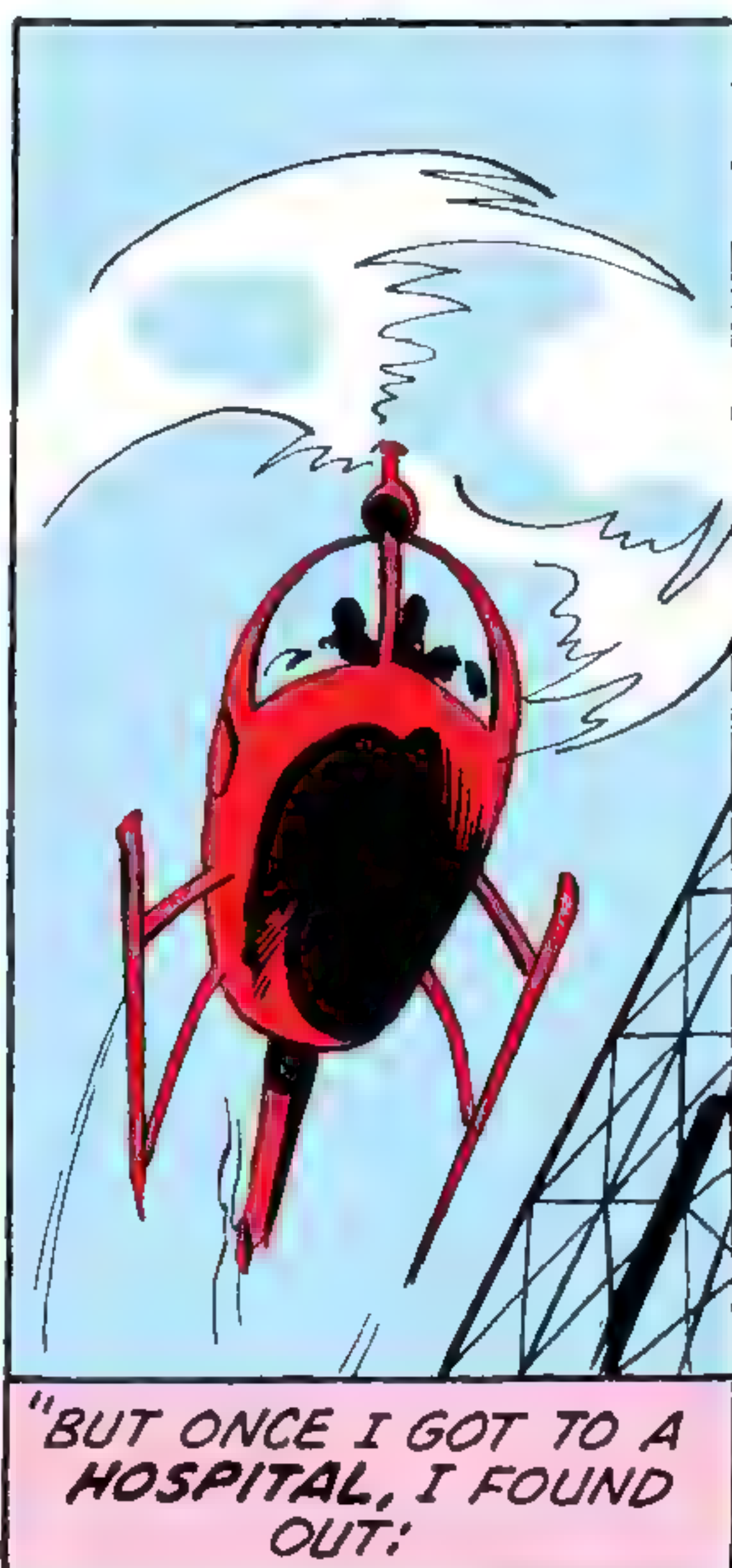


"ROLLED OVER ME ONCE--
THEN RIGHT **BACK** AGAIN!"

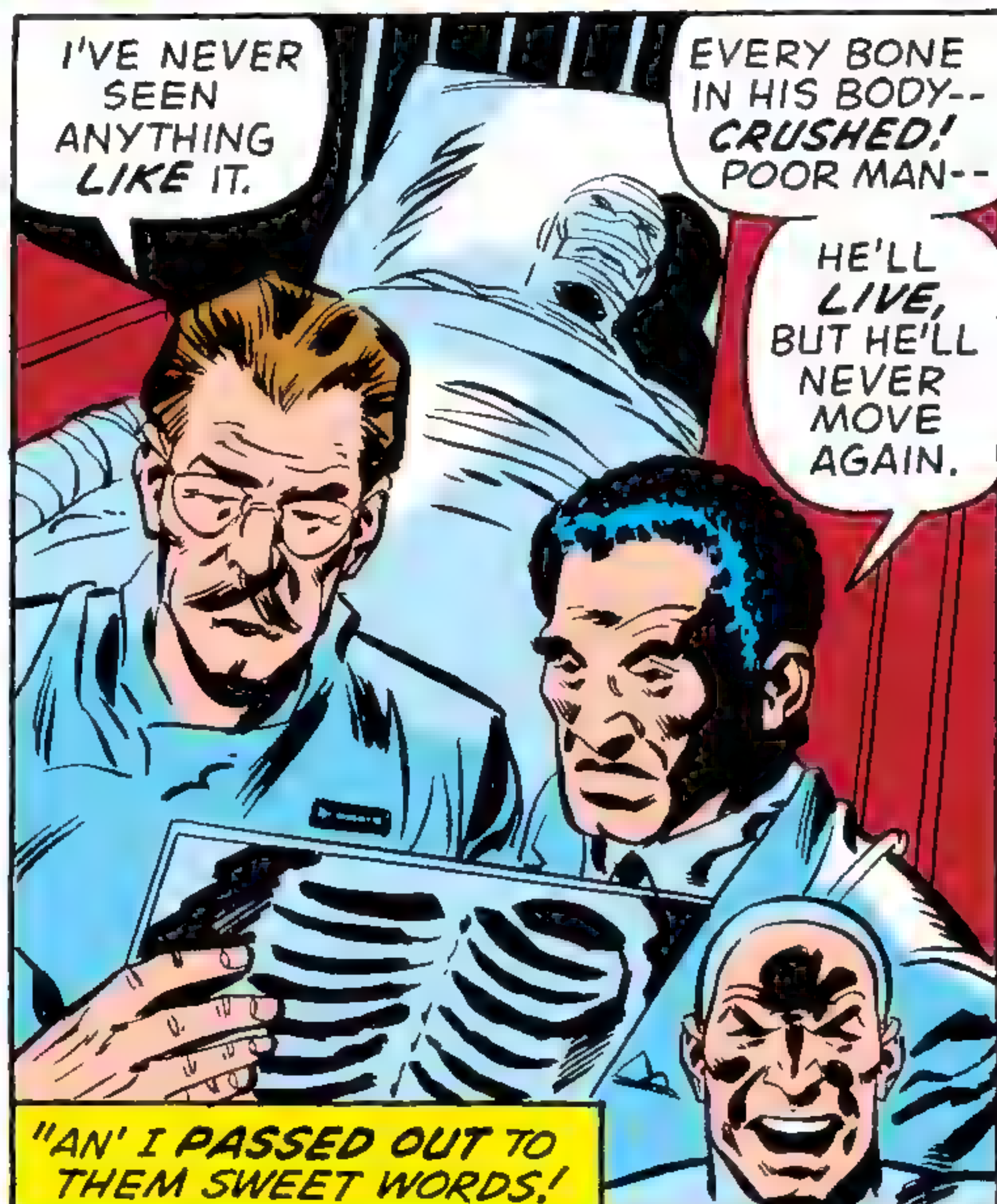
HOW IS
HE, JOE?

ALIVE--
THAT'S
ABOUT IT.

"YEAH, I WAS **WRECKED**, ALL
RIGHT--WORSE THAN I KNEW."



"BUT ONCE I GOT TO A
HOSPITAL, I FOUND
OUT!"



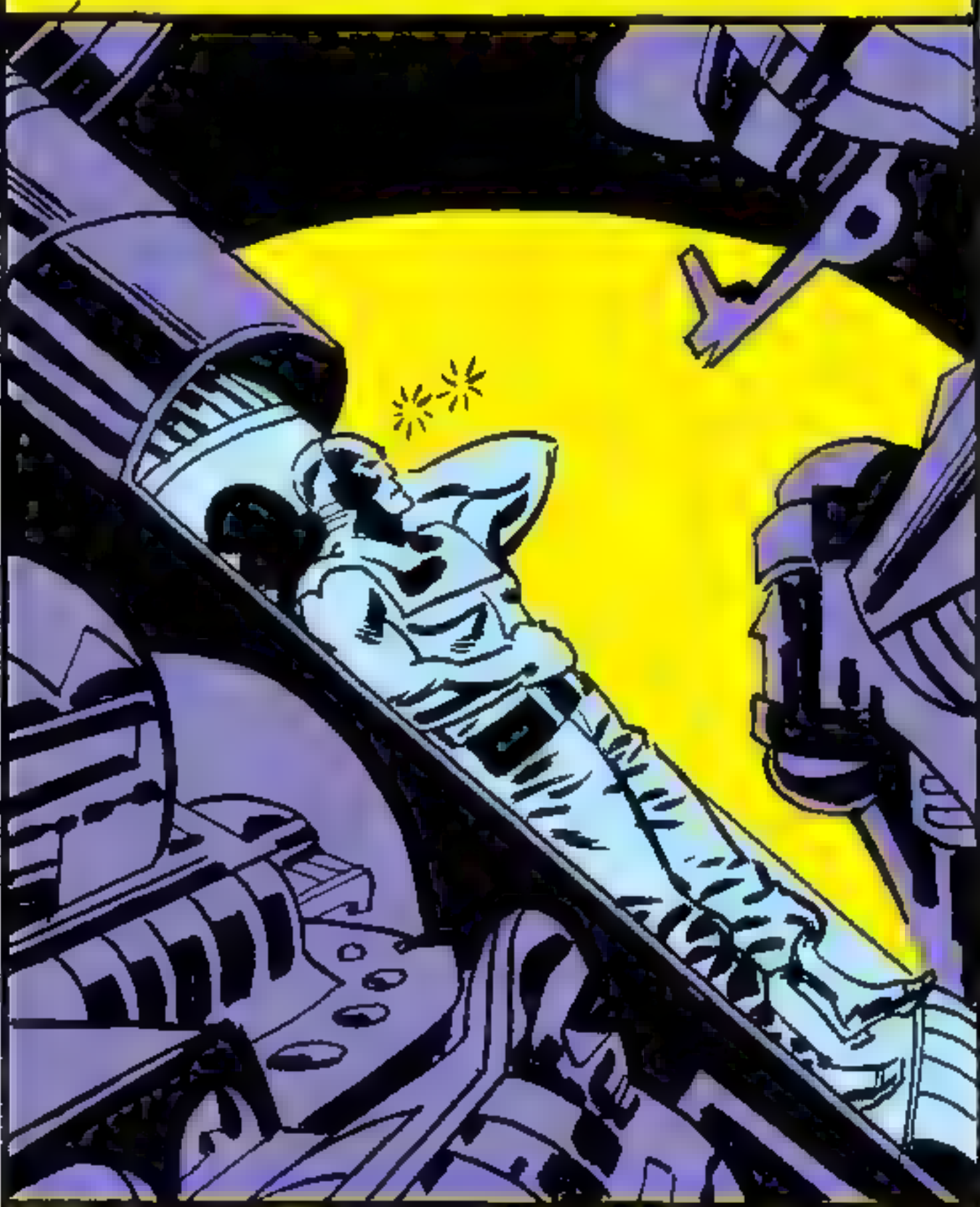
I'VE NEVER
SEEN
ANYTHING
LIKE IT.

EVERY BONE
IN HIS BODY--
CRUSHED!
POOR MAN--

HE'LL
LIVE,
BUT HE'LL
NEVER
MOVE
AGAIN.

"AN' I PASSED OUT TO
THEM SWEET WORDS!"

"WHEN I CAME TO, I WASN'T
IN NO HOSPITAL.



"PLACE LOOKED MORE LIKE A
BLASTED SPACESHIP!"

"THEN I SAW MYSELF! AN' FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I
WAS SCARED!"



I DUNNO HOW
I GOT HERE--
AN' I DON'T
CARE!



I'M
BUSTIN'
OUT--
NOW!

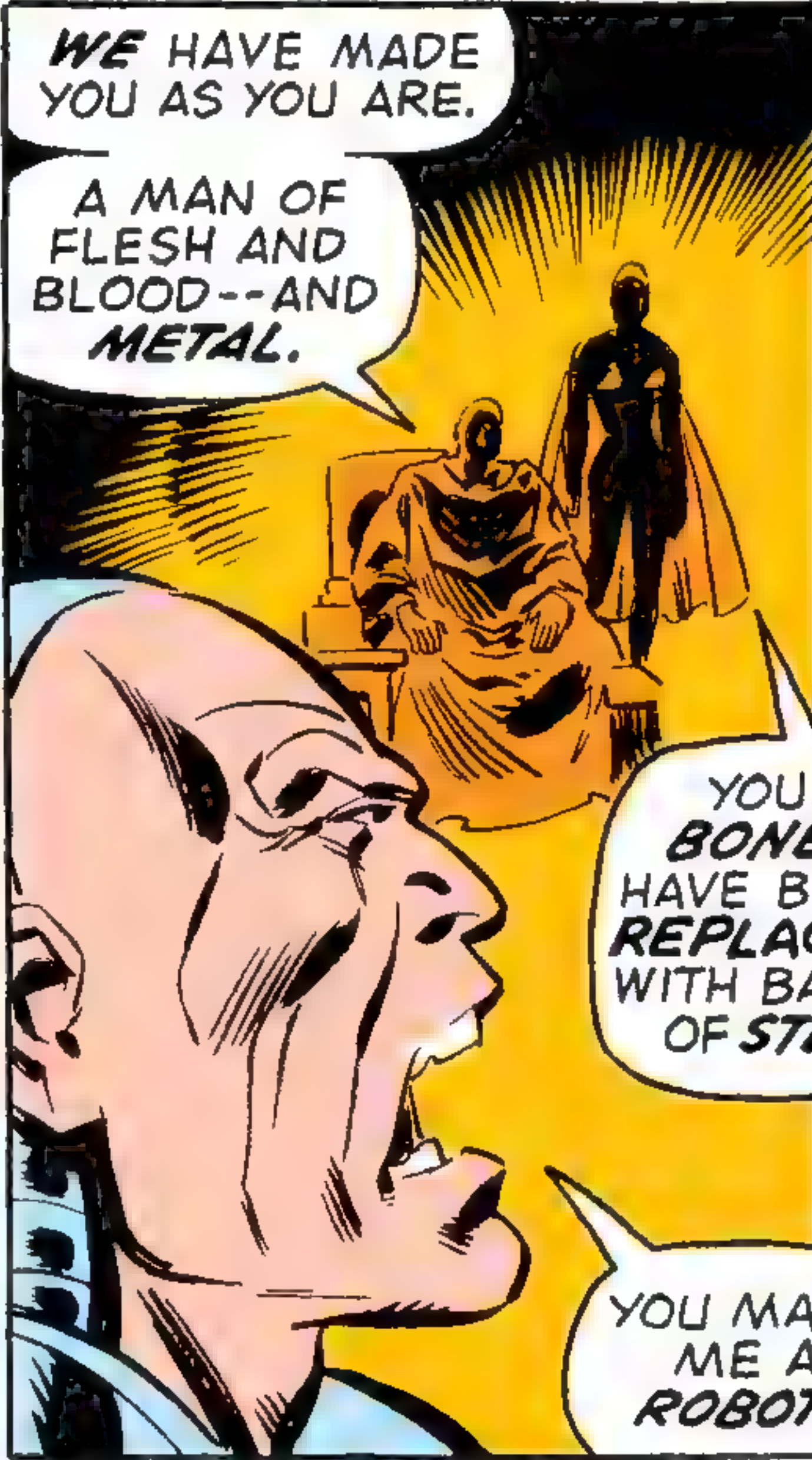
"BUT I RIPPED
THE STEEL
HANDLE RIGHT
OFF THE DOOR!"



ENOUGH,
RAMROD.
TURN
AND
FACE US.

WE HAVE MADE
YOU AS YOU ARE.

A MAN OF
FLESH AND
BLOOD--AND
METAL.



YOUR
BONES
HAVE BEEN
REPLACED--
WITH BANDS
OF STEEL.

YOU MADE
ME A
ROBOT?!

NOT A ROBOT--
A CYBORG--
ONLY PART
MACHINE.

ONLY YOUR
SKELETAL
STRUCTURE HAS
BEEN ALTERED.
ALL ELSE IS
HUMAN.



YOUR STRENGTH
HAS BEEN
INCREASED
TENFOLD.

AND YOU
MOVE AND
THINK AS
BEFORE.



YEAH--
IT AINT
BAD.

BUT NOBODY
DOES SOMETHIN'
FOR NOTHIN'!

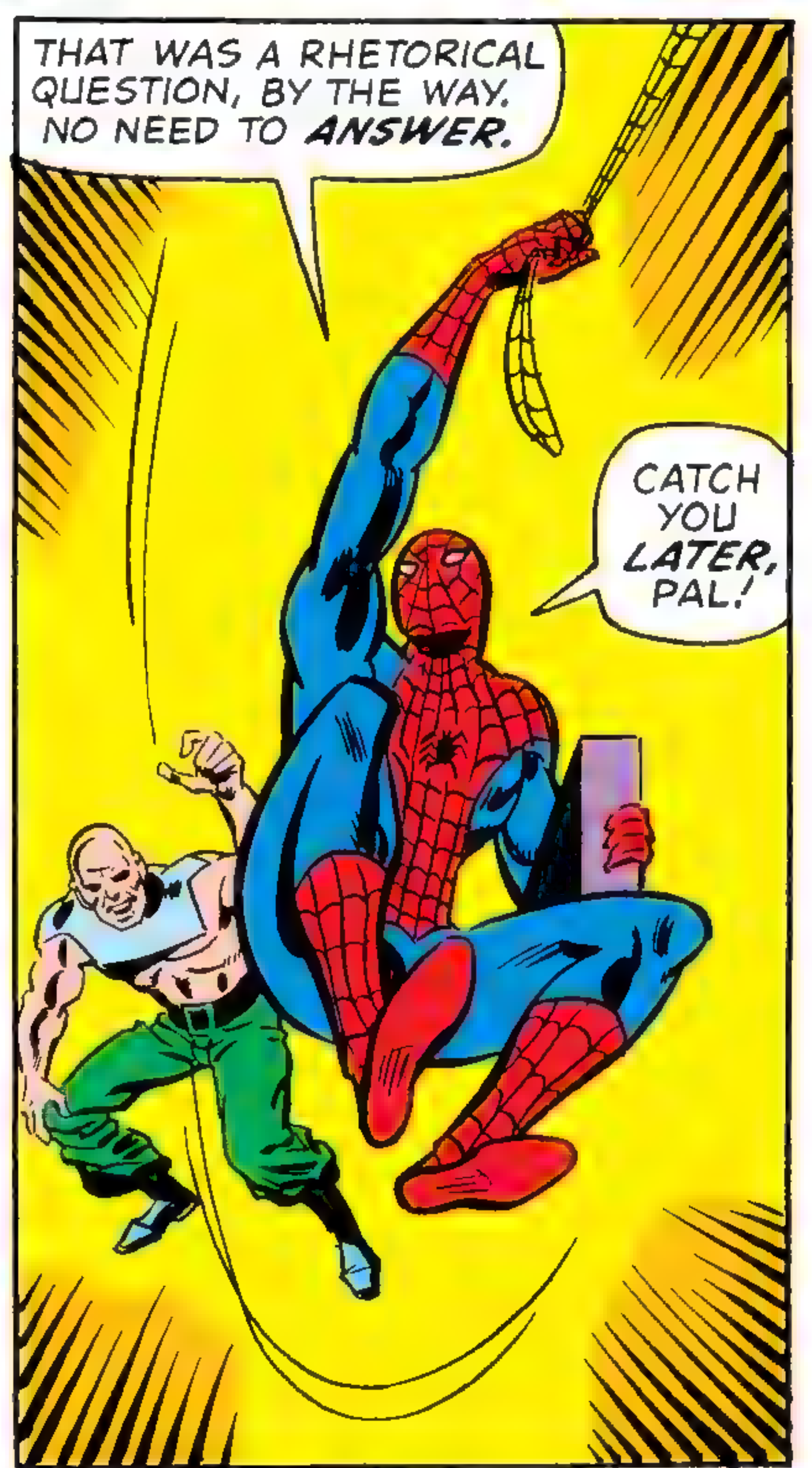
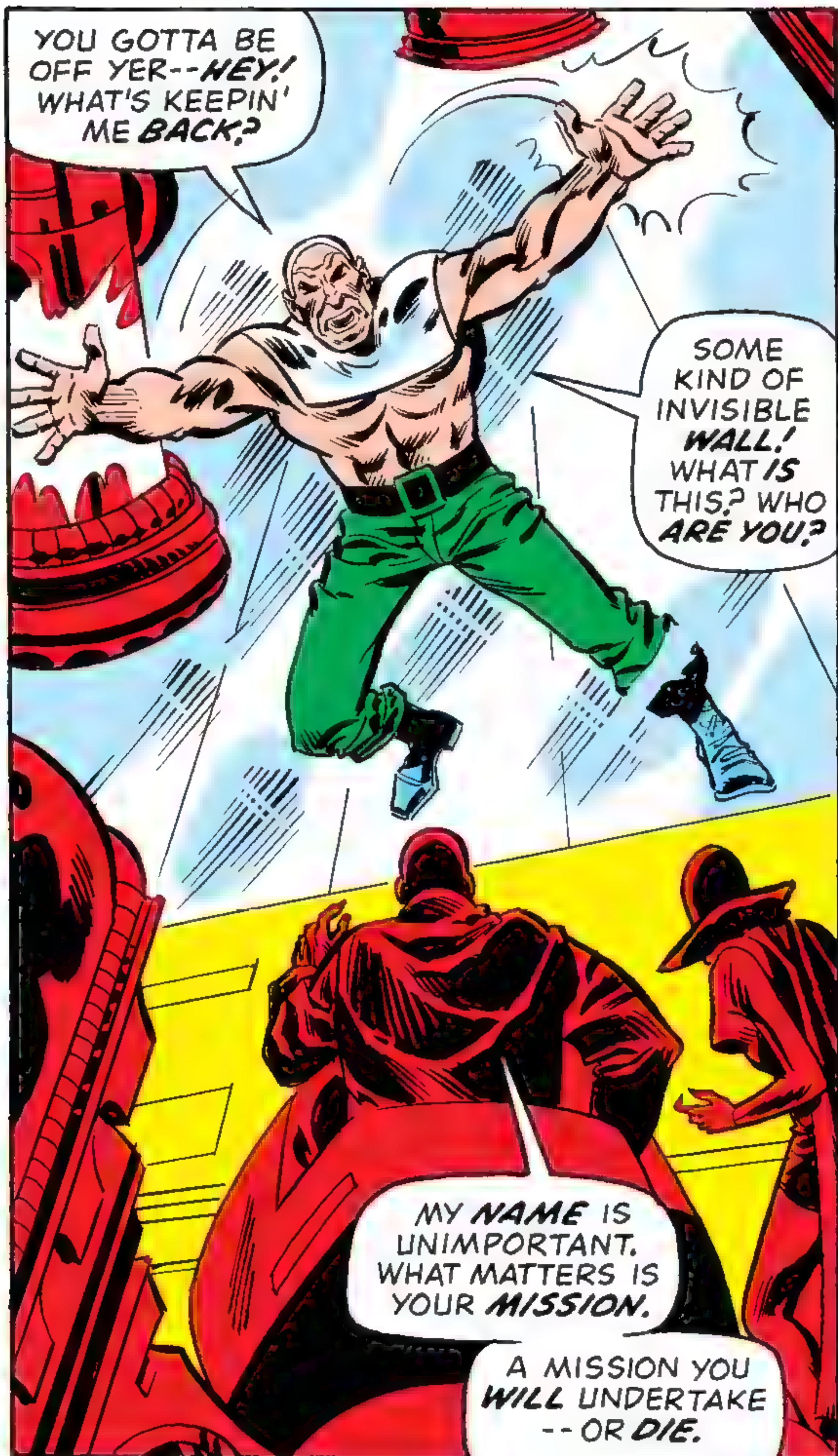
WHADDA
YOU GET
OUTTA
THIS?

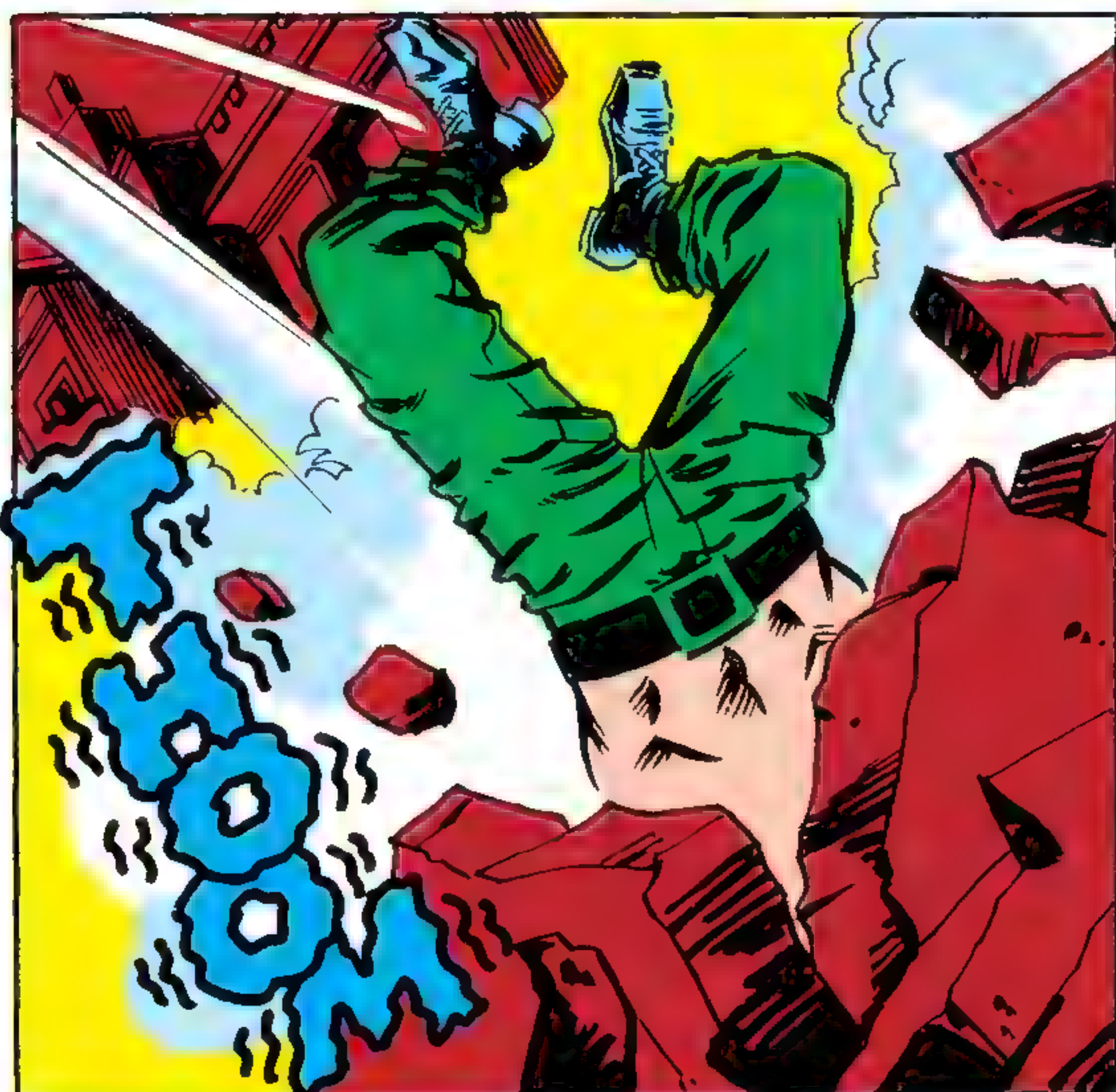
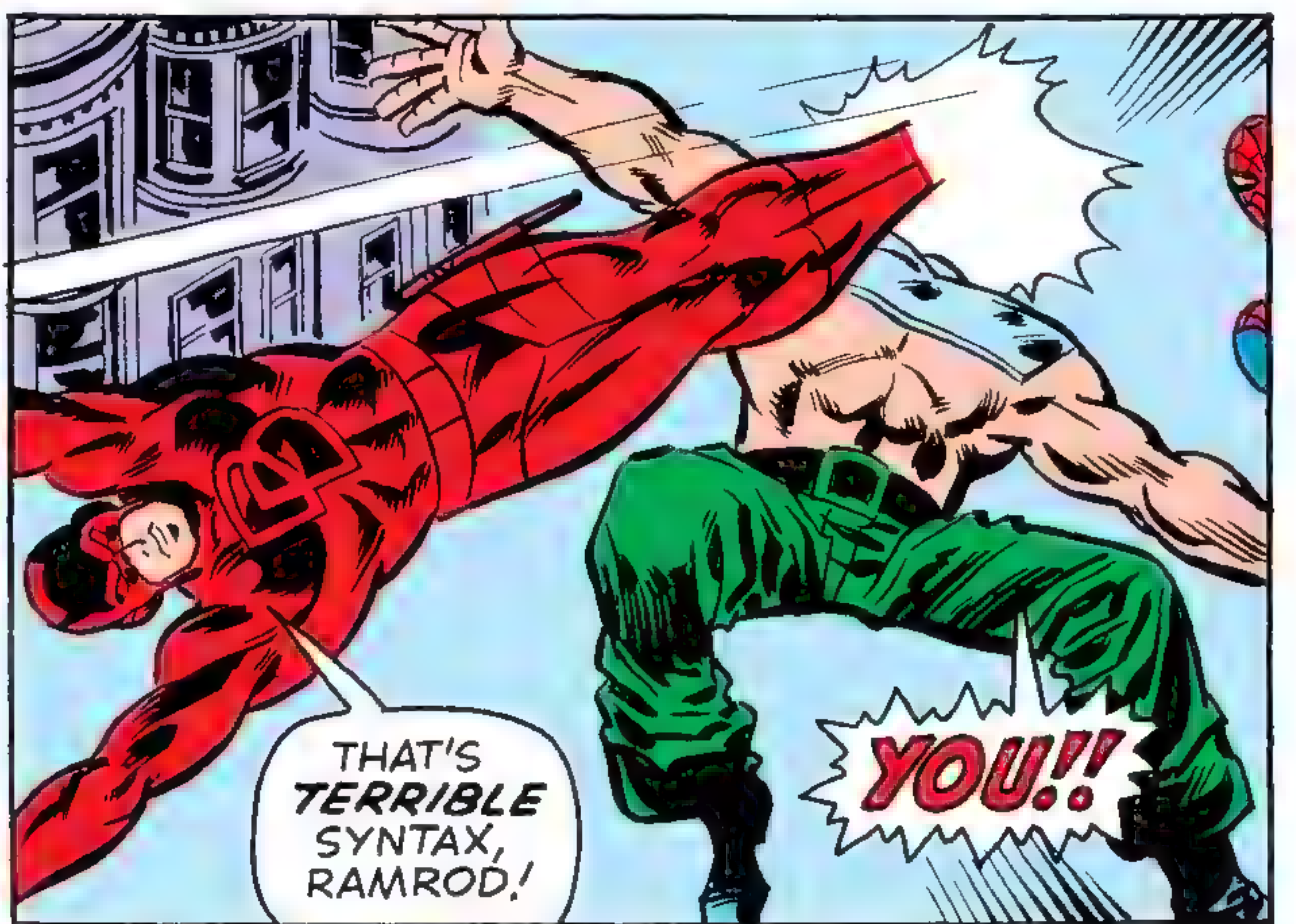
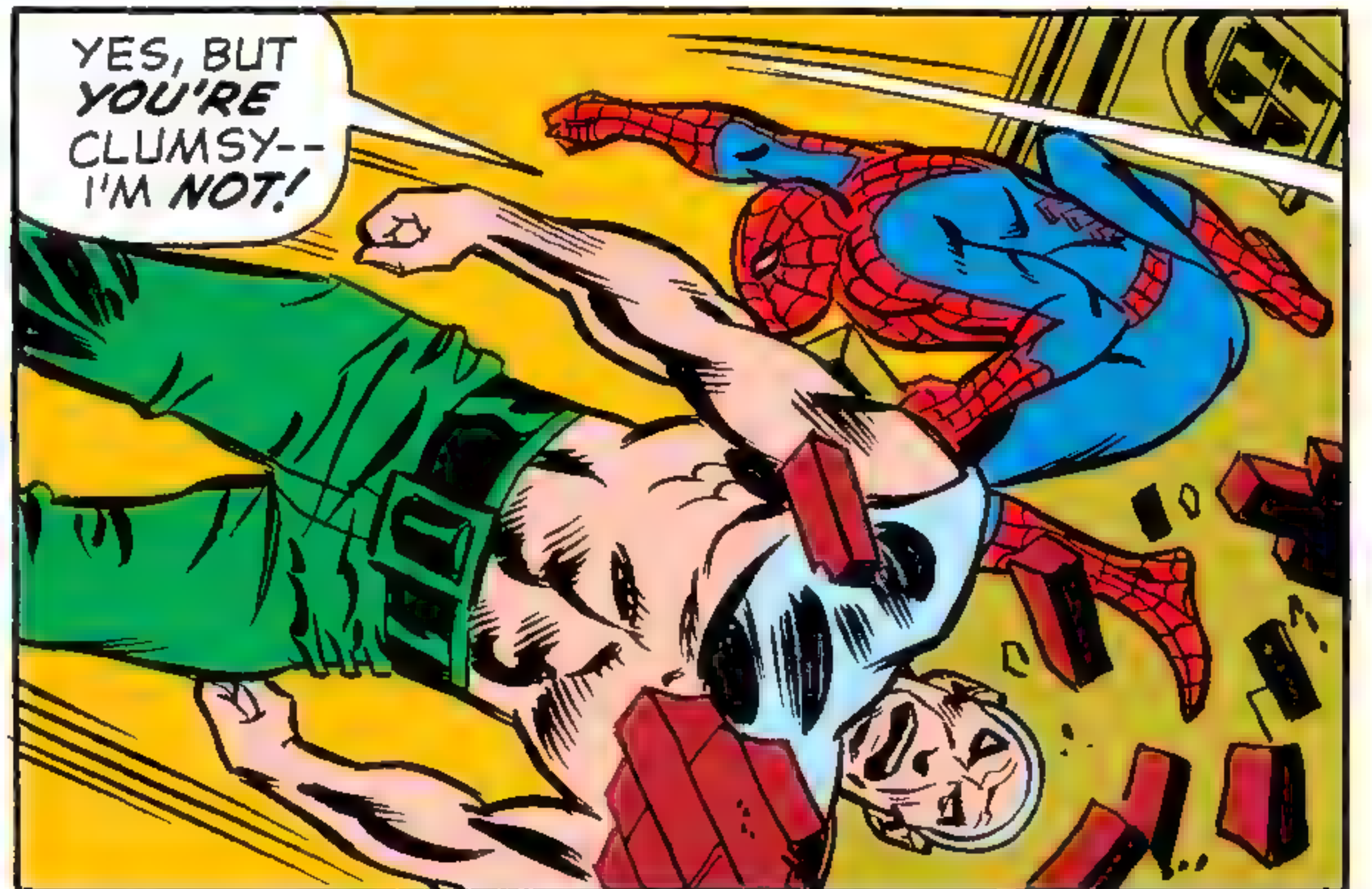
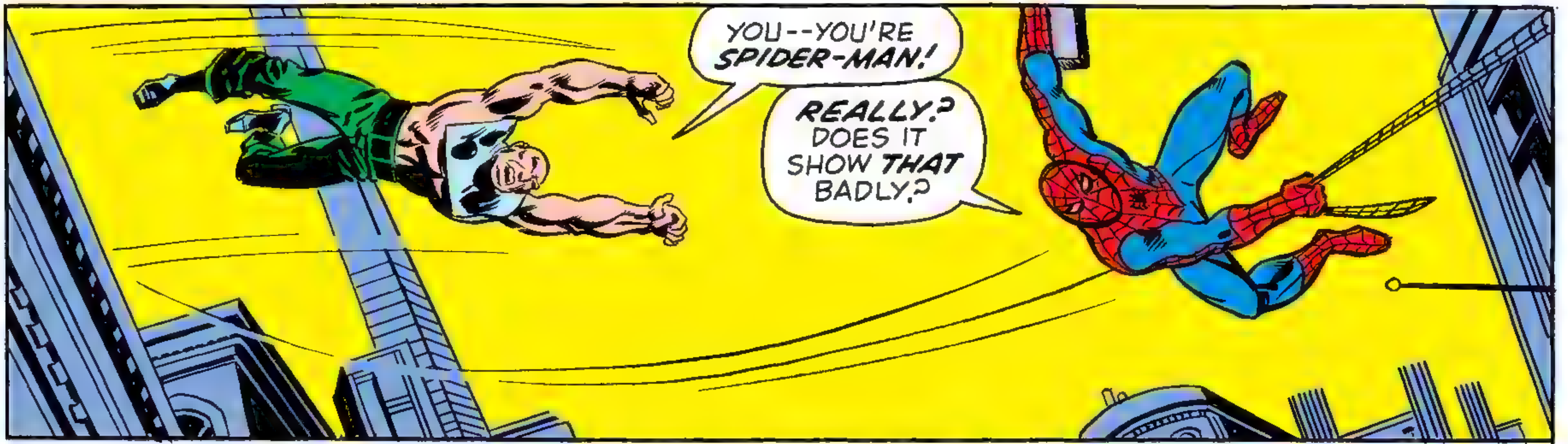


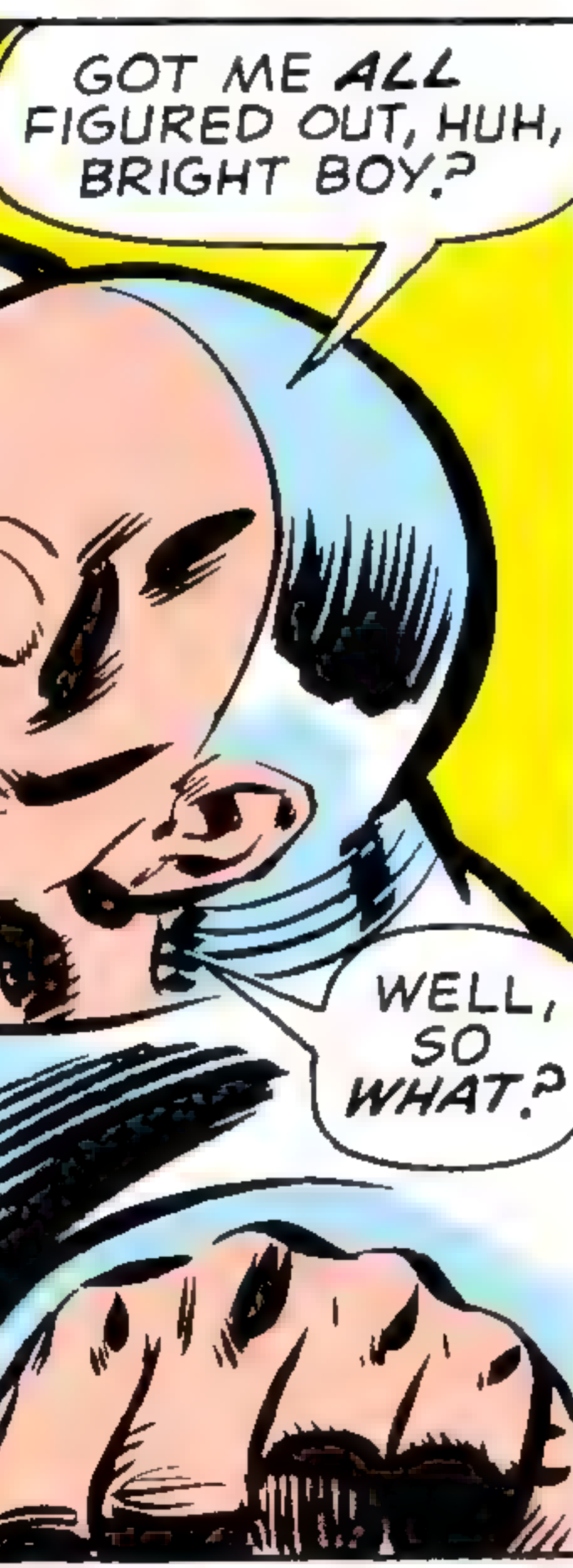
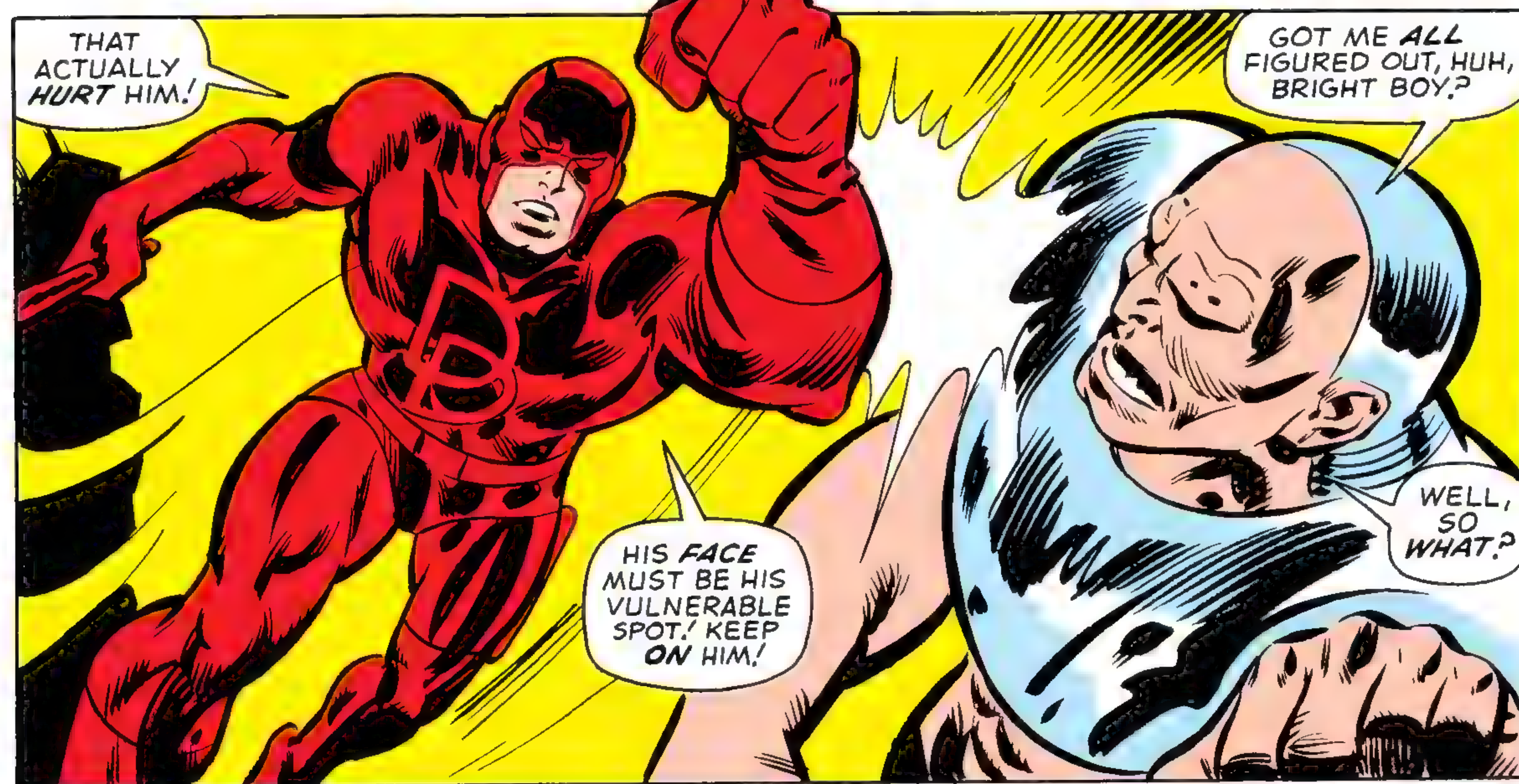
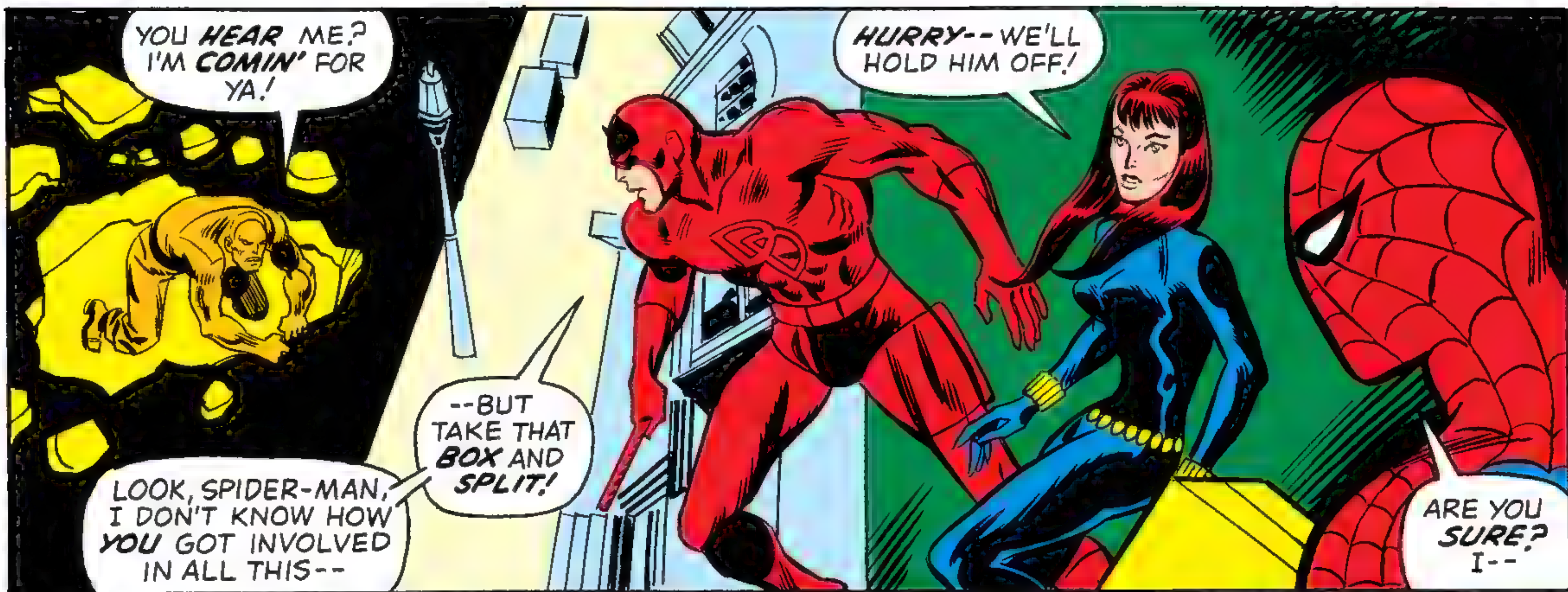
WHY--I MERELY ASK THAT YOU
KILL A MAN--DAREDEVIL!



WHA--?!
MURDER?





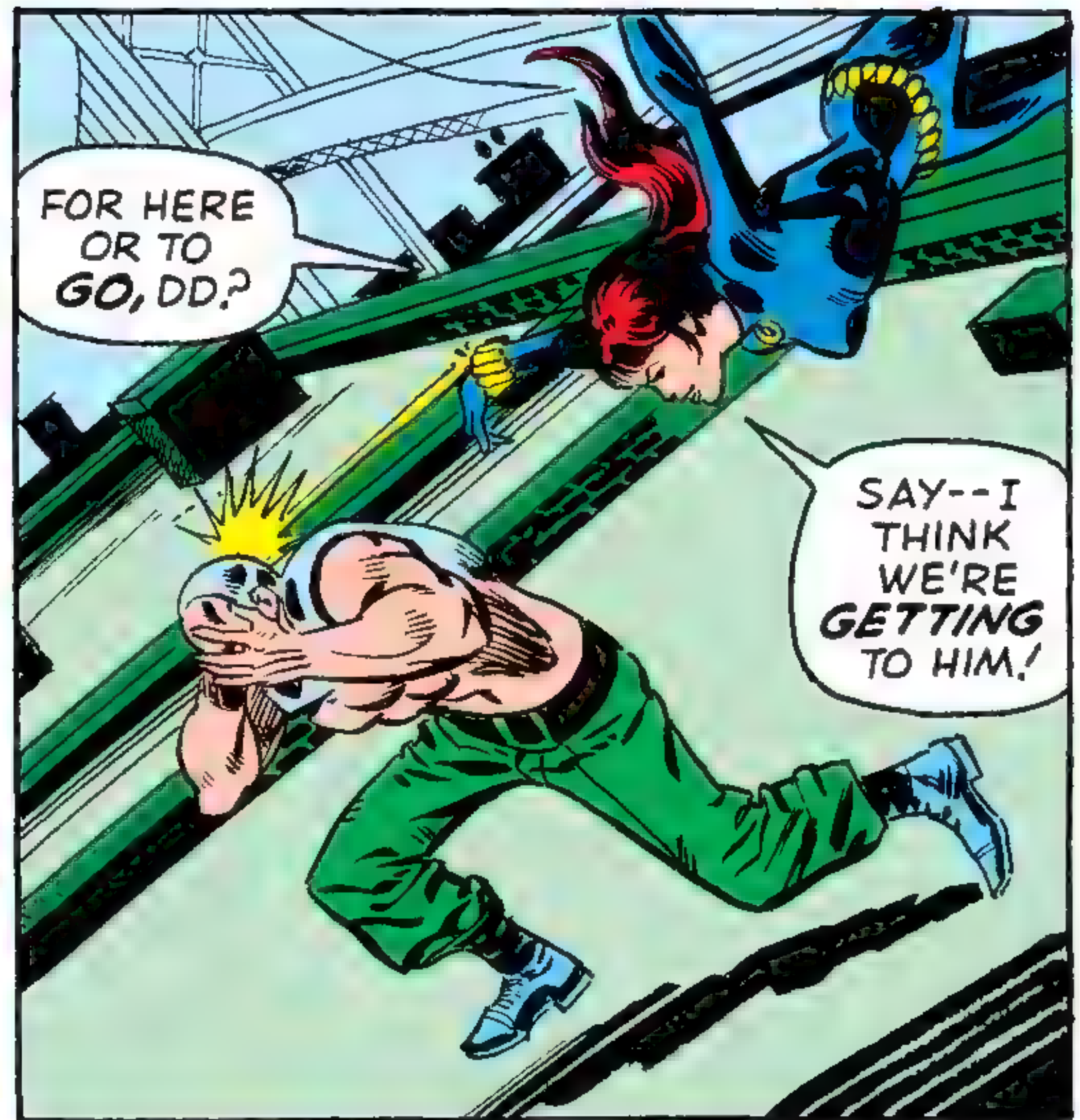




I CAN *STILL* SMASH YOU LIKE A FLEA!

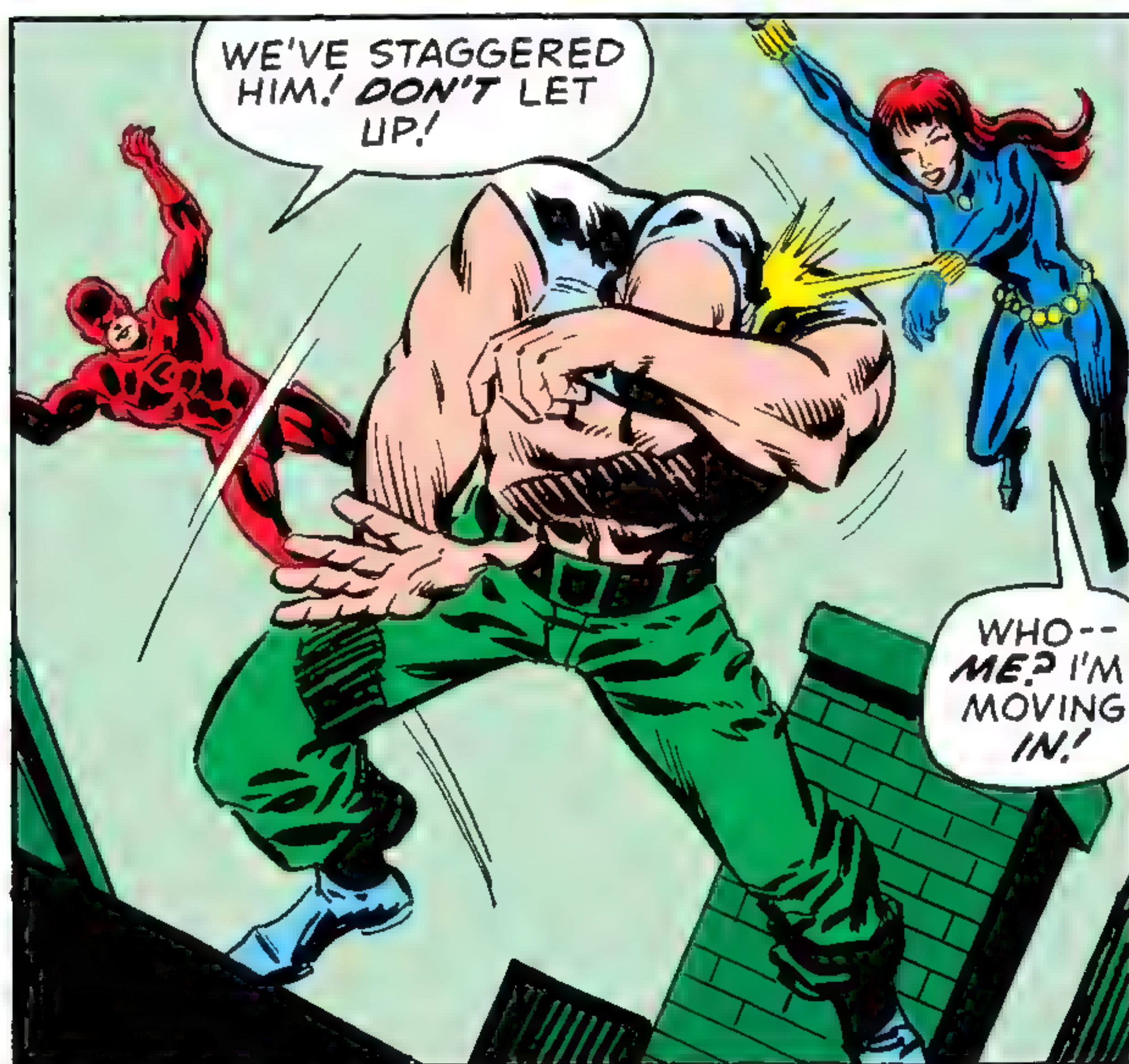
AH, BUT *FIRST* YOU HAVE TO CATCH ME!

TASHA! STING 'EM AGAIN!



FOR HERE OR TO GO, DD?

SAY-- I THINK WE'RE GETTING TO HIM!



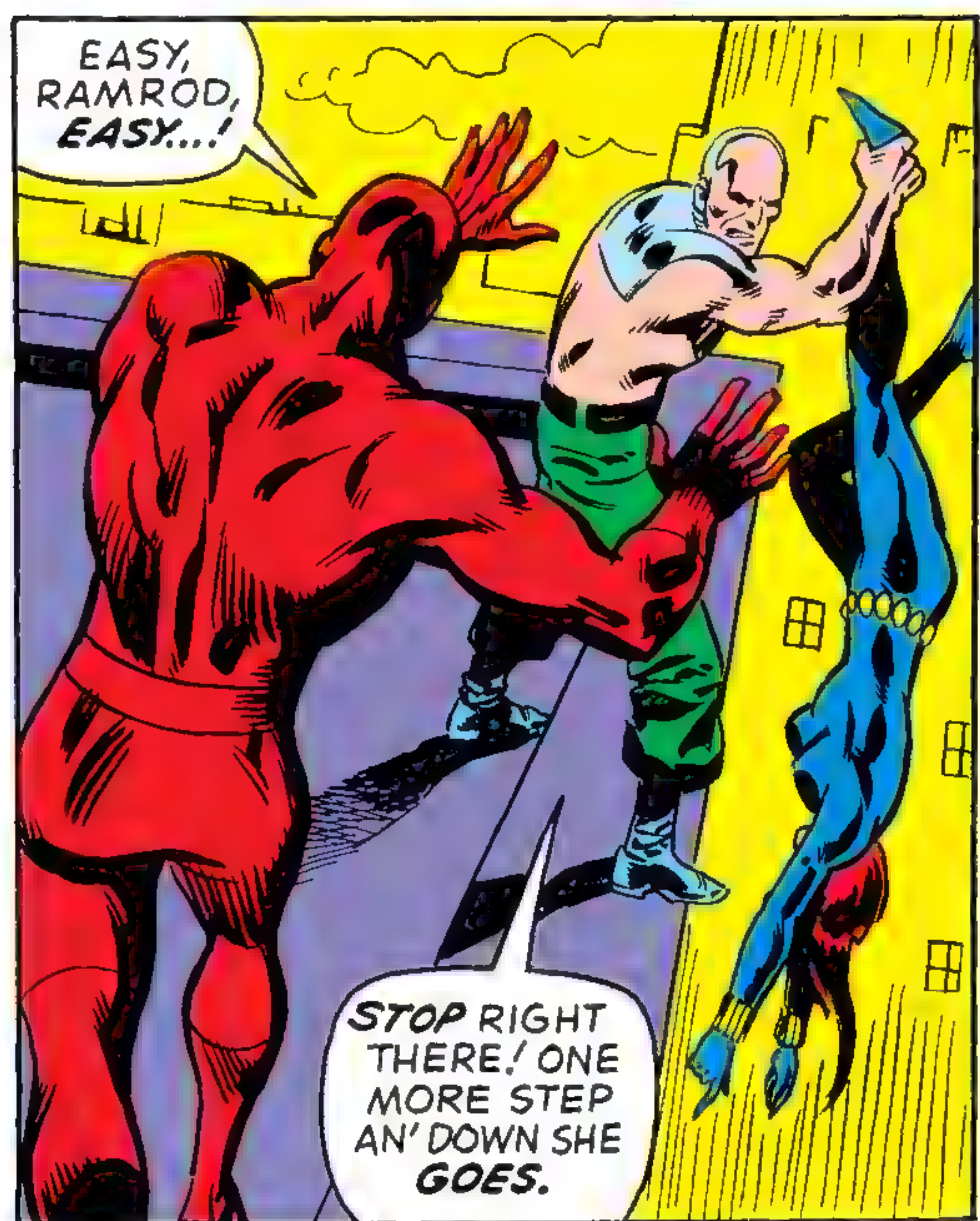
WE'VE STAGGERED HIM! *DON'T* LET UP!

WHO-- ME? I'M MOVING IN!



DON'T MAKE BOOK ON IT, SISTER!

IT WAS A RUSE--! OOOOHH...

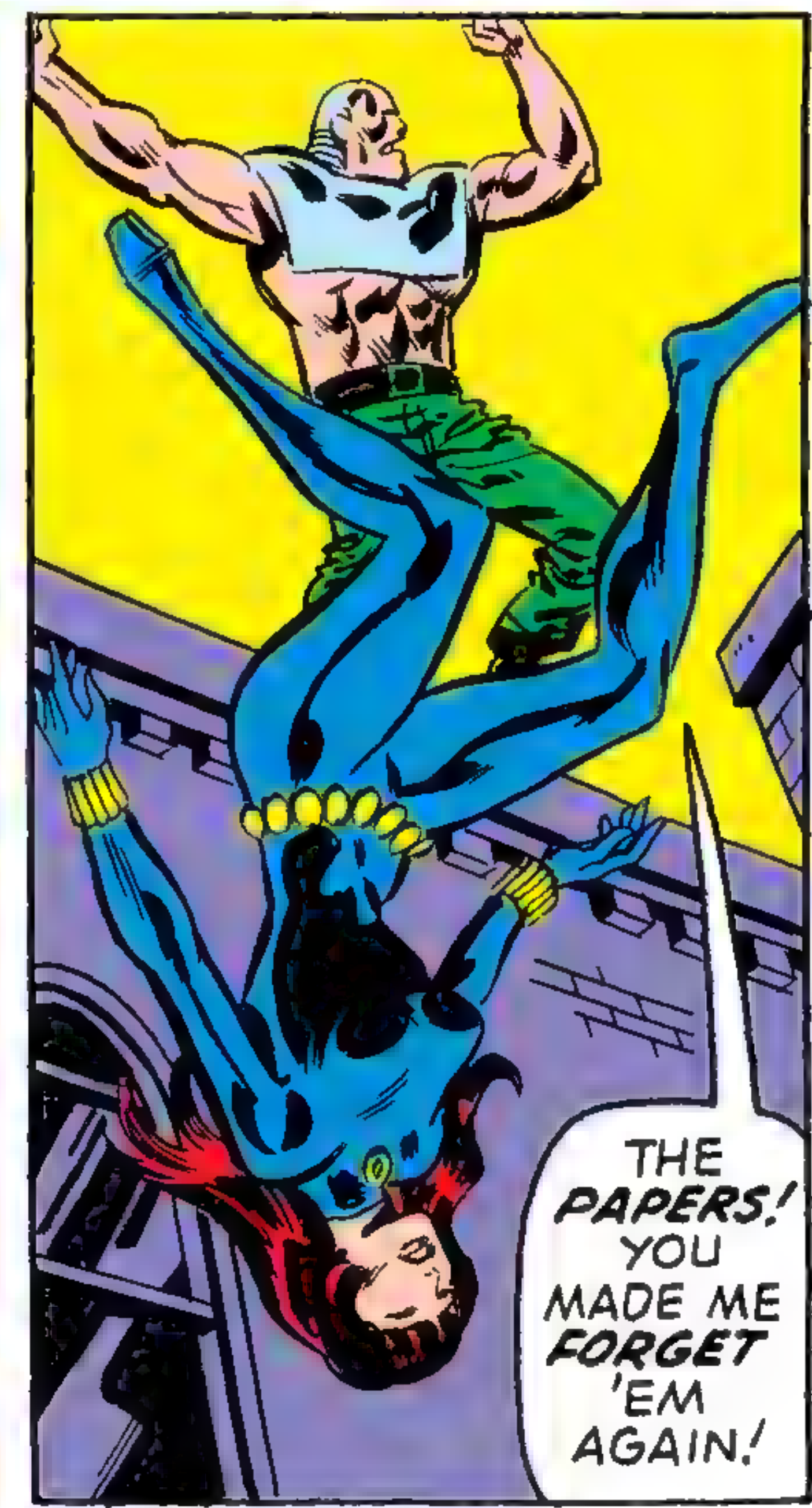


EASY, RAMROD, EASY...!

STOP RIGHT THERE! ONE MORE STEP AN' DOWN SHE GOES.



OKAY--NO CLOSER. BUT *THINK*, MAN! HOW CAN A BOX OF *PAPERS* BE WORTH A HUMAN LIFE?



THE *PAPERS*! YOU MADE ME FORGET 'EM AGAIN!

BARELY A MICROSECOND PASSES BETWEEN THE TIME RAMROD RELEASES HIS GRIP ON THE WIDOW--AND THE INSTANT IN WHICH THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR DIVES HEADLONG AFTER HER!

FOR SO ACUTE IS DD'S HEARING THAT HE COULD DETECT THE SOUND OF NATASHA'S VINYL COSTUME SLIPPING DOWN ACROSS RAMROD'S SWEATY PALM--

WHILE, SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY--

BUT I THINK I MAY'VE JUST FOUND THE REMEDY!

--ENABLING HIM TO EXECUTE A RESCUE--

--OTHER HEROES CAN ONLY DREAM ABOUT!

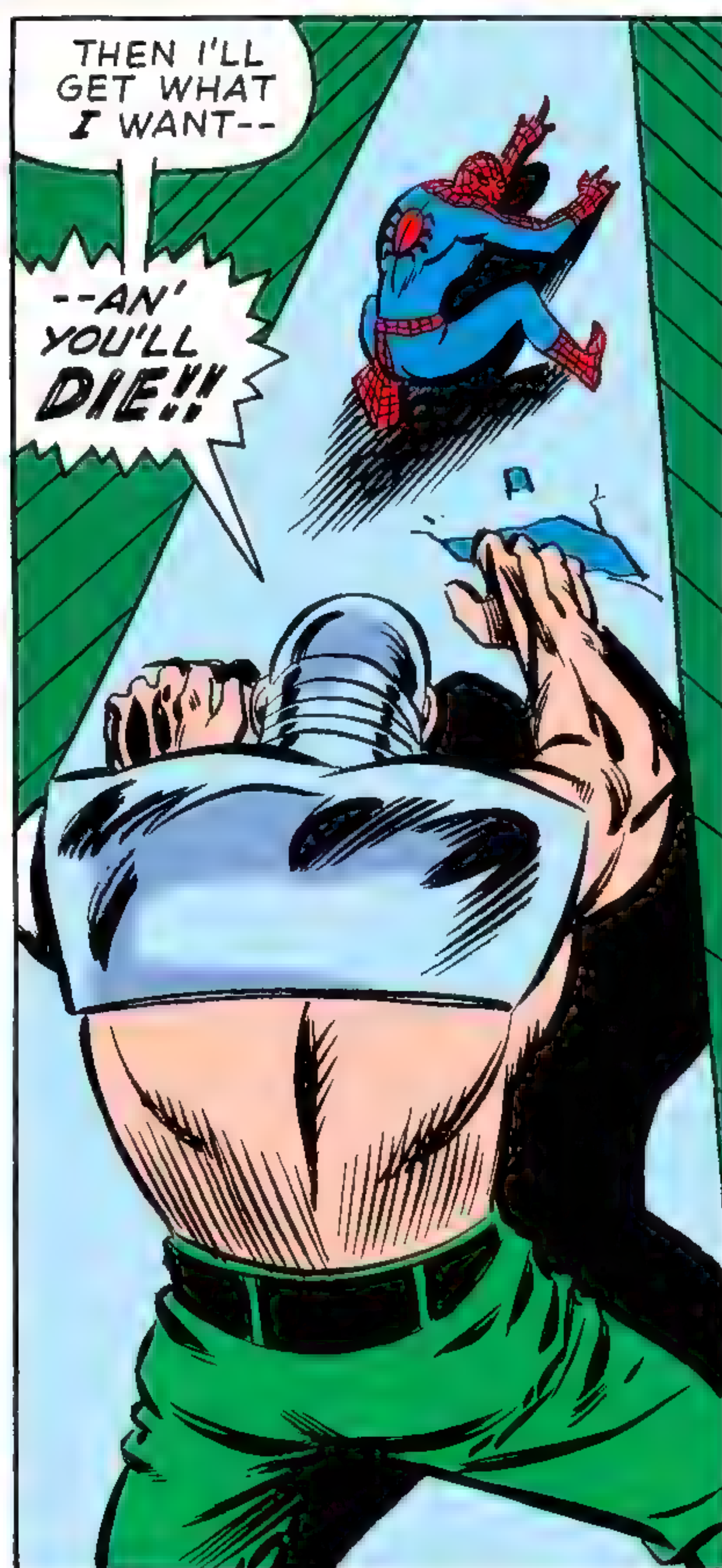
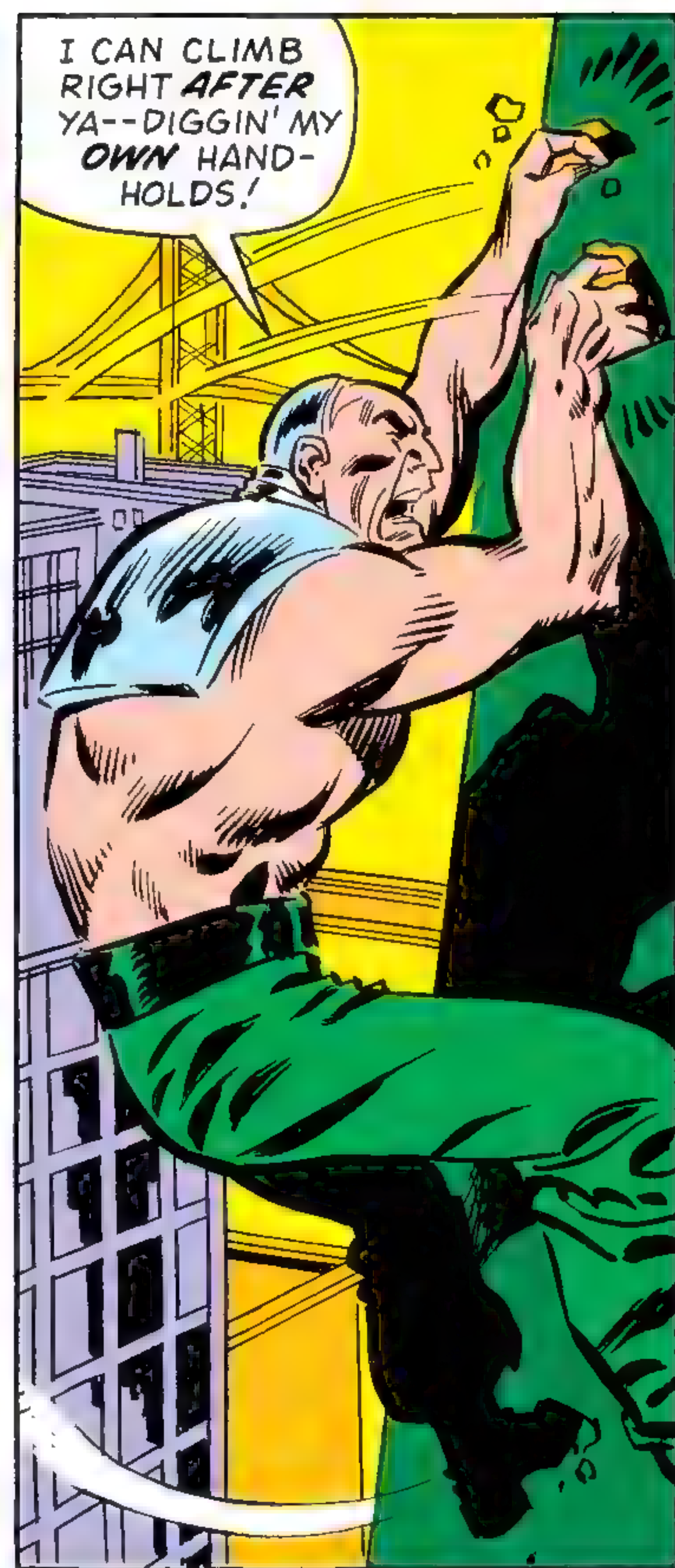
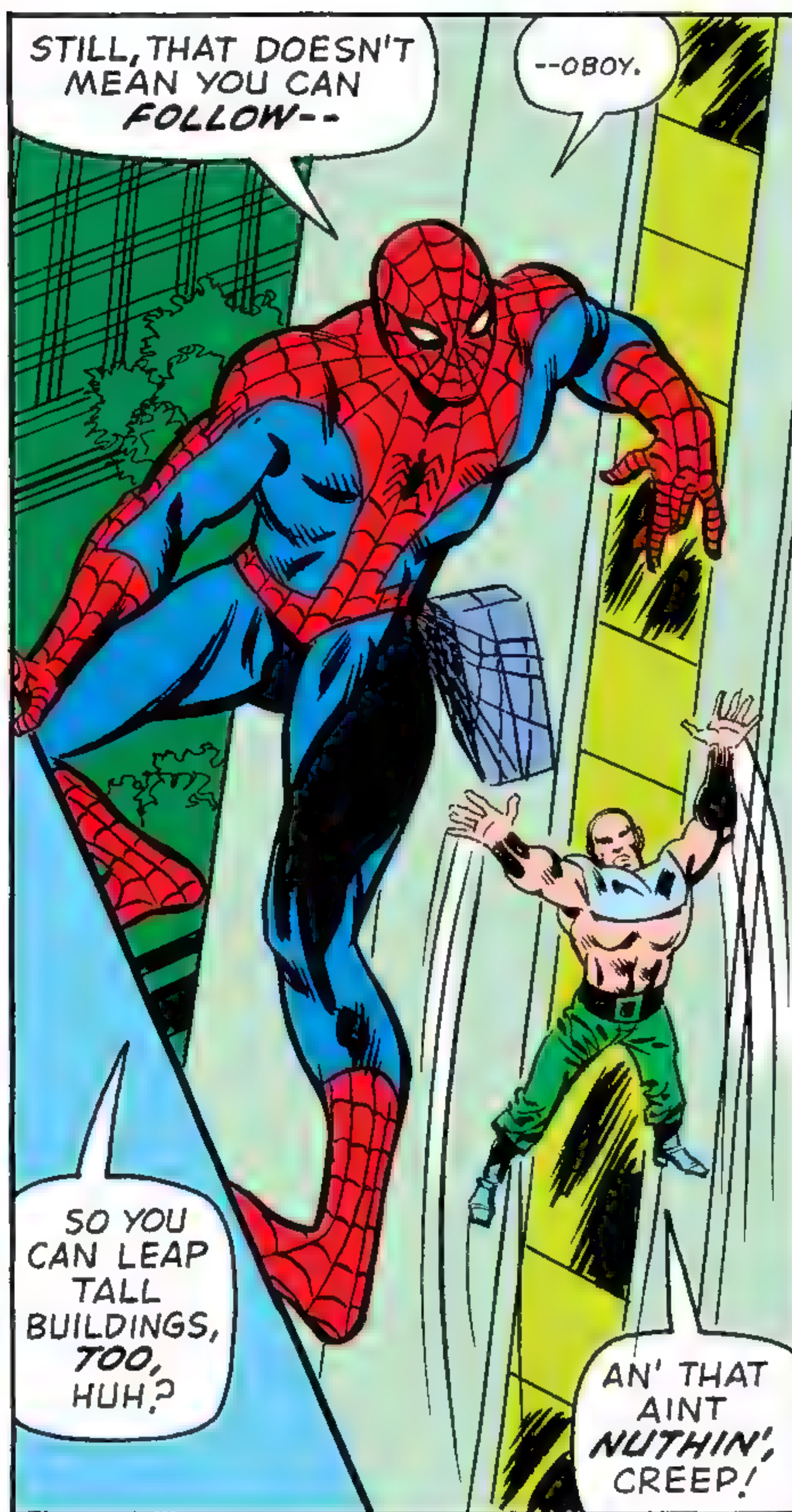
CHUCKLES, YOU'RE HARDER TO LOSE THAN A COLD!

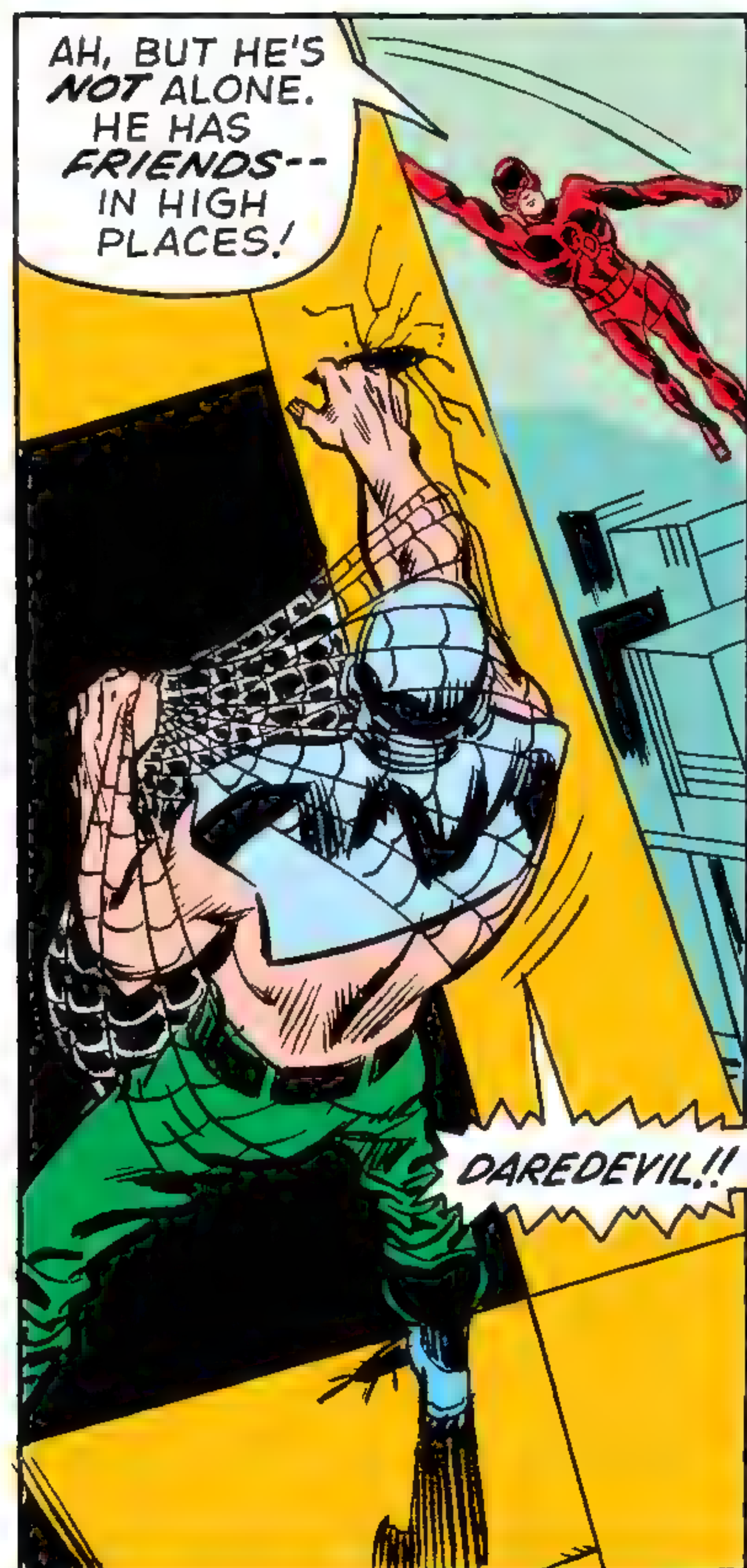
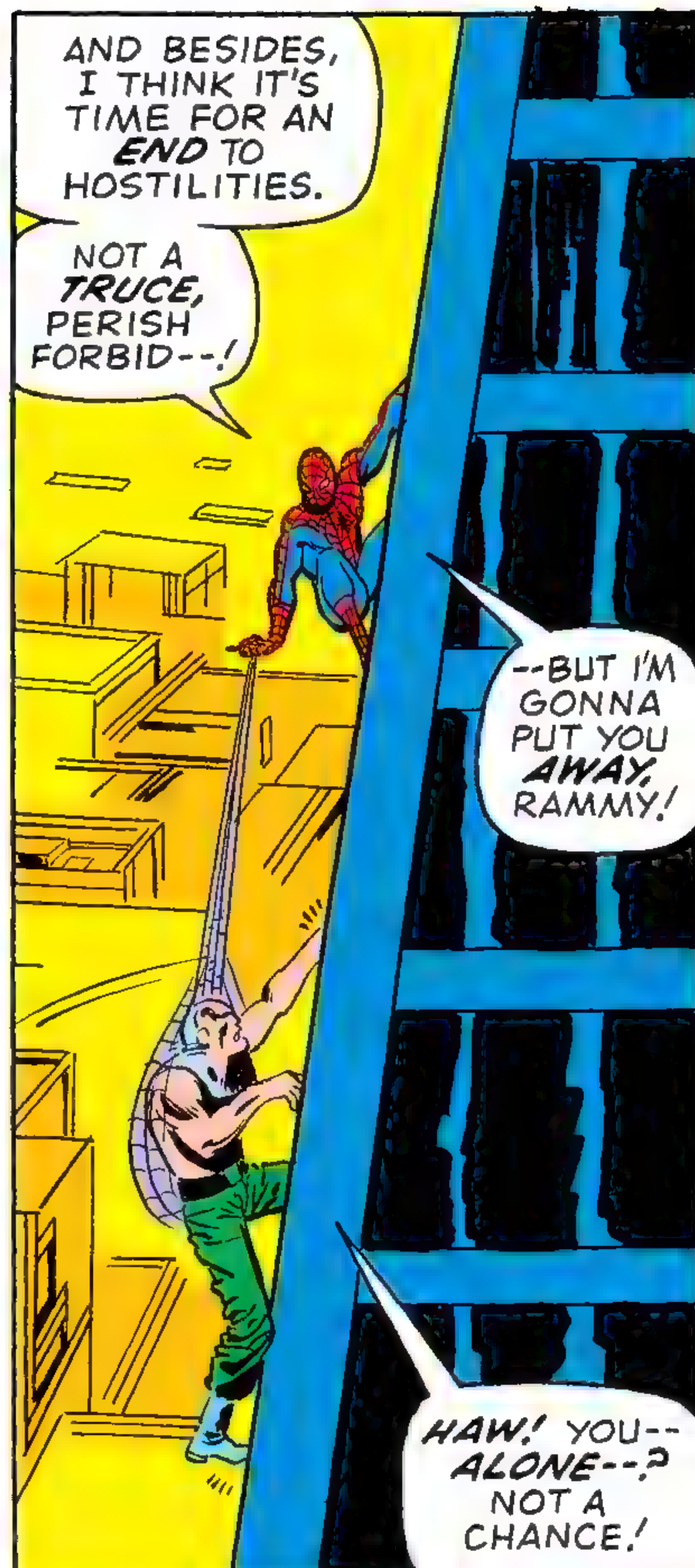
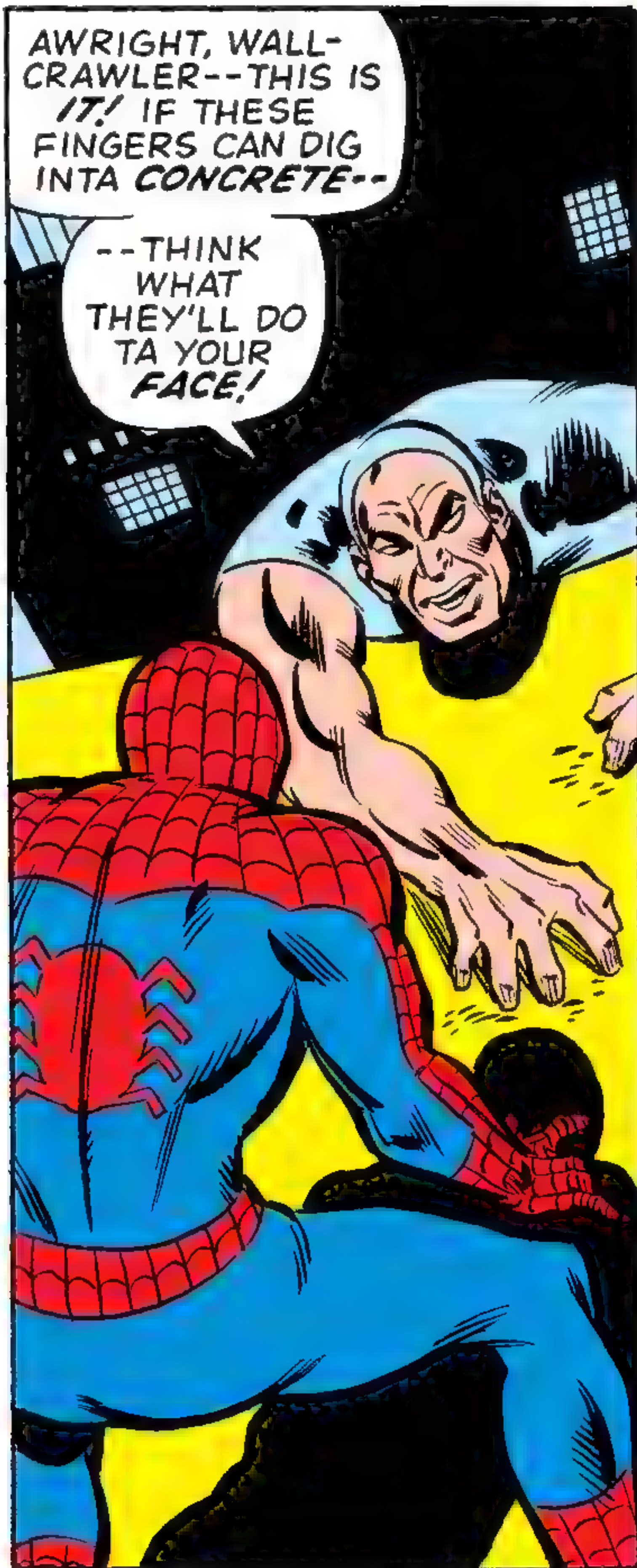
GIVE IT UP, MASKED MAN! YOU CAN'T LOSE ME!

SEE, THE BOSS TRIED TO STEAL THEM PAPERS ONCE BEFORE--

THEN THIS MAKES TWICE HE'S BLOWN IT?

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! HIS GANG COATED 'EM WITH A SPECIAL RADIO-ACTIVE CHEMICAL!







SHAKEN BY THE WIDOW'S UNEXPECTED REAPPEARANCE, THE RAMROD HESITATES-- LOSES HIS GRIP--!

AND THE RESULT--FOR HIM, AT ANY RATE--IS DISASTER--



--ALL THE WAY TO THE GROUND,

I BELIEVE THESE ARE YOURS, DD?

THAT FALL OUGHTTA KEEP RAMMY OUT OF THE PICTURE TILL THE COPS MAKE THE SCENE!

WHUNK!



AND TAKE MY ADVICE! GET YOURSELF SOME EASIER BADDIES TO TACKLE--

--LIKE DR. DOOM!

HUH--? SURE... THANKS, FELLA.



IT'S WEIRD--HE POPS UP OUT OF NOWHERE-- HELPS US--

--THEN JUST SWINGS OFF INTO THE SUNSET!



MAYBE HE'LL EXPLAIN SOME OTHER TI--OH! LOOK!

HEY, YOU TWO!



NOW CAN WE DO THAT INTERVIEW?

I MEAN, I KNOW I'M IMPOSING-- BUT YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE--

--WHAT I'VE GONE THRU FOR THIS...!

NEXT: THE INCOMPARABLE MENACE OF THE MAN CALLED--KRAVEN THE HUNTER!

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUPTM



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DAREDEVIL[®] AND THE BLACK WIDOWTM

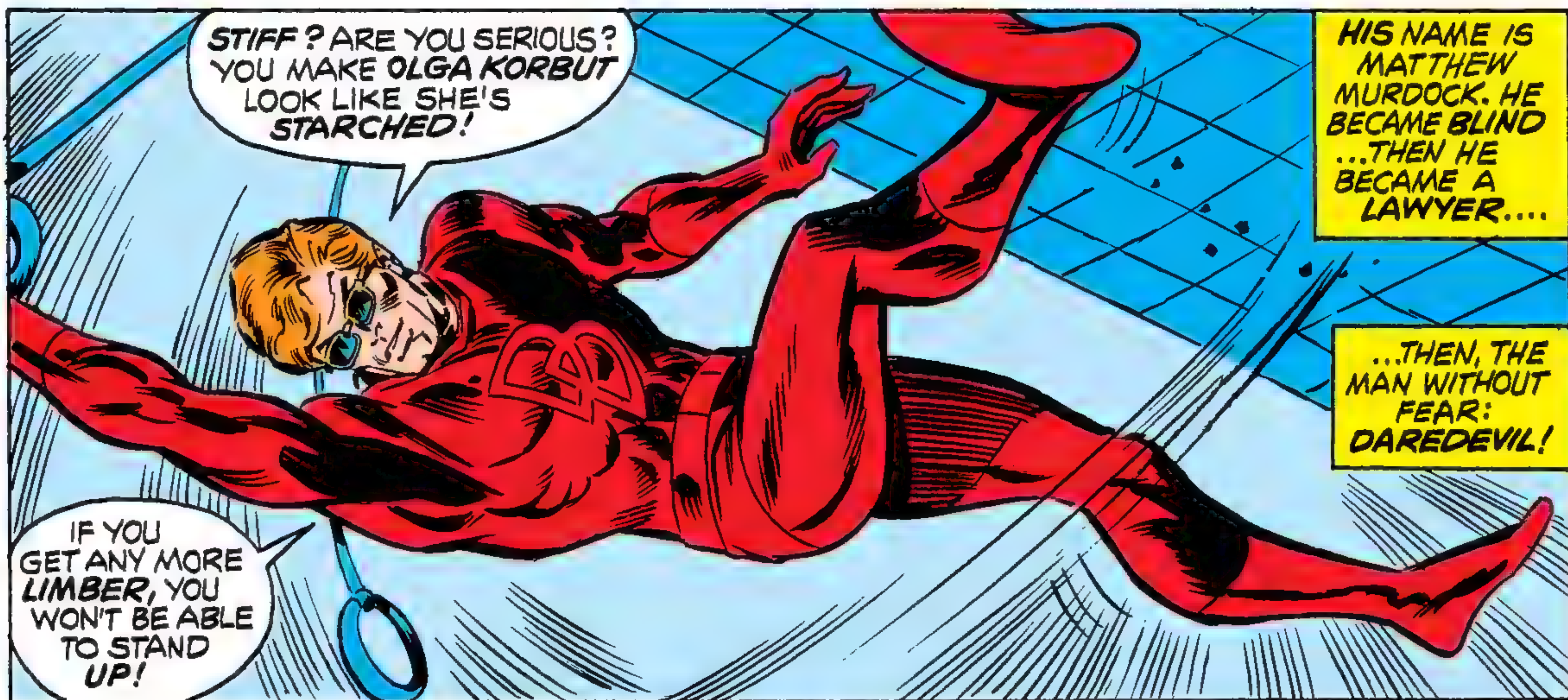
THE PREY OF THE
HUNTER!

I KNOW
KRAVEN
IS NEARBY--
WAITING--
LURKING--

BUT?
WHERE?
WHERE?





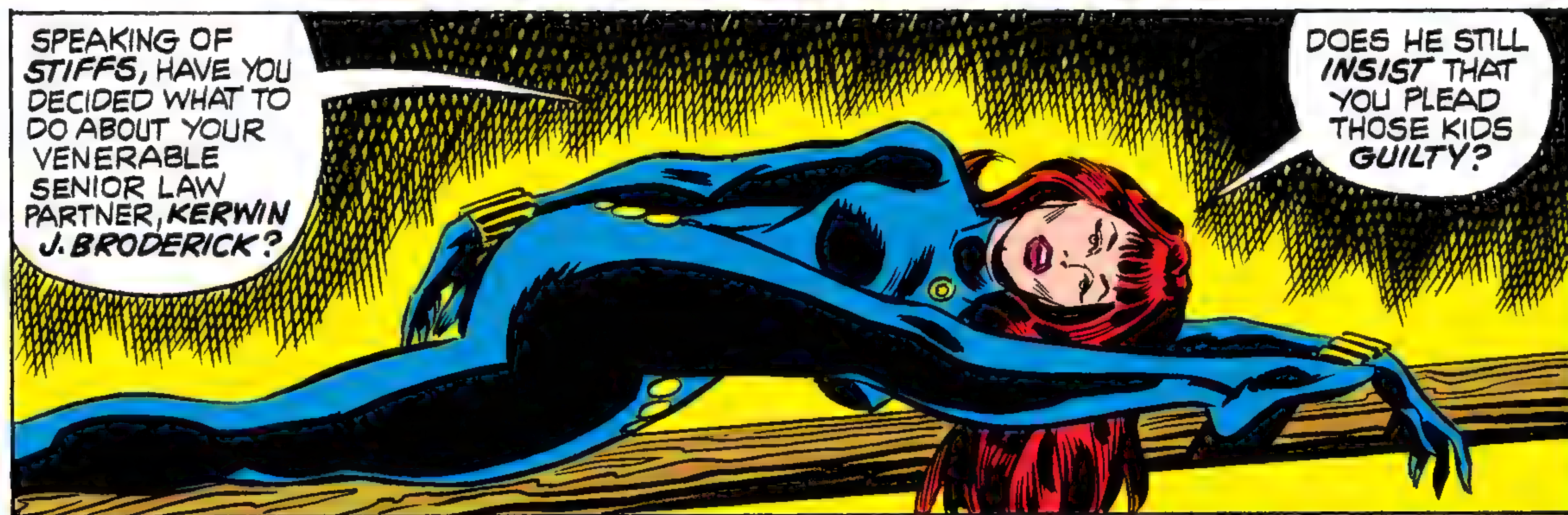


STIFF? ARE YOU SERIOUS?
YOU MAKE OLGA KOR BUT
LOOK LIKE SHE'S
STARCHED!

HIS NAME IS
MATTHEW
MURDOCK. HE
BECAME BLIND
...THEN HE
BECAME A
LAWYER....

...THEN, THE
MAN WITHOUT
FEAR:
DAREDEVIL!

IF YOU
GET ANY MORE
LIMBER, YOU
WON'T BE ABLE
TO STAND
UP!



SPEAKING OF
STIFFS, HAVE YOU
DECIDED WHAT TO
DO ABOUT YOUR
VENERABLE
SENIOR LAW
PARTNER, KERWIN
J. BRODERICK?

DOES HE STILL
INSIST THAT
YOU PLEAD
THOSE KIDS
GUILTY?



HE DOES-- BUT
I WON'T! I
FINALLY HAD A
CHANCE TO TALK
TO THEM--

I'M MORE
CONVINCED
THAN EVER
--THEY'RE
INNOCENT!

THEY DON'T
EVEN REMEMBER
ATTACKING THE
RESEARCH CENTER!*

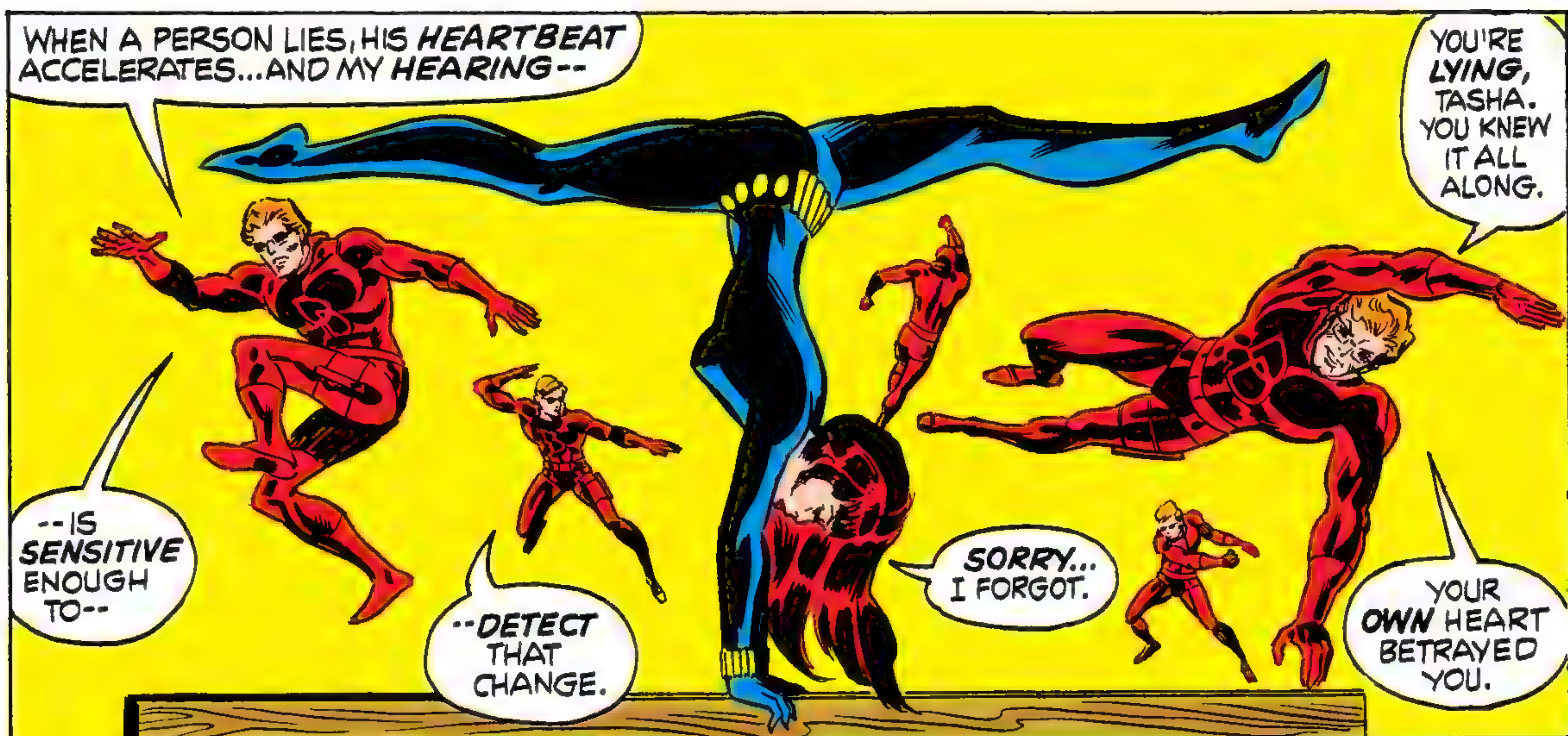
SO THEY SAY--
BUT HOW CAN YOU
BE SO SURE
THEY'RE TELLING
THE TRUTH?

*SEE DD/BW #97.--R.T.



TASHA, I'M
SURPRISED
AT YOU!

I'M A HUMAN
LIE DETECTOR--
REMEMBER?



WHEN A PERSON LIES, HIS HEARTBEAT ACCELERATES...AND MY HEARING--

YOU'RE LYING, TASHA. YOU KNEW IT ALL ALONG.

--IS SENSITIVE ENOUGH TO--

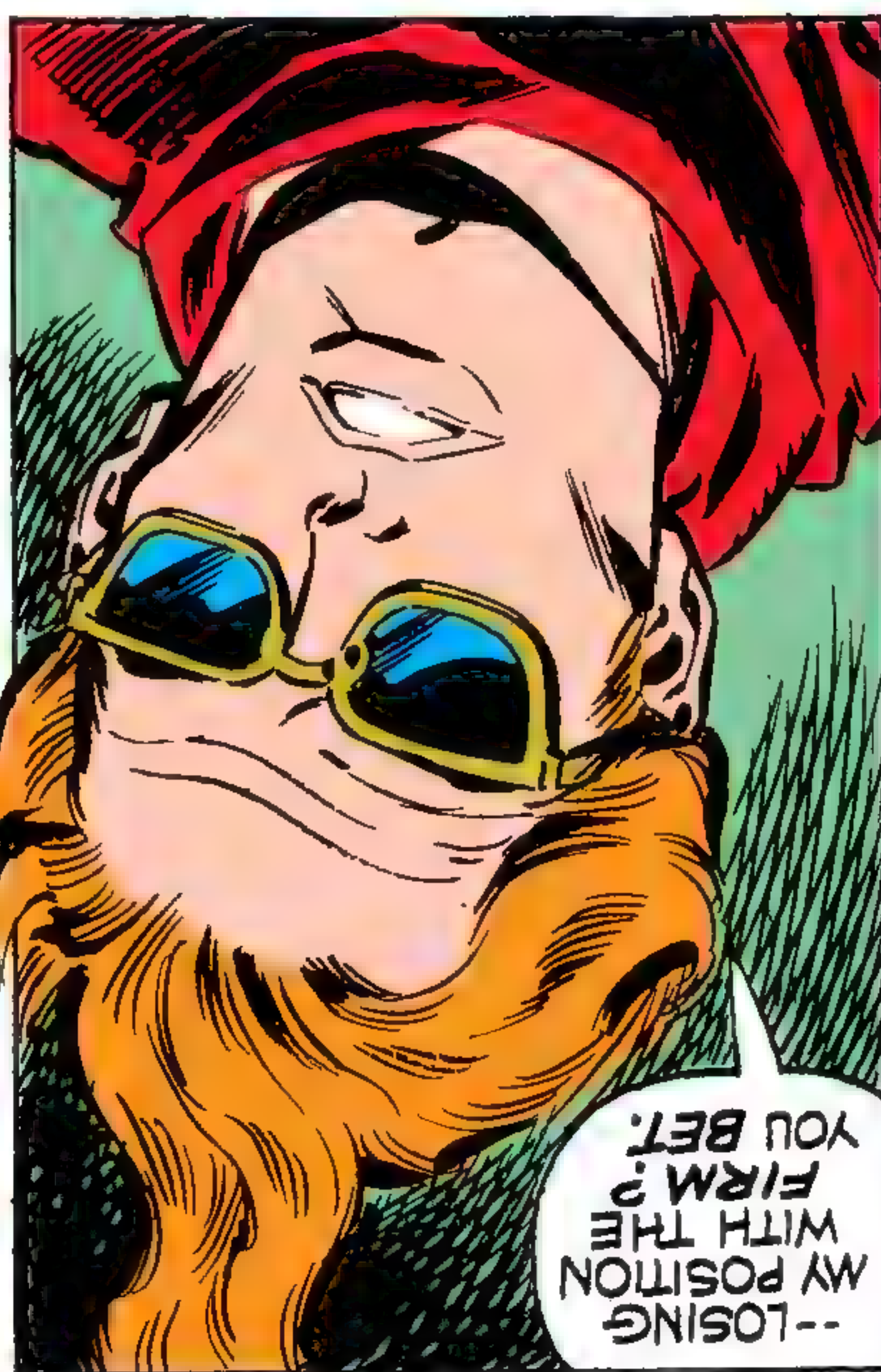
--DETECT THAT CHANGE.

SORRY... I FORGOT.

YOUR OWN HEART BETRAYED YOU.



TOUCHÉ. BUT, MATT... IF YOU DO CROSS BRODERICK, MIGHTN'T IT MEAN...?

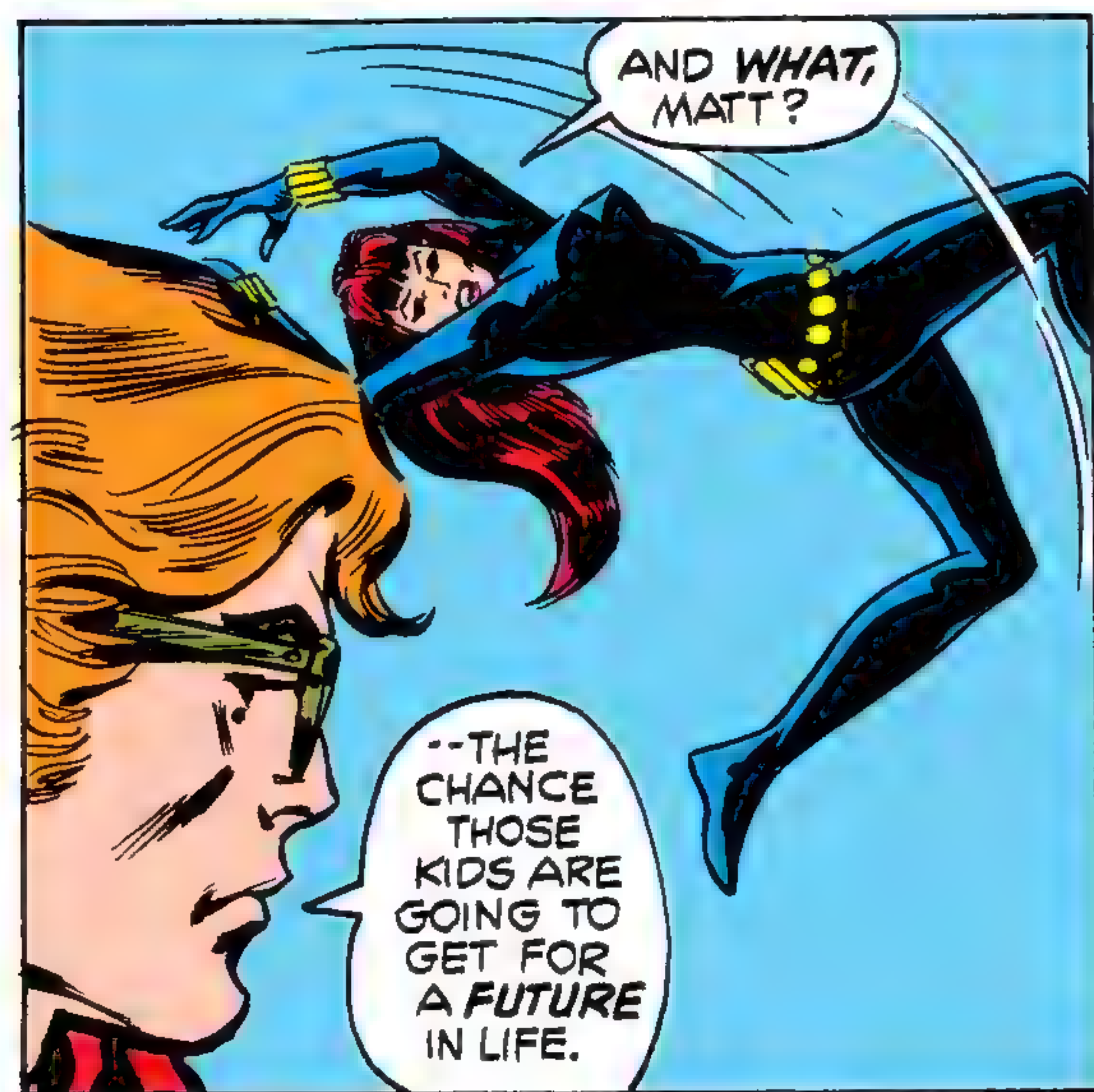


--LOSING MY POSITION WITH THE FIRM? YOU BET.



BUT THERE'S MORE THAN JUST A JOB AND MONEY AT STAKE:

MY CODE OF LEGAL ETHICS, AND--



AND WHAT, MATT?

--THE CHANCE THOSE KIDS ARE GOING TO GET FOR A FUTURE IN LIFE.

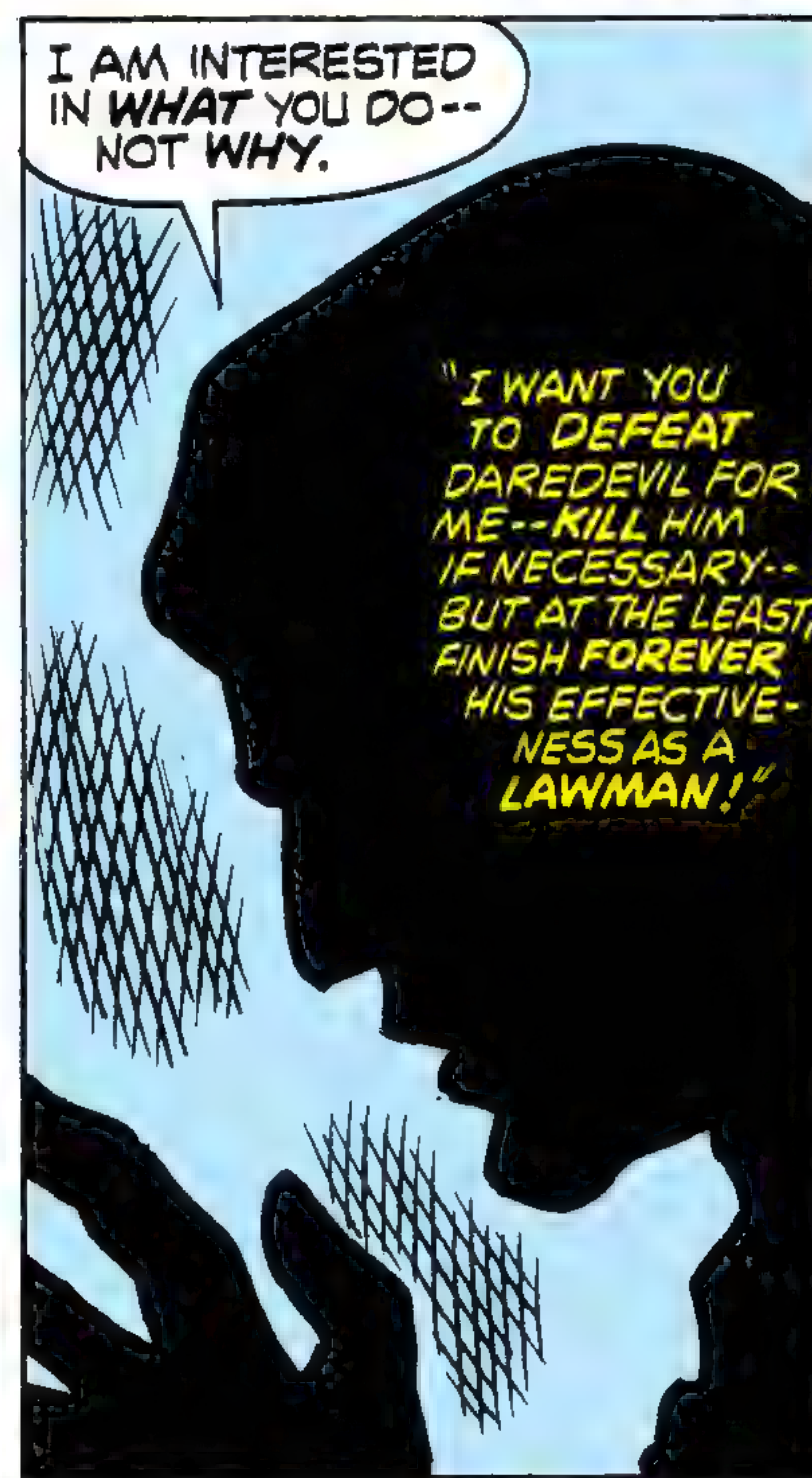
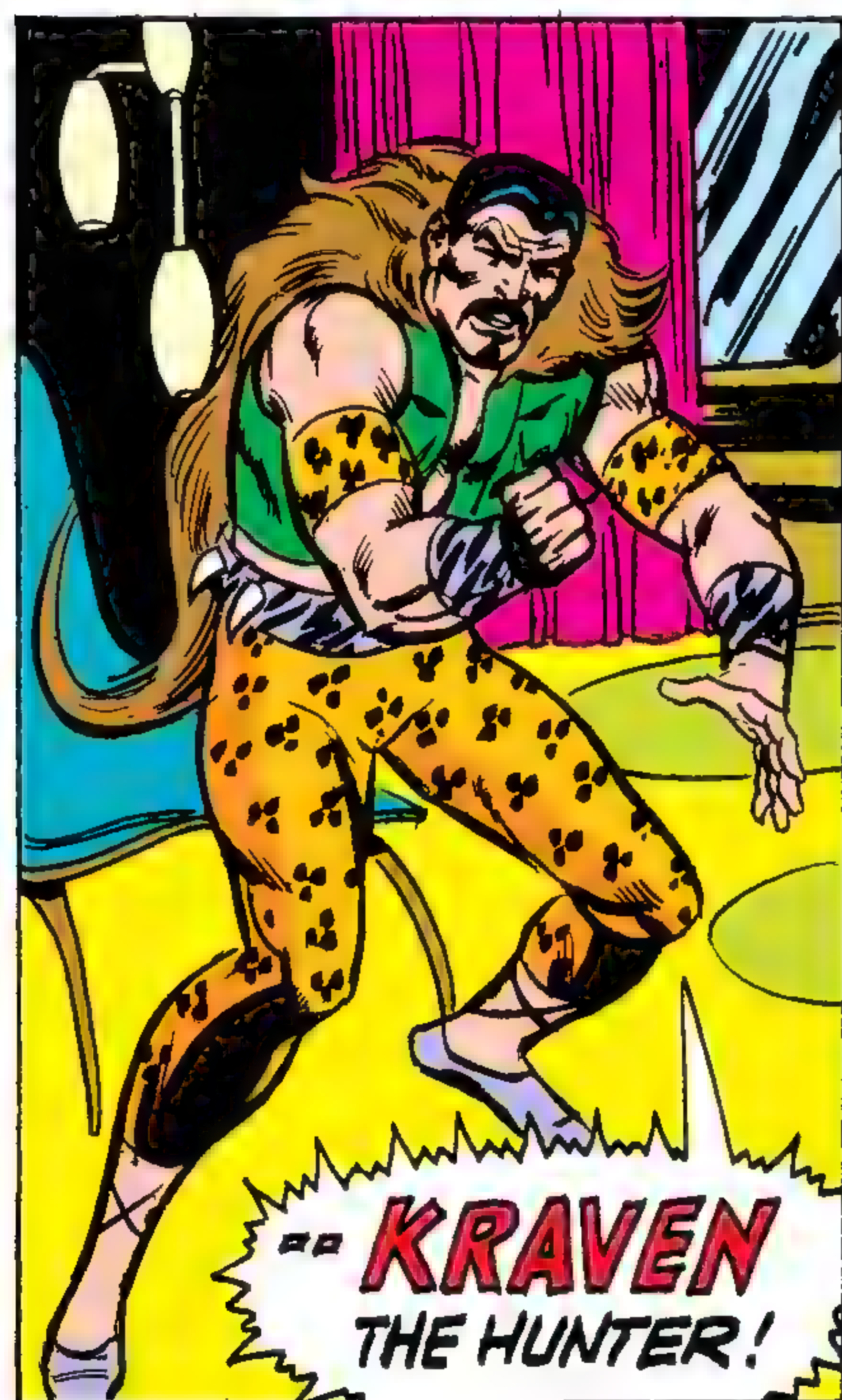
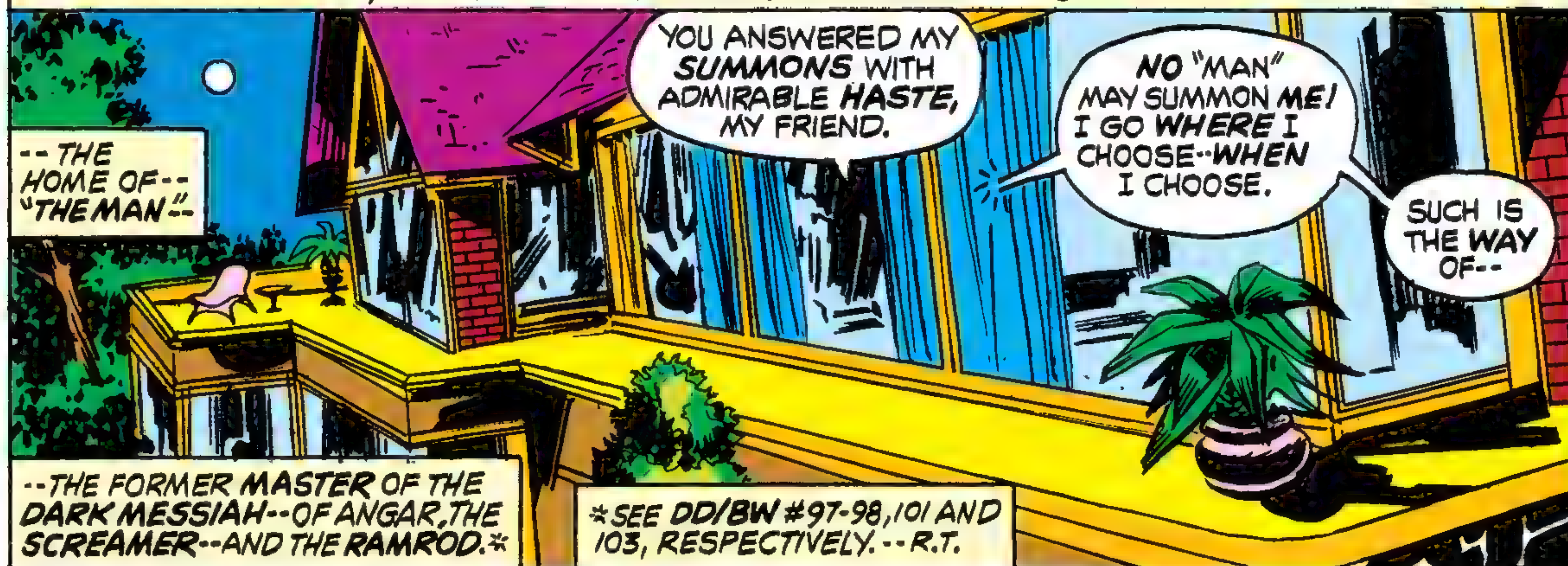


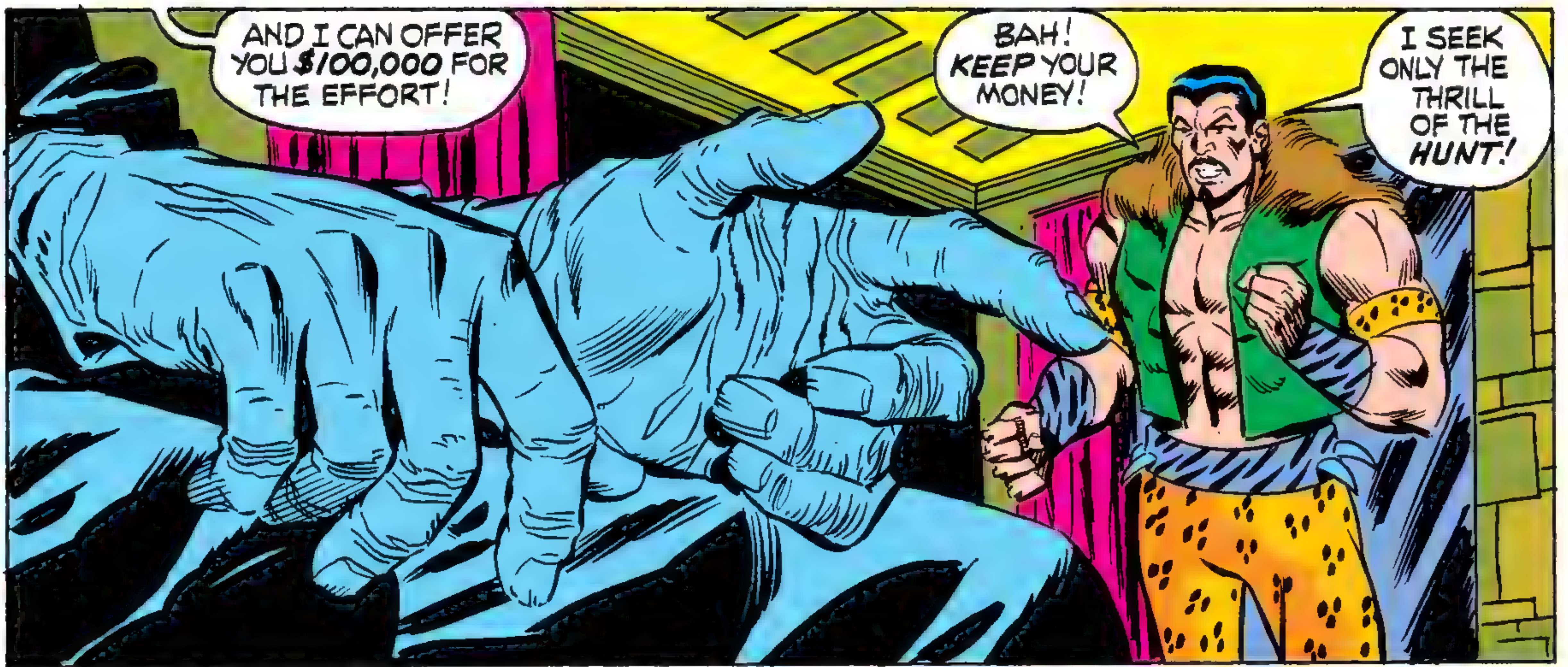
SO YOU'RE GOING TO PLEAD IT YOUR WAY?

I HAVE TO... IF I WANT TO LIVE WITH MYSELF.



ON THAT CRYPTIC NOTE, OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO AN ULTRA-MODERN CLIFFSIDE ESTATE MILES AWAY--





AND I CAN OFFER YOU \$100,000 FOR THE EFFORT!

BAH! KEEP YOUR MONEY!

I SEEK ONLY THE THRILL OF THE HUNT!



BUT I ACCEPT YOUR PROPOSITION ...FOR OFTEN HAVE I WONDERED HOW I MIGHT FARE---

--AGAINST A PREY THAT KNOWS NO FEAR.



WHATEVER YOUR MOTIVES, OUR GOAL IS STILL A MUTUAL ONE!

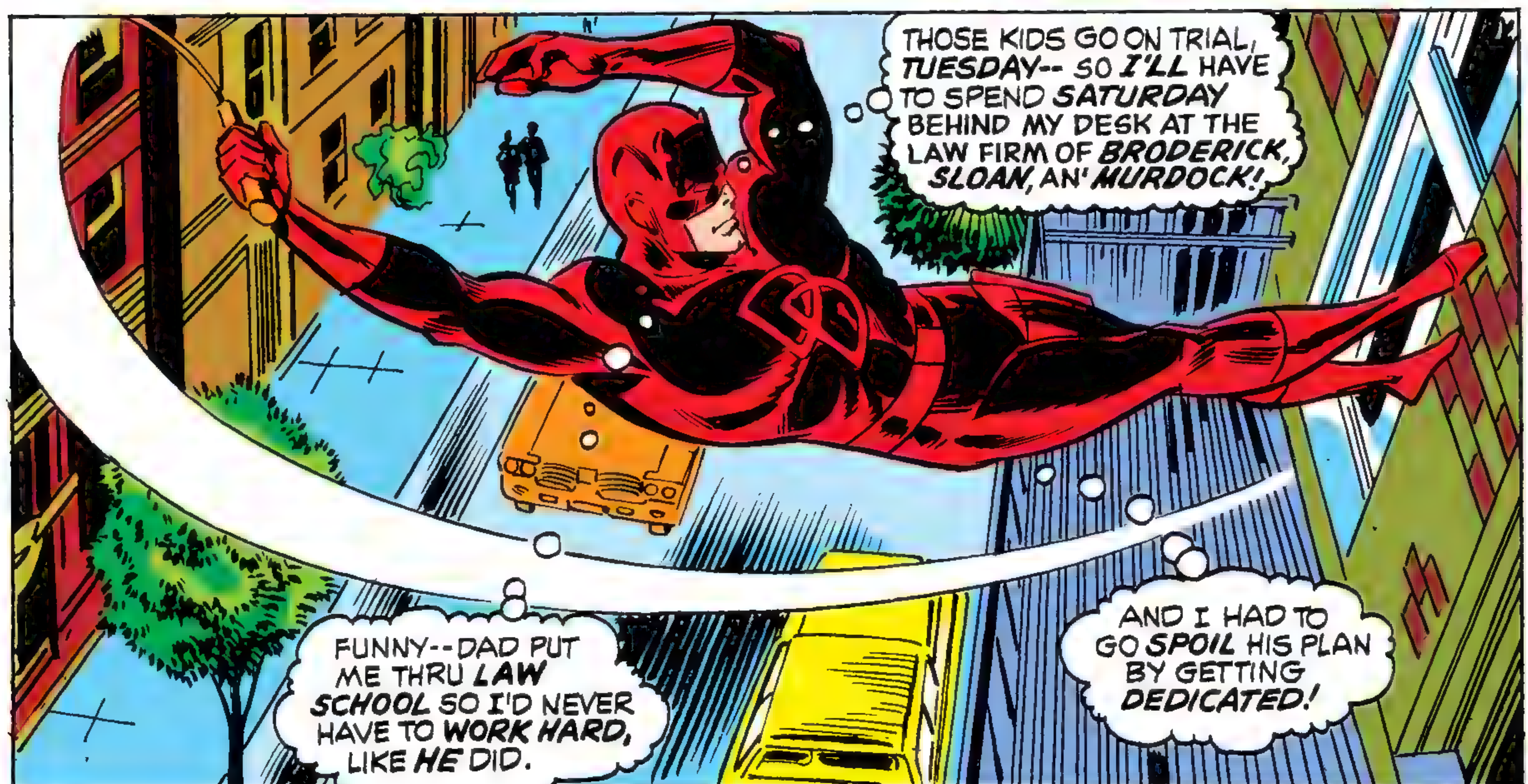
THE END OF DARE-DEVIL!

OMINOUS ENOUGH FOR YA?



GOOD. BECAUSE IT'S TIME TO SWITCH SCENES AGAIN-- TO DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO--

--AND THE RED-GARBED HERO IN QUESTION.



THOSE KIDS GO ON TRIAL, TUESDAY-- SO I'LL HAVE TO SPEND SATURDAY BEHIND MY DESK AT THE LAW FIRM OF BRODERICK, SLOAN, AN' MURDOCK!

FUNNY--DAD PUT ME THRU LAW SCHOOL SO I'D NEVER HAVE TO WORK HARD, LIKE HE DID.

AND I HAD TO GO SPOIL HIS PLAN BY GETTING DEDICATED!

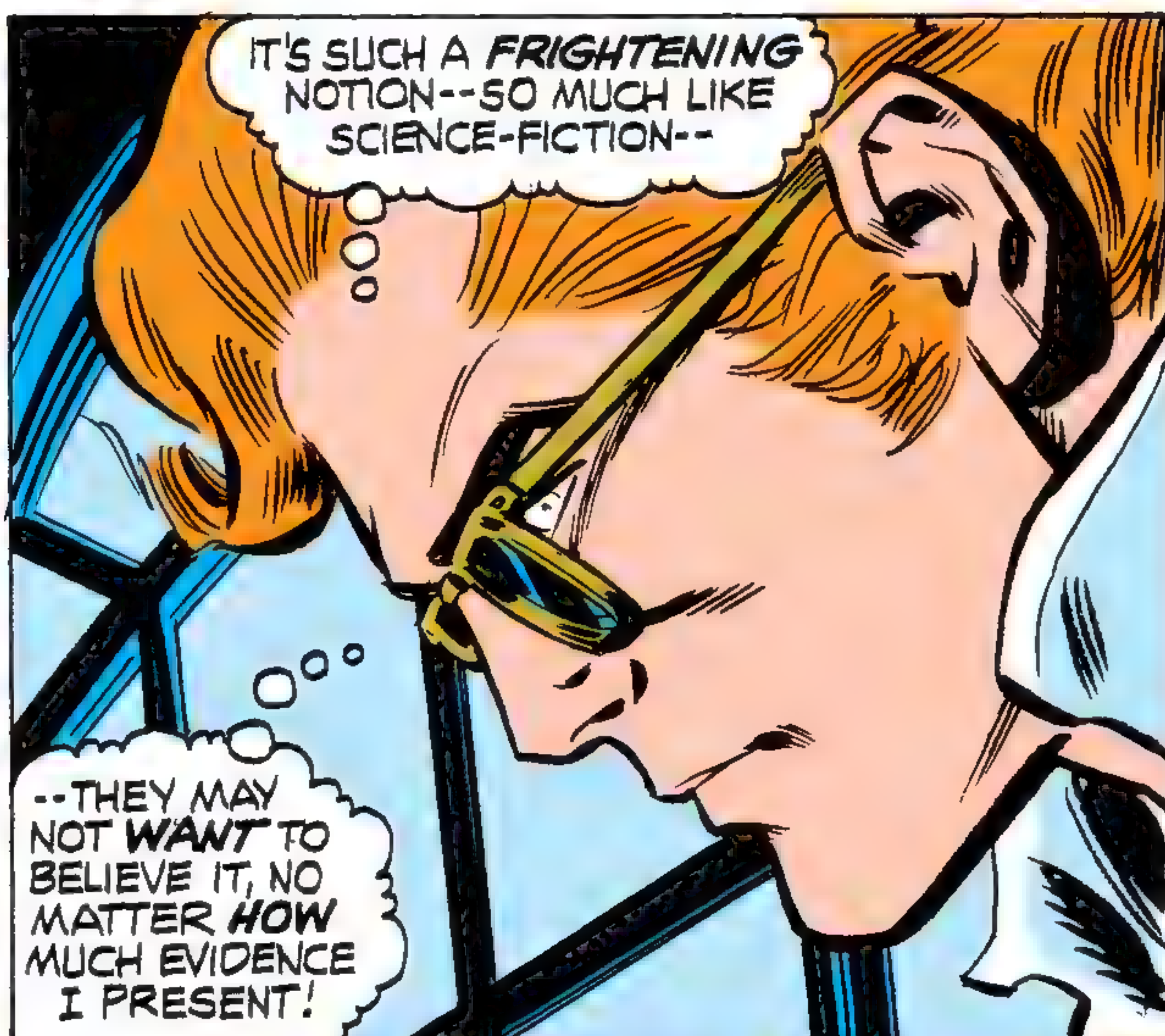


BUT I NEED THIS TIME TO GO OVER MY BRIEFS...

...AND TODAY I WON'T BE INTERRUPTED.

HAVE TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO MAKE A JURY BELIEVE--

-- THAT THOSE KIDS WERE UNDER SOME KIND OF MIND-CONTROL.



IT'S SUCH A FRIGHTENING NOTION--SO MUCH LIKE SCIENCE-FICTION--

--THEY MAY NOT WANT TO BELIEVE IT, NO MATTER HOW MUCH EVIDENCE I PRESENT!



MATT! I WAS IN MY OFFICE--HEARD YOU COME IN.

I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS!

IT MUST BE, TO BRING YOU IN ON A WEEK-END.



I HAD DINNER LAST NIGHT WITH JUDGE ALBRIGHT!

AND HERE'S THE RESULT, OLD PARTNER, OLD FRIEND!



I GOT YOU A POSTPONEMENT ON THE TRIAL OF THOSE RESEARCH CENTER VANDALS--

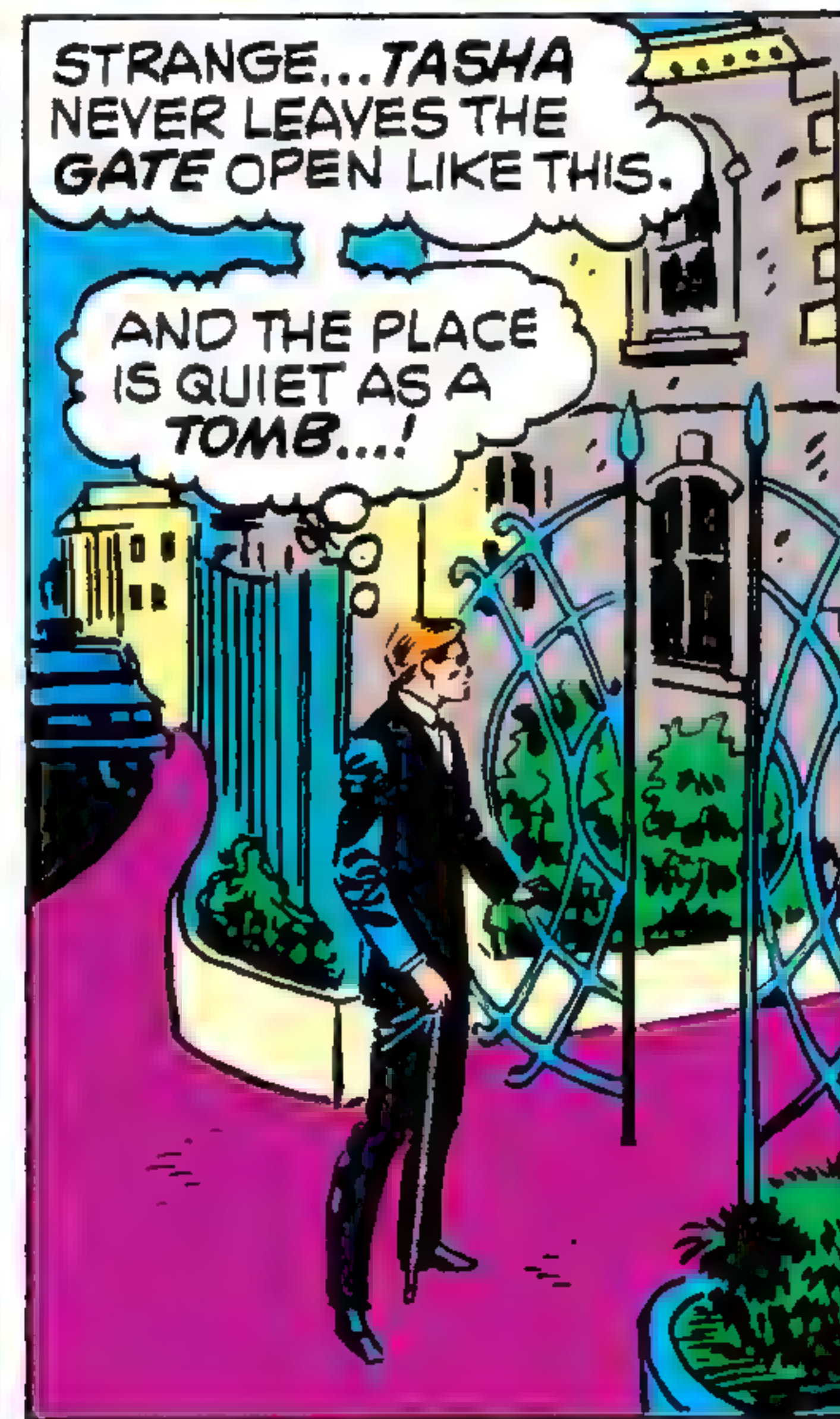
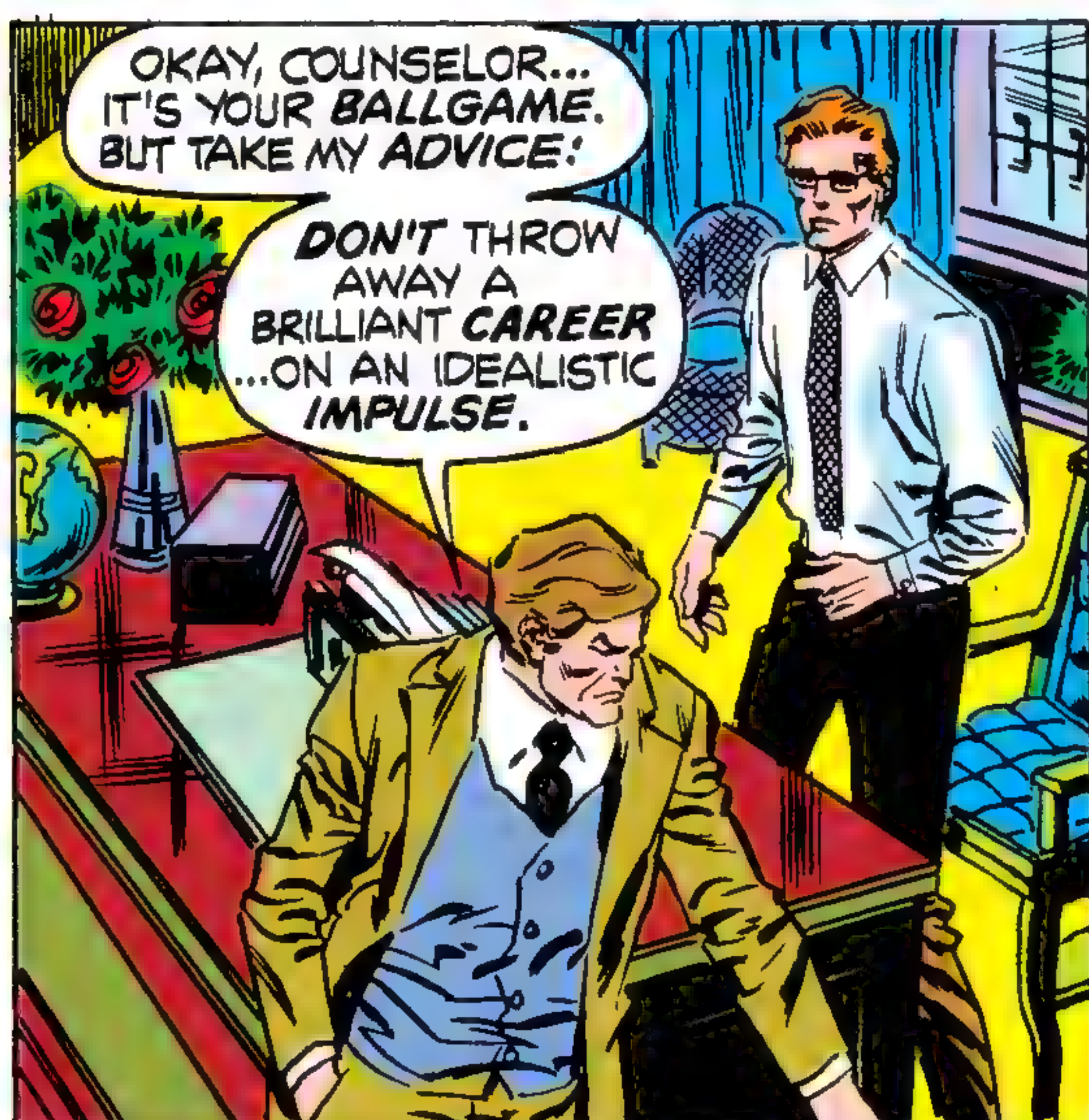
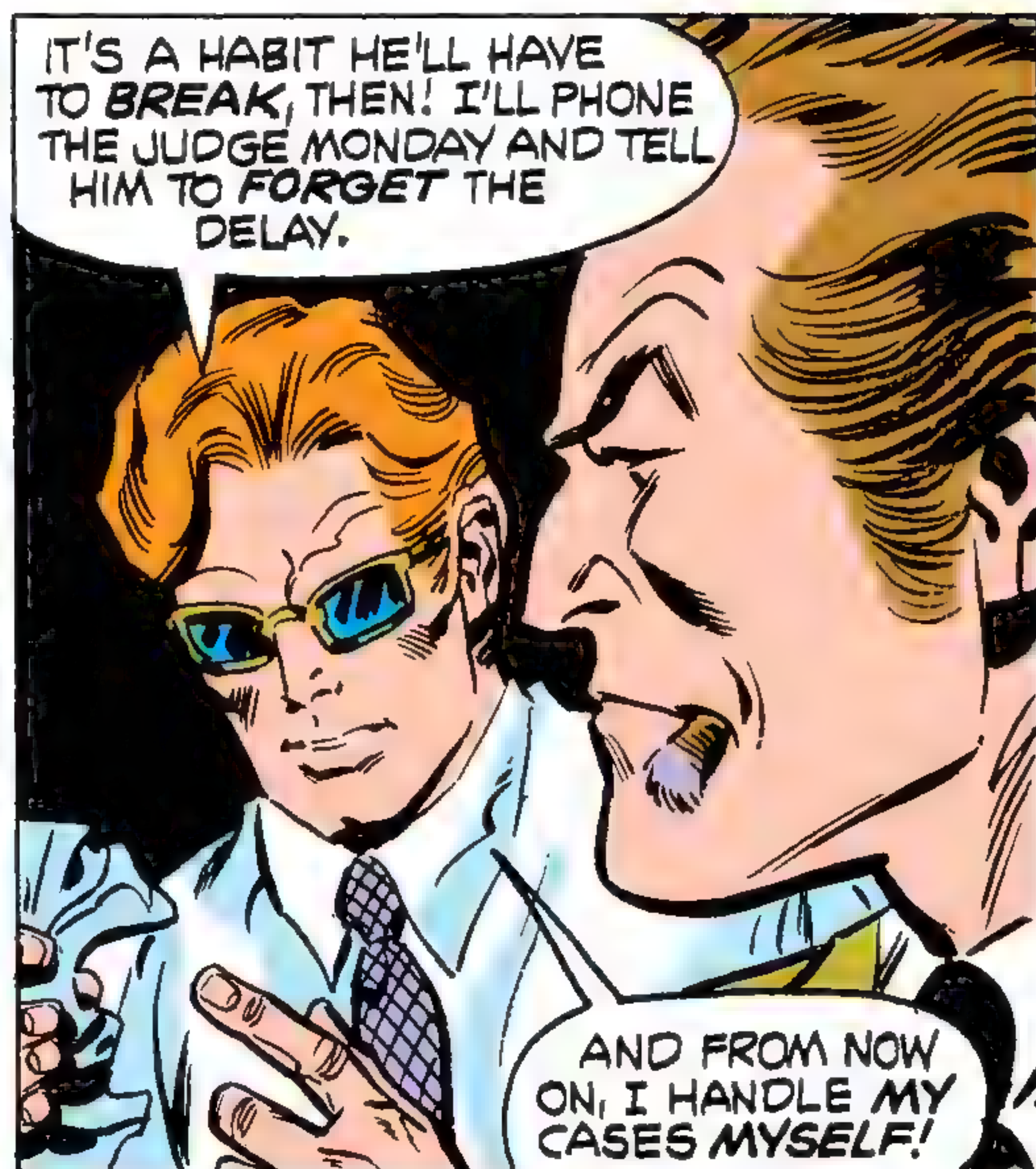
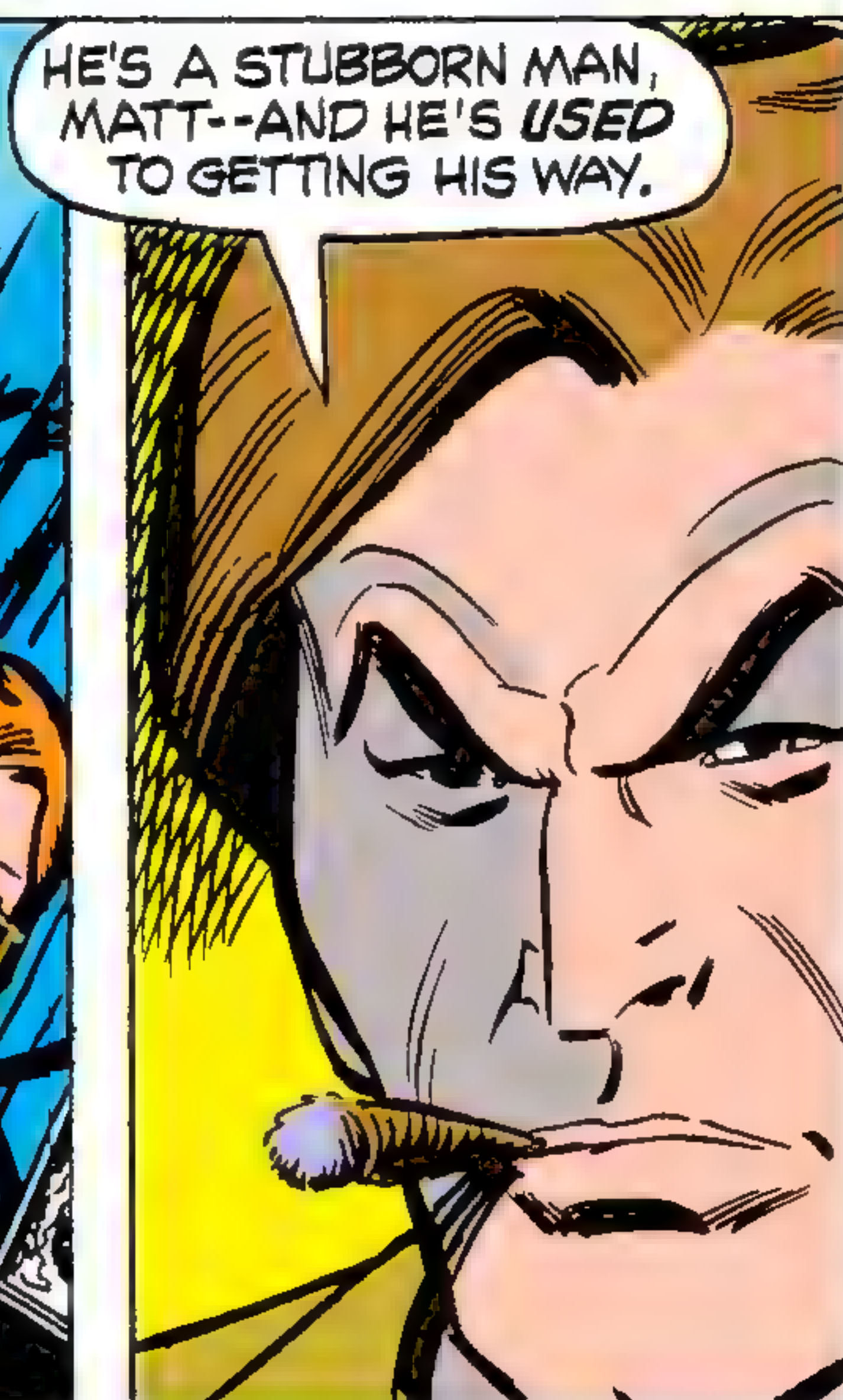
--SO YOU'D HAVE TIME TO, EH, RECONSIDER YOUR PLEA!

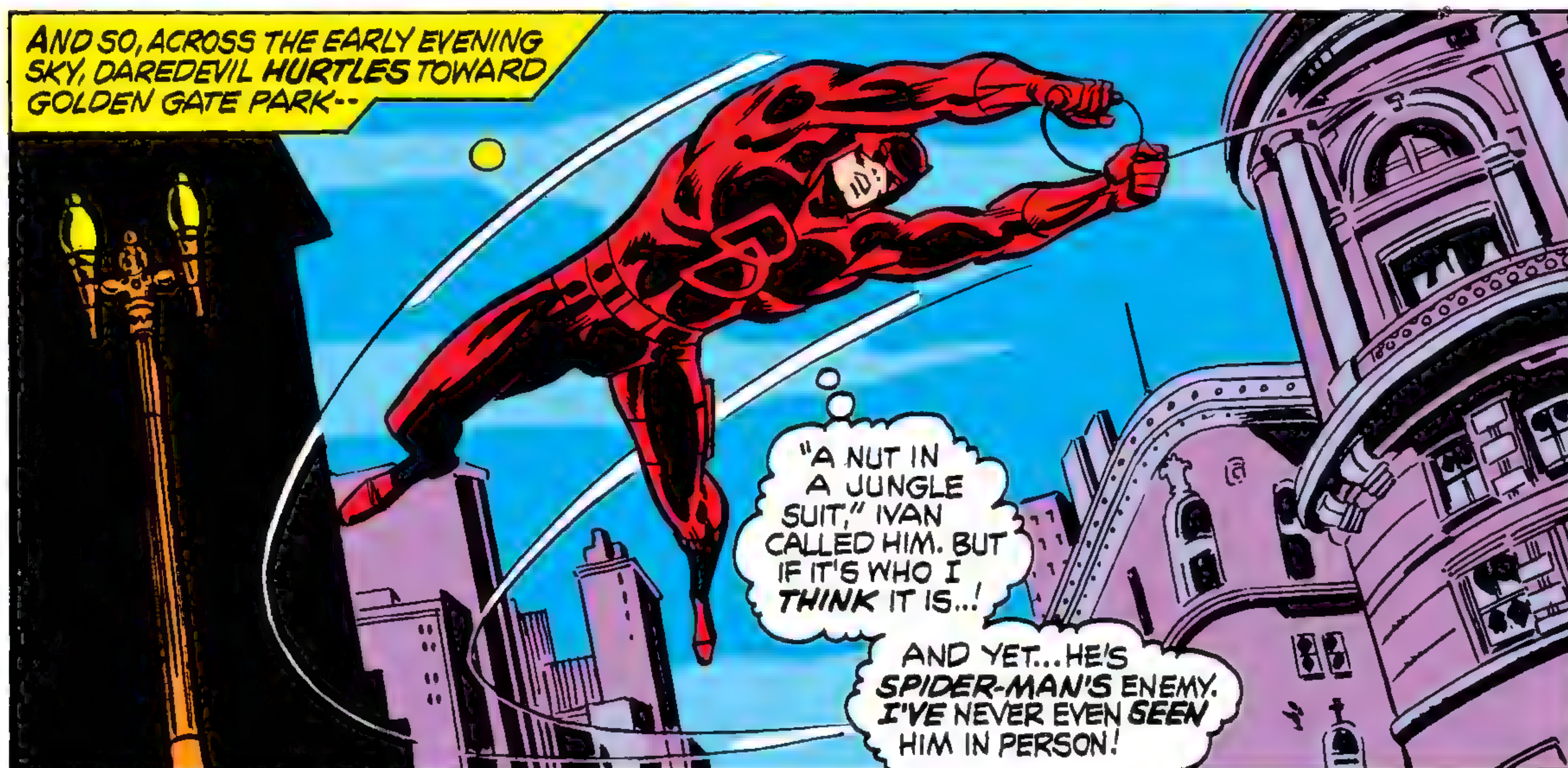
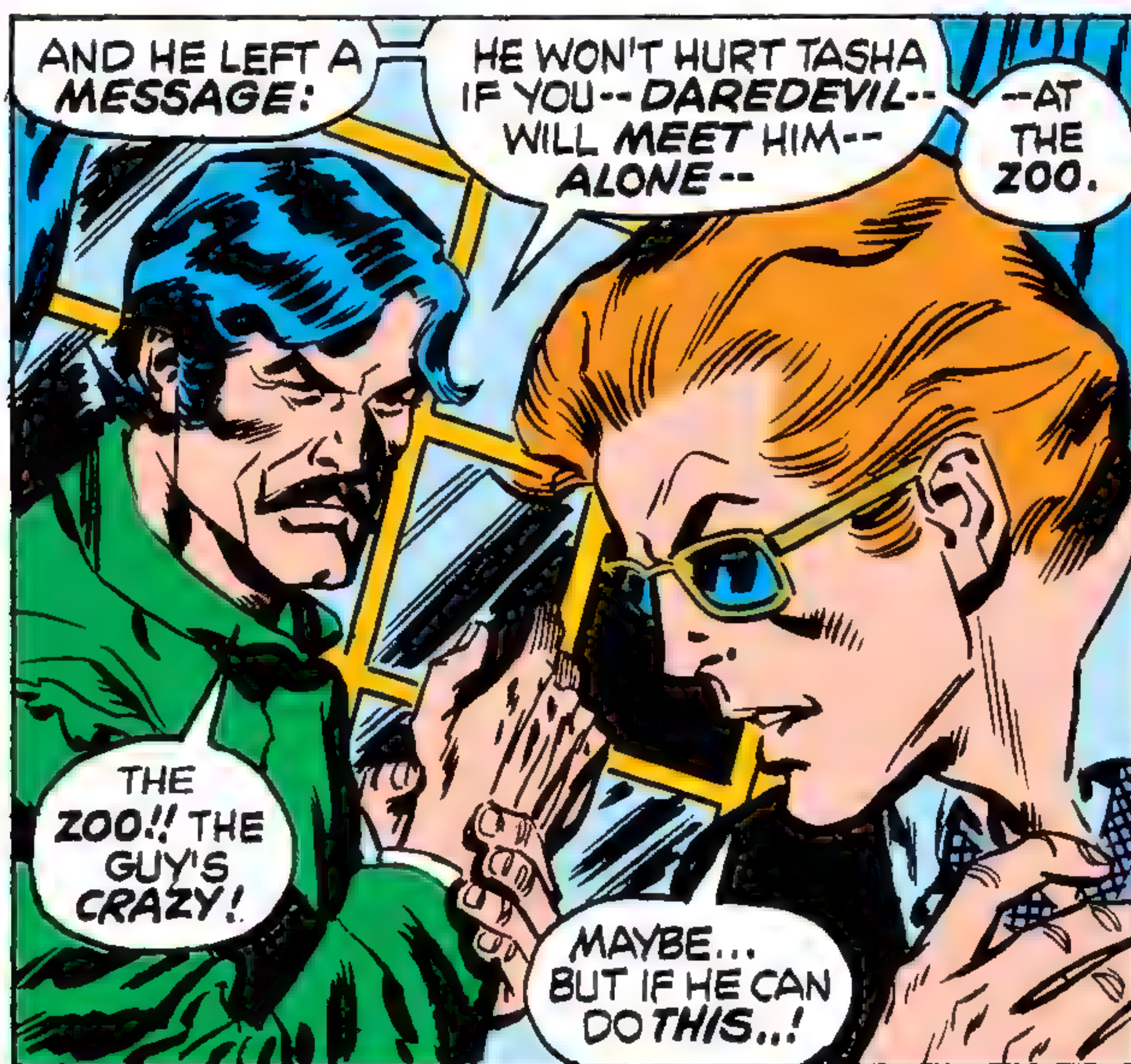
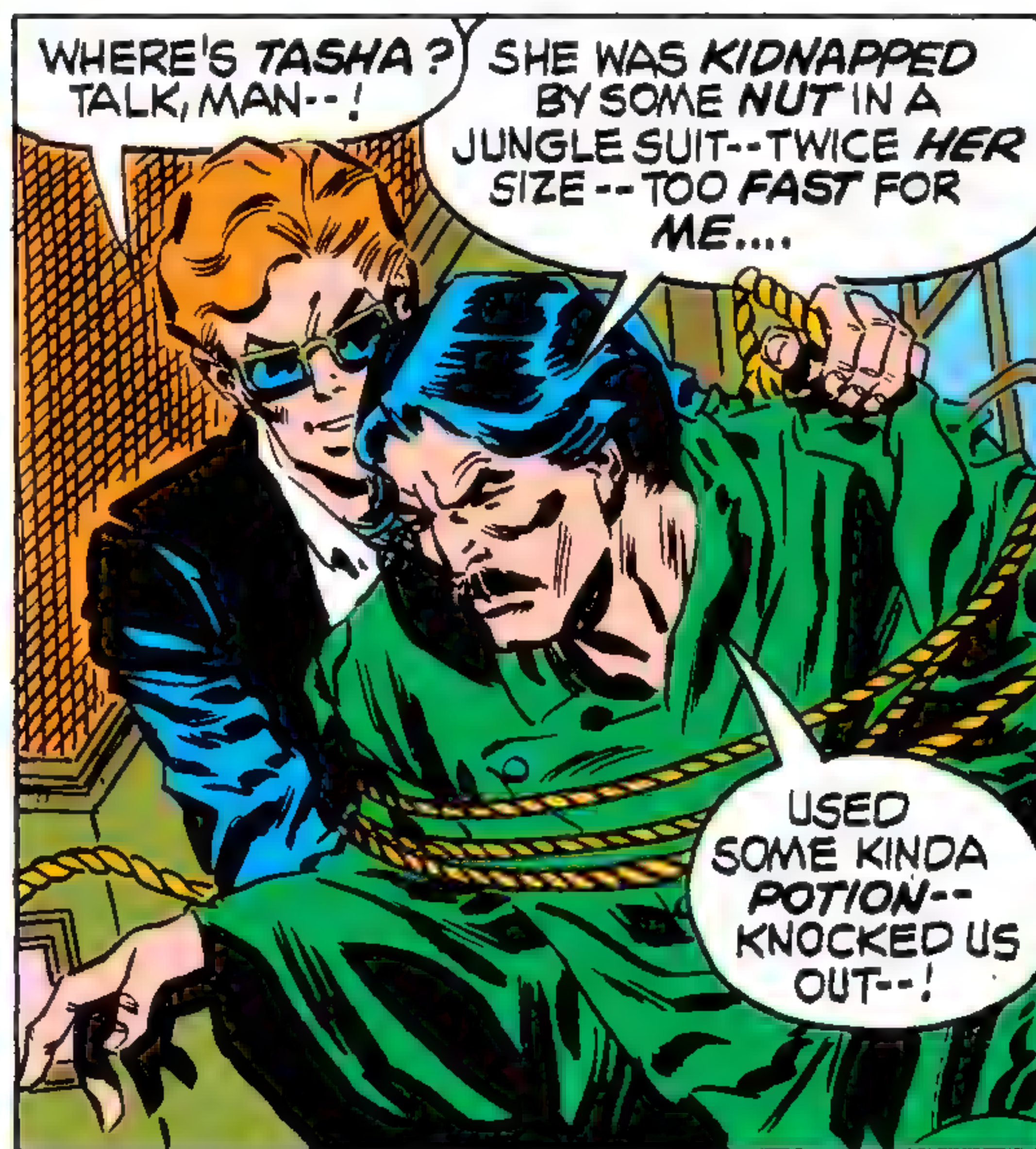
DON'T SAY JASON SLOAN NEVER DID YOU A FAVOR!

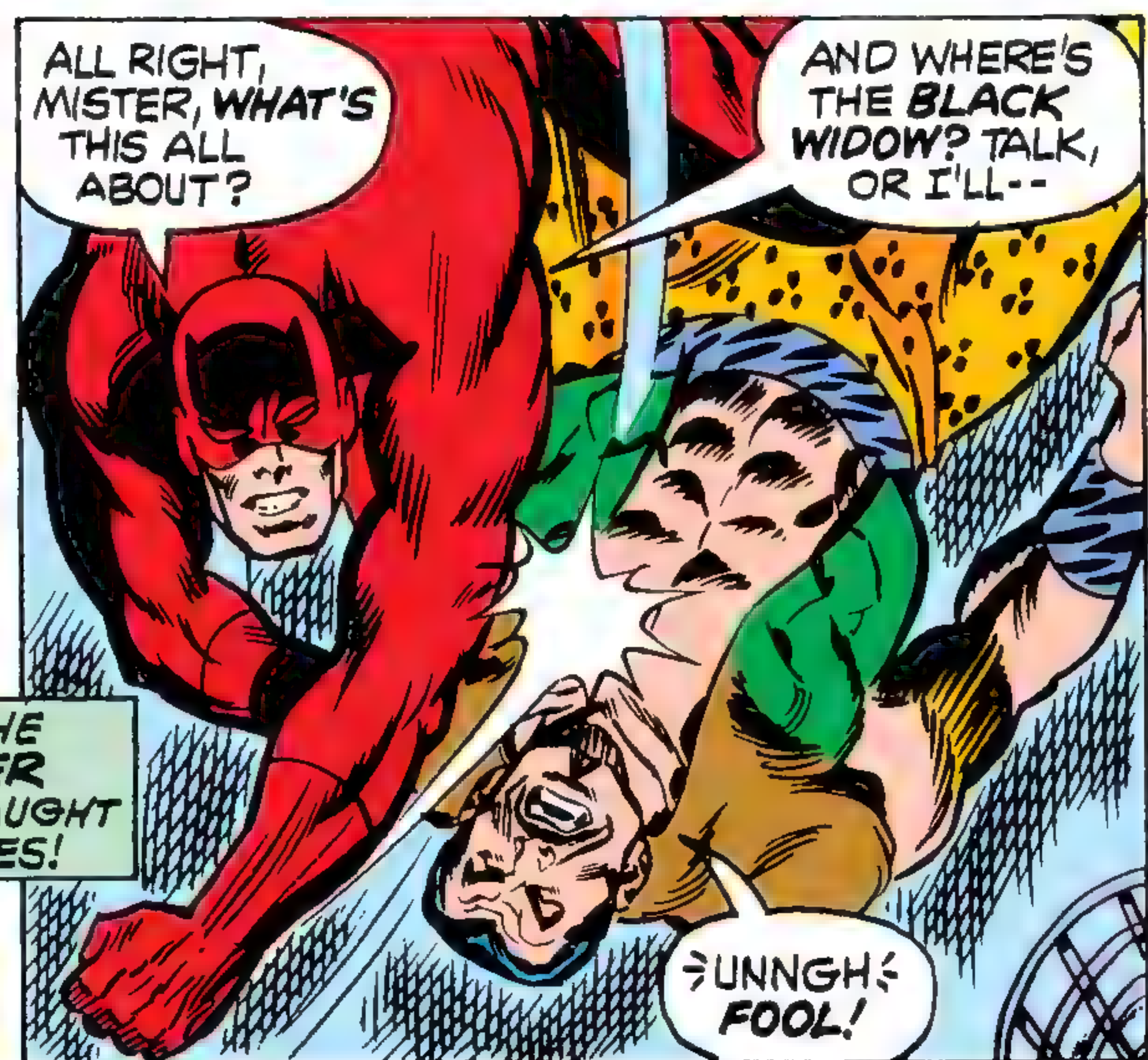
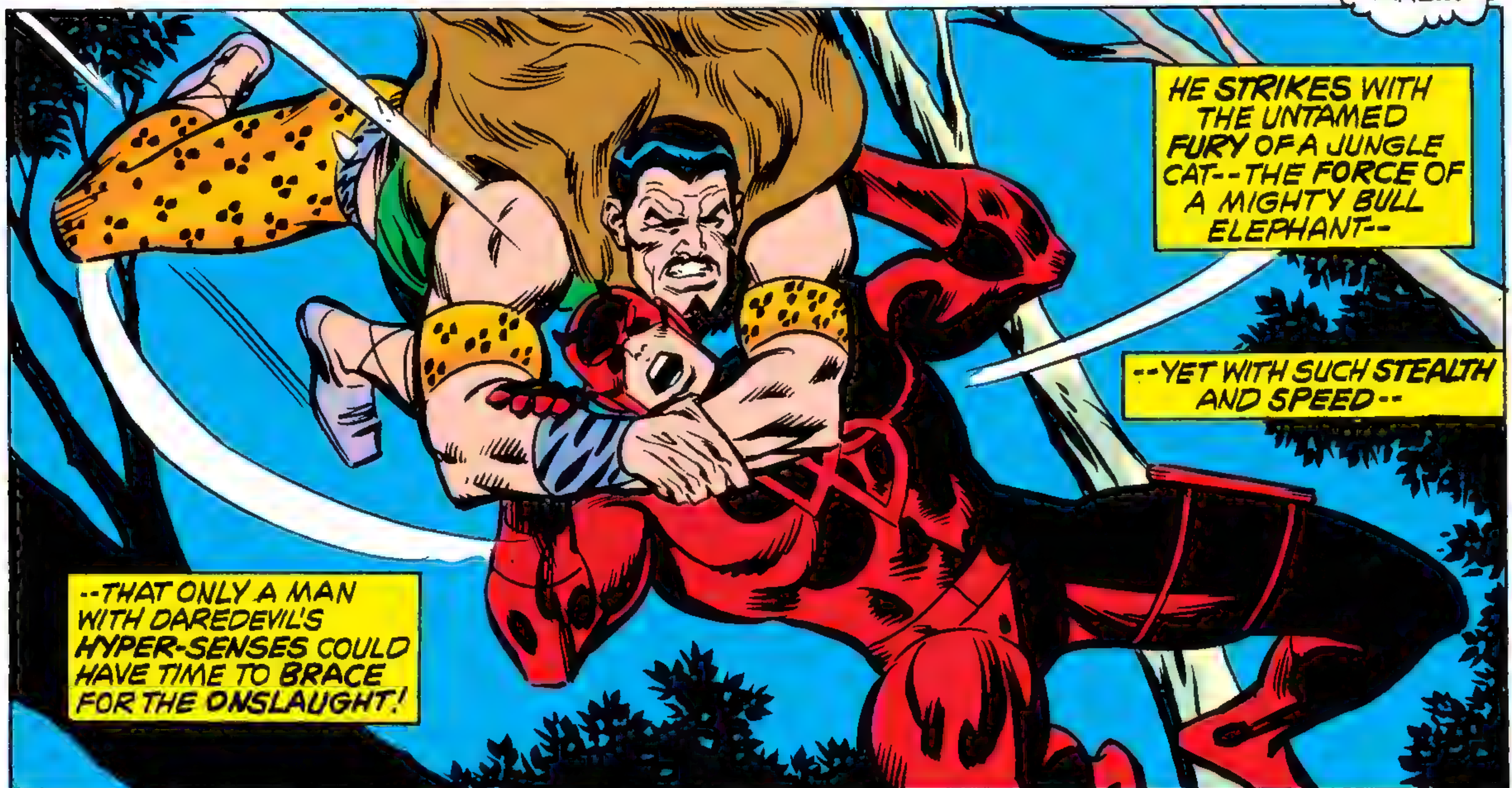
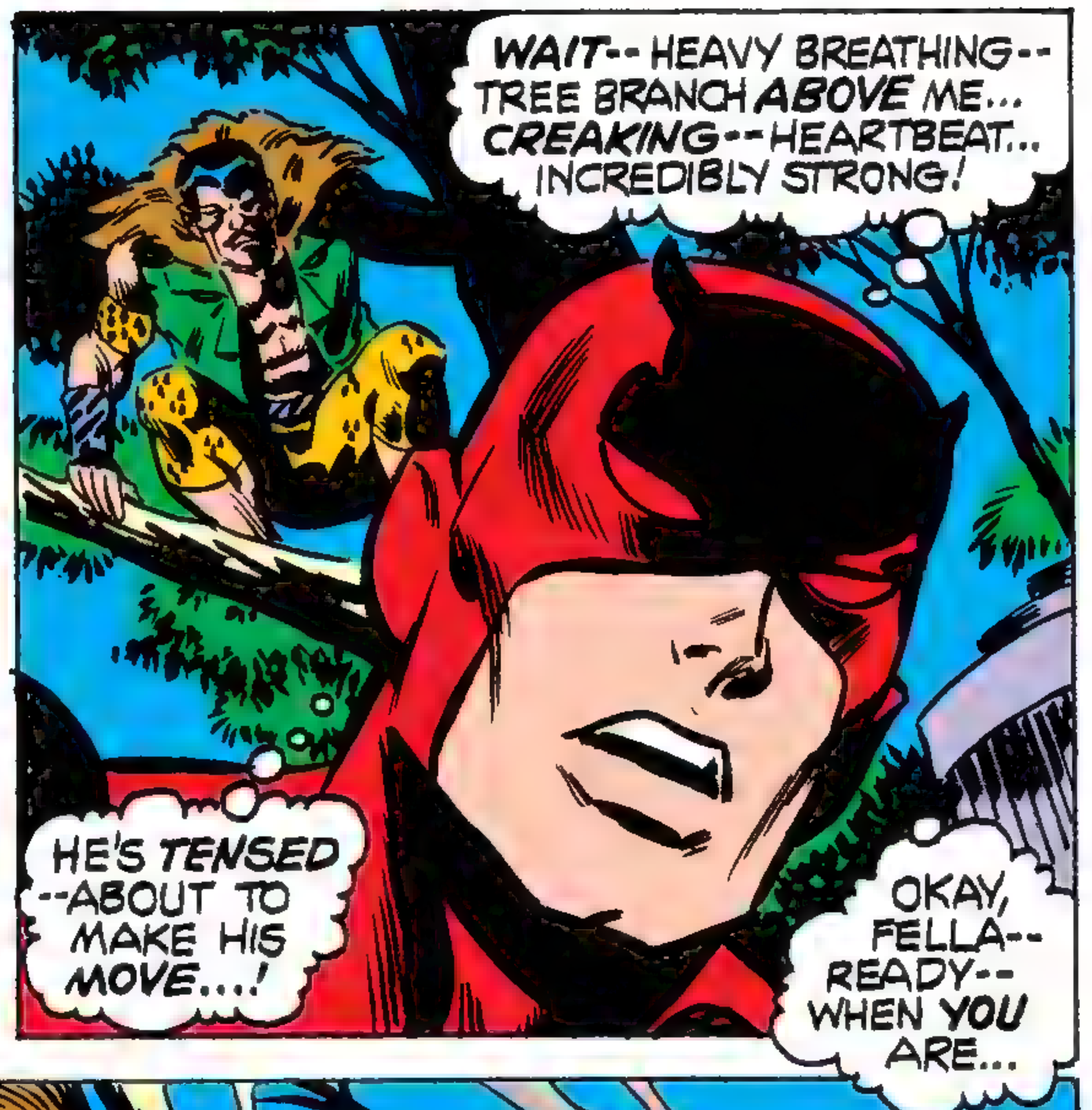


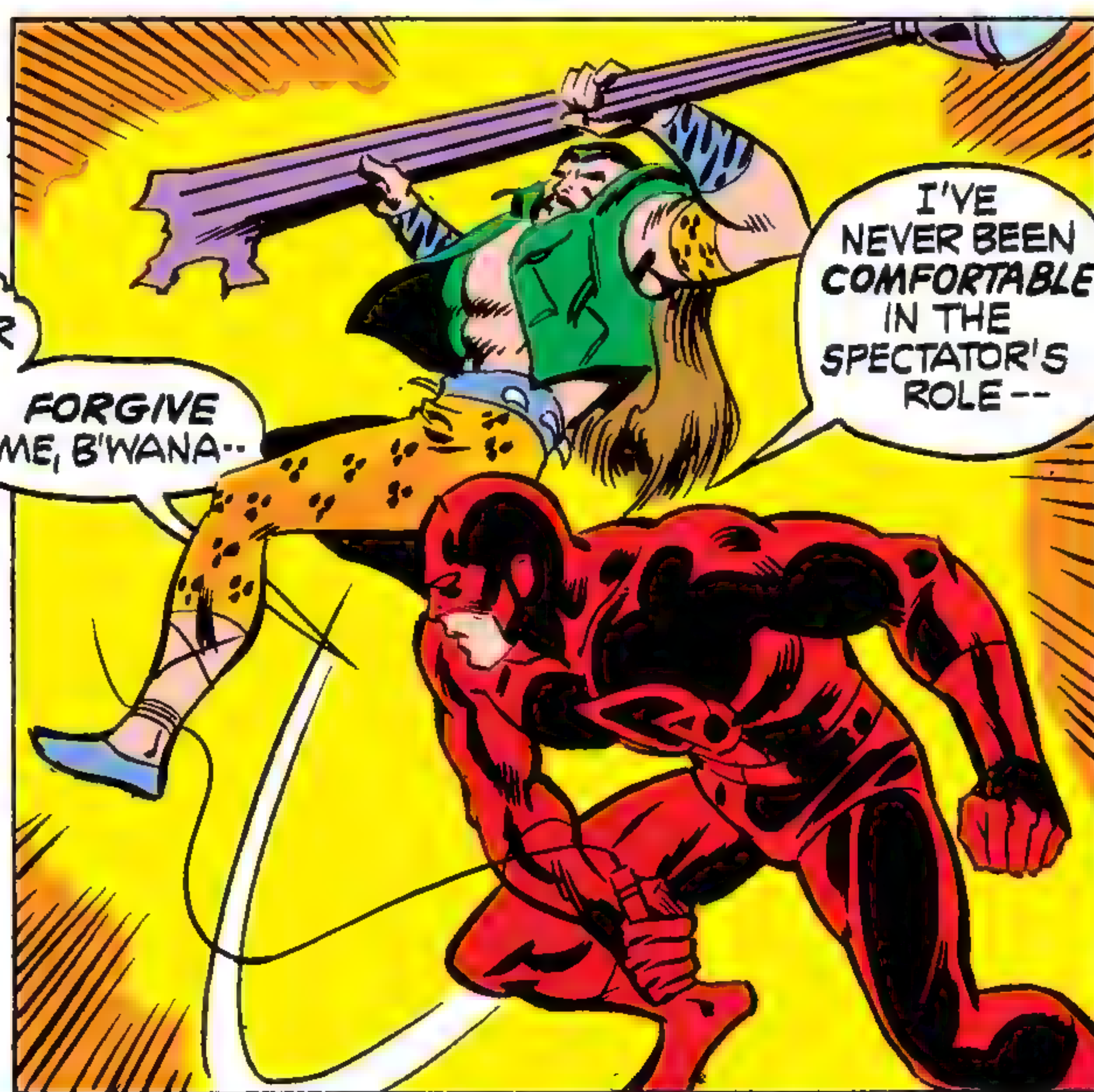
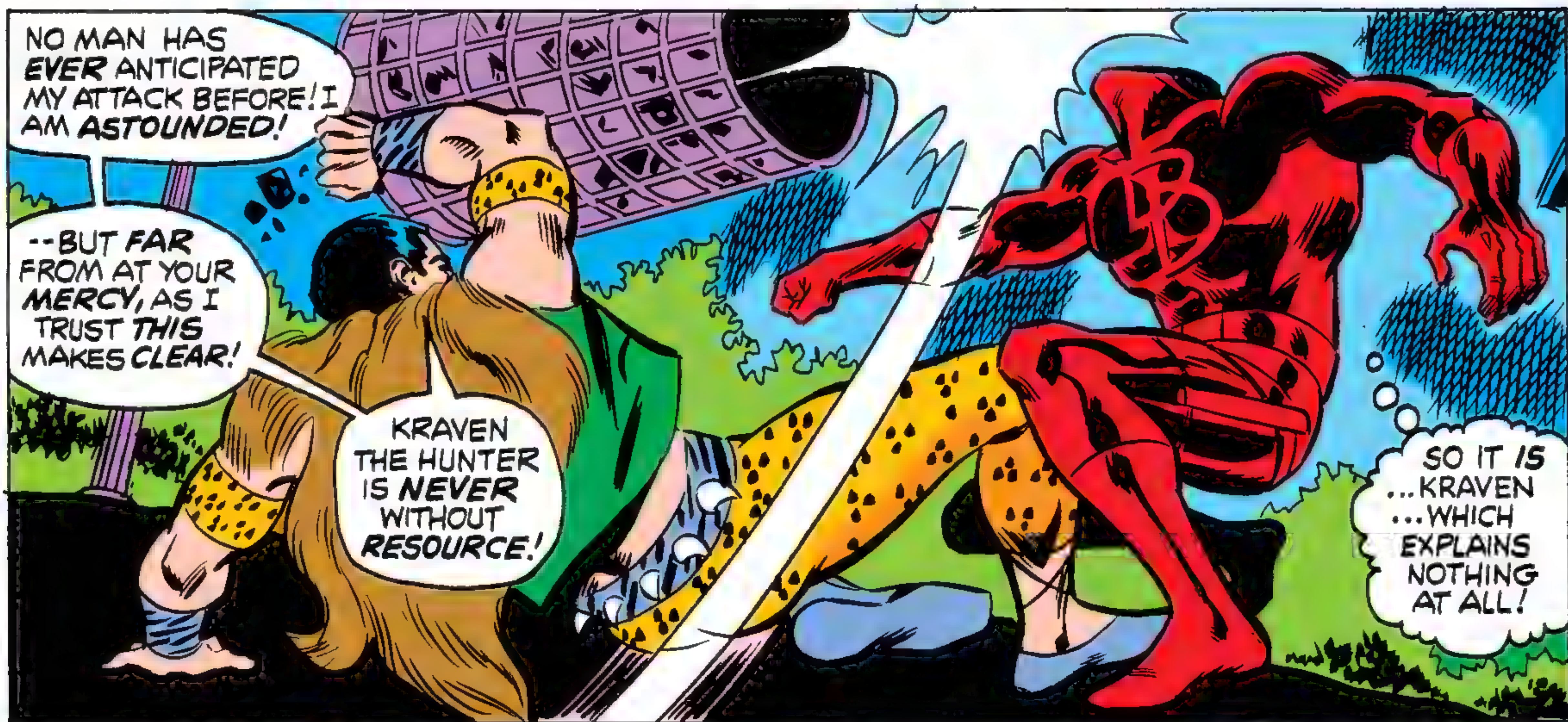
FAVOR--?! JASON, WHO ASKED YOU TO GET A POSTPONEMENT!?

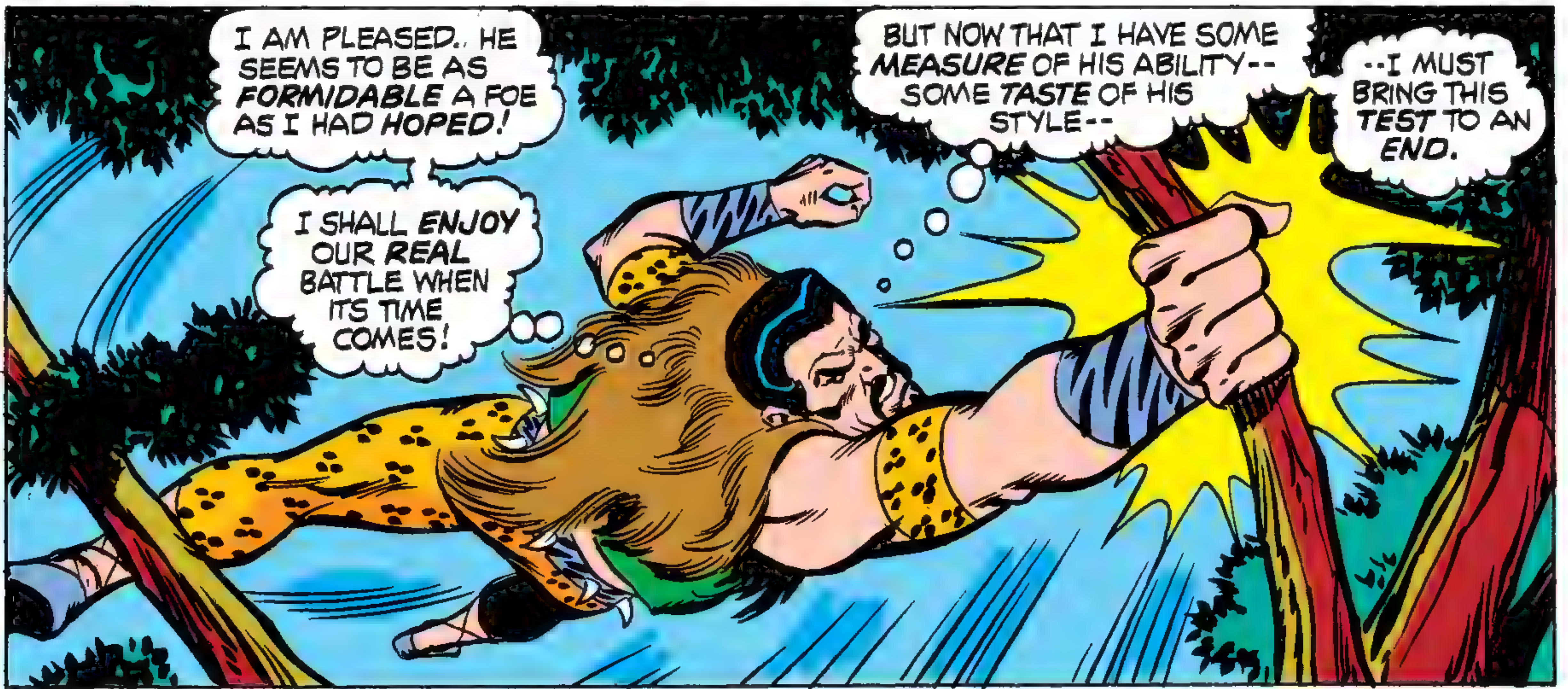
I DON'T WANT TO CHANGE MY PLEA, AND YOU KNOW IT!









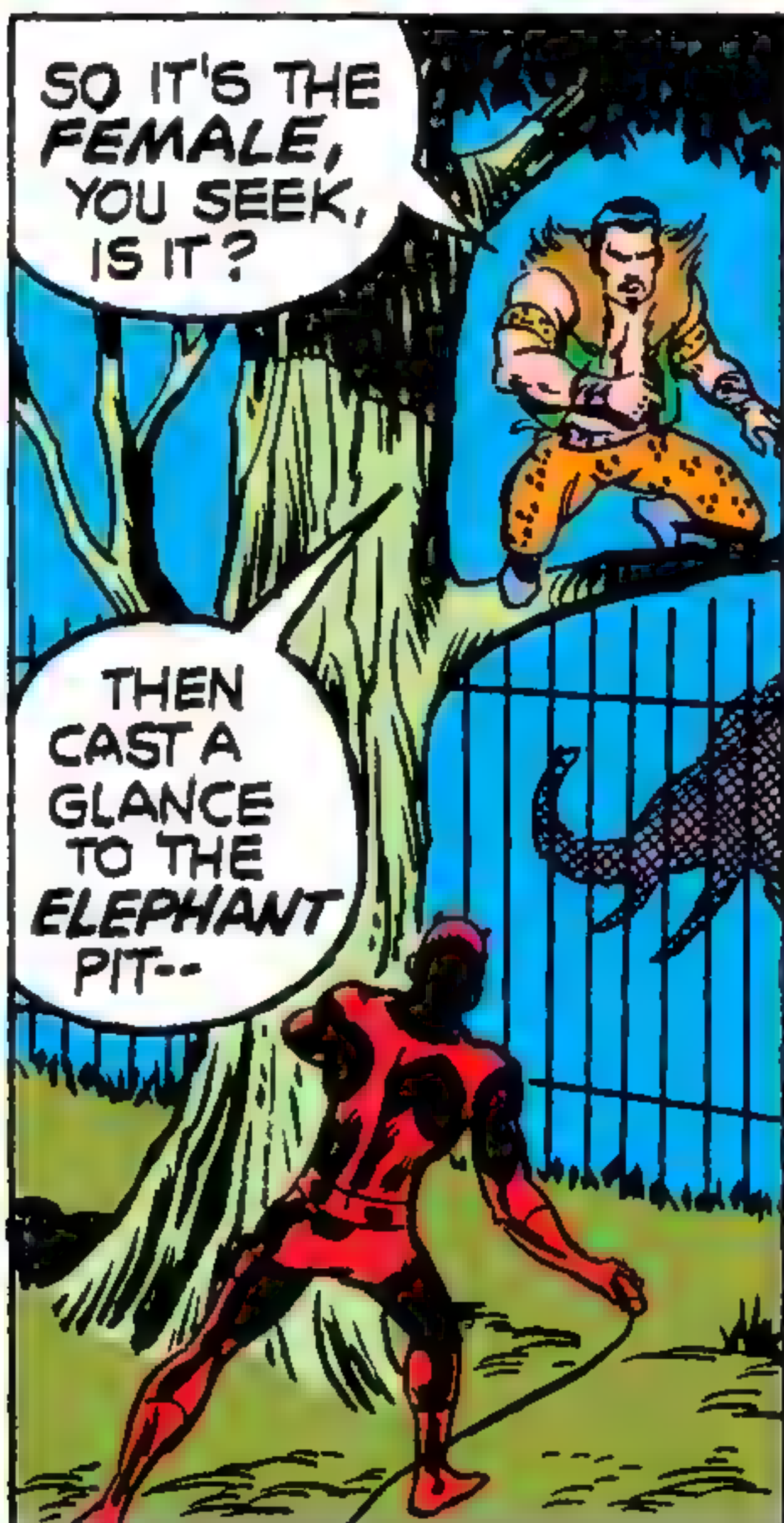


I AM PLEASED. HE SEEMS TO BE AS FORMIDABLE A FOE AS I HAD HOPED!

BUT NOW THAT I HAVE SOME MEASURE OF HIS ABILITY-- SOME TASTE OF HIS STYLE--

--I MUST BRING THIS TEST TO AN END.

I SHALL ENJOY OUR REAL BATTLE WHEN ITS TIME COMES!



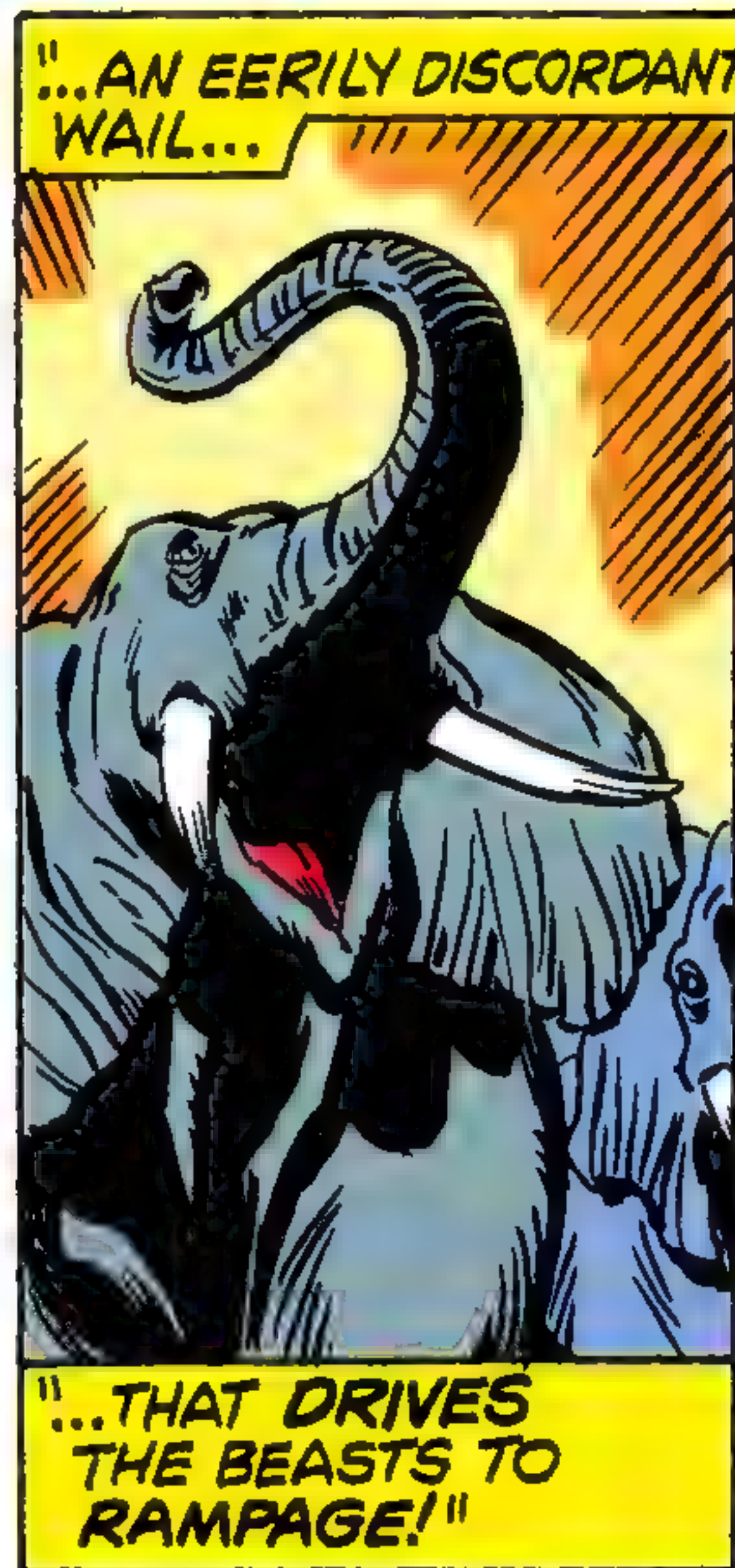
SO IT'S THE FEMALE, YOU SEEK, IS IT?

THEN CAST A GLANCE TO THE ELEPHANT PIT--



--AS I SOUND THIS IVORY HORN, THIS ARTIFACT FROM ANCIENT AFRICA.

IT PLAYS ONLY ONE NOTE...



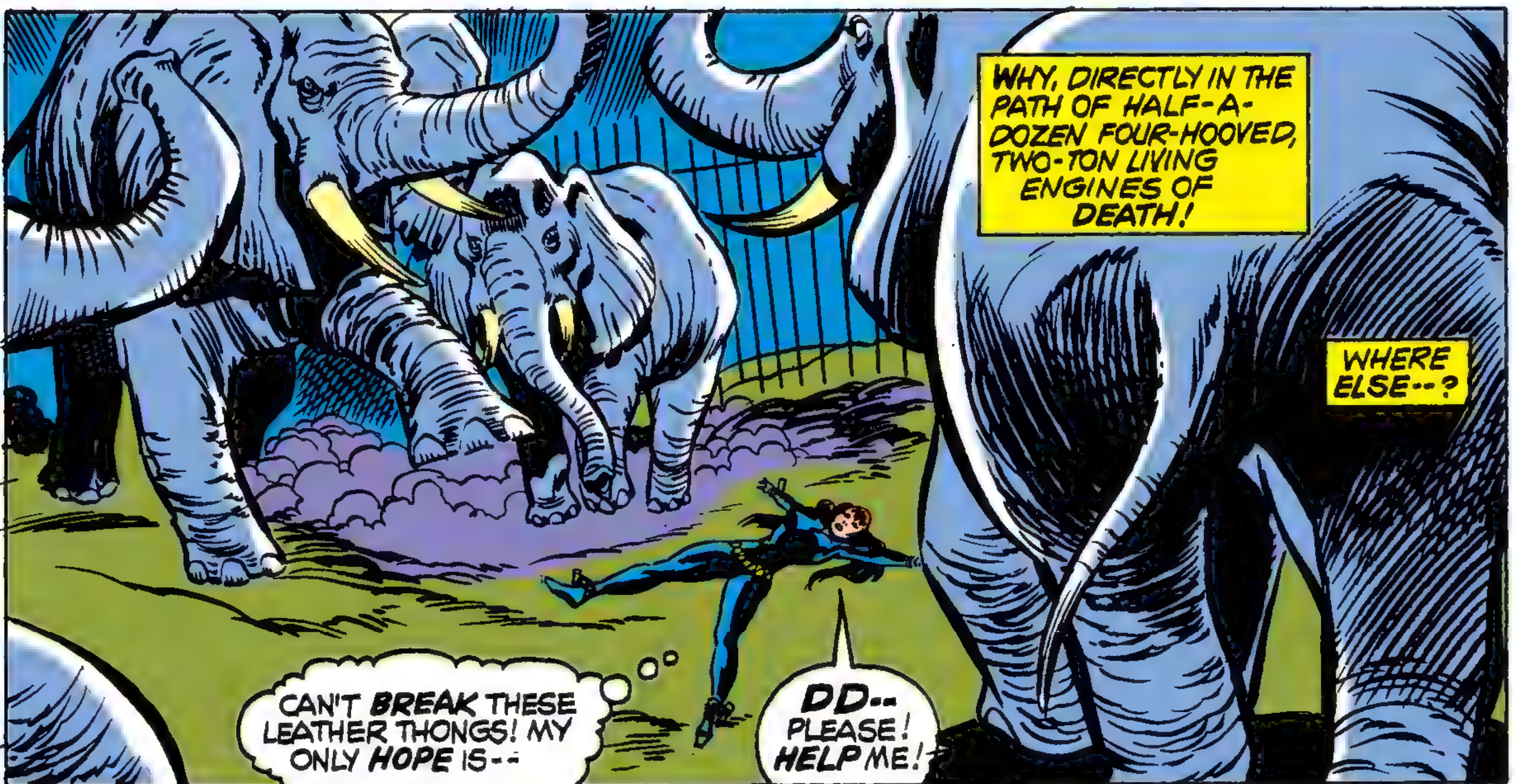
...AN EERILY DISCORDANT WAIL...

...THAT DRIVES THE BEASTS TO RAMPAGE!"



DAREDEVIL! HERE--I'M HERE!

AND WHERE, YOU ASK, IS "HERE"?

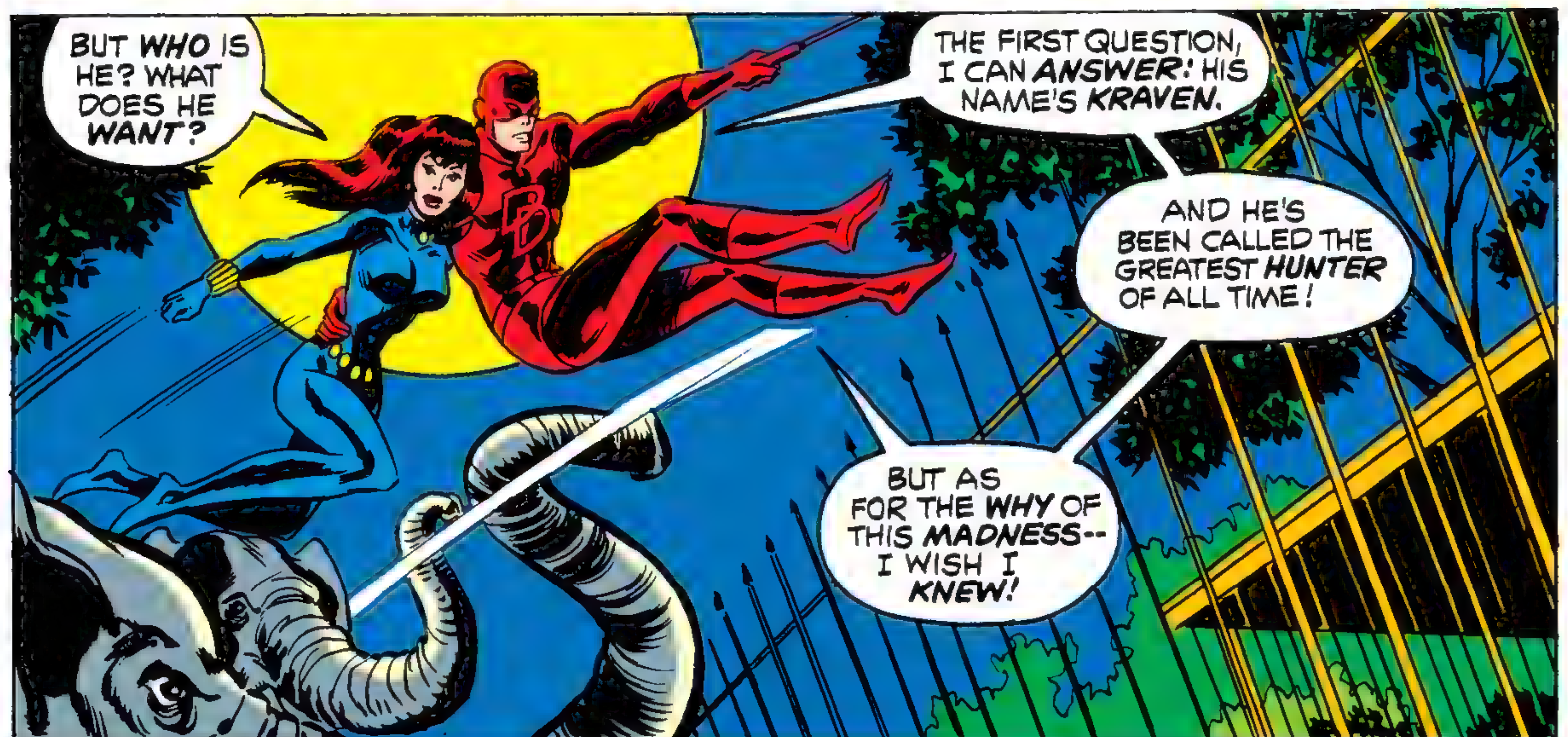
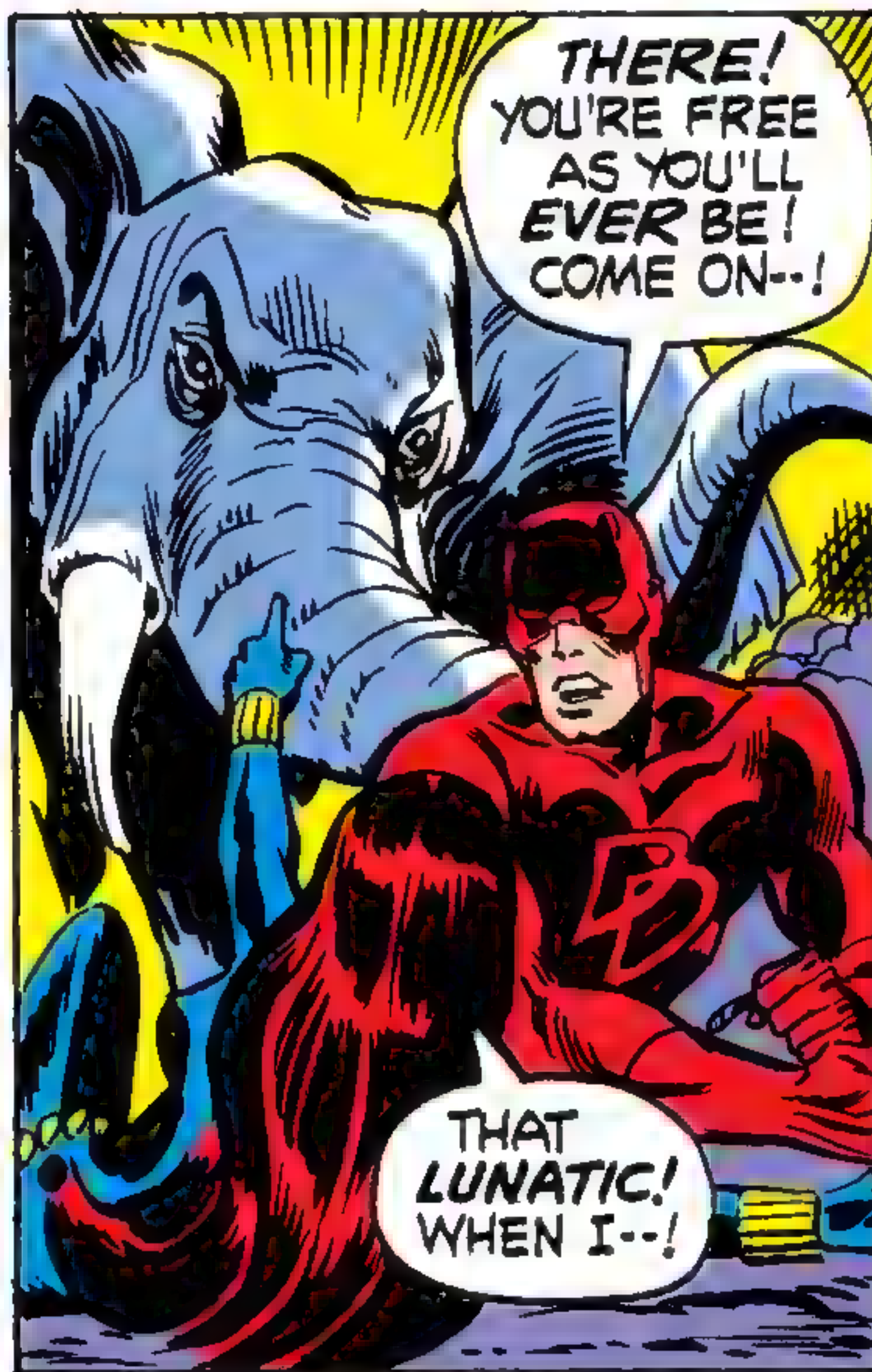


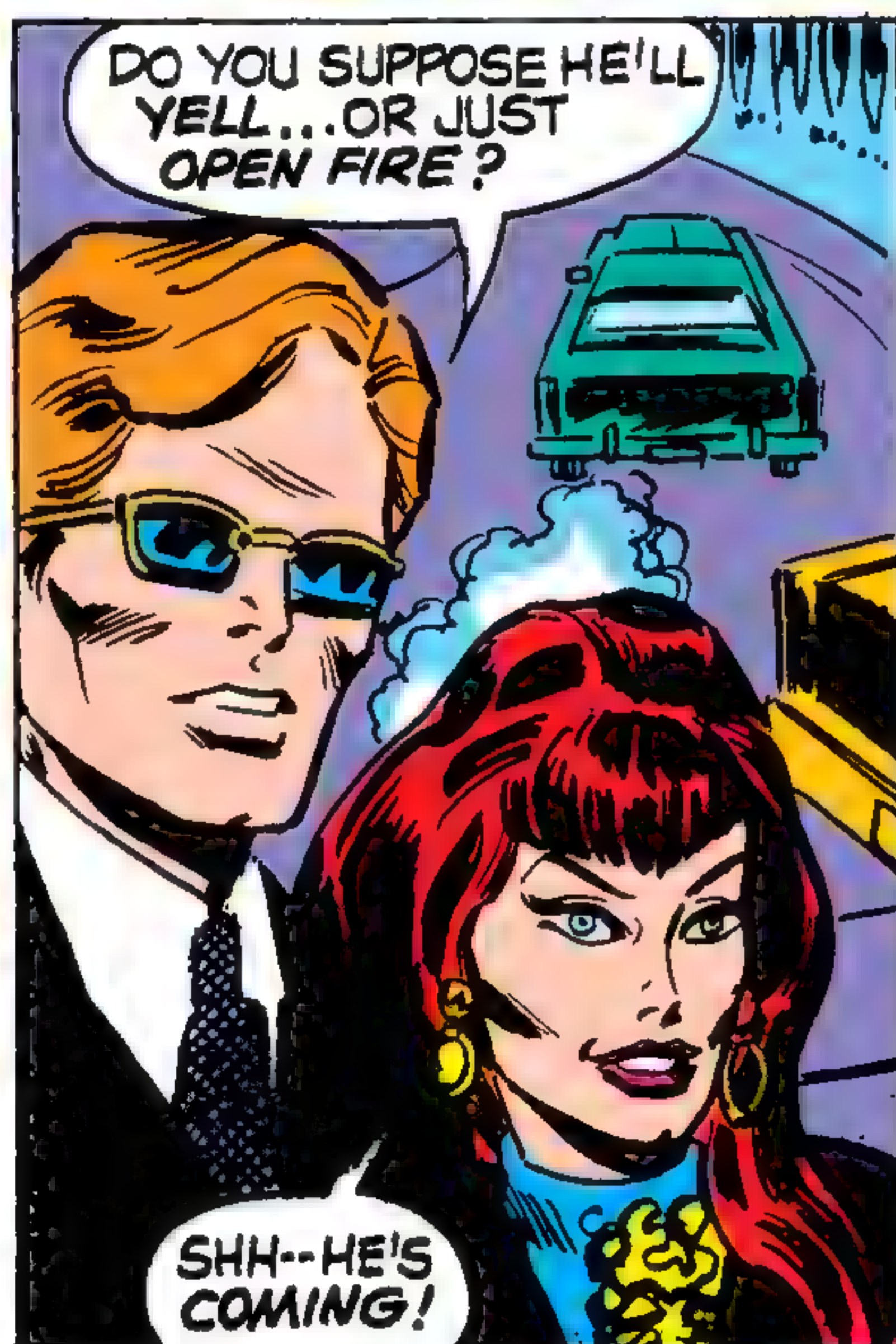
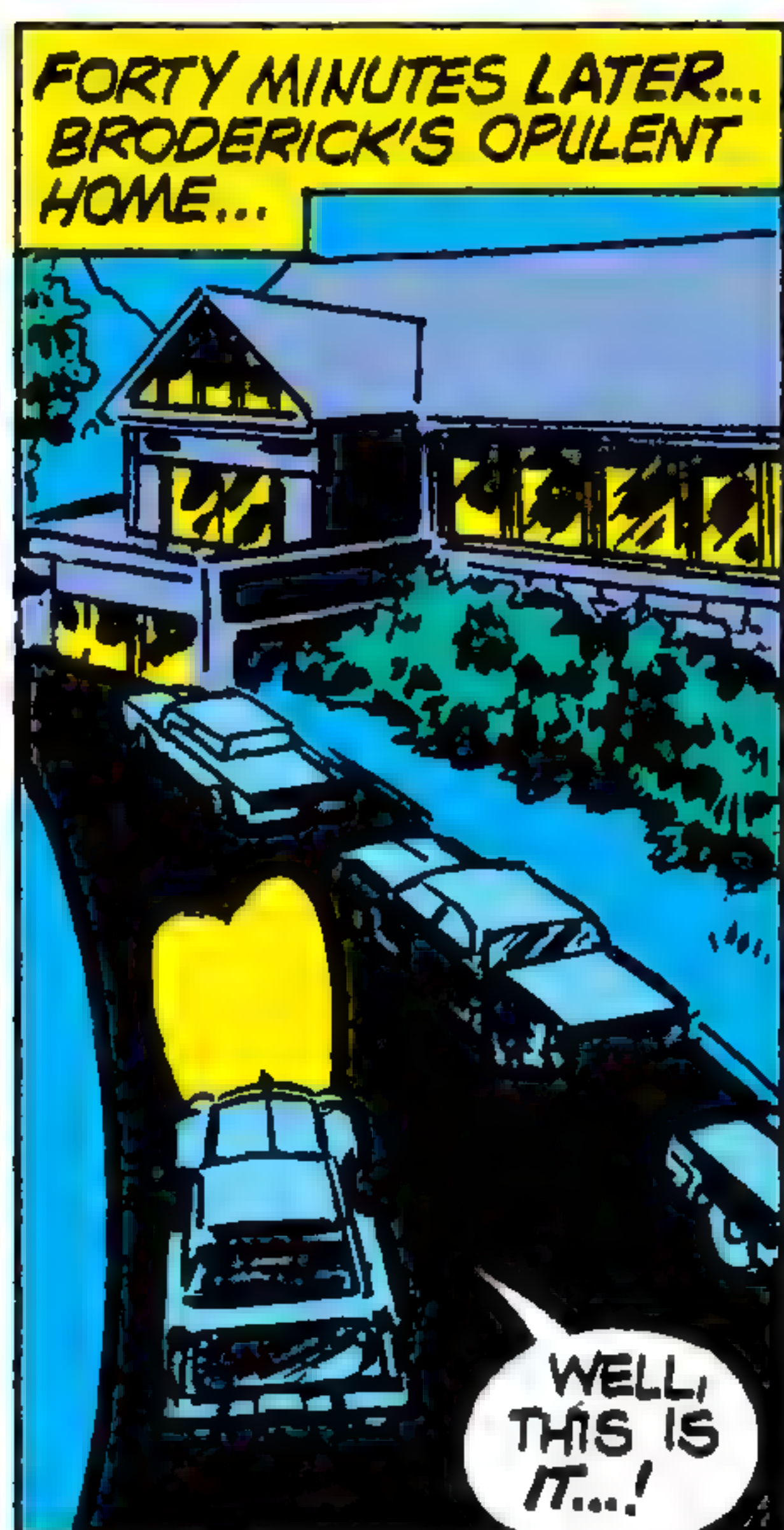
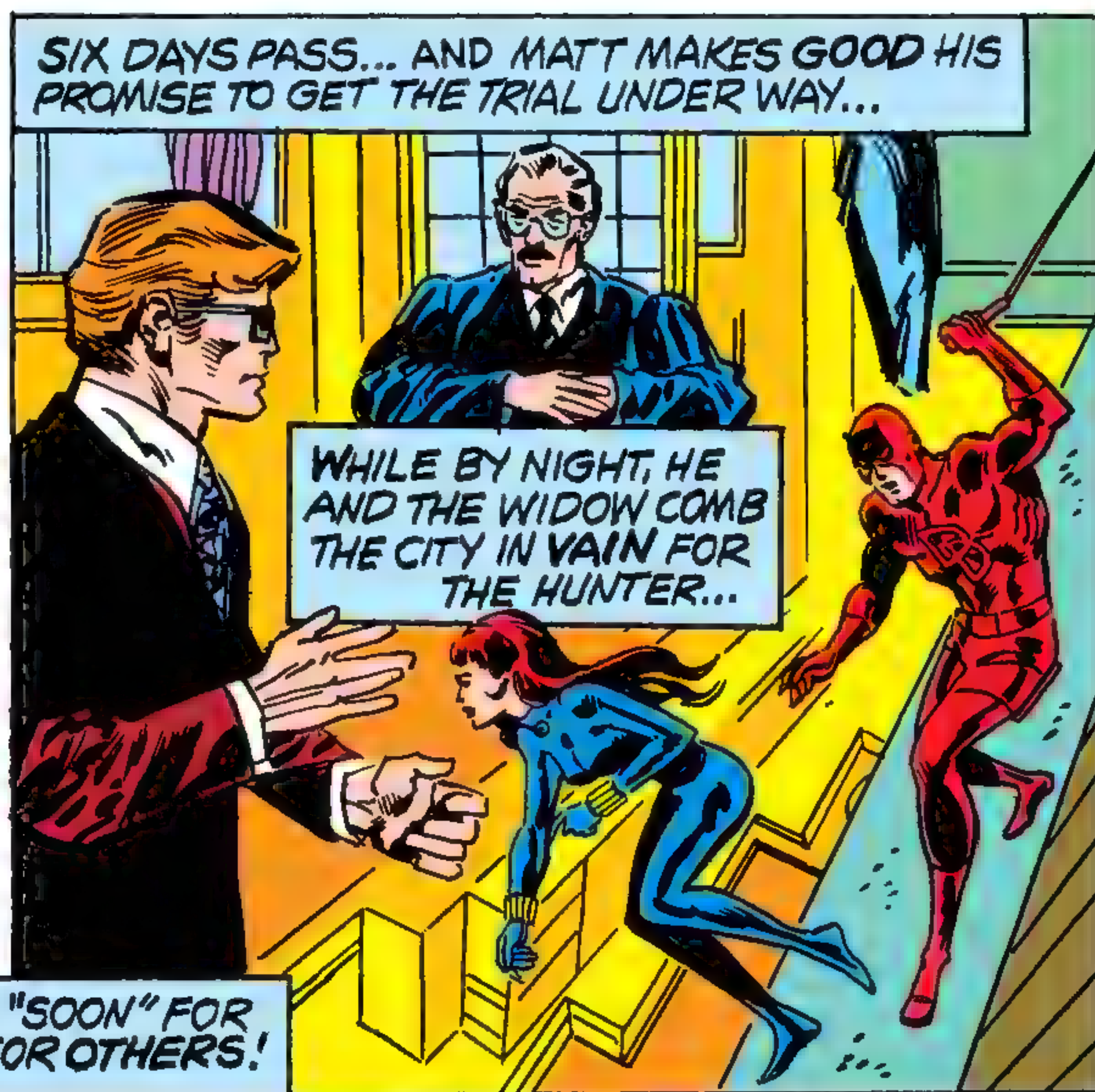
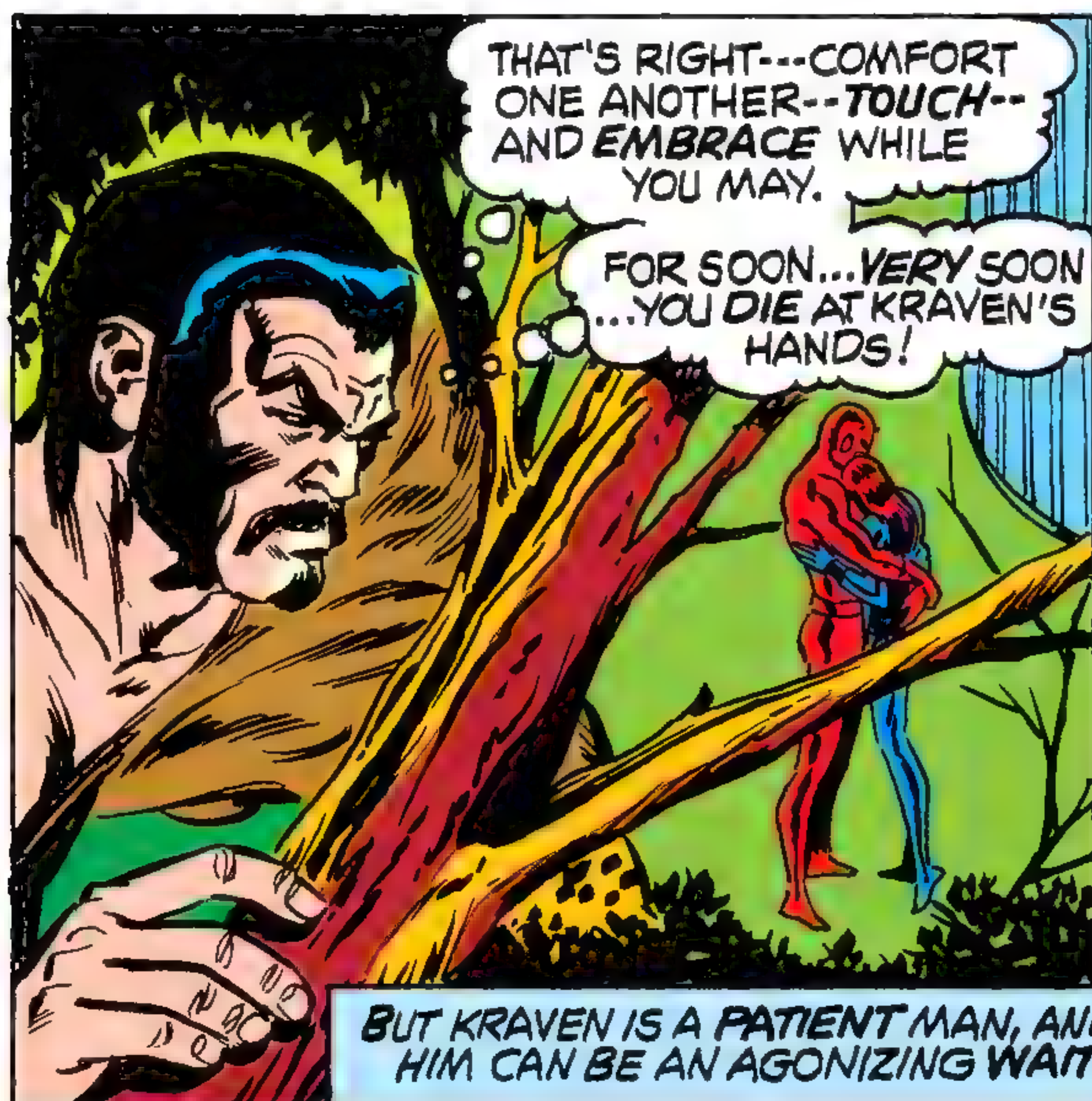
WHY, DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF HALF-A-DOZEN FOUR-HOOVED, TWO-TON LIVING ENGINES OF DEATH!

WHERE ELSE--?

CAN'T BREAK THESE LEATHER THONGS! MY ONLY HOPE IS--

DD-- PLEASE! HELP ME!

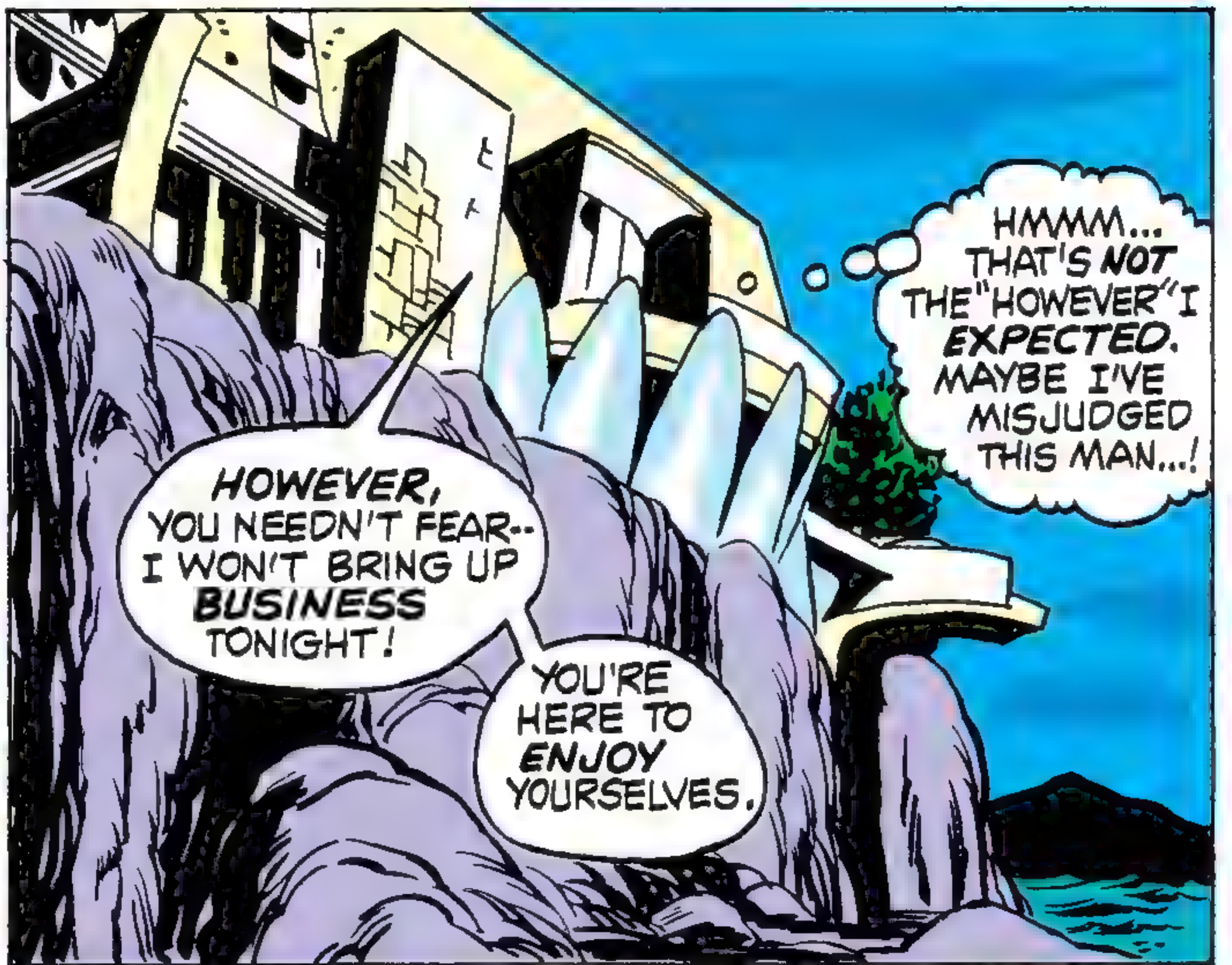






MY PLEASURE, MATT. ALREADY YOU'VE BECOME A CREDIT TO MY FIRM.

UH-OH.... HERE COMES THE "HOWEVER"!



HOWEVER, YOU NEEDN'T FEAR-- I WON'T BRING UP BUSINESS TONIGHT!

YOU'RE HERE TO ENJOY YOURSELVES.

HMMM... THAT'S NOT THE "HOWEVER" I EXPECTED. MAYBE I'VE MISJUDGED THIS MAN...!

AND SO, THE NIGHT MEANDERS ON, AND MATT AND NATASHA MINGLE WITH SOME OF SAN FRANCISCO'S FINEST...

WE'VE ALL READ SO MUCH ABOUT YOU, MISS ROMANOFF...

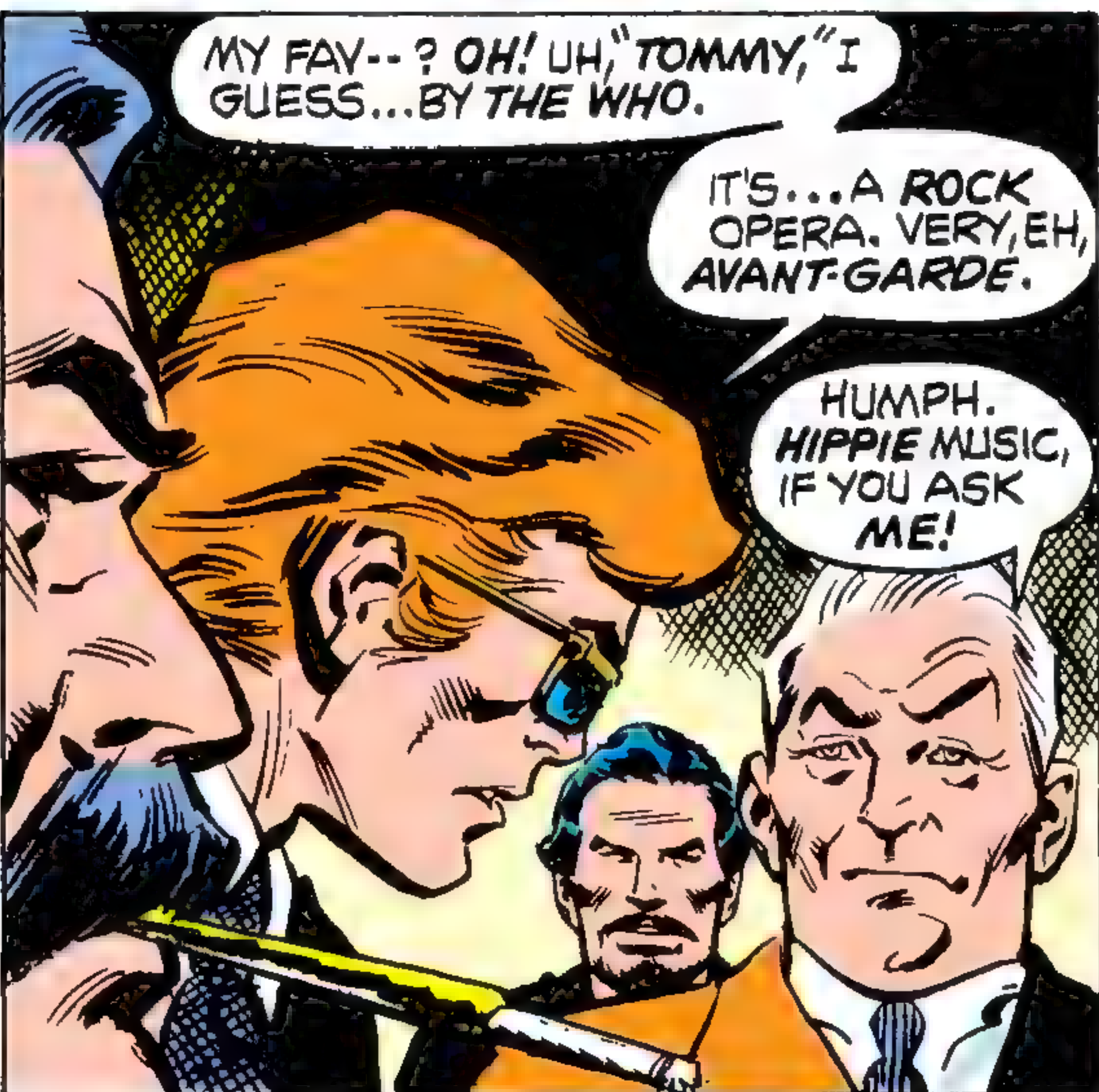
...THE WAY YOU SWING AROUND THE CITY IN THAT SKIN TIGHT COSTUME.

YES, WHAT POSSESSES YOU TO DO THAT?

...SO WE LEFT THE YACHT FOR THE OPERA!

GREAT STUFF, OPERA! DO YOU LIKE IT, MATT-BOY?

YES, WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE?



MY FAV-- ? OH! UH, "TOMMY," I GUESS... BY THE WHO.

IT'S... A ROCK OPERA. VERY, EH, AVANT-GARDE.

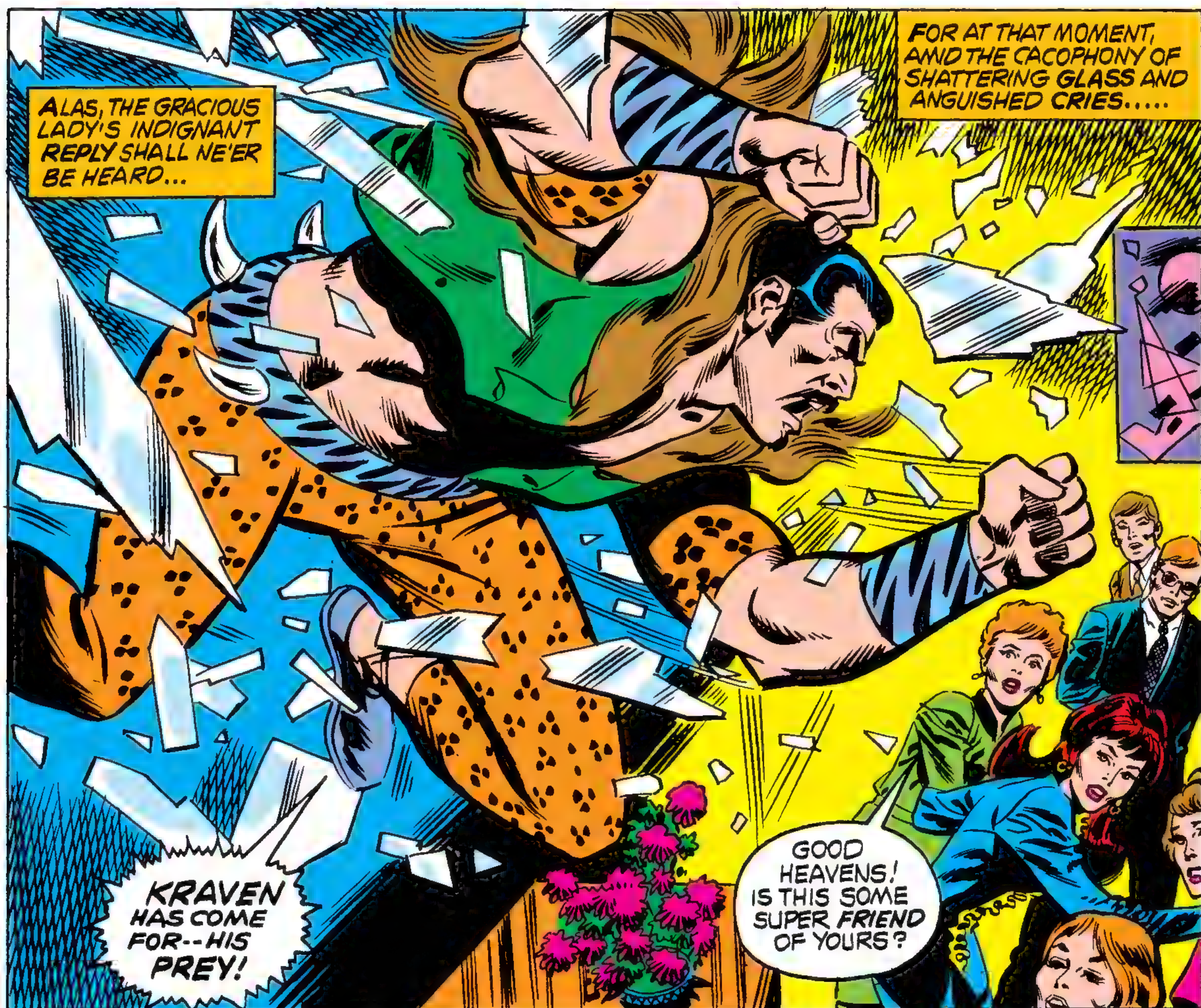
HUMPH. HIPPIE MUSIC, IF YOU ASK ME!

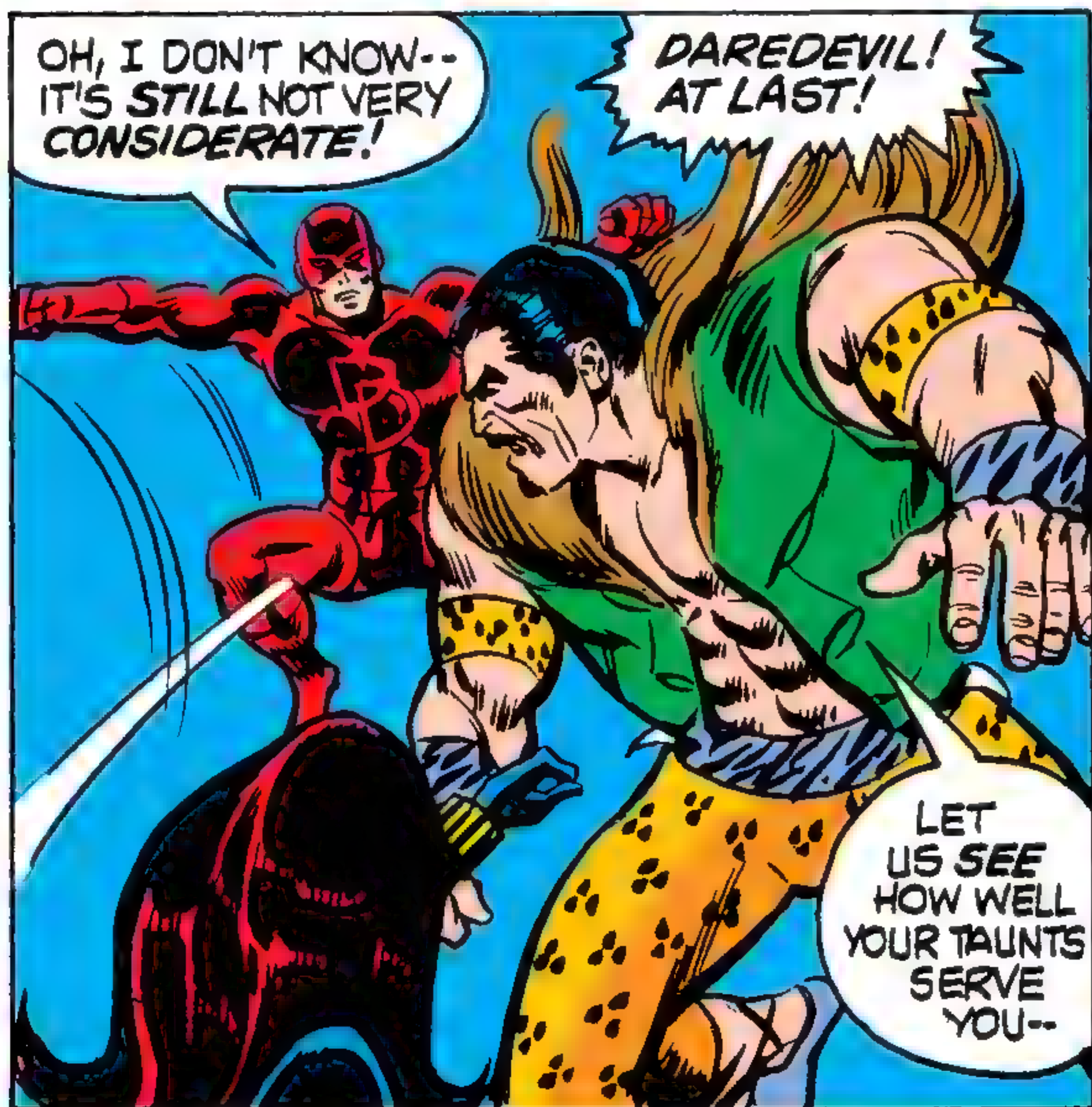
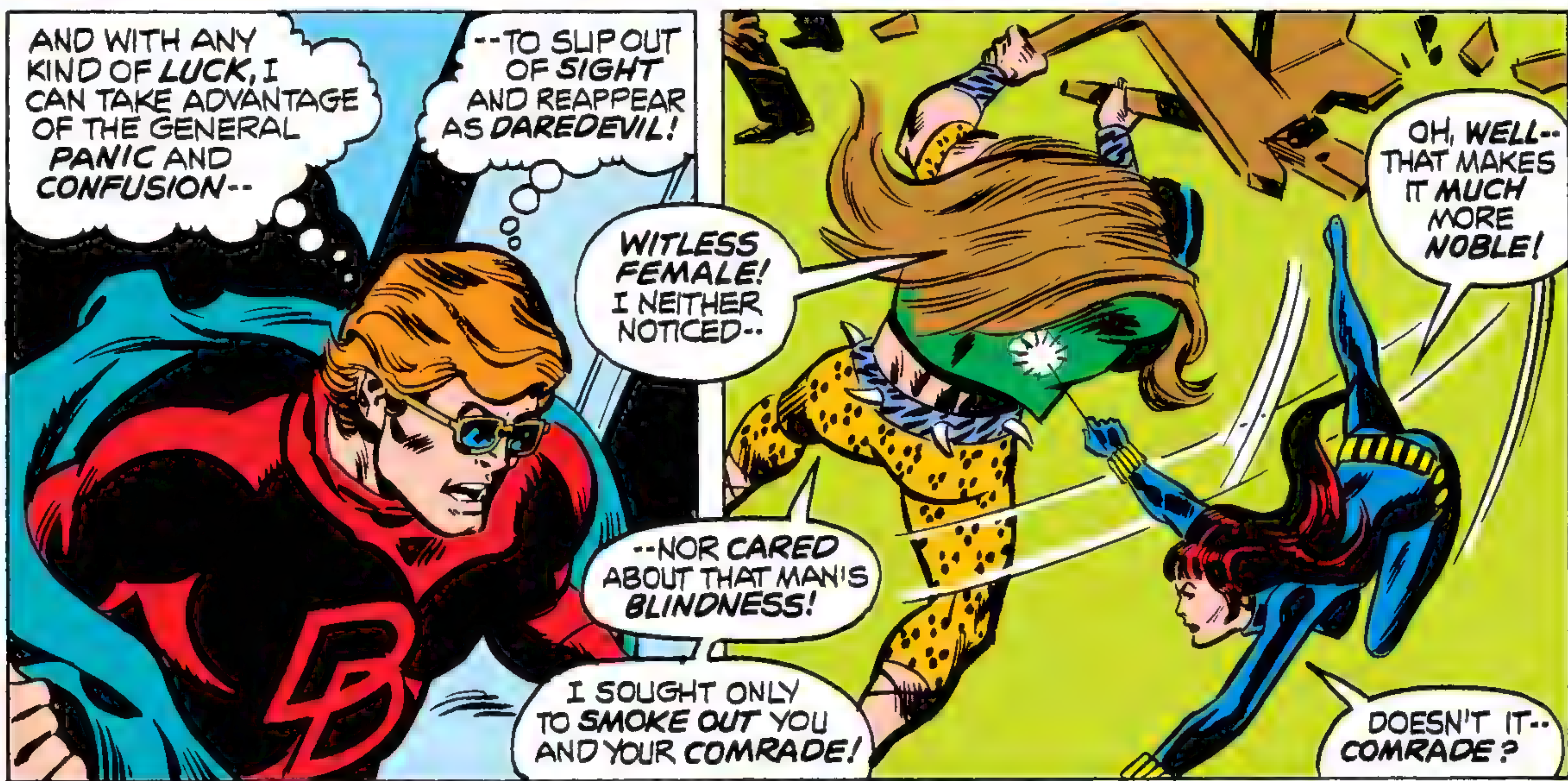
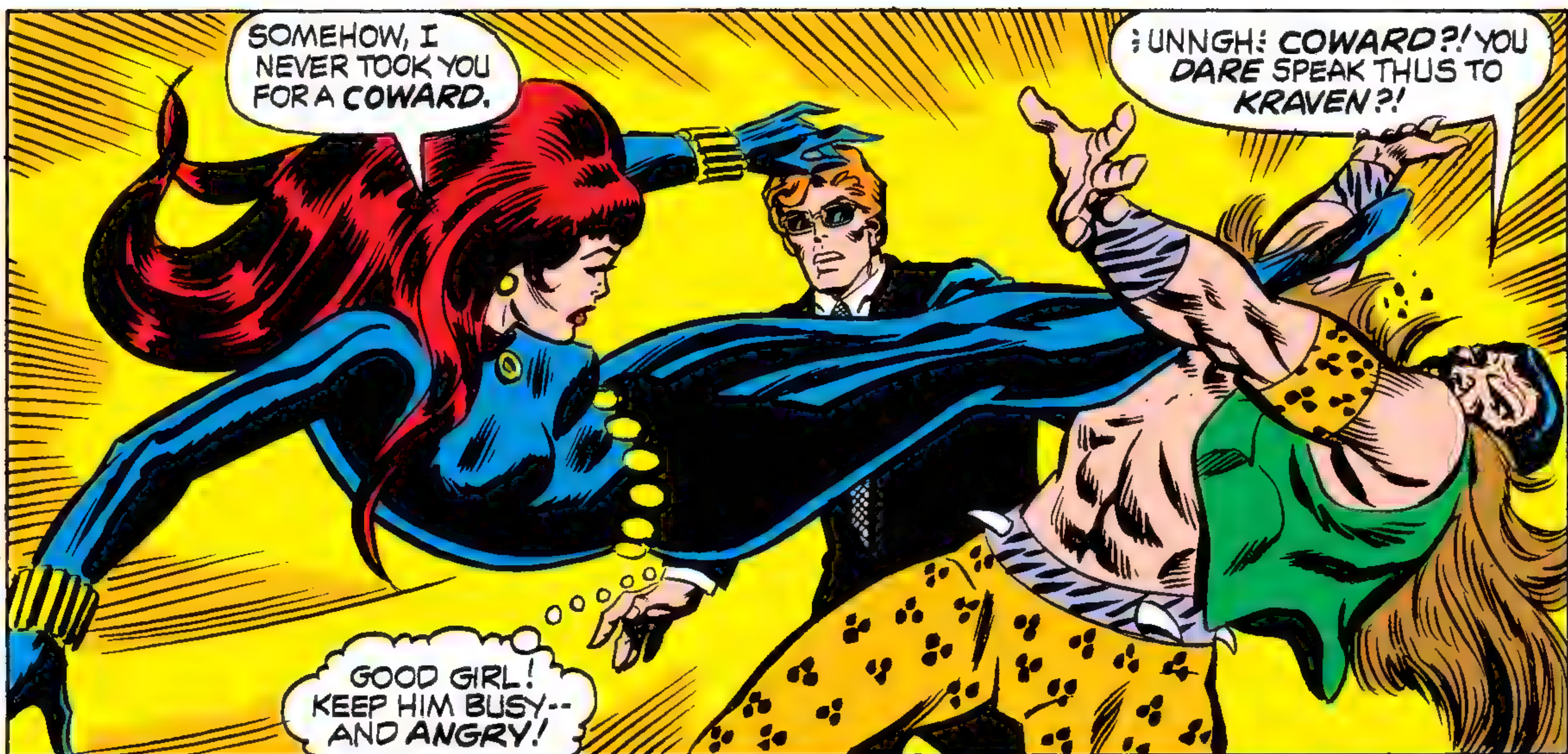


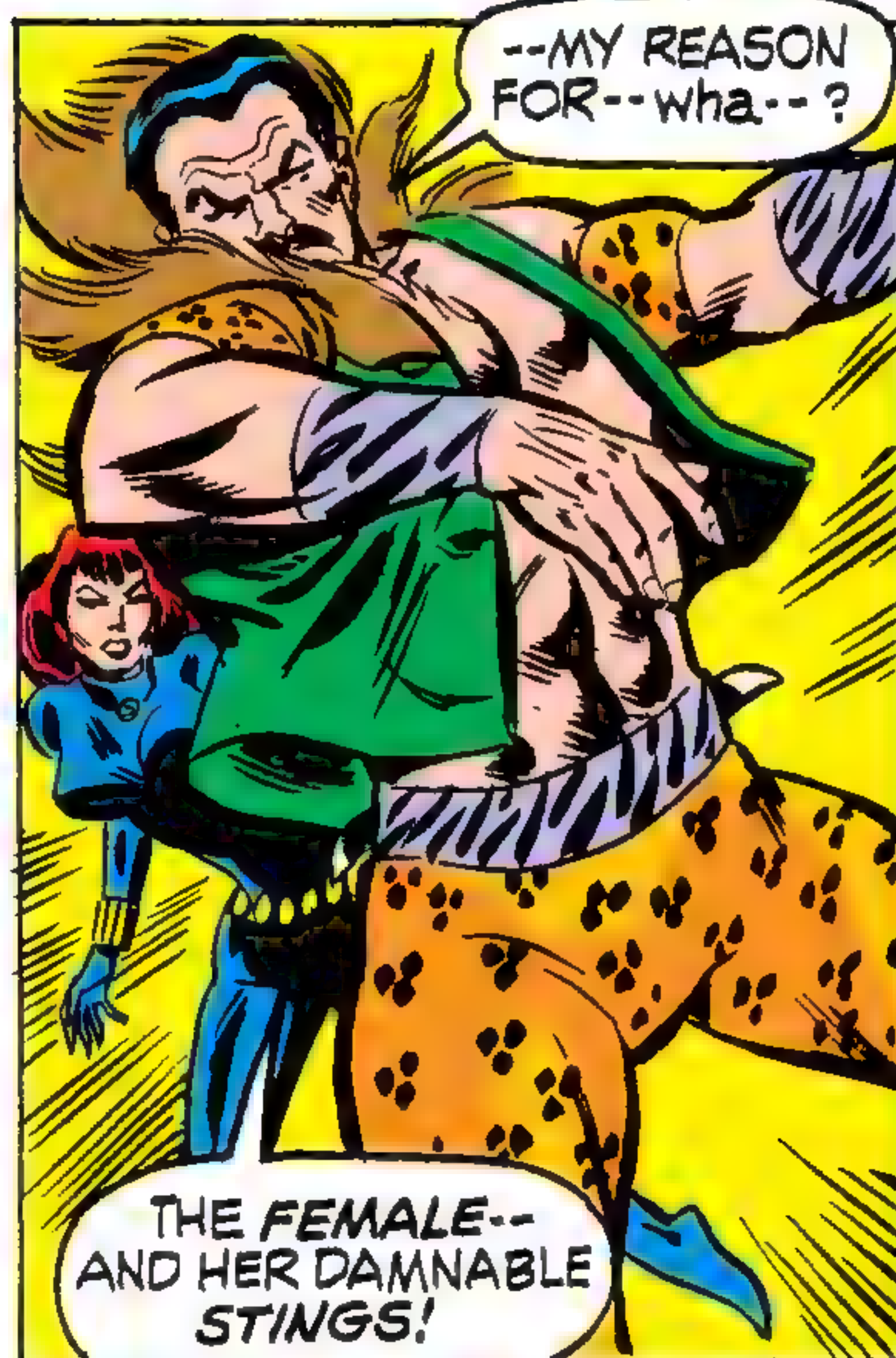
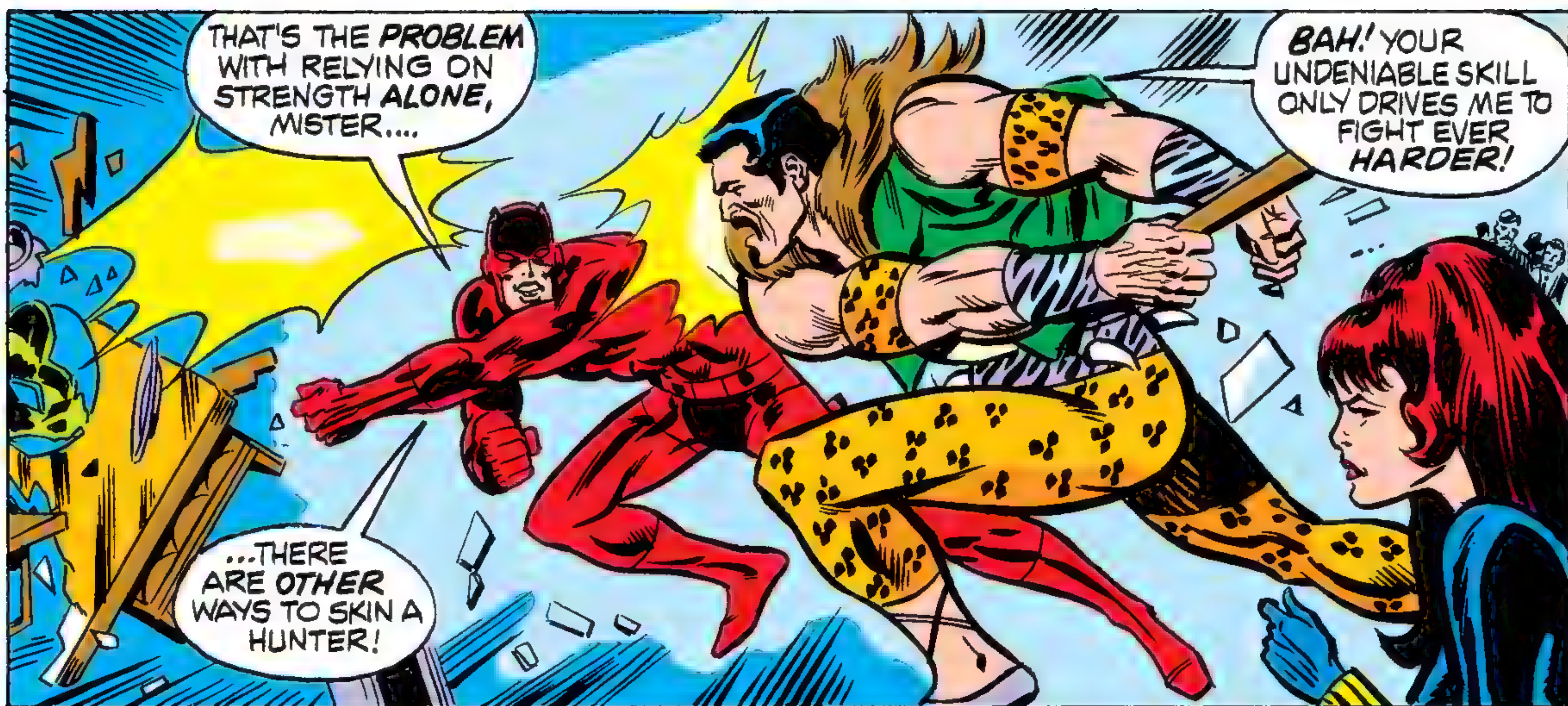
SO YOU LIVE ALONE-- WITH TWO MEN?

ON SEPARATE FLOORS, DEARY. DOES THAT SCANDALIZE YOU--?

--OR JUST MAKE YOU JEALOUS?









THEN YOU ARE GREATER FOOLS--

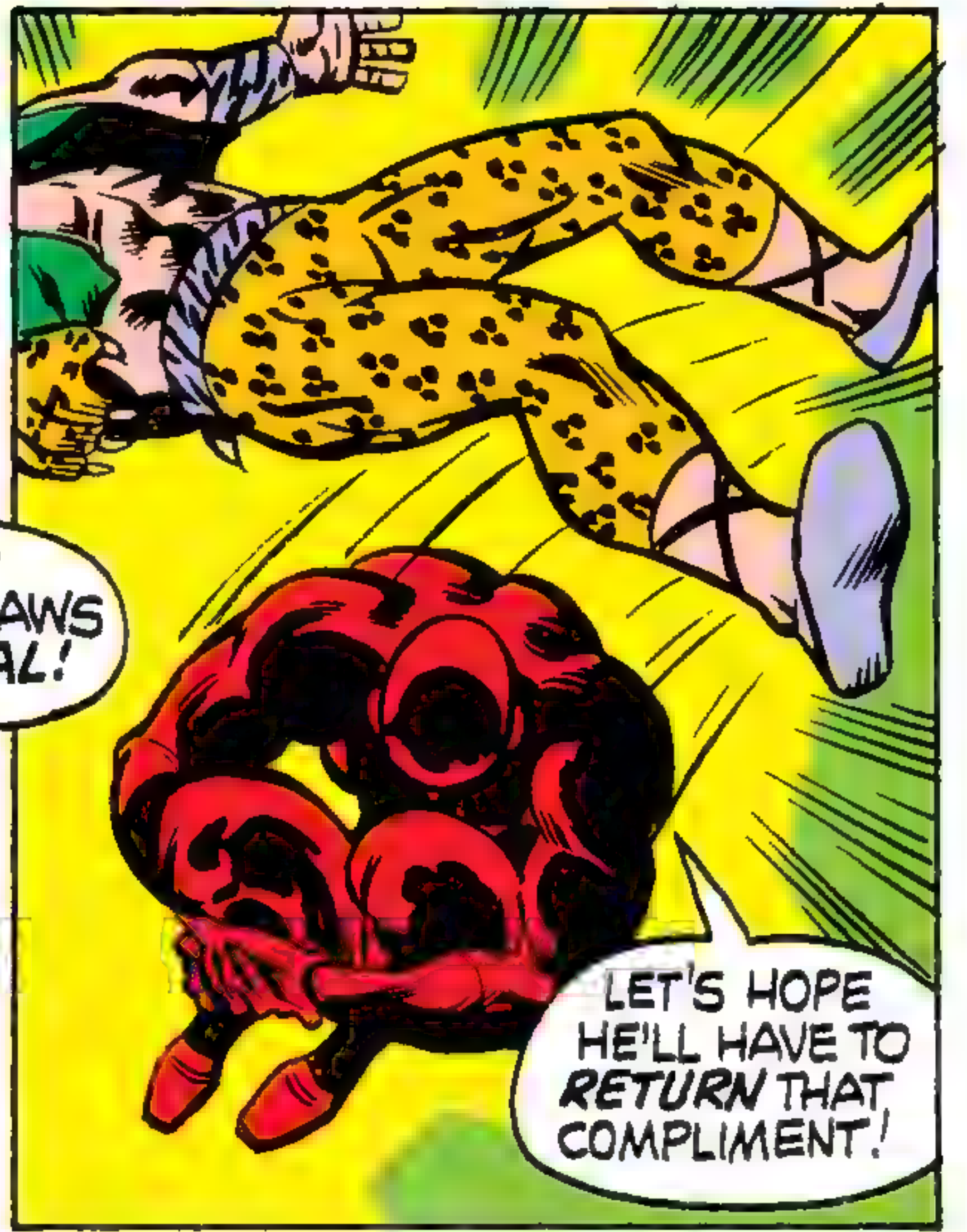
--THAN I HAD WISHED!



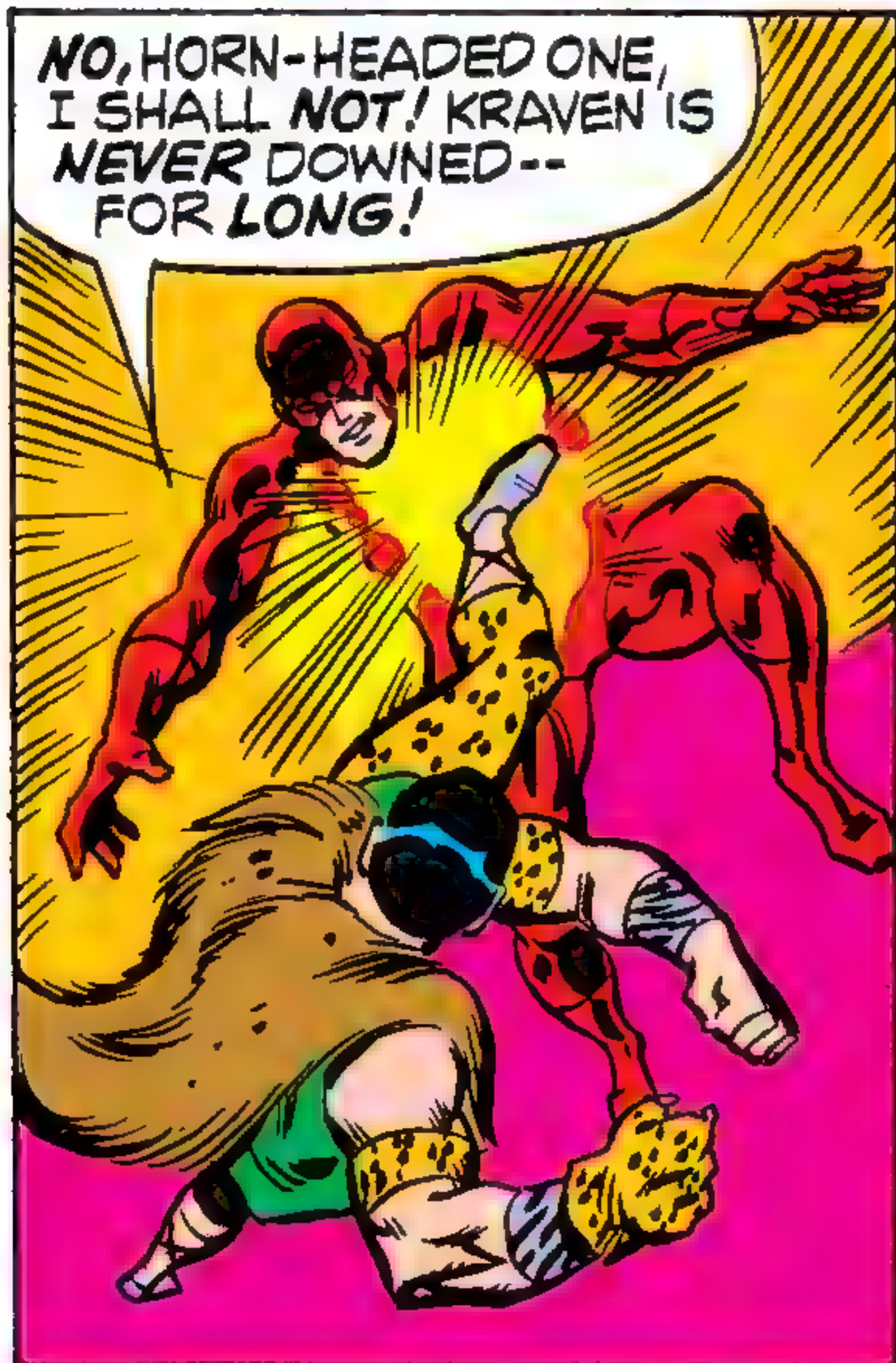
FOR ME, THE BATTLE HAS BARELY BEGUN!

OOH-- THOSE CLAWS ARE REAL!

AND HE'S FASTER THAN WE THOUGHT!



LET'S HOPE HE'LL HAVE TO RETURN THAT COMPLIMENT!



NO, HORN-HEADED ONE, I SHALL NOT! KRAAVEN IS NEVER DOWNED-- FOR LONG!



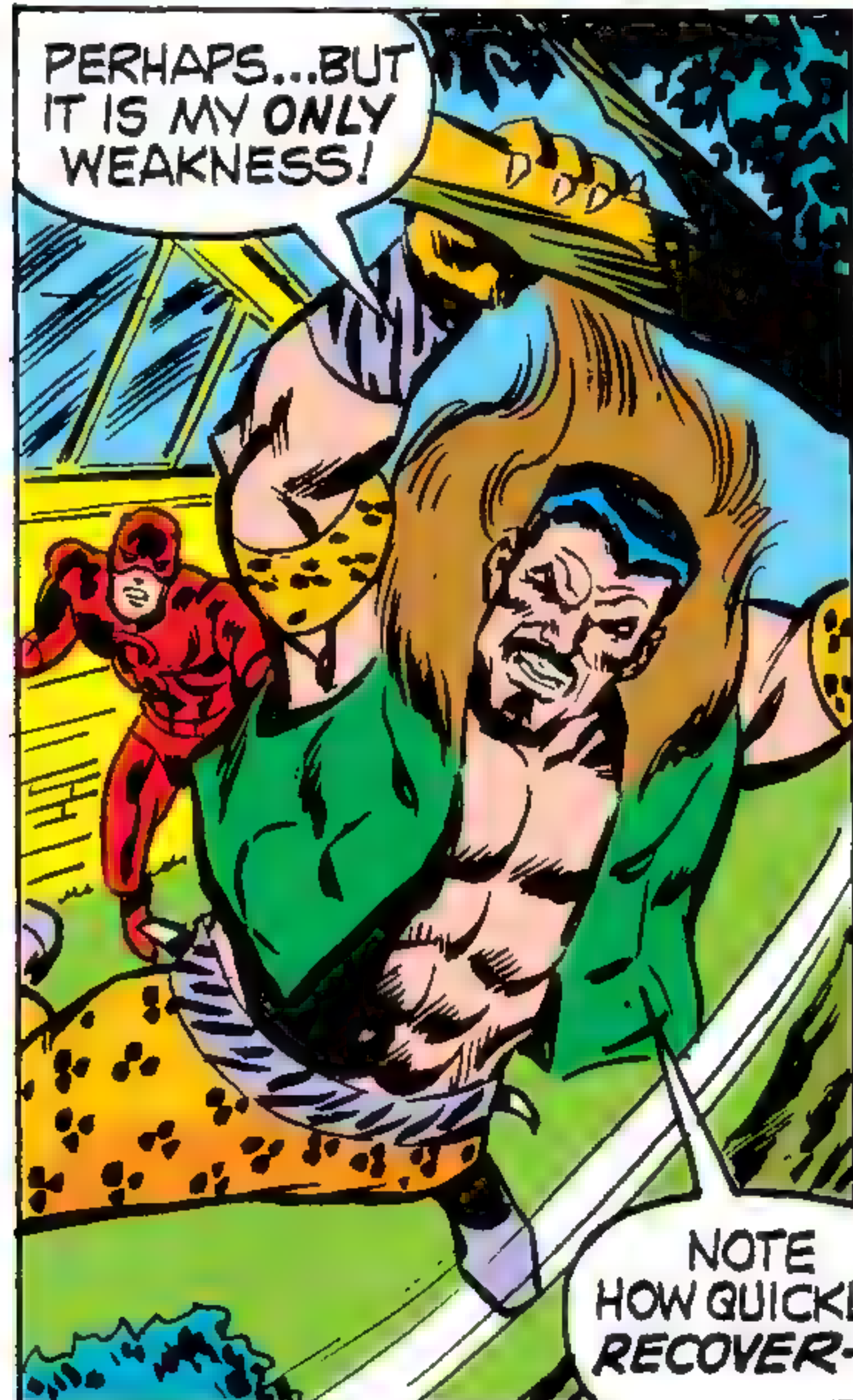
MINE IS THE SPEED OF THE CHEETAH-- THE STRENGTH OF THE RHINO--!

AND THE MOUTH OF THE HYENA!



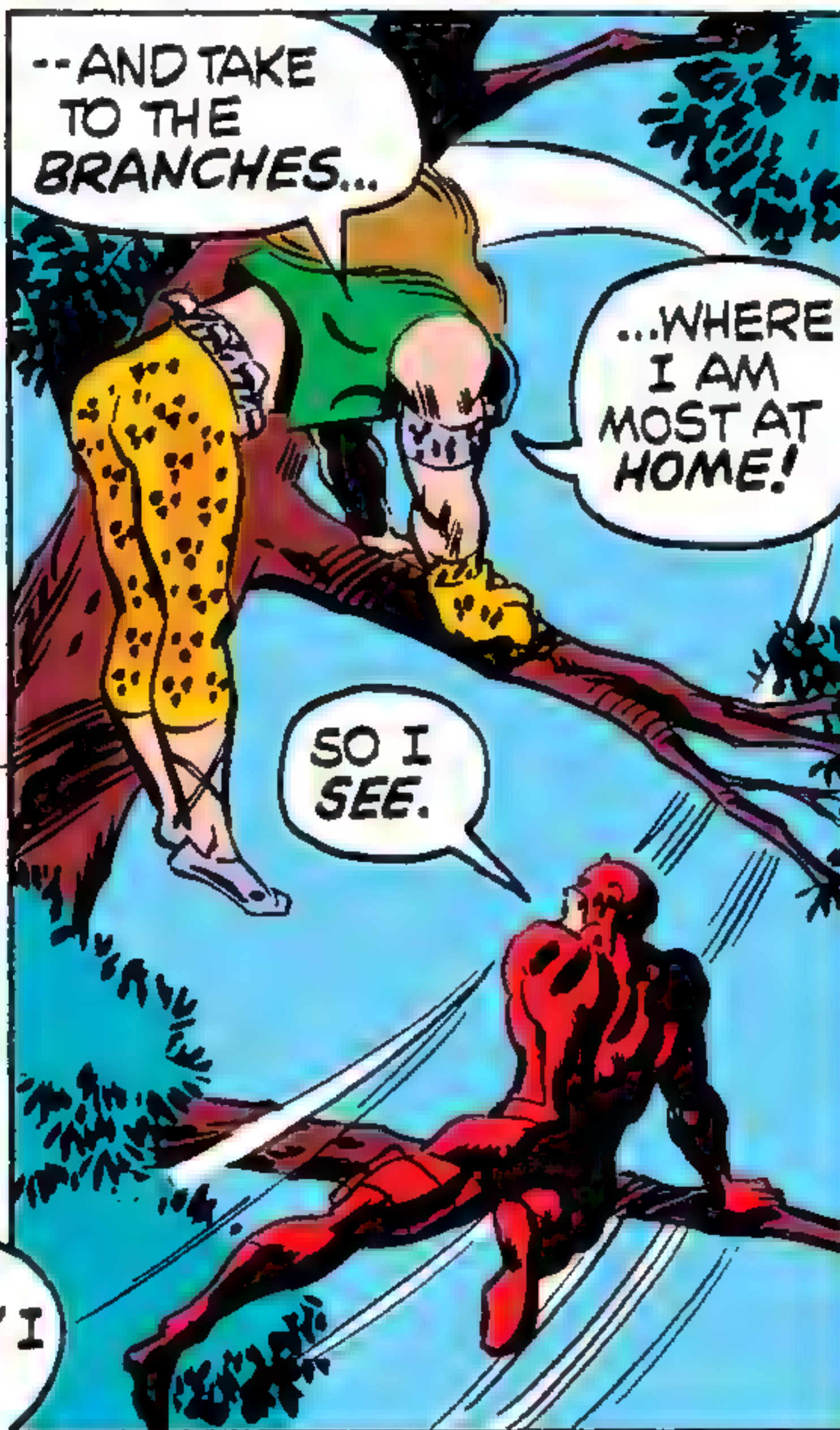
YOU'RE TOO USED TO TACKLING ONE PREY AT A TIME!

YOU GET DISTRACTED TOO EASILY!



PERHAPS...BUT IT IS MY ONLY WEAKNESS!

NOTE HOW QUICKLY I RECOVER--



--AND TAKE TO THE BRANCHES...

...WHERE I AM MOST AT HOME!

SO I SEE.



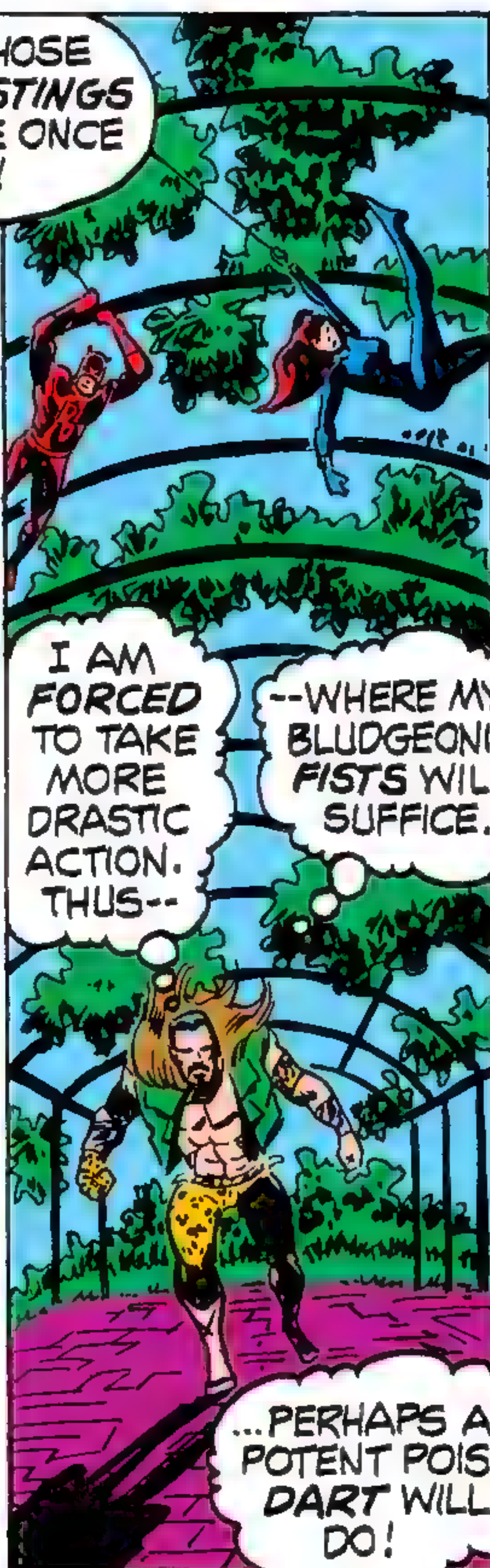
BUT MAYBE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD--

I'M NOT BAD AT HIGH-ALTITUDE ACROBATICS MYSELF!



BUT YOU DO NOT POSSESS THE SPEED--THE JUNGLE-BRED SAVAGERY--

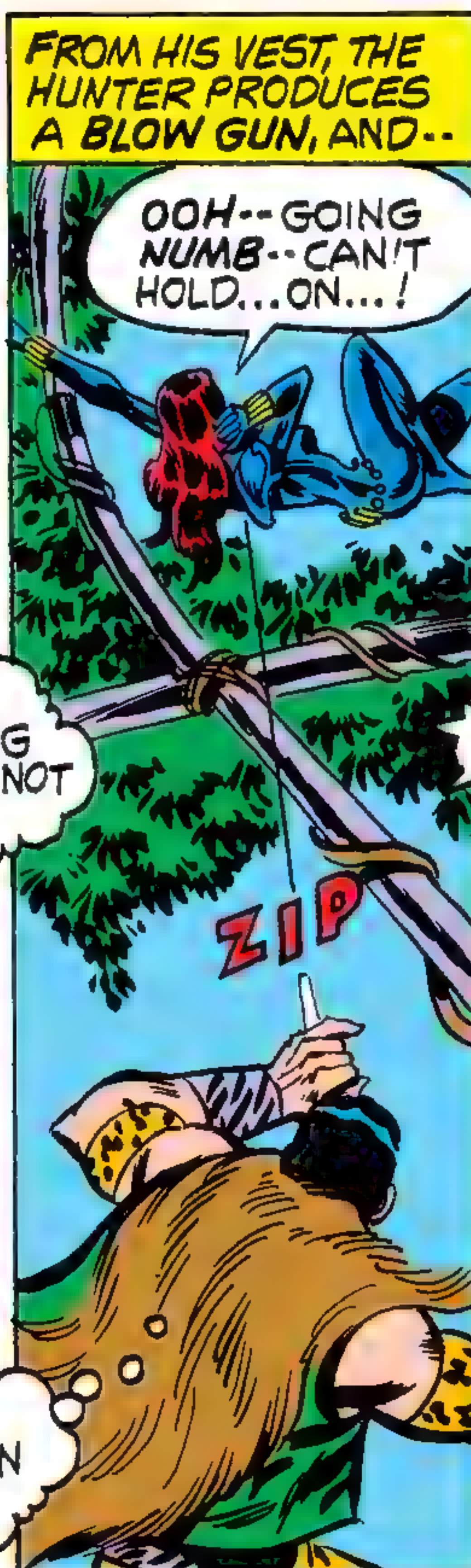
!AAGH! THOSE INFERNAL STINGS ASSAIL ME ONCE MORE!



I AM FORCED TO TAKE MORE DRASTIC ACTION. THUS--

--WHERE MY BLUDGEONING FISTS WILL NOT SUFFICE...

...PERHAPS A POTENT POISON DART WILL DO!



FROM HIS VEST, THE HUNTER PRODUCES A BLOW GUN, AND--

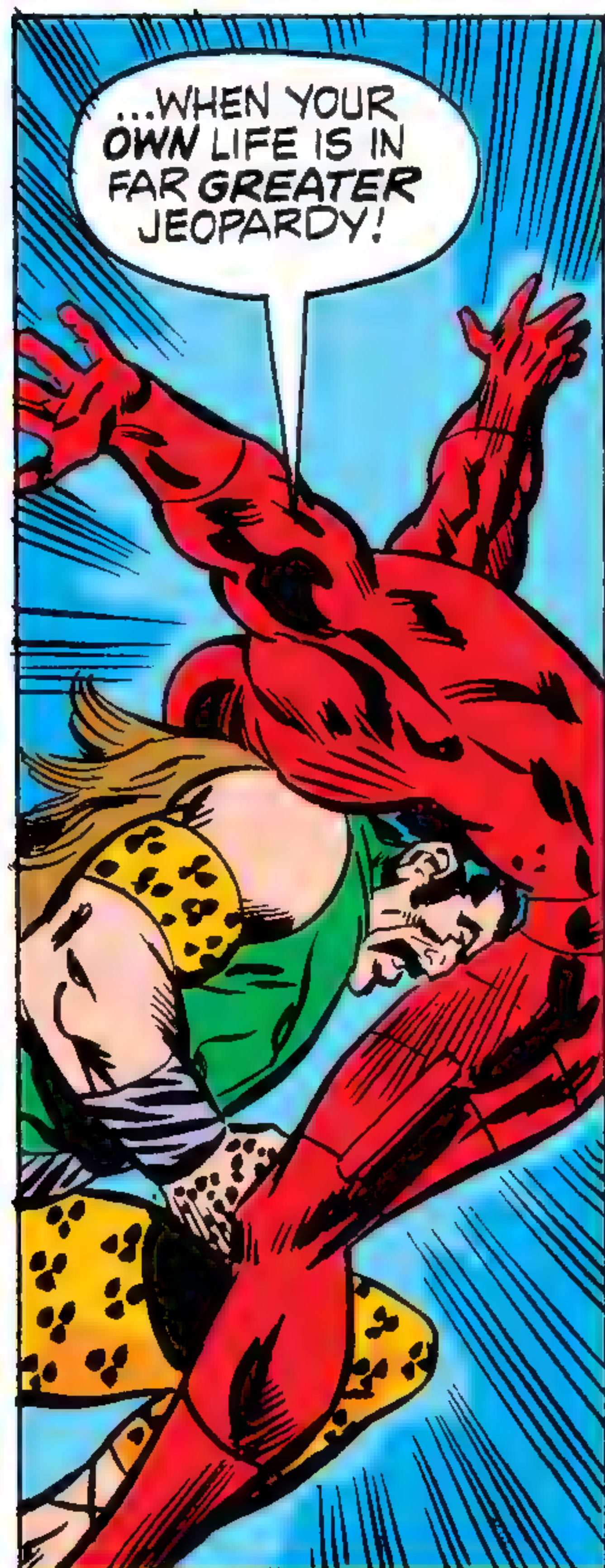
OOH-- GOING NUMB-- CAN'T HOLD... ON...!



NATASHA!

KRAVEN, IF THAT FALL HAS HARMED HER--!

DO NOT FRET OVER HER, DAREDEVIL...



...WHEN YOUR OWN LIFE IS IN FAR GREATER JEOPARDY!



HAH! WITH THAT BLOW, CONSCIOUSNESS HAS GONE FROM YOU!



AND YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL--- THAT YOU ARE NOT AWAKE--

--TO WITNESS YOUR FINAL FATE!

NEXT: WILL THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR LIVE TO FIGHT--"THE **TERROR** FROM **TITAN!**"

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP



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DAREDEVIL

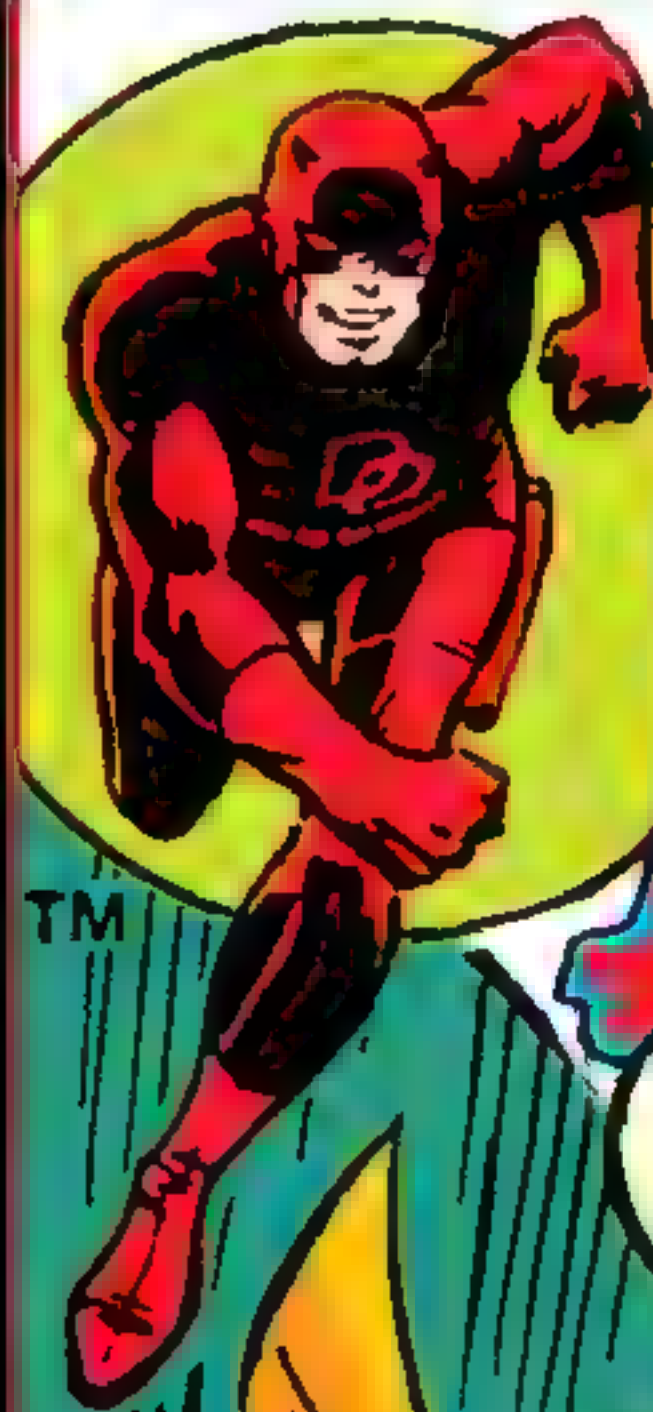
AND THE

BLACK WIDOW

DAREDEVIL!
MEET MADAME M'EVIL'S
**TERRIBLE
TRIO!**

RAMROD-
THE
SCREAMER-
AND THE
DARK MESSIAH!

WE'RE THE
LAST
THINGS YOU'LL
MEET--
**IN THIS
LIFE!**



Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**™

STEVE GERBER
WRITER

DON HECK
ARTIST

DON PERLIN
INKER

JUNE BRAVERMAN LETTERER
JANICE COHEN COLORIST

ROY THOMAS
EDITOR

WITNESS: A
SCENE OF UNMITIGATED
TERROR!

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR--
UNCONSCIOUS--HELD
EFFORTLESSLY OFF THE
GROUND BY THE IRON-
THEWED ARMS OF
KRAVEN THE HUNTER!

IT BEGAN AS A DINNER
PARTY, HERE AT THE
HOME OF MATT MURDOCK'S
SENIOR LAW-PARTNER,
KERWIN J. BRODERICK.

IT IS
ABOUT TO
END IN
TRAGEDY--!

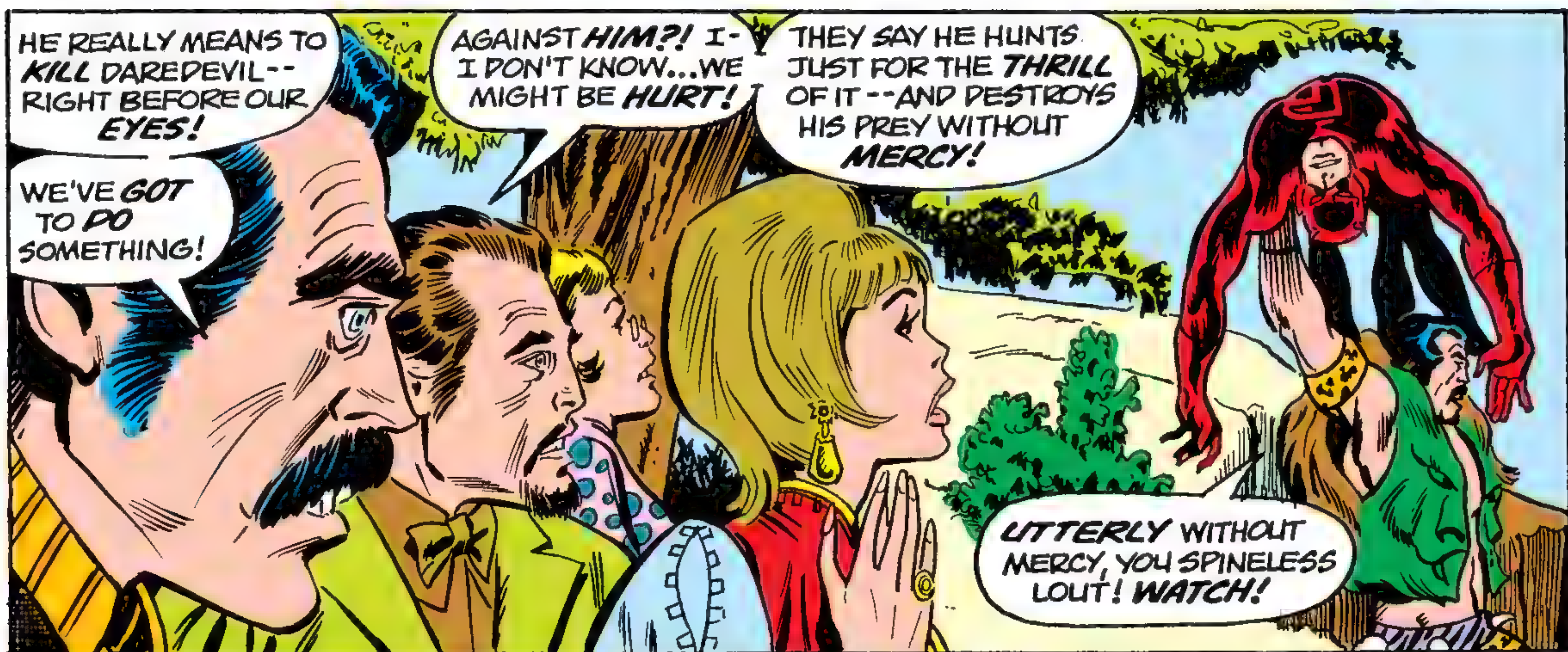
FOR THIS IS NO
MERE STANCE OF
VICTORY KRAVEN
HAS ASSUMED--NO
BRAZEN DISPLAY
OF POWER--

-- BUT, RATHER, THE
POSE OF THE
EXECUTIONER, STRUCK
SOME FIFTY FEET
ABOVE THE POUNDING
PACIFIC SURF!

MENACE

FROM
THE

MOONS OF SATURN!



HE REALLY MEANS TO KILL DAREDEVIL--
RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES!

WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

AGAINST HIM?! I-I DON'T KNOW...WE MIGHT BE HURT!

THEY SAY HE HUNTS JUST FOR THE THRILL OF IT--AND DESTROYS HIS PREY WITHOUT MERCY!

UTTERLY WITHOUT MERCY, YOU SPINELESS LOUT! WATCH!

WHILE, MERE YARDS AWAY...

OH, MY ACHING BODY! WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?

WAIT...I REMEMBER...! THE POTION-TIPPED DART OF KRAVEN'S... I PASSED OUT... FELL...!

BUT...

WHERE ARE THEY-- DD AND KRAVEN?

EYES STILL HAZY... CAN'T QUITE MAKE OUT WHO --OH!

NO!!

STILL THE NUMBING POTION COURSES THRU HER VEINS-- BUT SHE FIGHTS IT--RISES TO HER FEET.

SHE HAS SEEN WHAT WE HAVE: THAT HER PARTNER FACES DEATH! AND NO POTION...

... COULD NOW QUELL HER ANGER!



WHY HAVEN'T YOU TRIED TO HELP HIM? ARE YOU ALL COWARDS--?

NOW, WAIT A MINUTE, LADY--! THIS WASN'T OUR FIGHT!

HUSH, CHARLES!

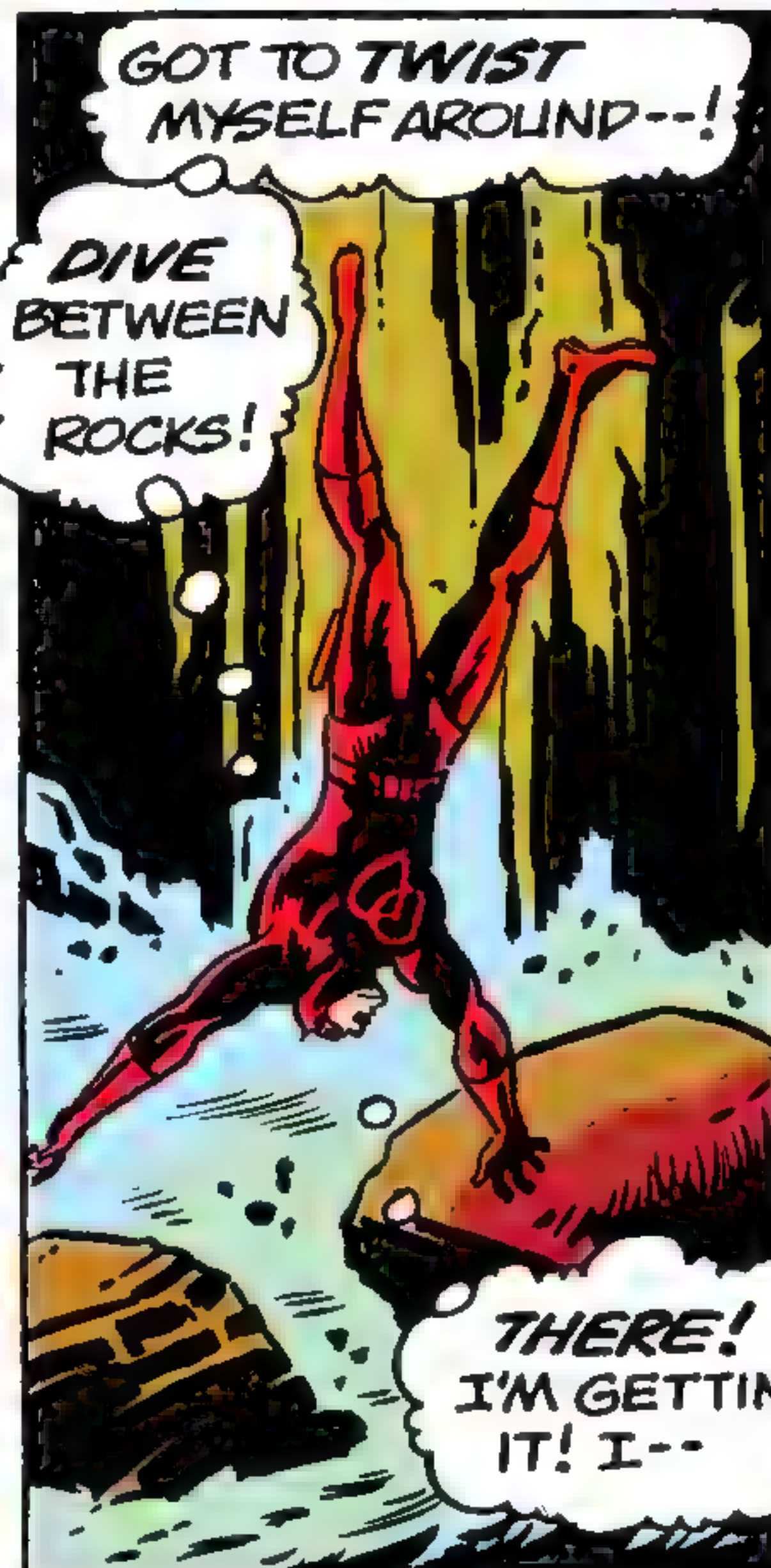
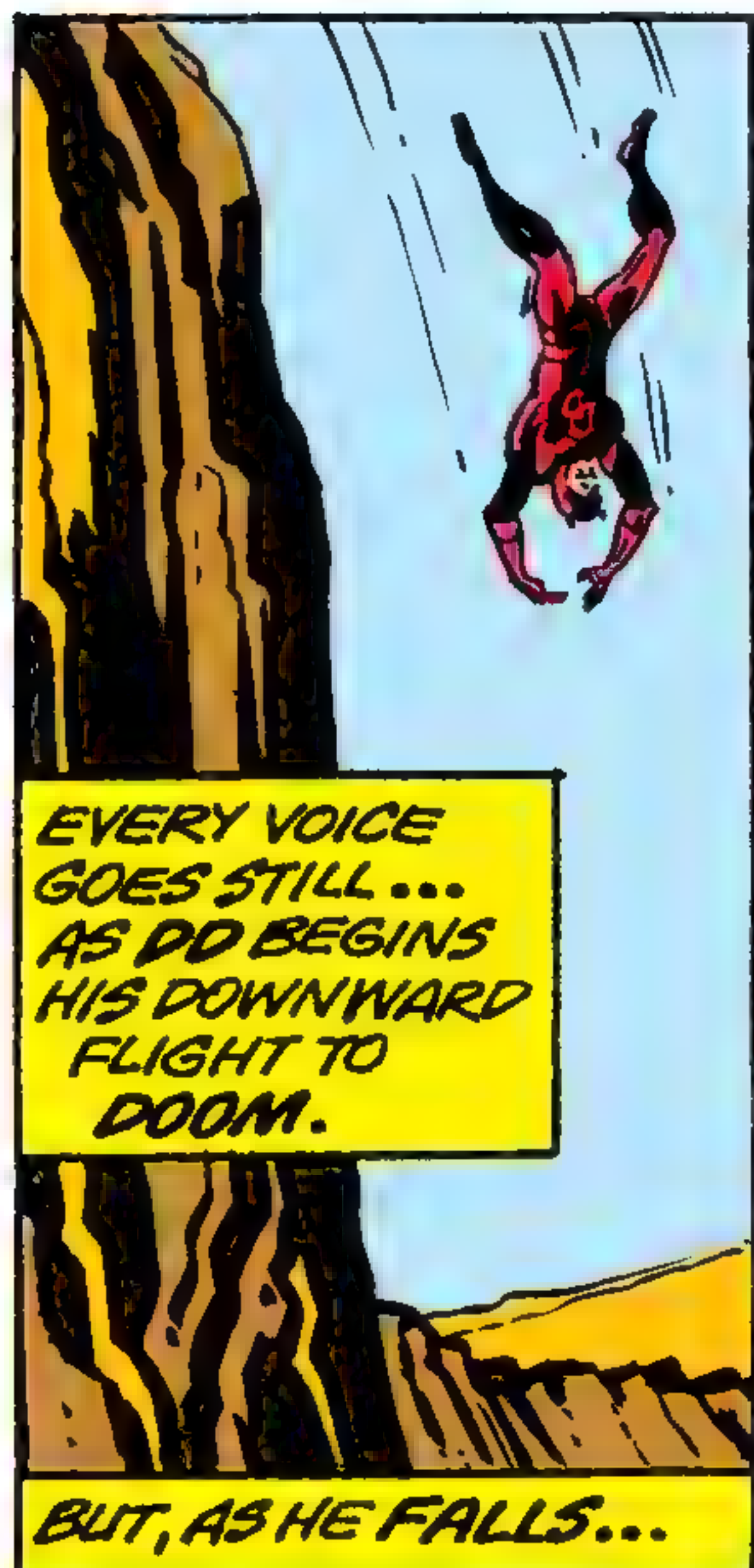
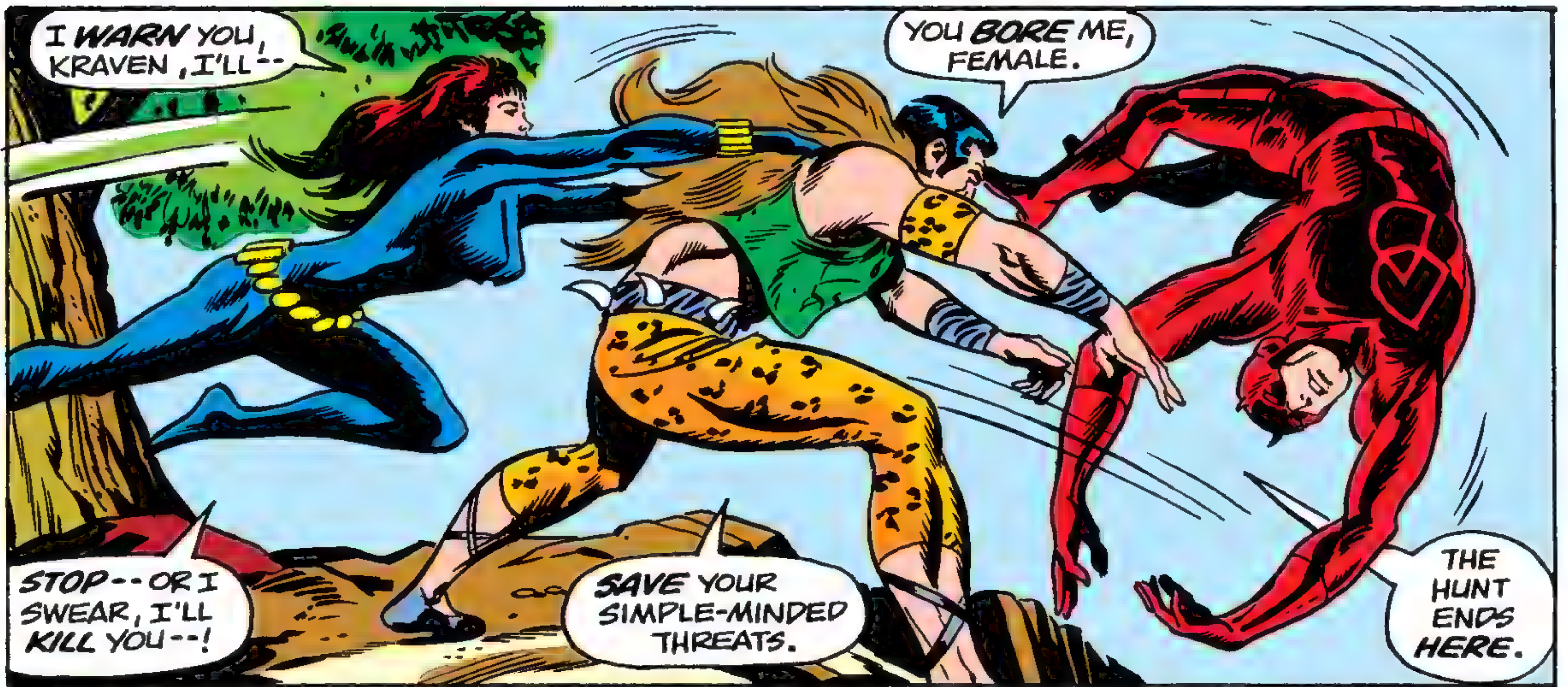
SHE'S RIGHT-- AND YOU KNOW IT.

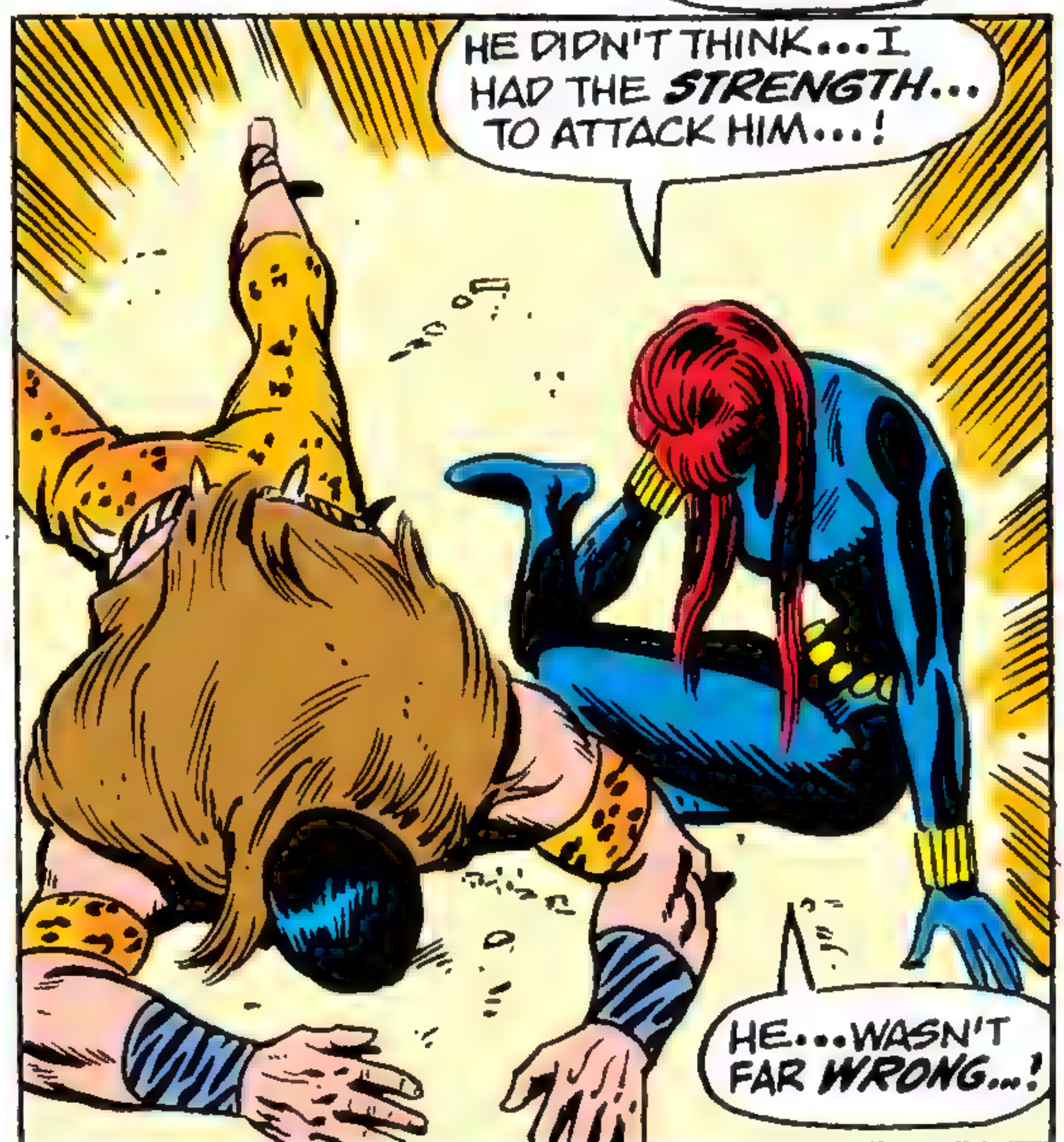
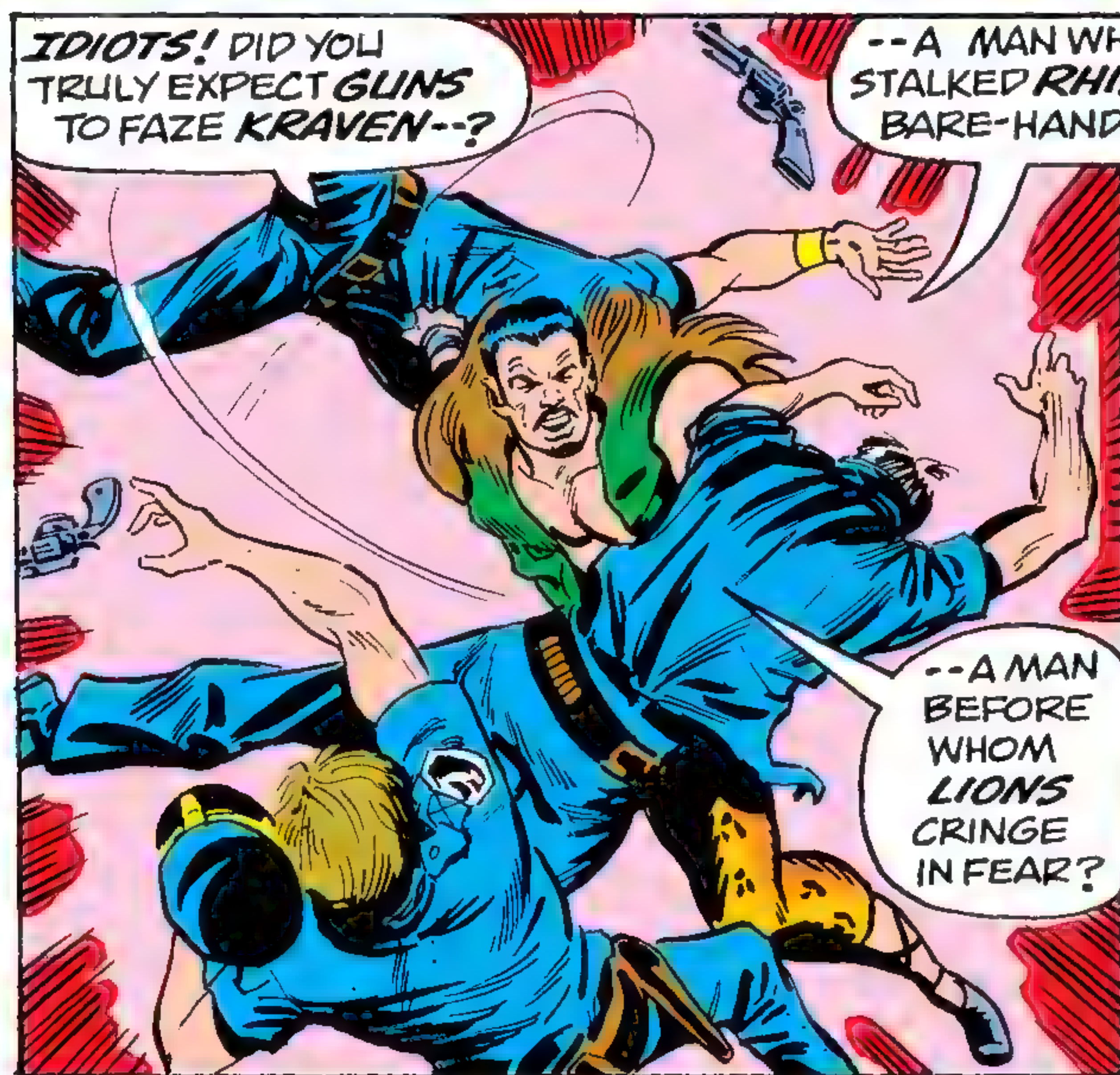


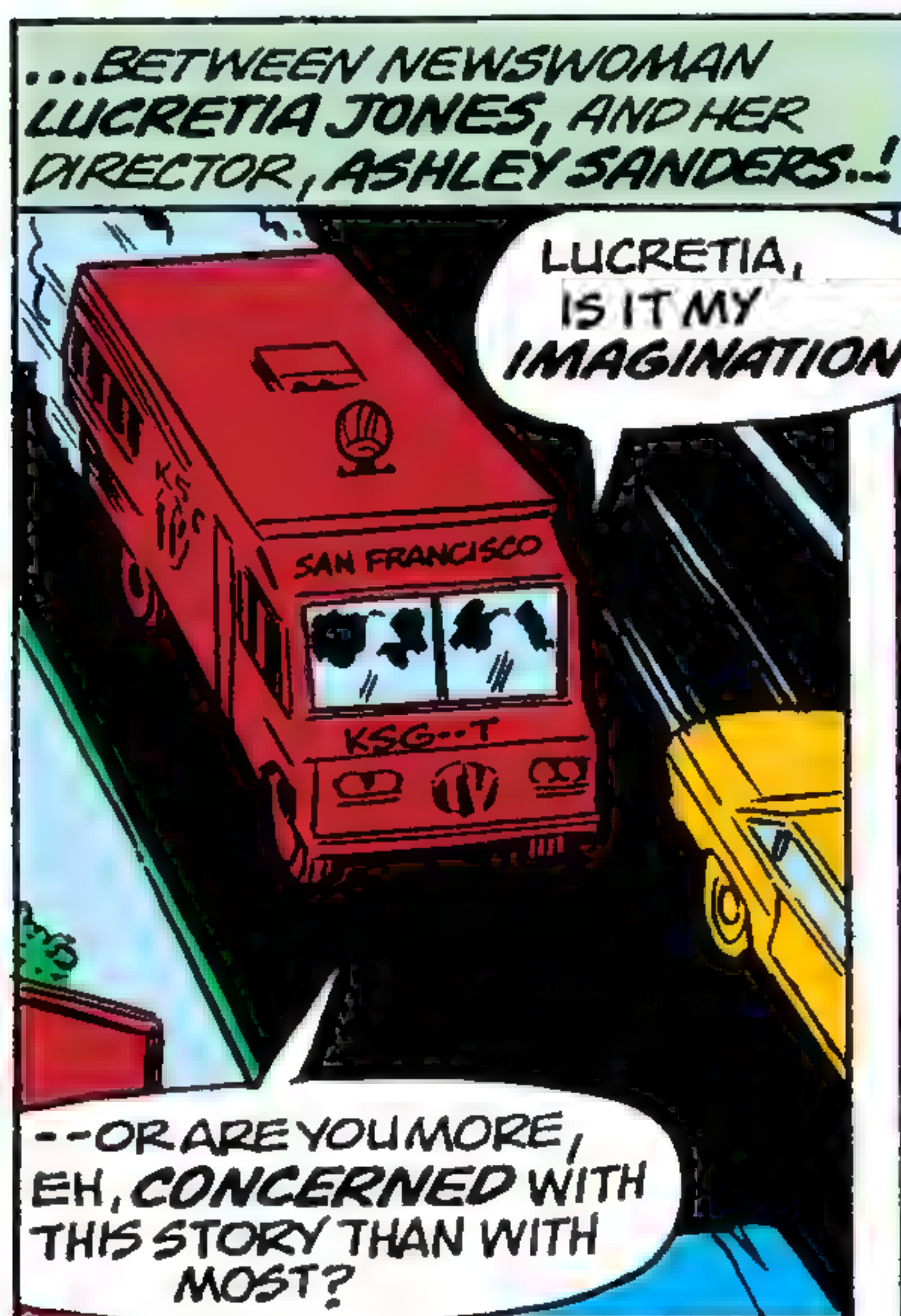
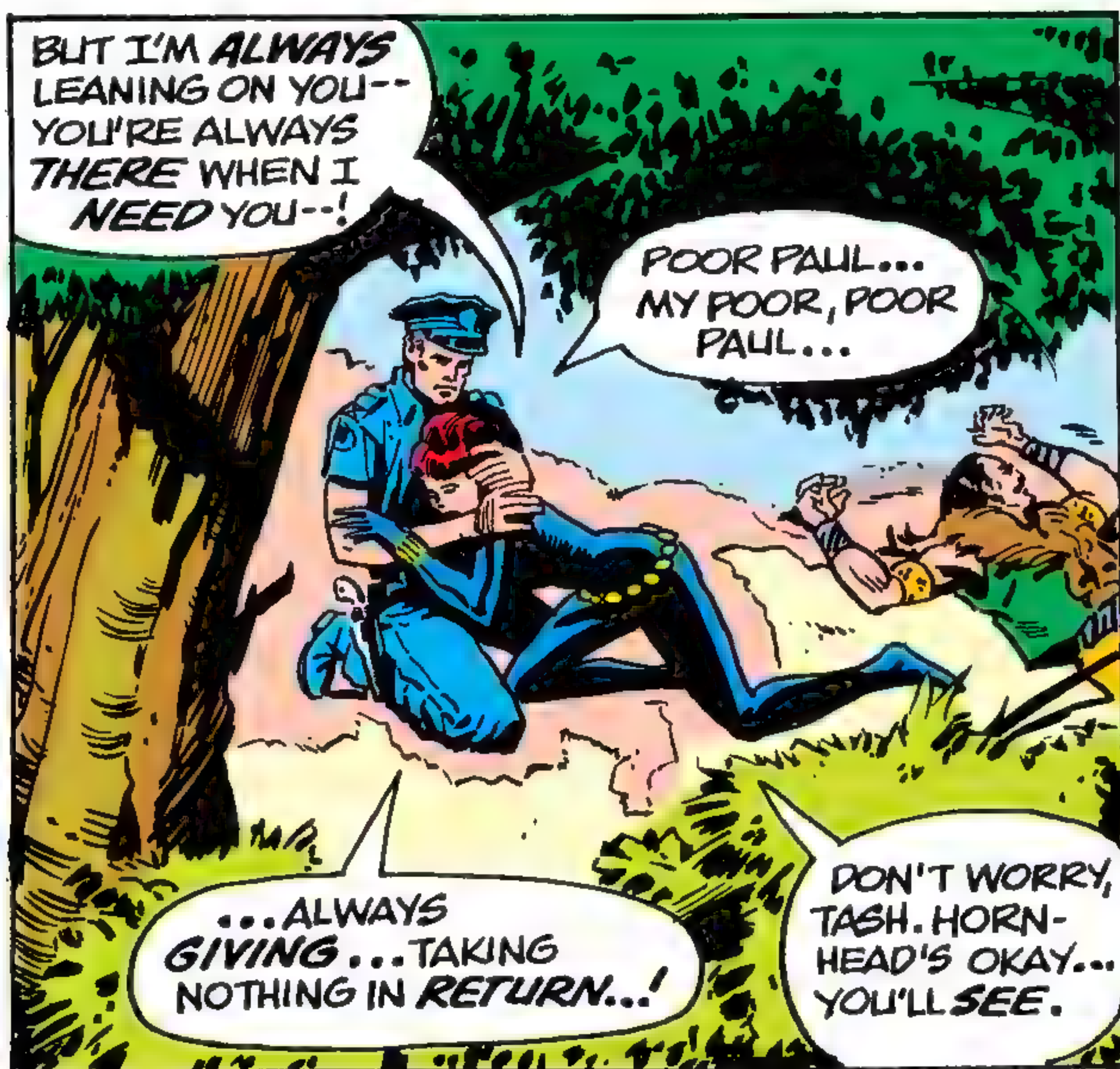
SO, BLACK WIDOW-- YOU'VE RECOVERED FROM MY LITTLE STING, I SEE.

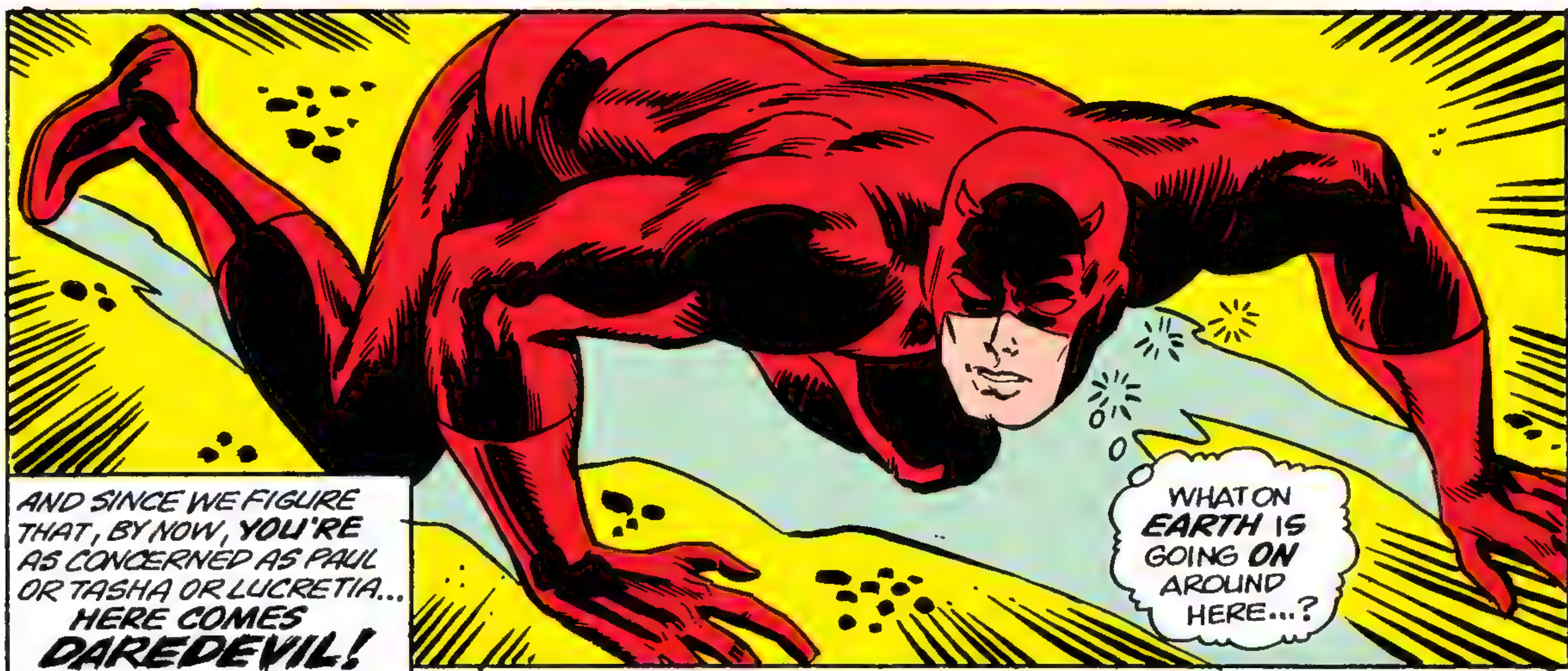
GOOD! COME CLOSER, WOMAN!

COME SEE YOUR MAN PERISH ON THE ROCKS BELOW!



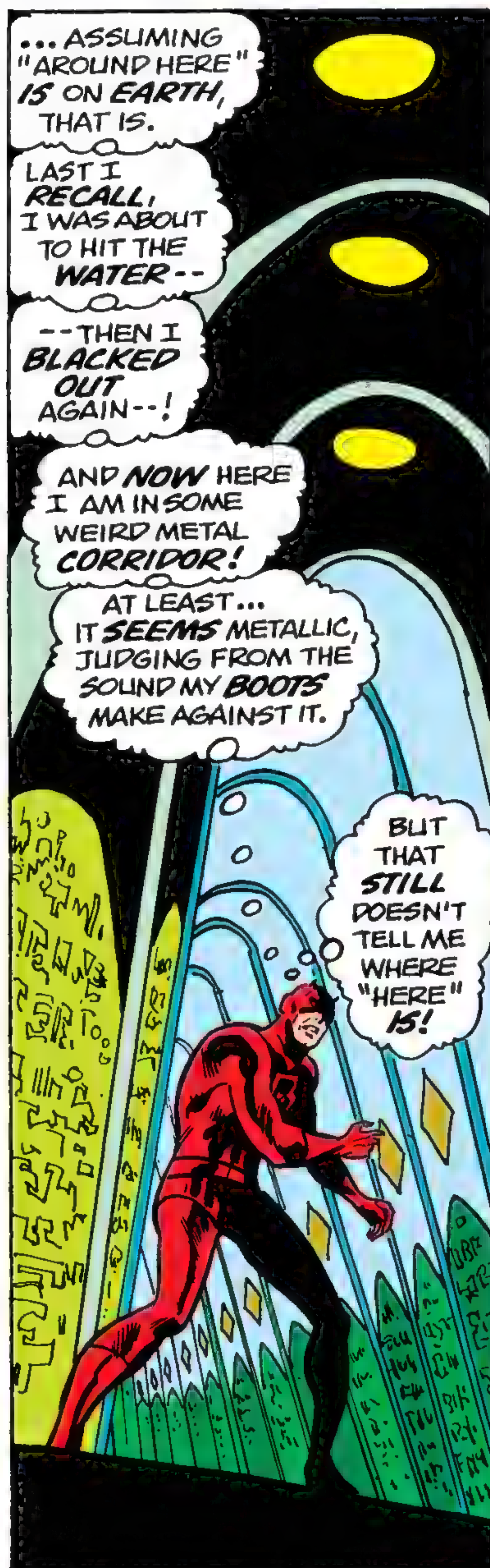






AND SINCE WE FIGURE THAT, BY NOW, YOU'RE AS CONCERNED AS PAUL OR TASHA OR LUCRETIA...
HERE COMES DAREDEVIL!

WHAT ON EARTH IS GOING ON AROUND HERE...?



... ASSUMING "AROUND HERE" IS ON EARTH, THAT IS.

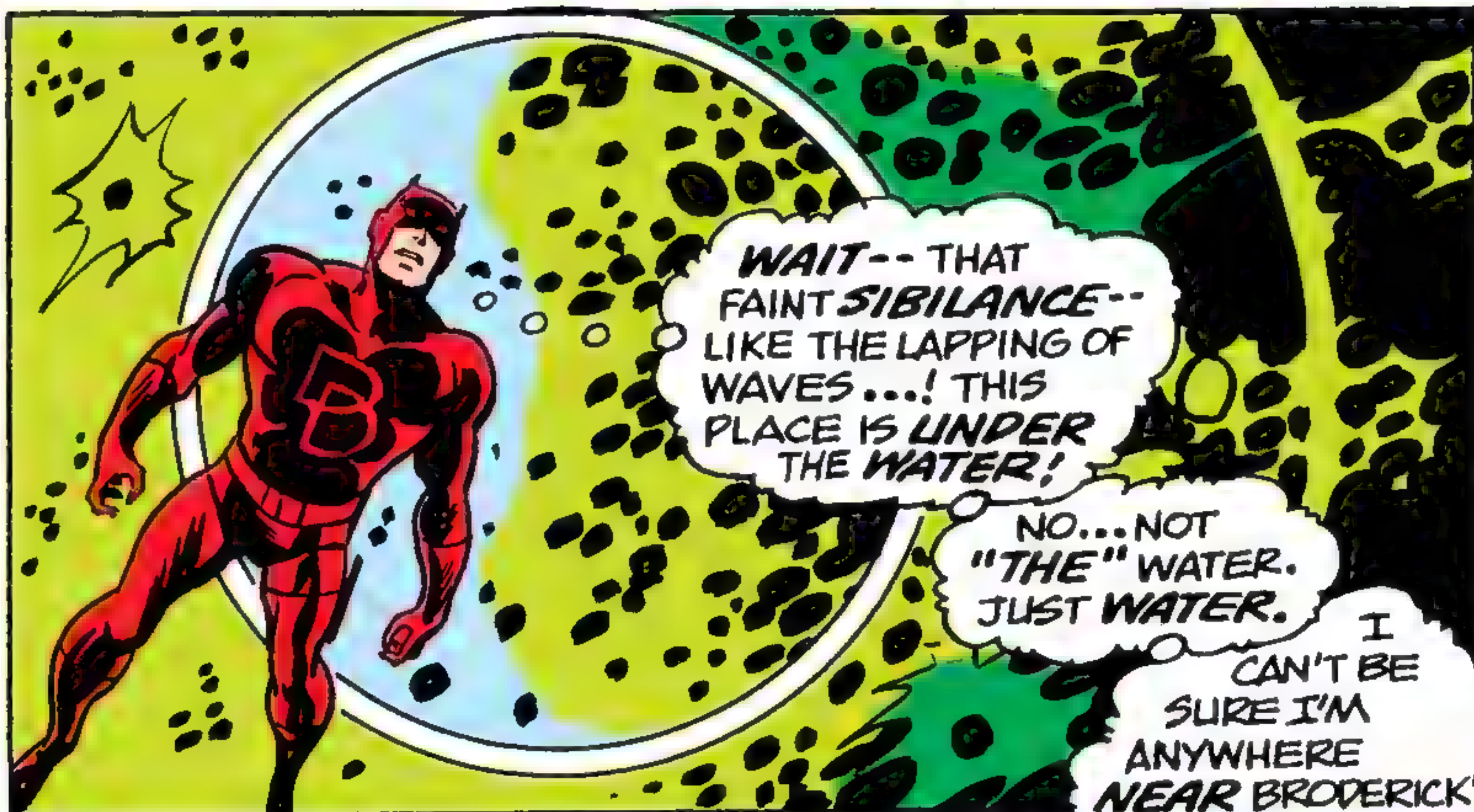
LAST I RECALL, I WAS ABOUT TO HIT THE WATER--

-- THEN I BLACKED OUT AGAIN--!

AND NOW HERE I AM IN SOME WEIRD METAL CORRIDOR!

AT LEAST... IT *SEEMS* METALLIC, JUDGING FROM THE SOUND MY *BOOTS* MAKE AGAINST IT.

BUT THAT *STILL* DOESN'T TELL ME WHERE "HERE" IS!



WAIT-- THAT FAINT *SIBILANCE*-- LIKE THE LAPPING OF WAVES...! THIS PLACE IS UNDER THE WATER!

NO... NOT "THE" WATER. JUST WATER.

I CAN'T BE SURE I'M ANYWHERE NEAR BRODERICK'S ESTATE.



THE WALLS *VIBRATE*-- MACHINERY BEHIND THEM, PROBABLY. AND ON THEM-- *HIEROGLYPHS* OF SOME SORT...!

CAN'T BREAK OUT OF HERE... MAYBE IF I FOLLOW THESE ETCHED SYMBOLS...!



AND SO, ONE LABYRINTH LATER...

I HALF-EXPECTED TO MEET A *MINOTAUR* SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY...

... BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE LINE: A MASSIVE, ORNATE *DOORWAY*.

AND THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO BUT --IN.



BUT HOW DOES ONE GET IN? THERE ARE NO **HANDLES** ON THE DOORS--AND EVEN IF THERE **WERE**--

--IT WOULD TAKE THE STRENGTH OF **THOR** TO PULL THEM OPEN.



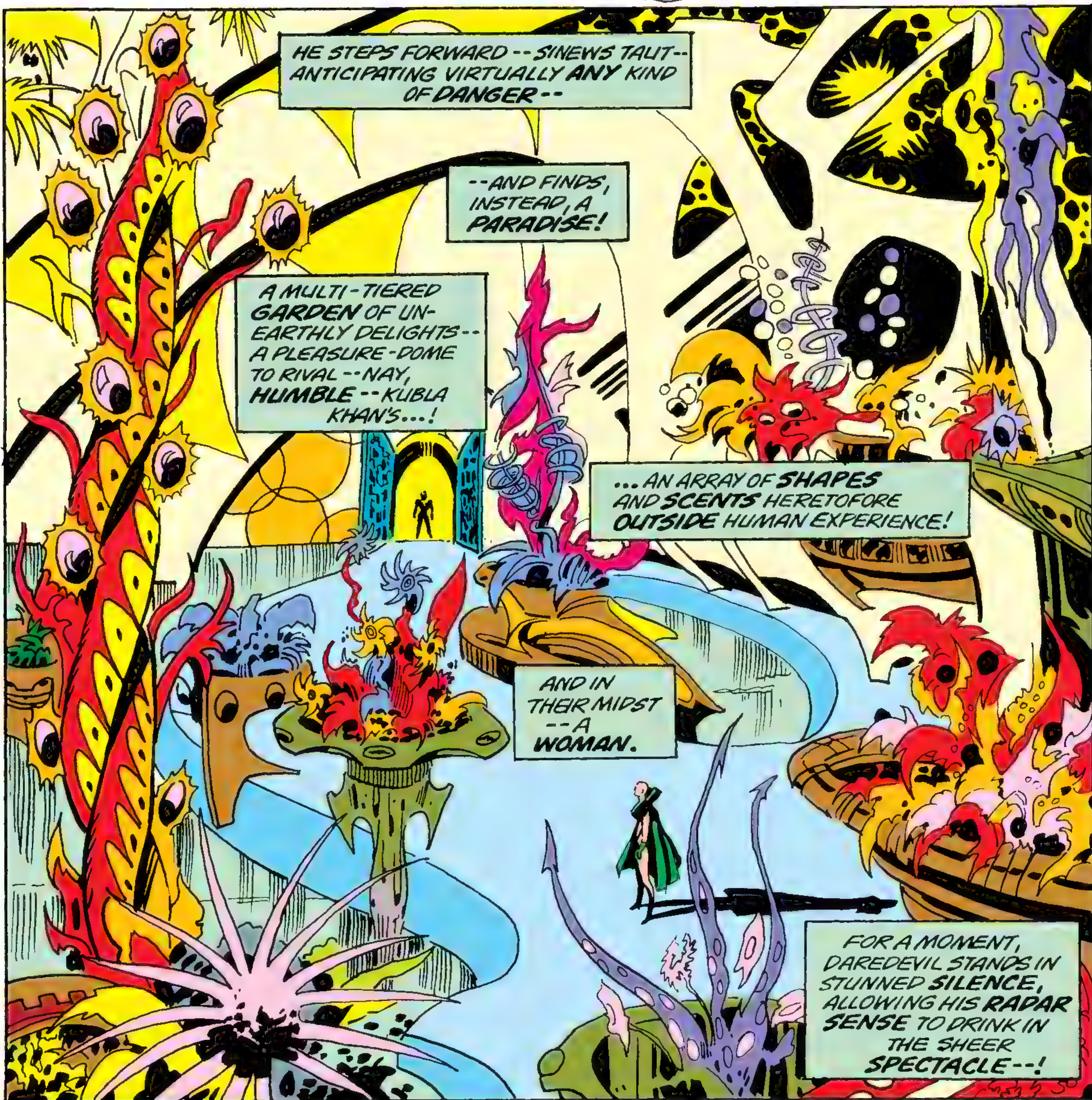
THEY'RE **STEEL**... MUST BE A FOOT THICK-- **WHOA**--!

I'VE TRIPPED SOME KIND OF **LIGHT-BEAM**--I CAN FEEL ITS **HEAT**, EVER SO SLIGHTLY, ON MY **HAND**!



MUST'VE SET SOME KIND OF **APPARATUS** INTO MOTION...!

THE DOORS ARE OPENING **THEMSELVES**.



HE STEPS FORWARD--SINEWS TAUT--ANTICIPATING VIRTUALLY ANY KIND OF DANGER--

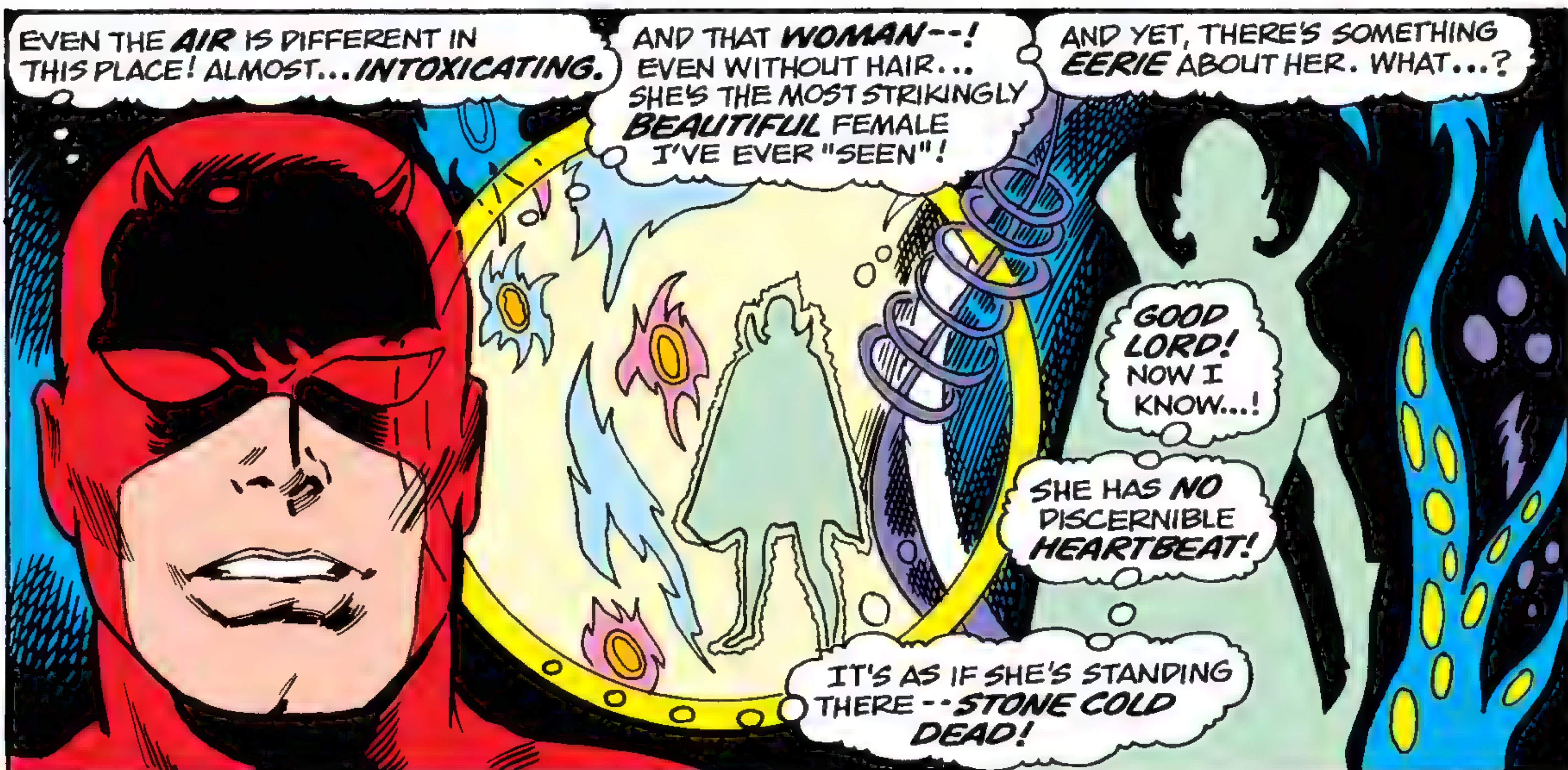
--AND FINDS, INSTEAD, A **PARADISE**!

A MULTI-TIERED GARDEN OF UN-EARTHLY DELIGHTS--A PLEASURE-DOME TO RIVAL--NAY, HUMBLE--KUBLA KHAN'S...!

...AN ARRAY OF **SHAPES** AND **SCENTS** HERETOFORE OUTSIDE HUMAN EXPERIENCE!

AND IN THEIR MIDST--A **WOMAN**.

FOR A MOMENT, DAREDEVIL STANDS IN STUNNED **SILENCE**, ALLOWING HIS **RAPAR** SENSE TO DRINK IN THE **SHEER SPECTACLE**--!



EVEN THE **AIR** IS DIFFERENT IN THIS PLACE! ALMOST... **INTOXICATING**.

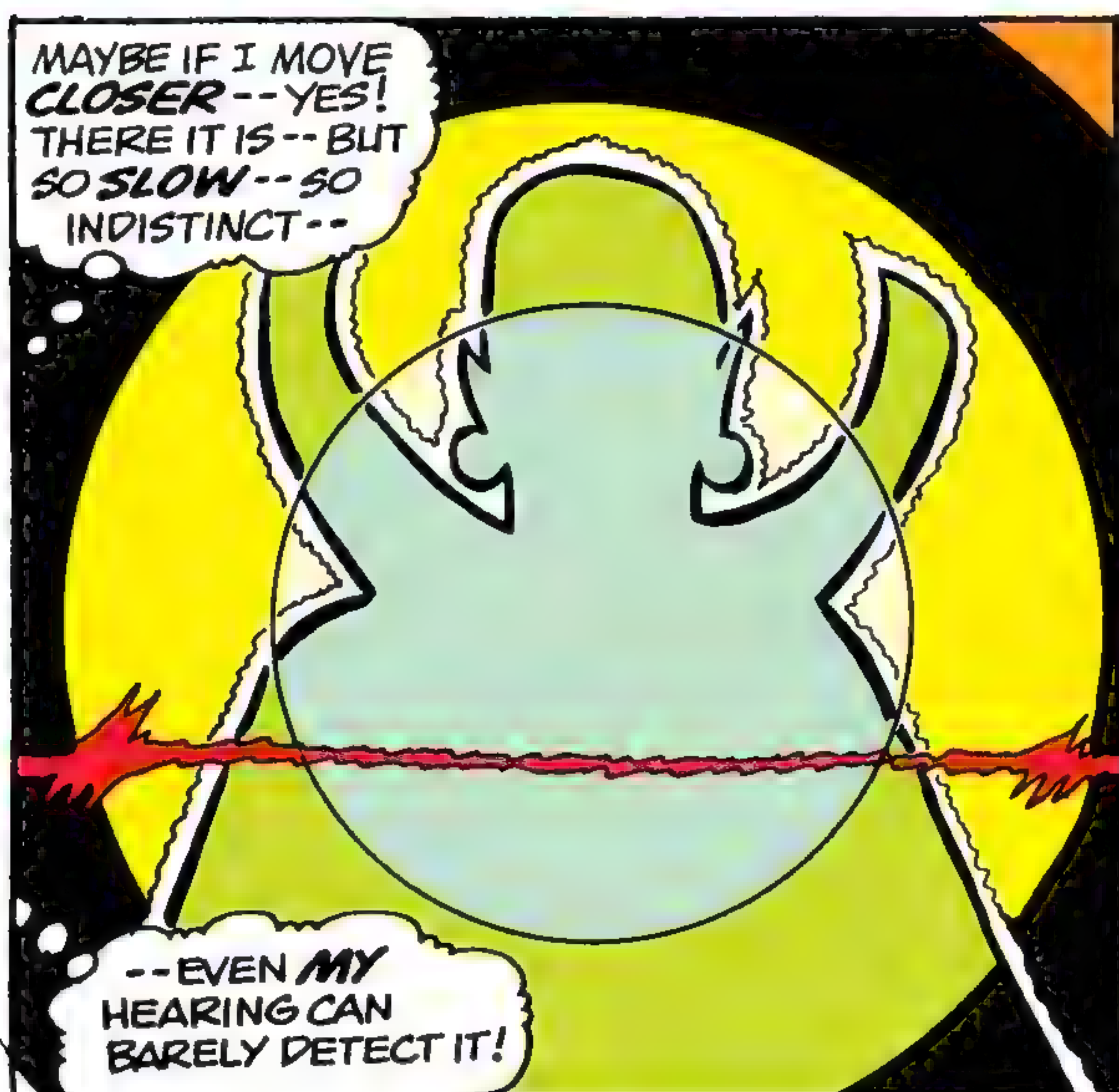
AND THAT **WOMAN**--! EVEN WITHOUT HAIR... SHE'S THE MOST STRIKINGLY **BEAUTIFUL** FEMALE I'VE EVER "SEEN"!

AND YET, THERE'S SOMETHING **EERIE** ABOUT HER. WHAT...?

GOOD LORD! NOW I KNOW...!

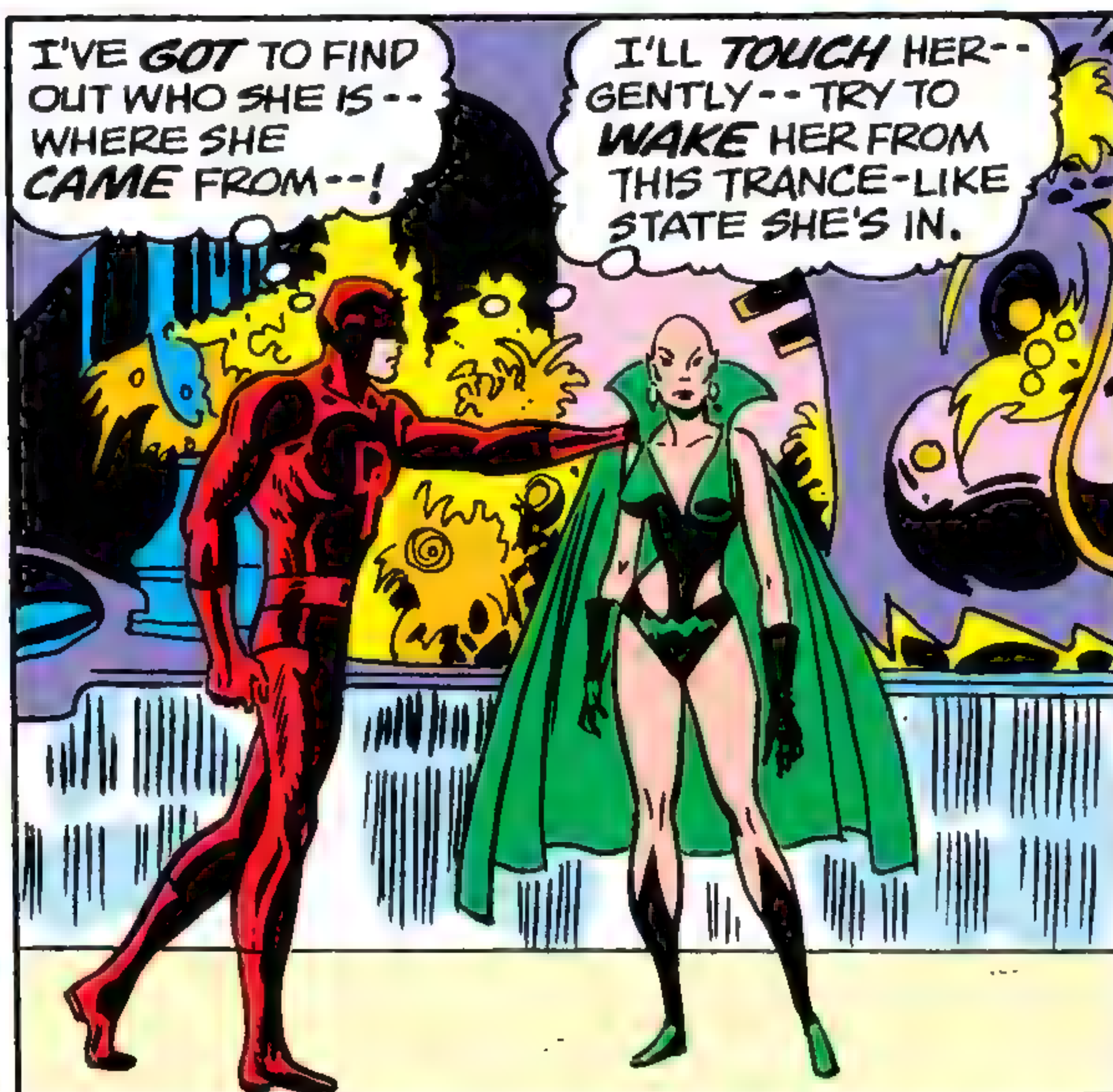
SHE HAS **NO** DISCERNIBLE **HEARTBEAT!**

IT'S AS IF SHE'S STANDING THERE -- **STONE COLD DEAD!**



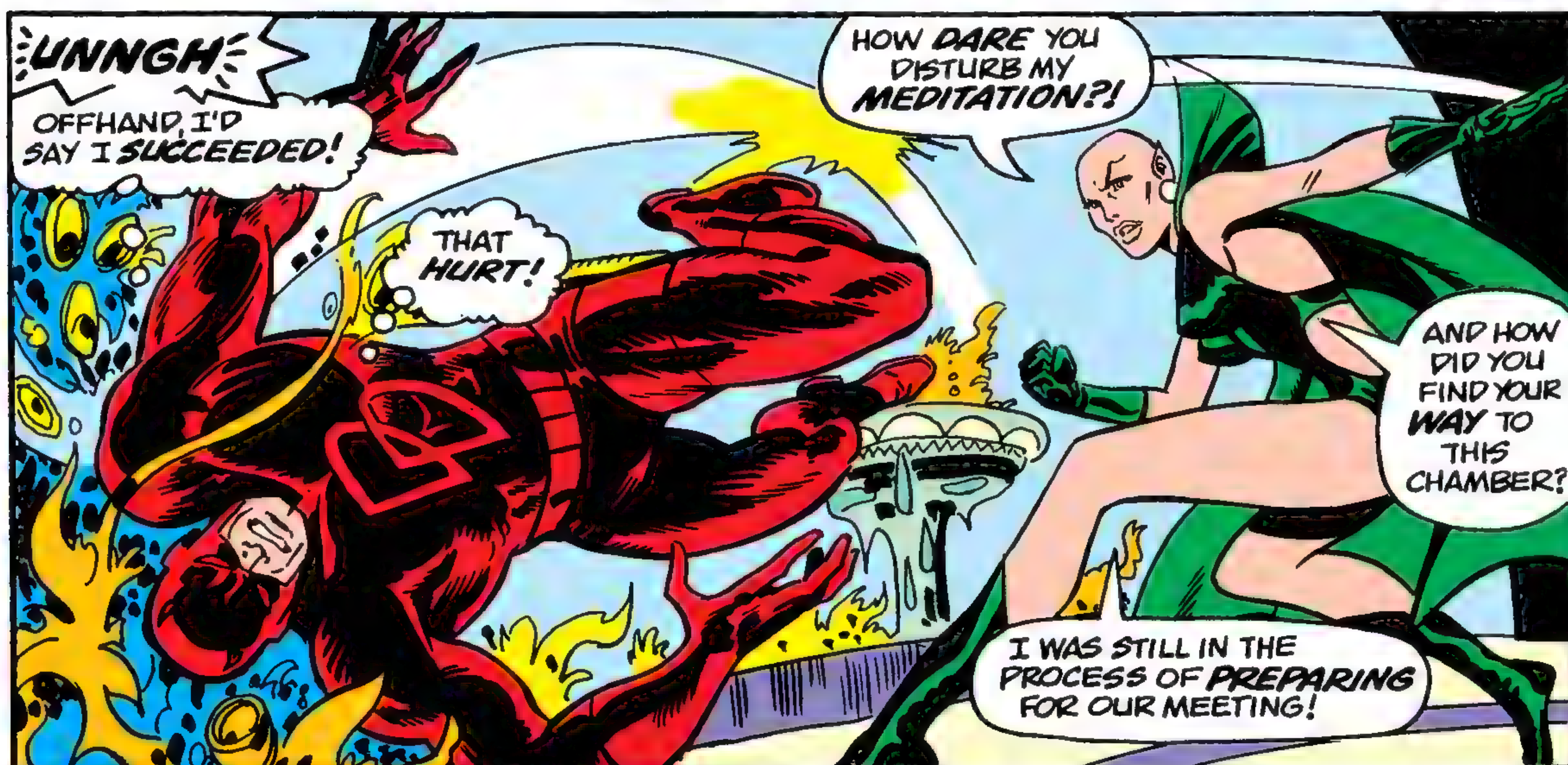
MAYBE IF I MOVE **CLOSER**--YES! THERE IT IS-- BUT SO **SLOW**--SO INDISTINCT--

--EVEN **MY** HEARING CAN BARELY DETECT IT!



I'VE **GOT** TO FIND OUT WHO SHE IS -- WHERE SHE **CAME FROM**--!

I'LL **TOUCH** HER-- GENTLY-- TRY TO **WAKE** HER FROM THIS TRANCE-LIKE STATE SHE'S IN.



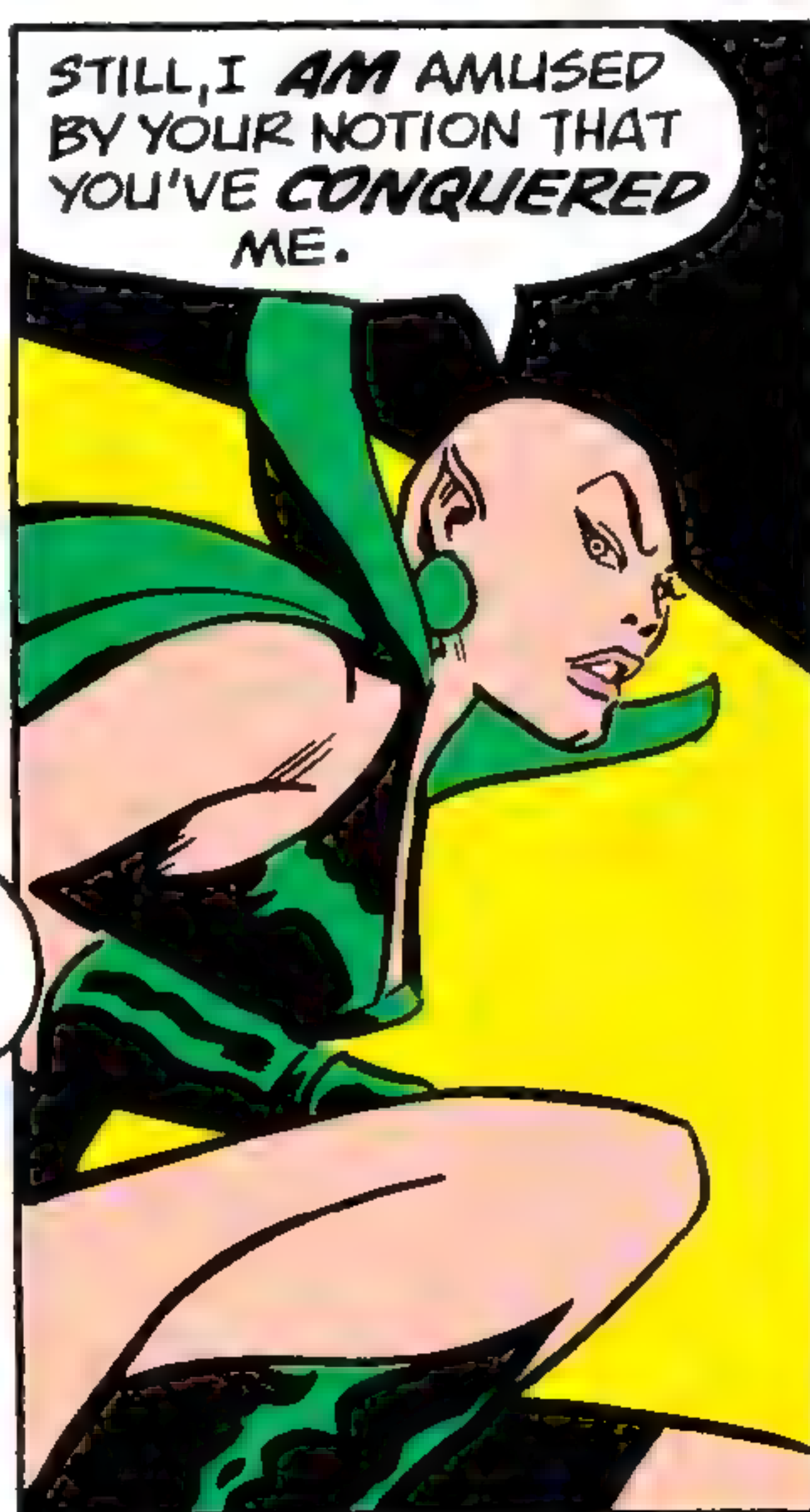
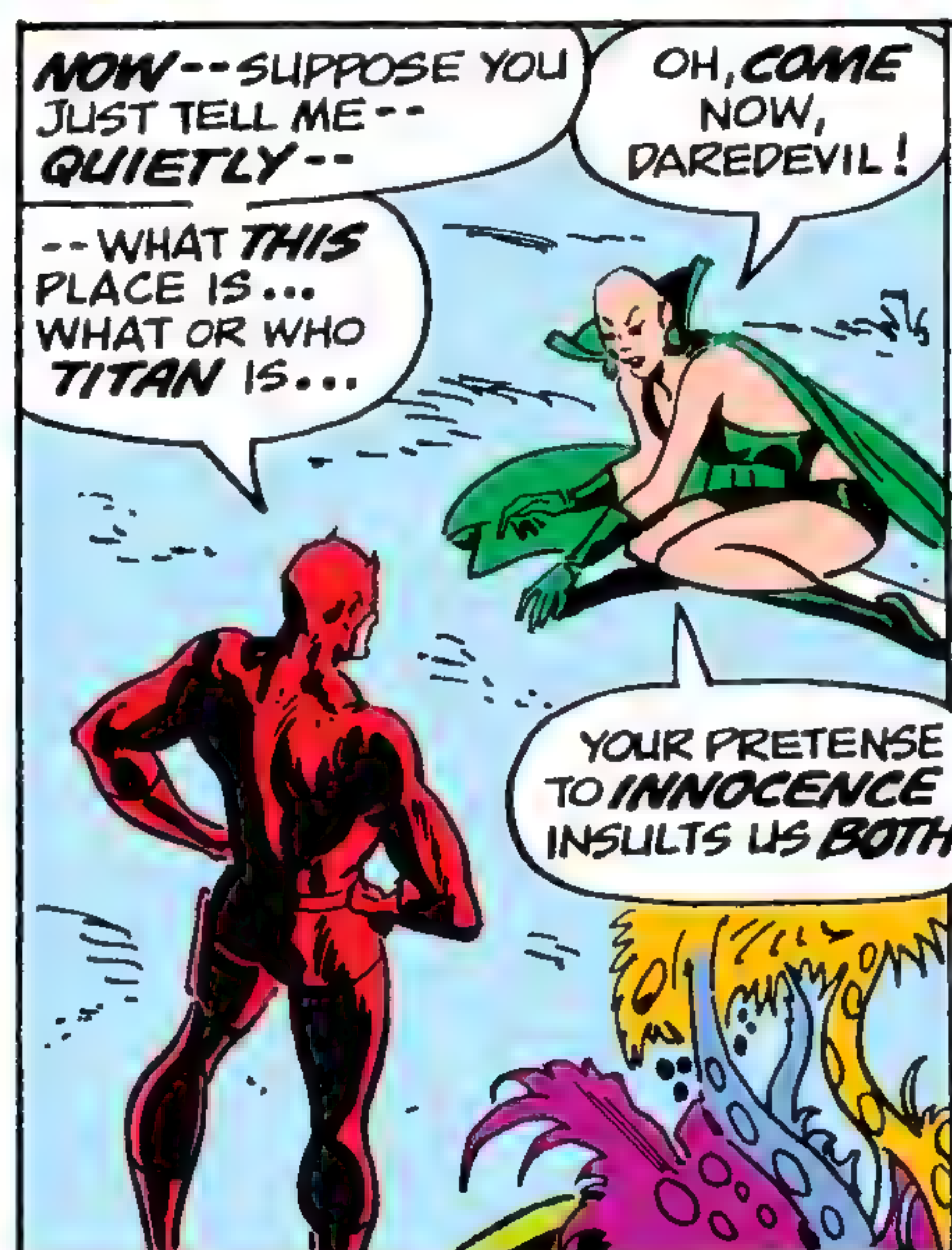
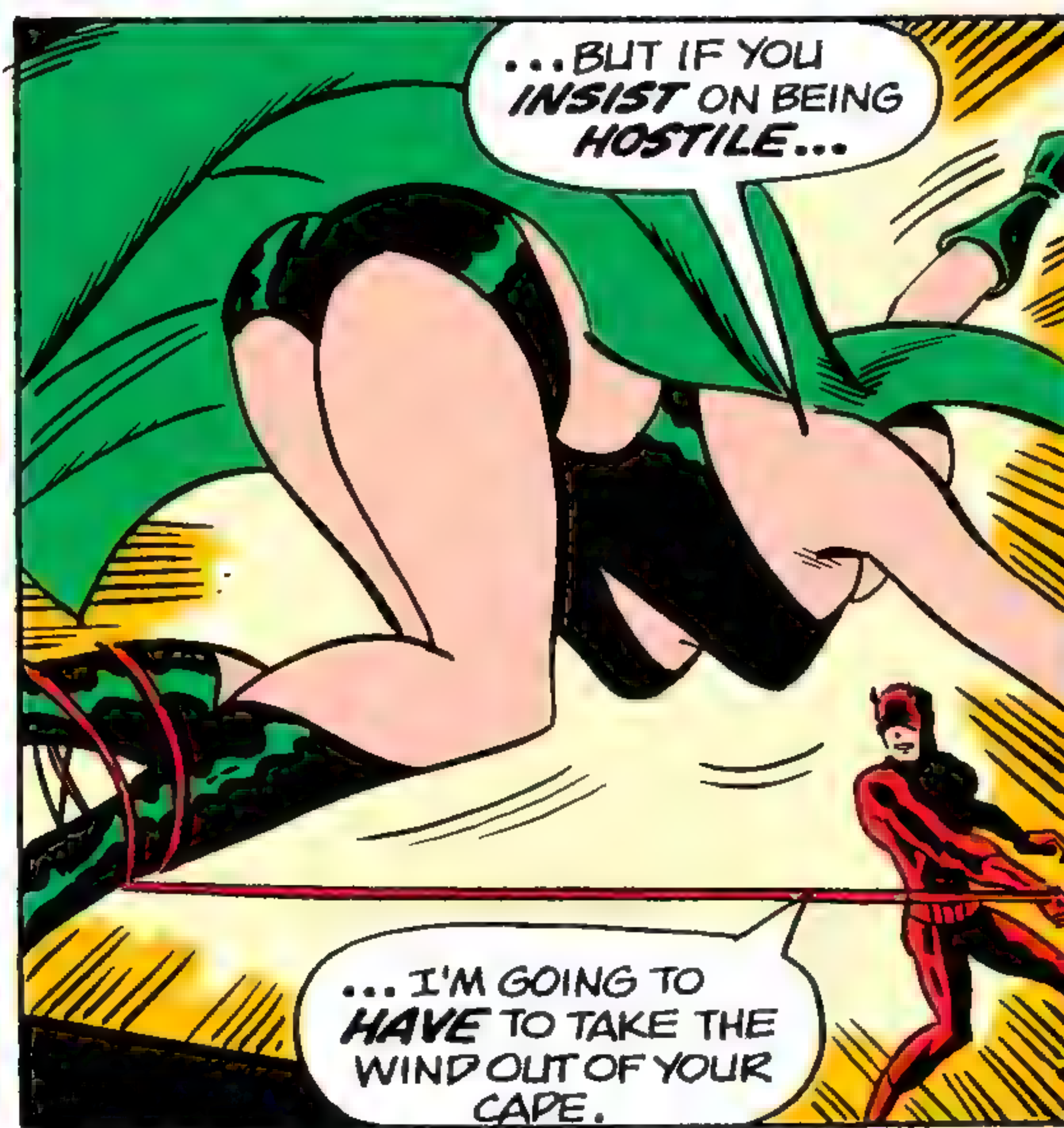
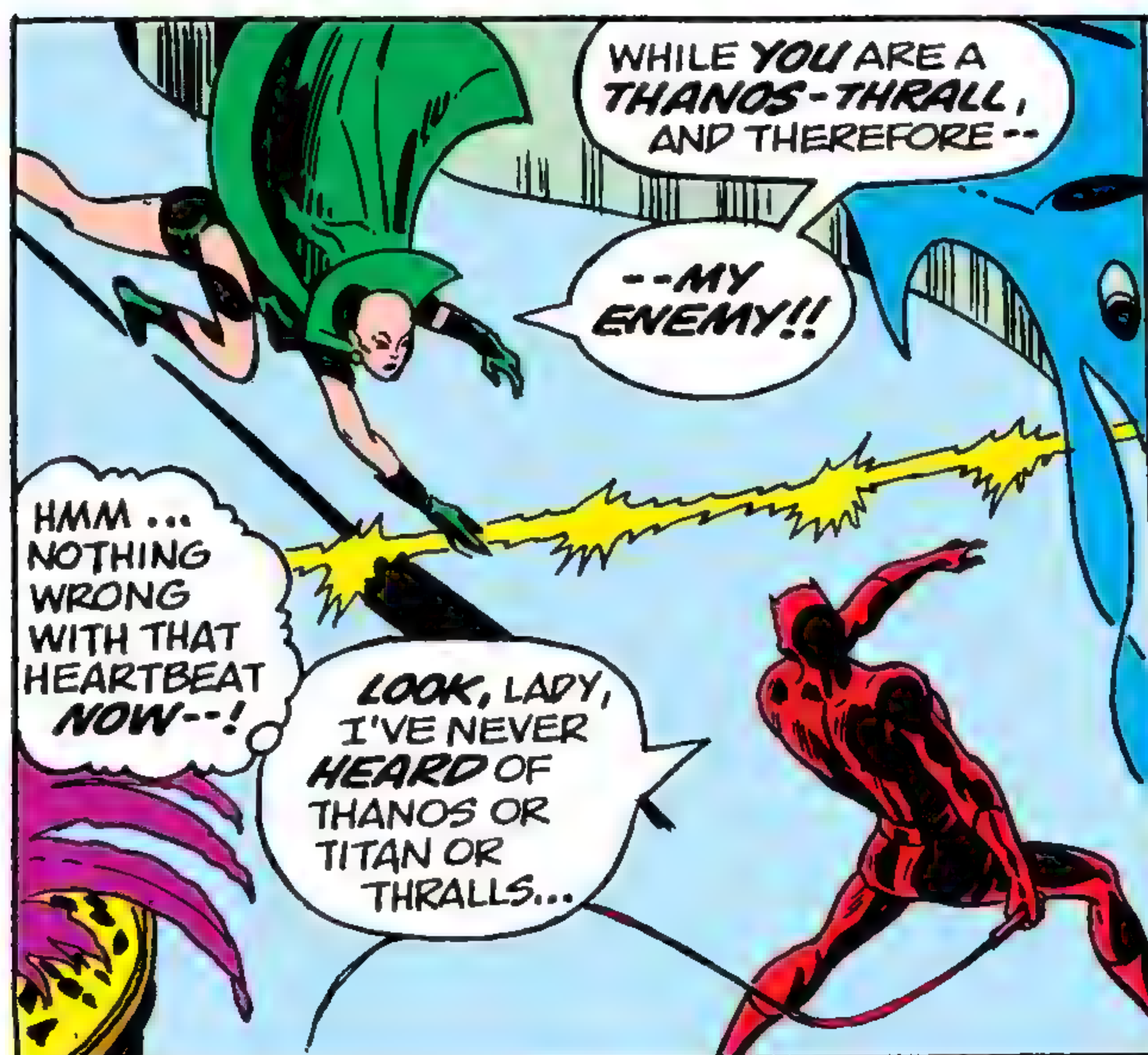
UNNGH! OFFHAND, I'D SAY I **SUCCEEDED!**

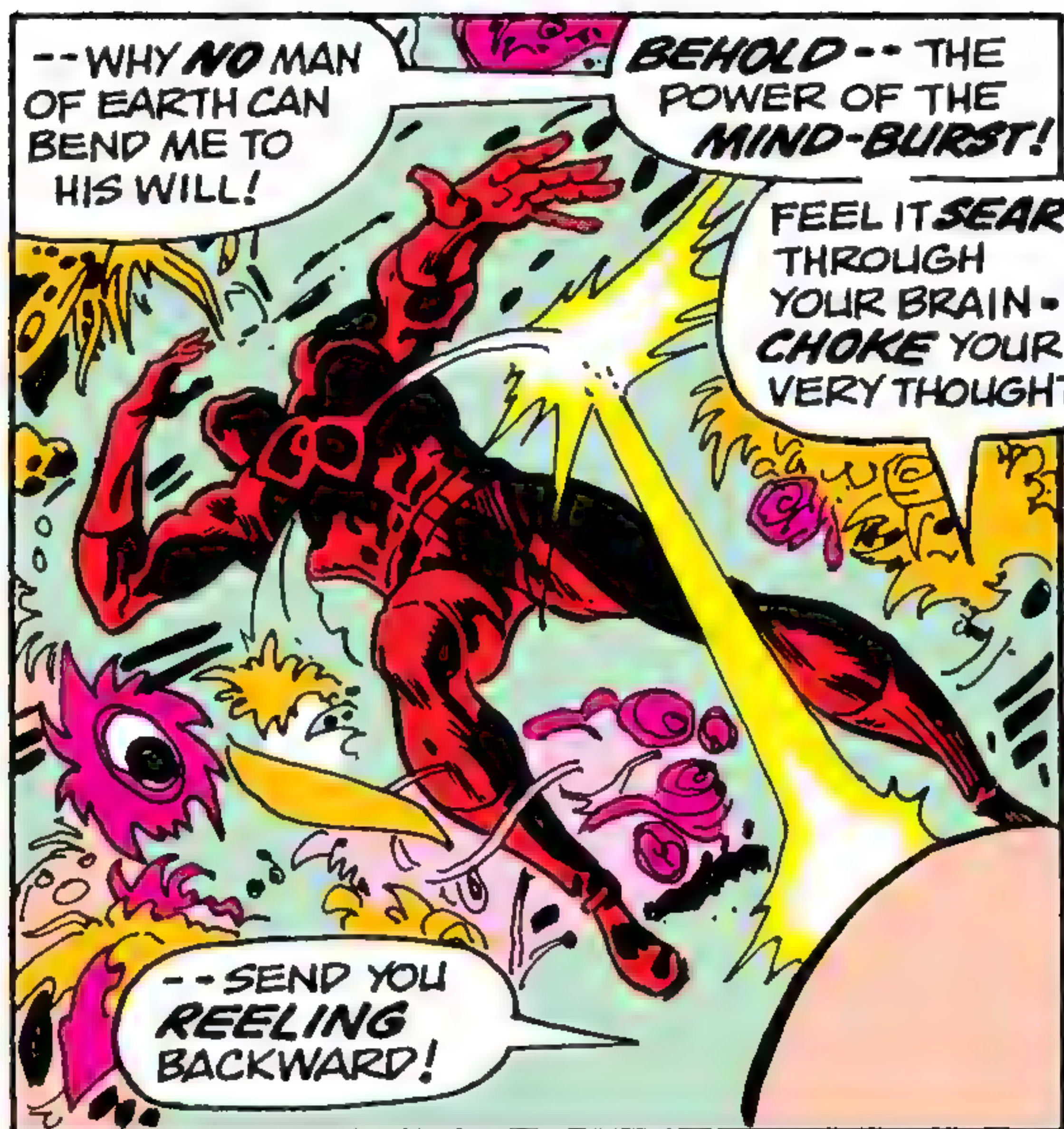
THAT **HURT!**

HOW **DARE** YOU DISTURB MY **MEDITATION**?!

AND HOW DID YOU FIND YOUR **WAY** TO THIS CHAMBER?

I WAS STILL IN THE PROCESS OF **PREPARING** FOR OUR MEETING!



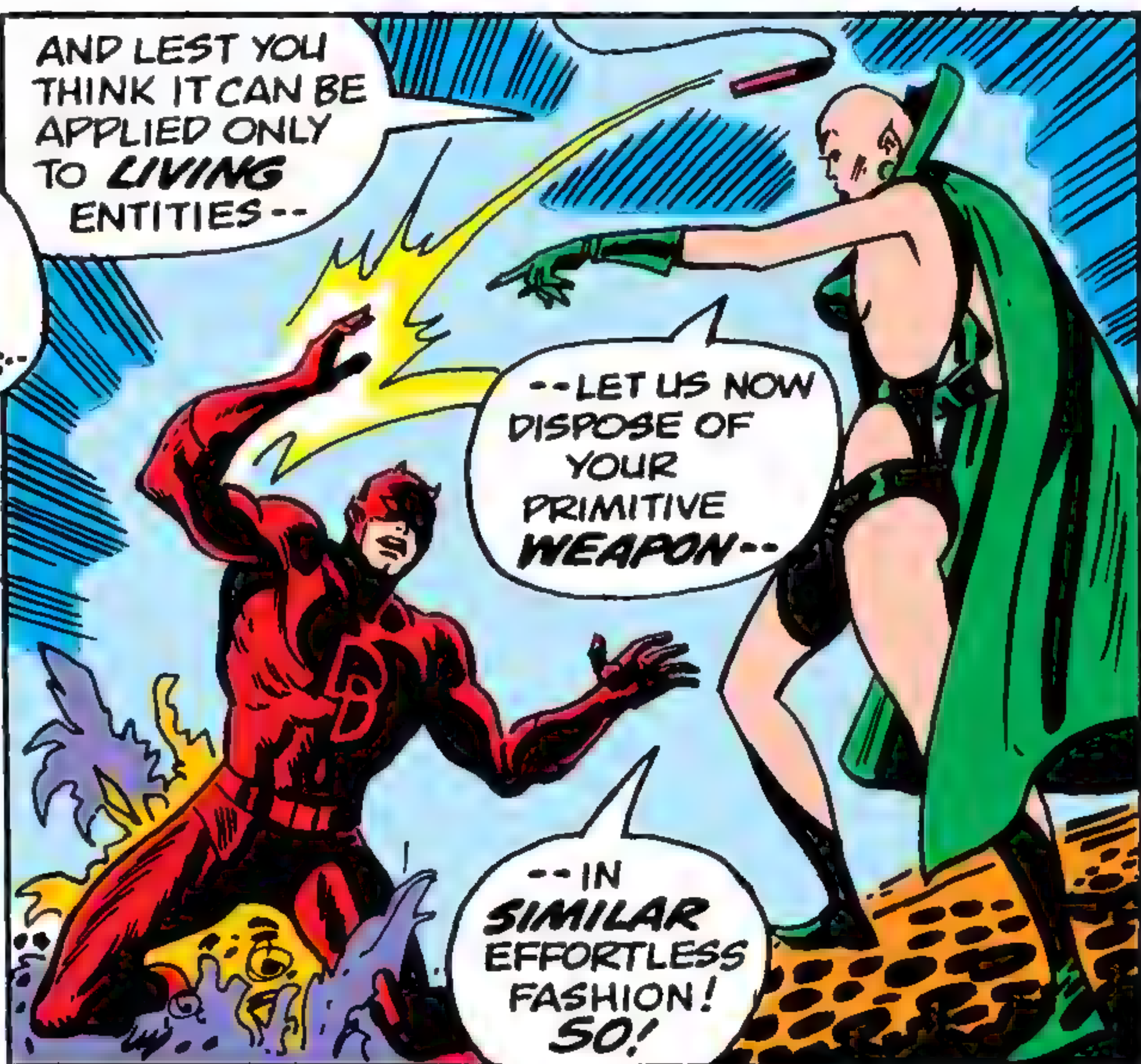


-- WHY **NO** MAN OF EARTH CAN BEND ME TO HIS WILL!

BEHOLD-- THE POWER OF THE **MIND-BURST!**

FEEL IT **SEAR** THROUGH YOUR BRAIN-- **CHOK**E YOUR VERY THOUGHTS--

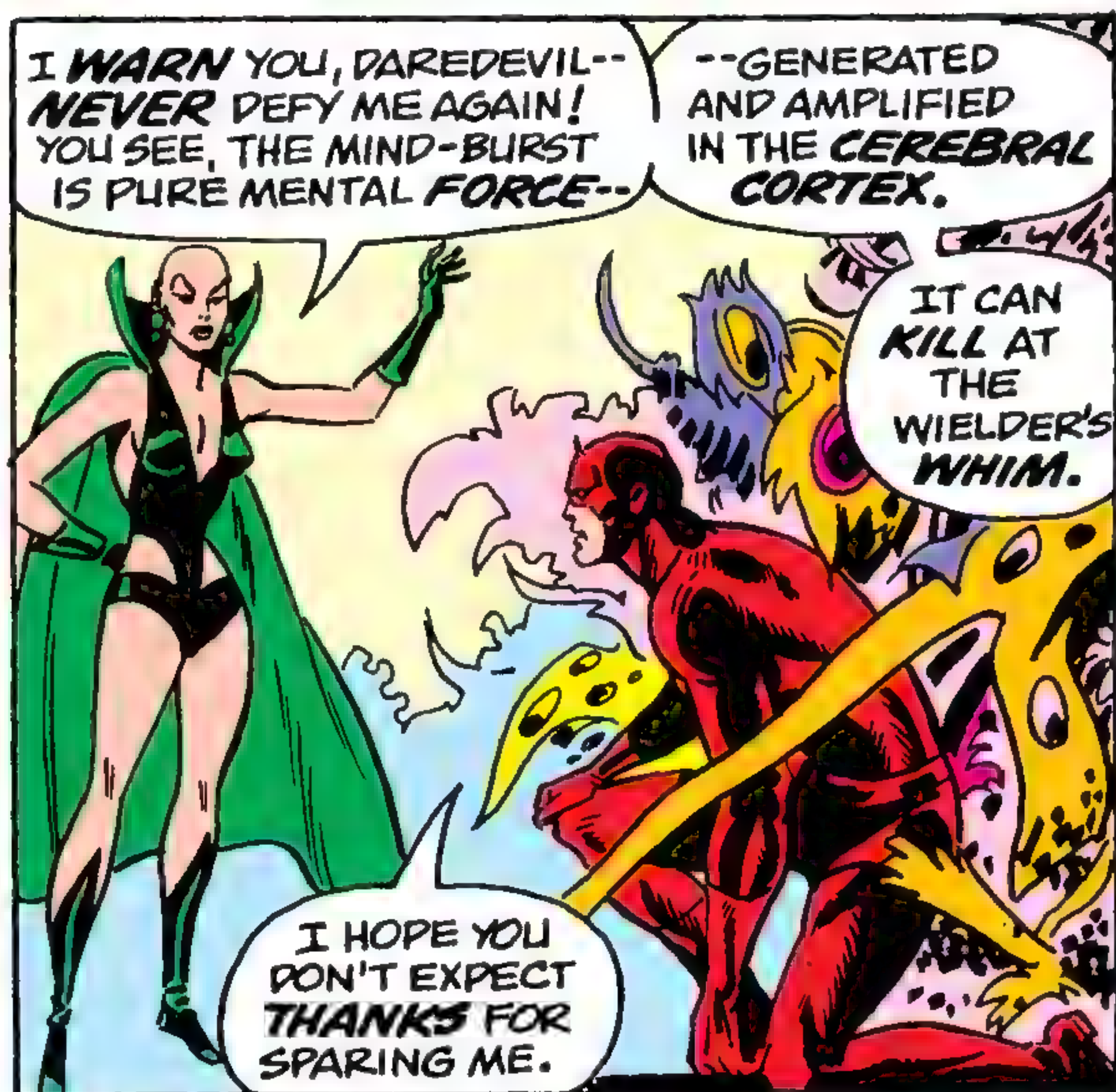
-- SEND YOU **REELING** BACKWARD!



AND LEST YOU THINK IT CAN BE APPLIED ONLY TO **LIVING** ENTITIES--

-- LET US NOW DISPOSE OF YOUR **PRIMITIVE WEAPON**--

-- IN **SIMILAR** EFFORTLESS FASHION! **SO!**

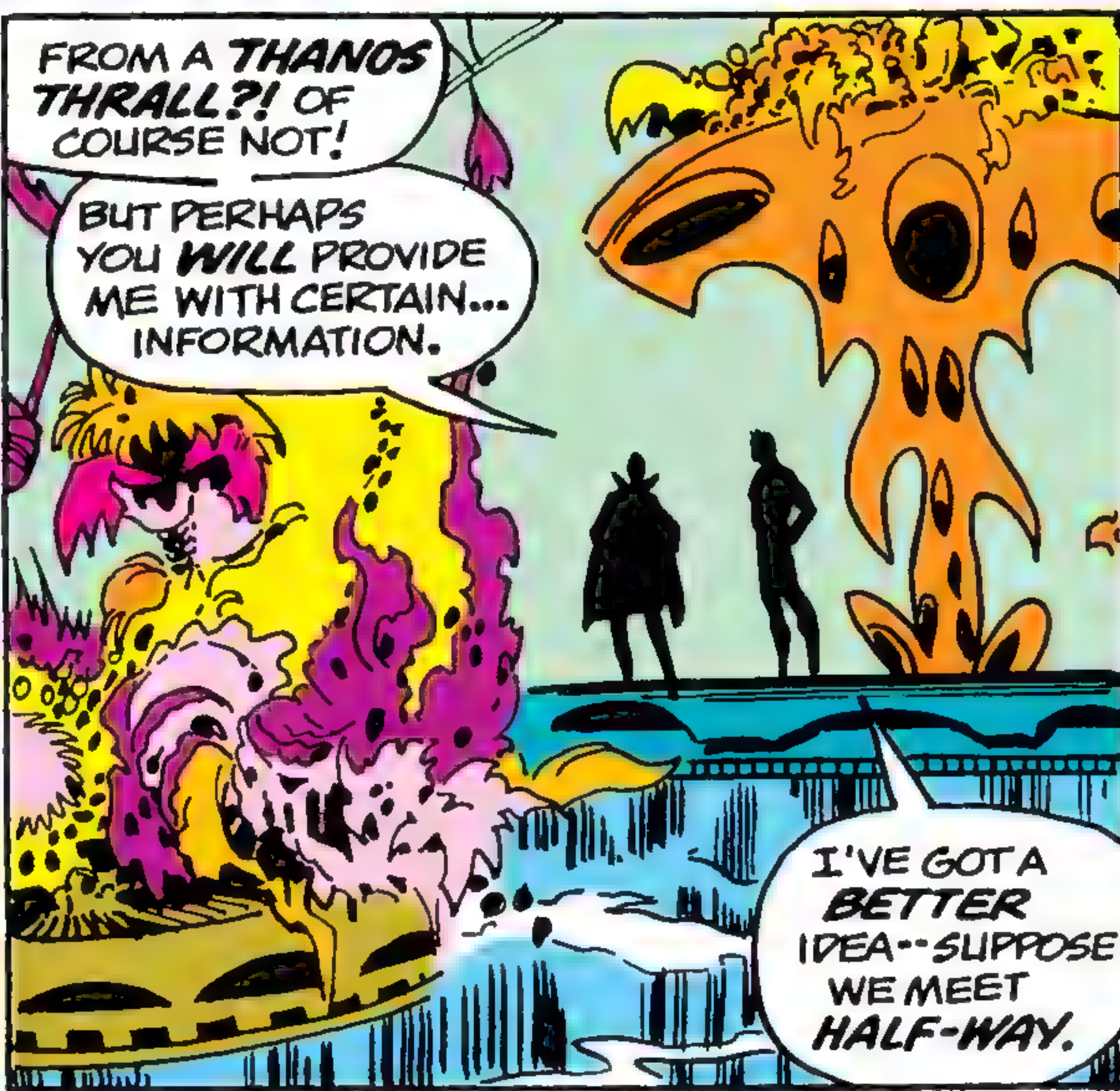


I **WARN** YOU, DAREDEVIL-- **NEVER** DEFY ME AGAIN! YOU SEE, THE **MIND-BURST** IS PURE MENTAL **FORCE**--

-- GENERATED AND AMPLIFIED IN THE **CEREBRAL CORTEX**.

IT CAN **KILL** AT THE WIELDER'S **WHIM**.

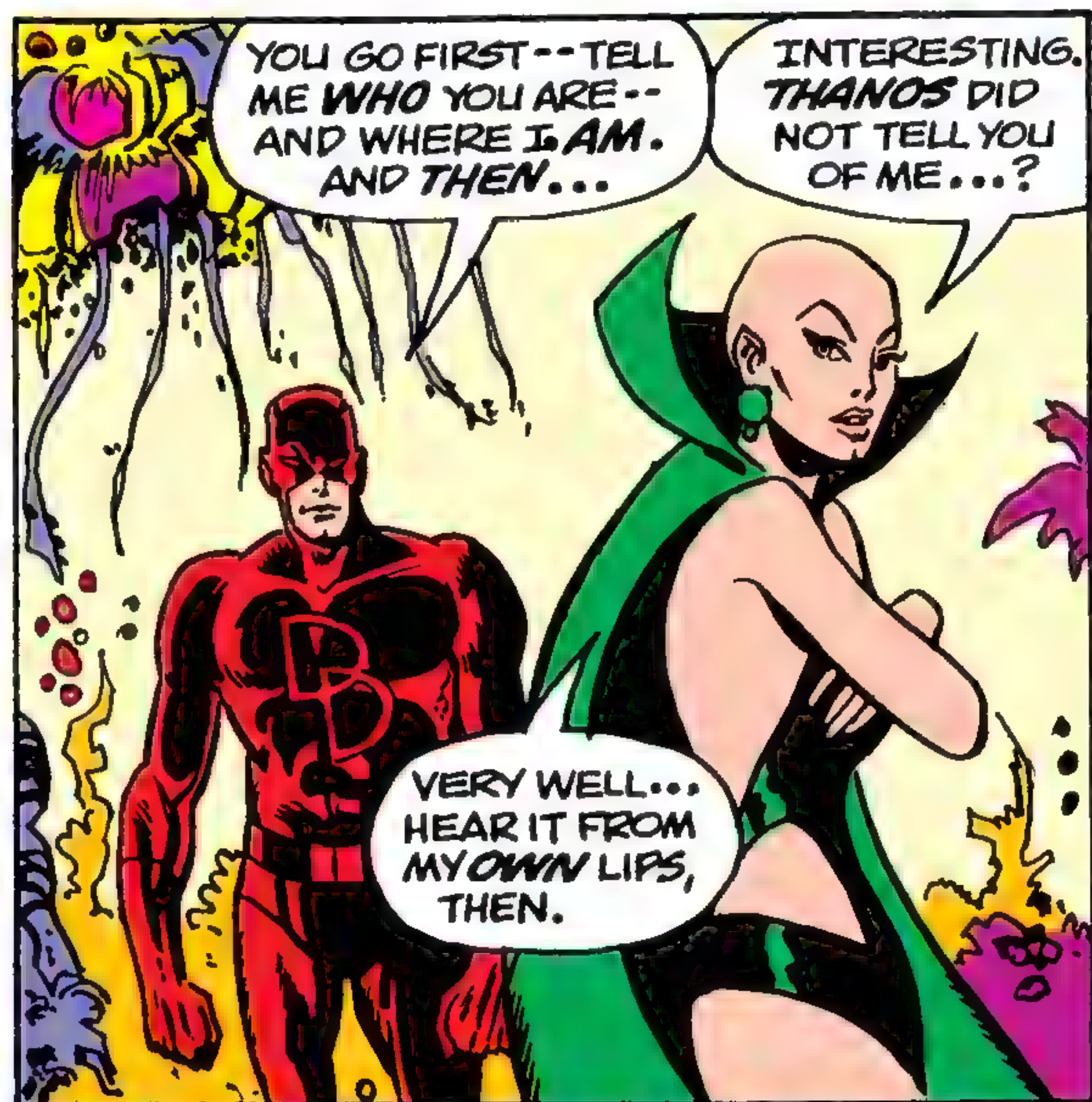
I HOPE YOU DON'T EXPECT **THANKS** FOR SPARING ME.



FROM A **THANOS THRALL**?! OF COURSE NOT!

BUT PERHAPS YOU **WILL** PROVIDE ME WITH CERTAIN... INFORMATION.

I'VE GOT A **BETTER** IDEA-- SUPPOSE WE MEET **HALF-WAY**.



YOU GO FIRST-- TELL ME **WHO** YOU ARE-- AND WHERE I **AM**. AND THEN...

INTERESTING. **THANOS** DID NOT TELL YOU OF ME...?

VERY WELL... HEAR IT FROM MY **OWN** LIPS, THEN.



YOU ASK ME WHO I AM... BUT I CANNOT **ANSWER**.

FOR, IN TRUTH, I AM **NAMELESS**.

A **COMPUTER** I CREATED ONCE DUBBED ME: "**MADAME MACEVIL**."

BUT I **PREFER** THE NAME GIVEN TO ME BY THE **TEACHERS** OF TITAN...

THEY NAMED ME FOR THE COSMOS-SLITHERING BEAST OF INTERSTELLAR LEGEND...

FOR, IN FACT, MY TALE SPANS THIS SOLAR SYSTEM, FROM THE VERY ORB ON WHICH WE STAND --

-- TO THE WORLD CALLED TITAN-- SATURN'S LARGEST SATELLITE.

AND THIS HAVE I COME TO BE KNOWN AS...

MOON DRAGON

PENCILS ON "TITAN" SEQUENCE BY JIM STARLIN

"I WAS BORN ON EARTH... IN THE PERIOD YOU CALL THE NINETEEN-FIFTIES.

"AND IT WAS IN AN AUTO CRASH ON EARTH THAT MY PARENTS DIED.

"A STRANGE BLUE LIGHT HAD APPEARED IN THE SKY-- 'U.F.O.'S YOU CALLED THEM IN THOSE DAYS...

"THE CAR'S ENGINE-- AND BRAKES-- HAD FAILED.

"AND I WAS THE LONE SURVIVOR -- A MERE CHILD, UTTERLY HELP-LESS...

"UNTIL I LOOKED UP FROM THE MUD... AND SAW BEFORE ME...

"... WHAT I ASSUMED AT THE TIME MUST BE AN ANGEL!

"AND HE WAS REACHING OUT TO AID ME!

"I FAIRLY SEIZED HIS SOFT, GENTLE HAND--**BEGGED** HIM TO TAKE ME WITH HIM BACK TO HEAVEN--!"

"AND SO ONE LIFE ENDED FOR ME..."

"...AND ANOTHER **BEGAN**, ALL IN THE SAME INSTANT."

"PAST THE MOON AND MARS WE SOARED..."

"BUT WE NEVER GOT TO HEAVEN."

"WE 'FOUND' SOMEPLACE BETTER."

"I SPENT MY FIRST DAYS ON TITAN IN THE HOME OF MENTOR, THE PLANETARY LEADER ..."

SHE WAS A ... CASUALTY OF ONE OF OUR **MISSIONARY** EXPEDITIONS, KAZANTRA.

SHE'S A **BRIGHT** GIRL, MENTOR ... CURIOUS AND STRONG-WILLED.

AND I FULLY UNDERSTAND WHY **EMLOT** BROUGHT HER TO TITAN.

EVEN NOW, **EARTH** IS BECOMING A **WASTELAND** ... UNHEALTHY FOR CHILDREN AND OTHER LIVING THINGS.

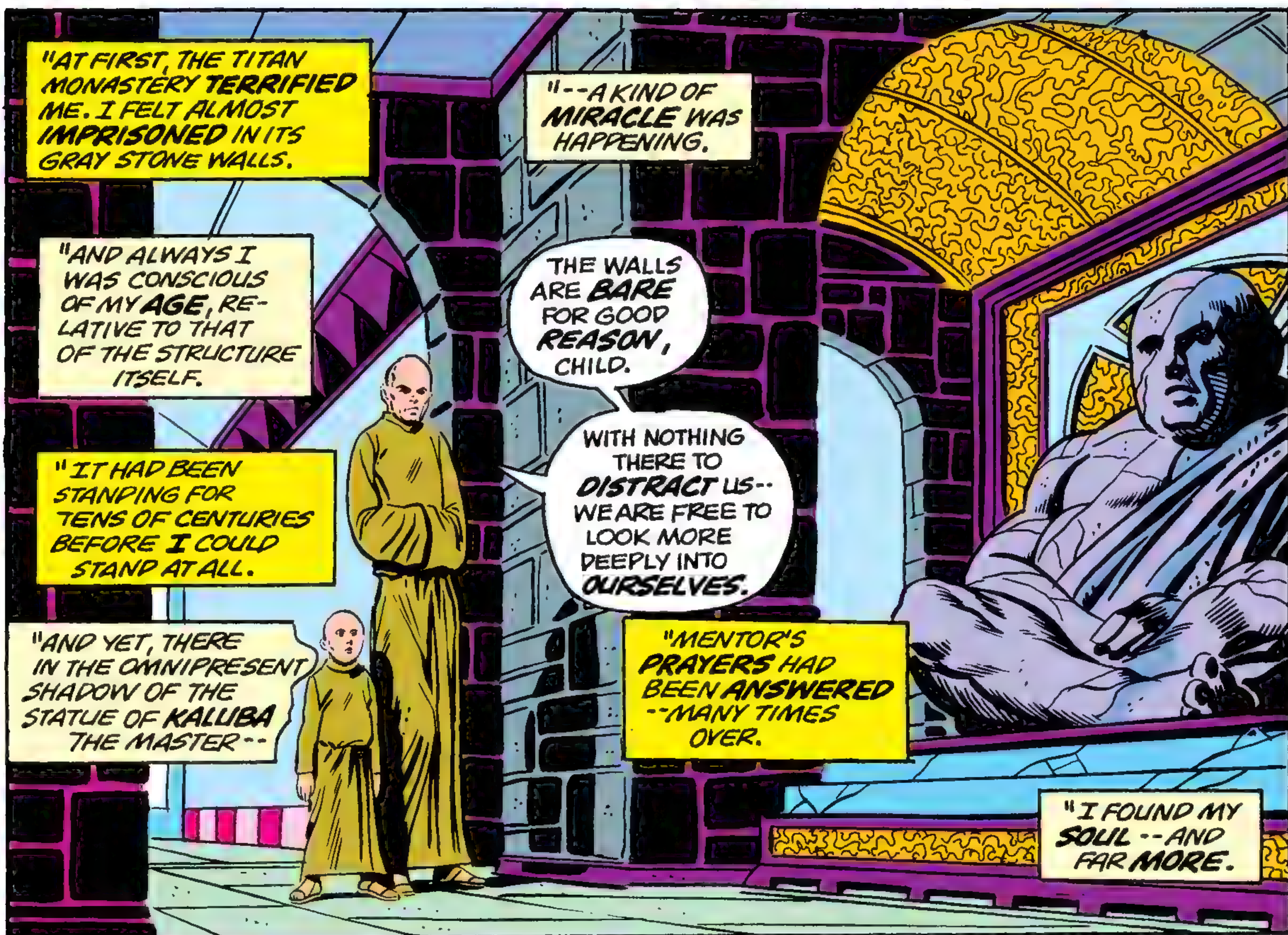
BUT EVEN SO... **WE** CAN'T RAISE HER OURSELVES. WE HAVE SO MUCH TROUBLE **ALREADY**...

...WITH OUR OWN SON--**THANOS**!

THEN WE HAVE NO **CHOICE**...

WE MUST **SUMMON** EMLOT TO TAKE HER TO THE **SHAO-LOM MONASTERY**.

LET US **PRAY** SHE FINDS HER SOUL **THERE**.



"AT FIRST, THE TITAN MONASTERY TERRIFIED ME. I FELT ALMOST IMPRISONED IN ITS GRAY STONE WALLS.

"--A KIND OF MIRACLE WAS HAPPENING.

"AND ALWAYS I WAS CONSCIOUS OF MY AGE, RELATIVE TO THAT OF THE STRUCTURE ITSELF.

THE WALLS ARE **BARE** FOR GOOD REASON, CHILD.

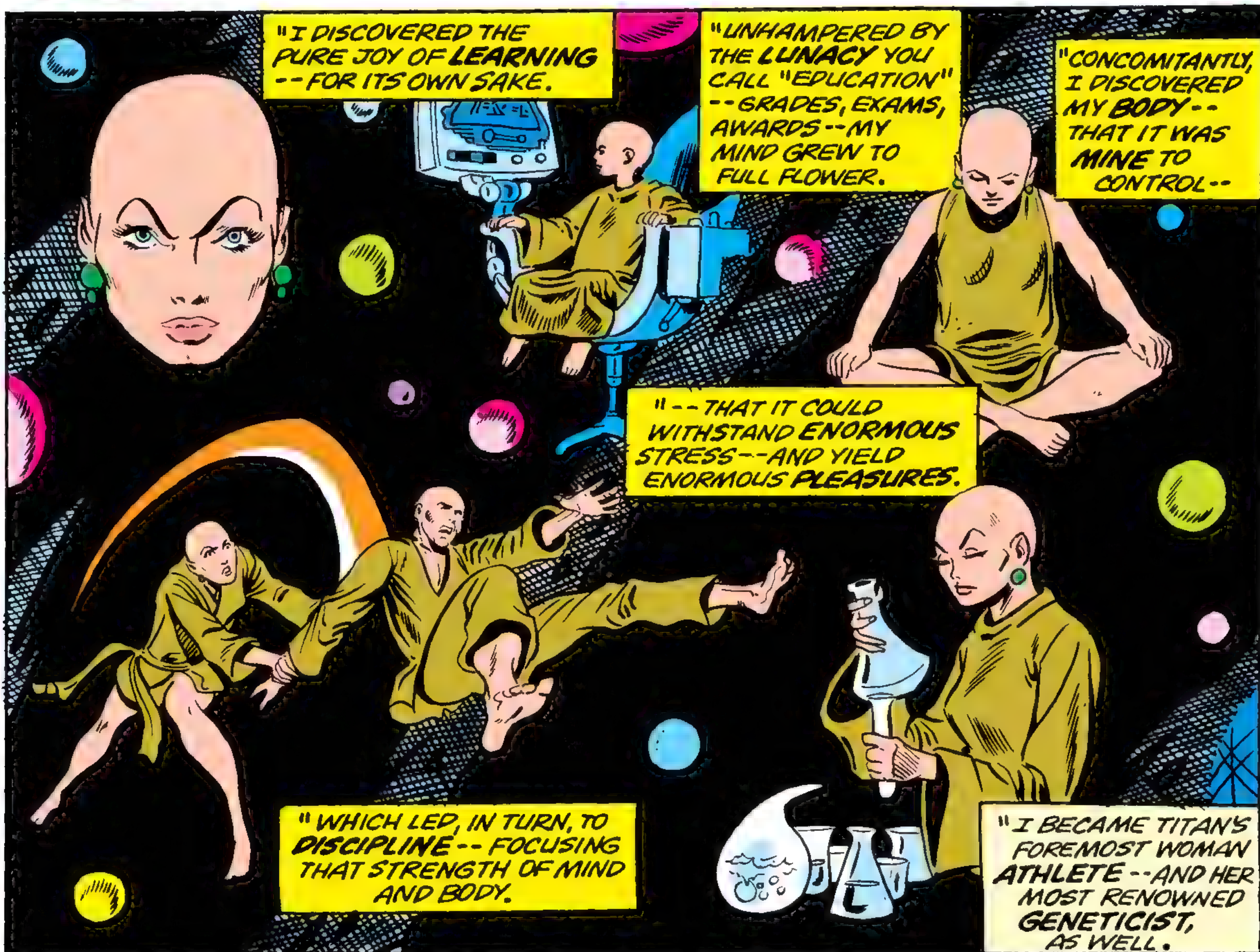
"IT HAD BEEN STANDING FOR TENS OF CENTURIES BEFORE I COULD STAND AT ALL.

WITH NOTHING THERE TO **DISTRACT** US-- WE ARE FREE TO LOOK MORE DEEPLY INTO **OURSELVES**.

"AND YET, THERE IN THE OMNIPRESENT SHADOW OF THE STATUE OF KALUBA THE MASTER--

"MENTOR'S PRAYERS HAD BEEN ANSWERED --MANY TIMES OVER.

"I FOUND MY **SOUL**--AND FAR MORE.



"I DISCOVERED THE PURE JOY OF LEARNING -- FOR ITS OWN SAKE.

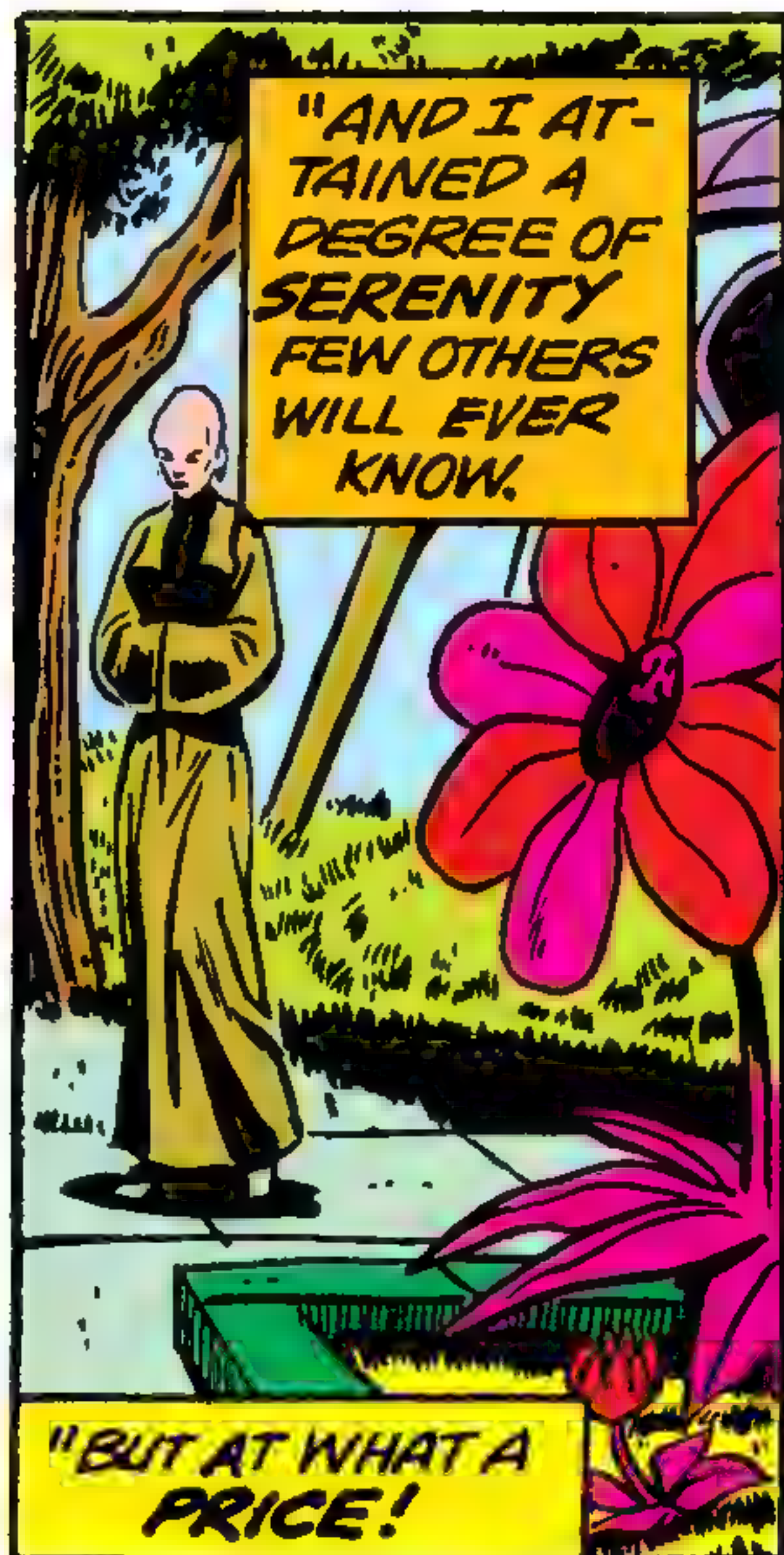
"UNHAMPERED BY THE LUNACY YOU CALL "EDUCATION"-- GRADES, EXAMS, AWARDS--MY MIND GREW TO FULL FLOWER.

"CONCOMITANTLY, I DISCOVERED MY **BODY**-- THAT IT WAS **MINE** TO CONTROL--

"-- THAT IT COULD WITHSTAND ENORMOUS STRESS--AND YIELD ENORMOUS PLEASURES.

"WHICH LED, IN TURN, TO **DISCIPLINE**-- FOCUSING THAT STRENGTH OF MIND AND BODY.

"I BECAME TITAN'S FOREMOST WOMAN **ATHLETE**--AND HER MOST RENOWNED **GENETICIST**, AS WELL.



"AND I AT-TAINED A DEGREE OF SERENITY FEW OTHERS WILL EVER KNOW.

"BUT AT WHAT A PRICE!



"WE HAD CLOSED OURSELVES OFF FROM THE OUTSIDE...

"...TOO MUCH. WE HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING--

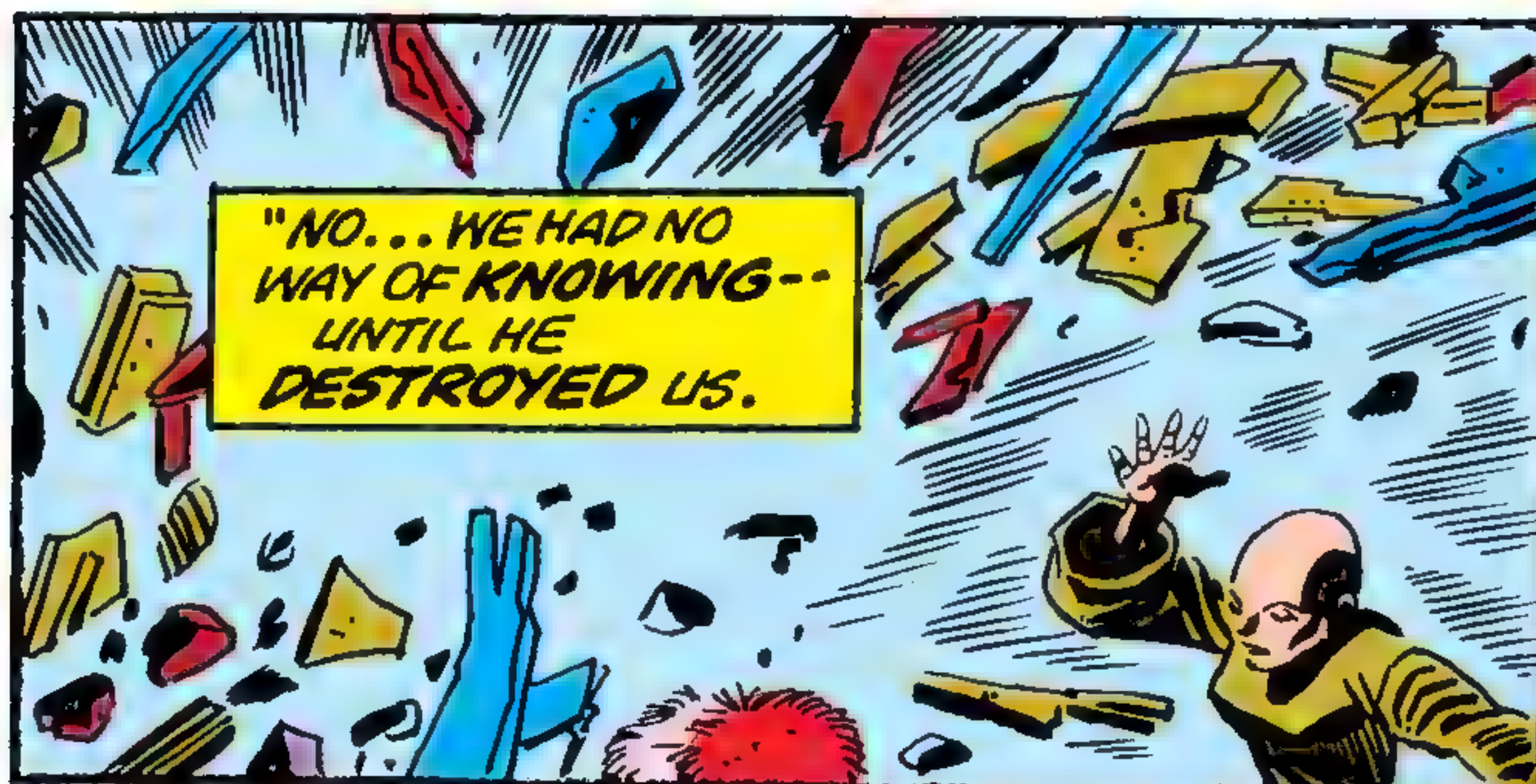


"-- THAT THANOS HAD GROWN INTO A MONSTER--



"-- THAT HE HAD OVERTHROWN HIS FATHER--

"-- SEEKING TO RULE TITAN AND THE UNIVERSE-- HIMSELF!

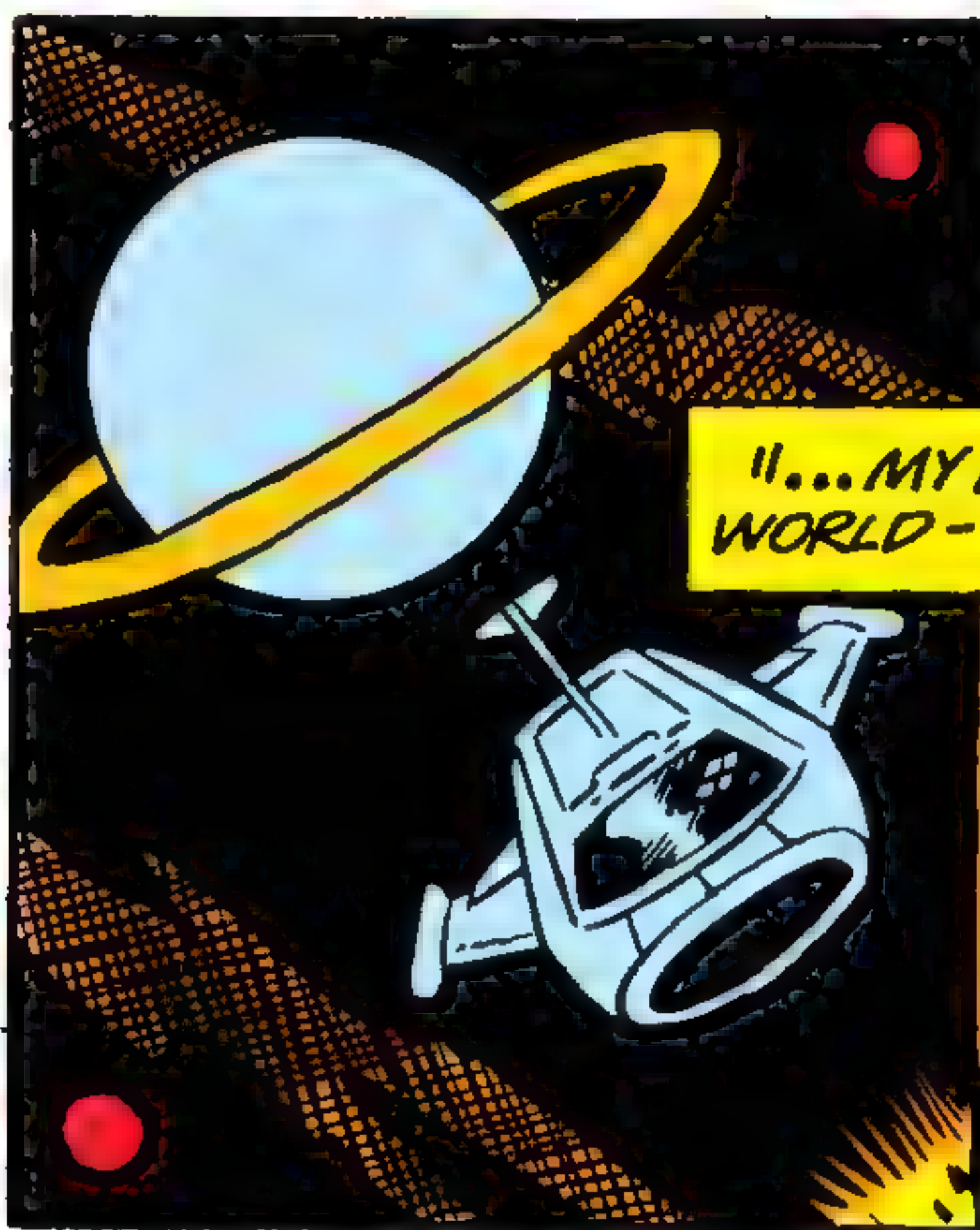


"NO... WE HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING-- UNTIL HE DESTROYED US.

"AGAIN, I WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR-- AND I VOWED VENGEANCE!



"AND THEN... I KNEELED AND WEPT FOR THE AGES-OLD WALLS.



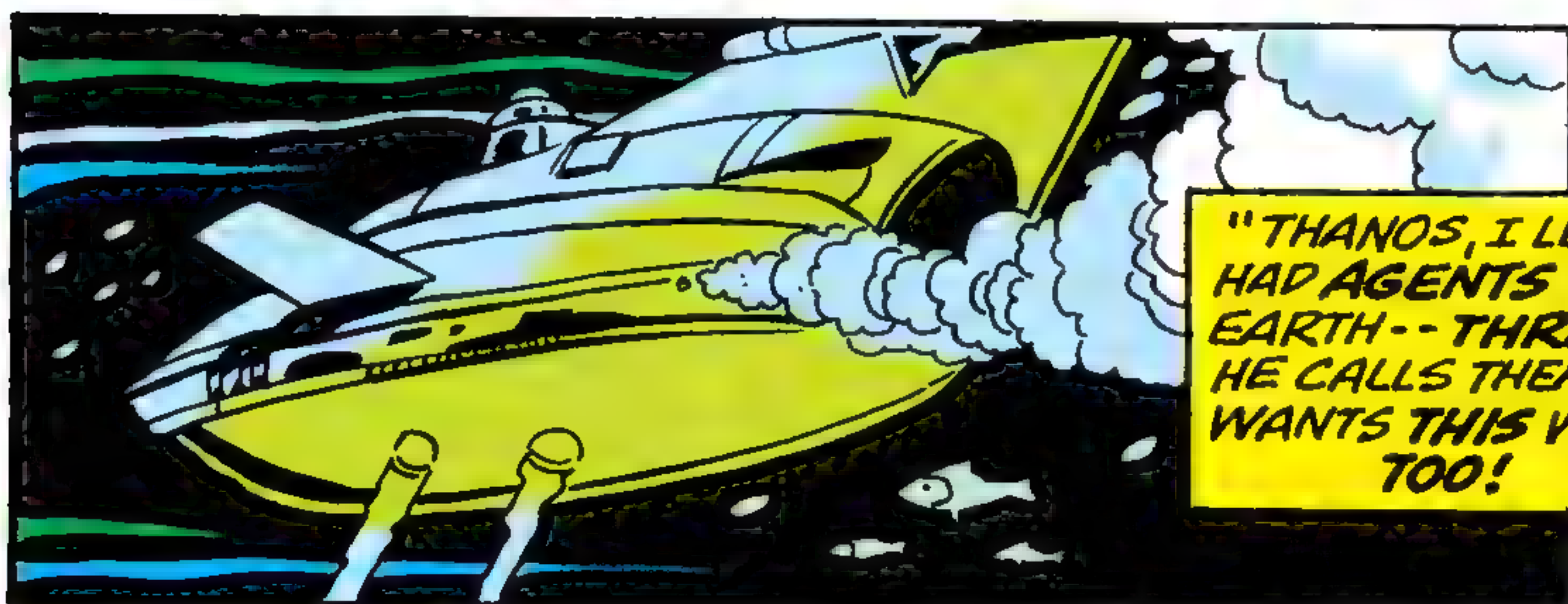
"SOON, THANOS CONTROLLED ALL TITAN*-- AND SO I LEFT-- ON A COURSE FOR...

"...MY NATIVE WORLD-- EARTH!



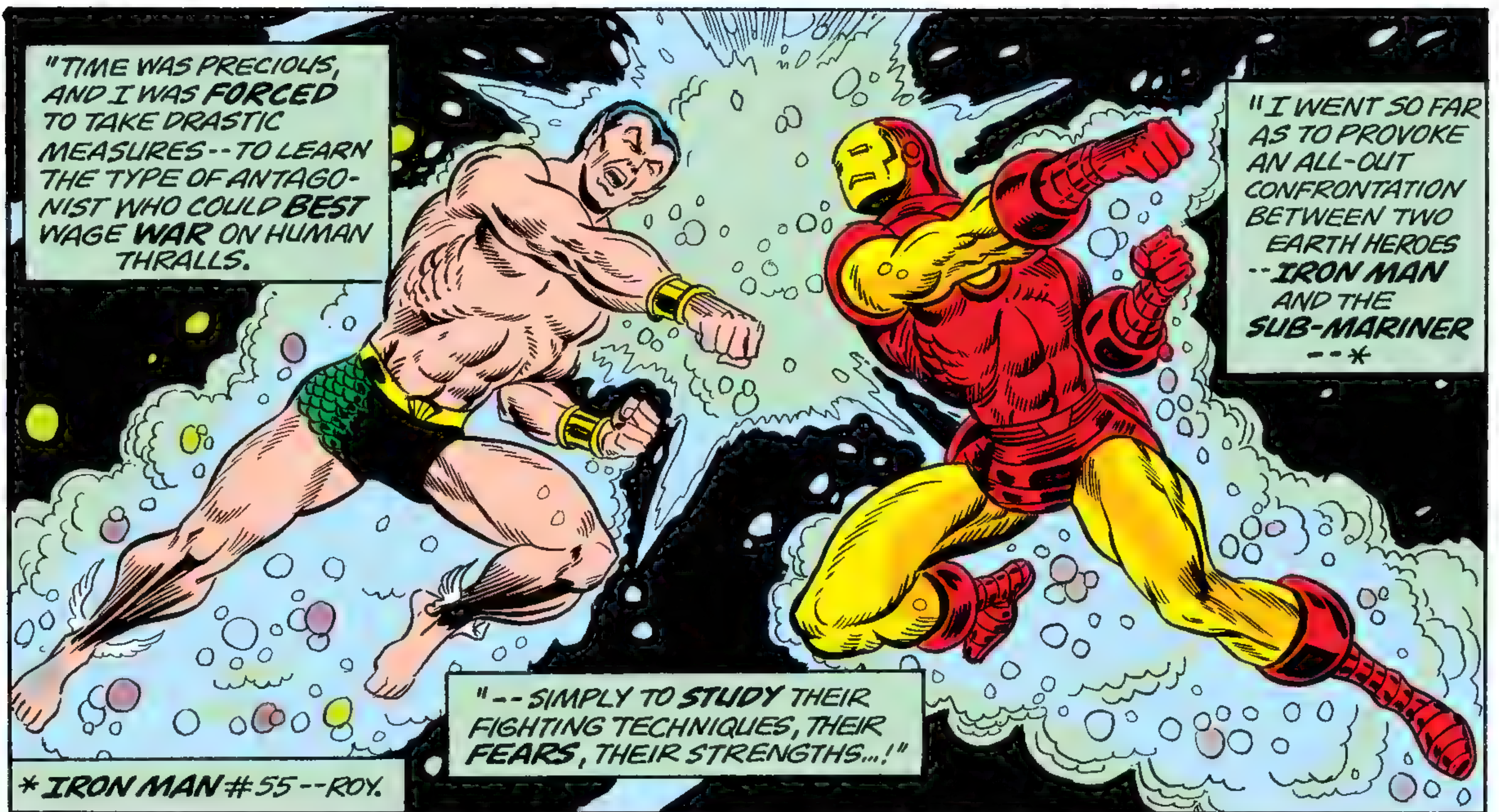
"AT FIRST, IT WAS SIMPLY TO CONTINUE MY GENETICS EXPERIMENTS... BUT THE MISSION GREW IN SCOPE WITH EACH PASSING DAY.

*SEE CAPT. MARVEL #27. -- R.T.



"THANOS, I LEARNED, HAD AGENTS ON EARTH-- THRALLS, HE CALLS THEM. HE WANTS THIS WORLD, TOO!





"TIME WAS PRECIOUS,
AND I WAS FORCED
TO TAKE DRASTIC
MEASURES-- TO LEARN
THE TYPE OF ANTAGO-
NIST WHO COULD BEST
WAGE WAR ON HUMAN
THRALLS.

"I WENT SO FAR
AS TO PROVOKE
AN ALL-OUT
CONFRONTATION
BETWEEN TWO
EARTH HEROES
--IRON MAN
AND THE
SUB-MARINER
--*

"-- SIMPLY TO STUDY THEIR
FIGHTING TECHNIQUES, THEIR
FEARS, THEIR STRENGTHS...!"

* IRON MAN #55 -- ROY.

FINALLY, LEARNING THAT TITAN'S ONLY EARTH-
ALLIES, THE KREE CAPTAIN **MAR-VELL** AND
IRON MAN HIMSELF, LIVED ON THIS
CONTINENT'S **EASTERN** SHORE--

-- I MOVED MY UNDERSEA BASE HERE
TO THE **WEST**-- CONSTRUCTED THIS SECRET
FORTRESS-- AND MADE A HUMAN **ALLY!**



WITH THIS **AID**,
I SOON DEDUCED
THAT **YOU**, DARE-
DEVIL, WERE A
THRALL!

AND SINCE
THEN -- AGAIN
WITH HIS
INVALUABLE HELP--
I HAVE COME TO
REALIZE **MORE!**



I'VE **WATCHED** THIS ENTIRE
CITY CLOSELY--SEEN HOW ITS
PEOPLE **CHEER** YOUR EXPLOITS--!

I AM CON-
VINCED THAT
SAN
FRANCISCO
IS **THANOS-**
CONTROLLED!

YOU
BET.

AND THAT,
THEREFORE,
IT MUST BE
CLEANSED!



CLEANSED?! LADY,
YOU ARE A RAVING
PARANOID! AND
WHATEVER YOU'RE
UP TO, I'M GOING
TO **STOP IT!**

--SO YOU
CAN **NOT**
STOP IT!

BUT, DO YOU NOT
SEE? THAT IS
PRECISELY WHY
YOU ARE **HERE--!**

NOW, WITH YOU IN MY GRASP--I CAN UNLEASH MY **CREATIONS** ON THE CITY AGAIN--CONFIDENT THEY WILL **SUCCEED** AT THEIR MAMMOTH TASK.

CREATIONS? WHAT CREATIONS?

WHY--THE **DARK MESSIAH**--THE **RAMROD**--AND ANGAR THE **SCREAMER**--!

"THE PROCESS IS STARTING EVEN NOW--AMID THE WRECKAGE OF THE EDIFICE POOR MORDECAI DESTROYED WHEN HE... SHORT-CIRCUITED."*

*DD/BW#98--R.T.

I AIN'T NEVER **SEEN** NOTHIN' LIKE IT! THE **AIR'S** BURNIN' UP!

A--A PILLAR OF FIRE! IS IT--?

NO, WAIT--IT AIN'T THE END! **CRIPES**--DON'TCHA SEE?

IT MUST BE **ATOMS**--OR **MOLECULES**--NOT FIRE!

"THEY'RE FORMIN' THEMSELVES INTO A **MAN**--THAT CREEP DD FOUGHT WEEKS AGO--"

"--THE **DARK MESSIAH!!**"

WHILE, IN A POLICE HOSPITAL, MILES DISTANT--

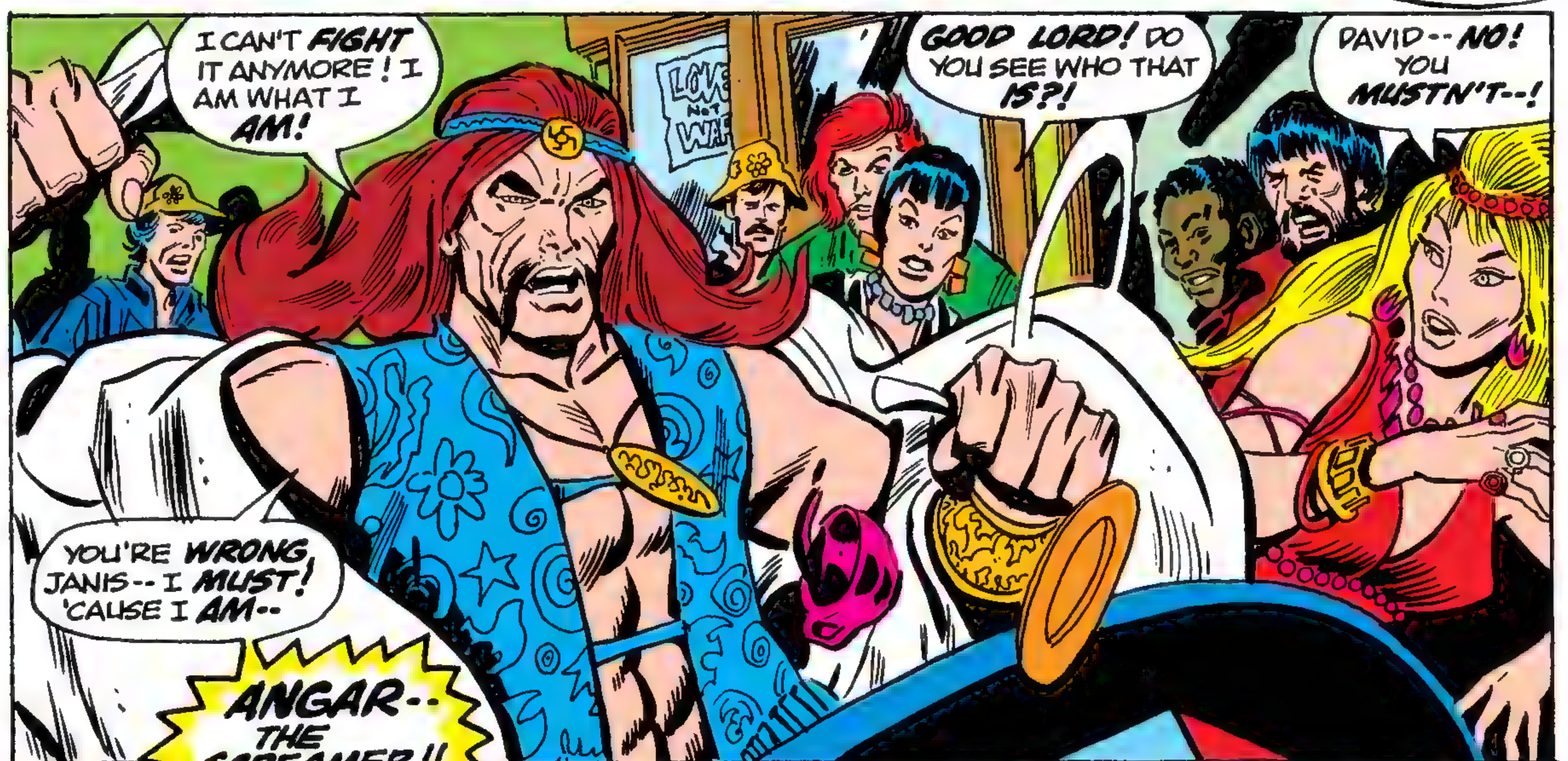
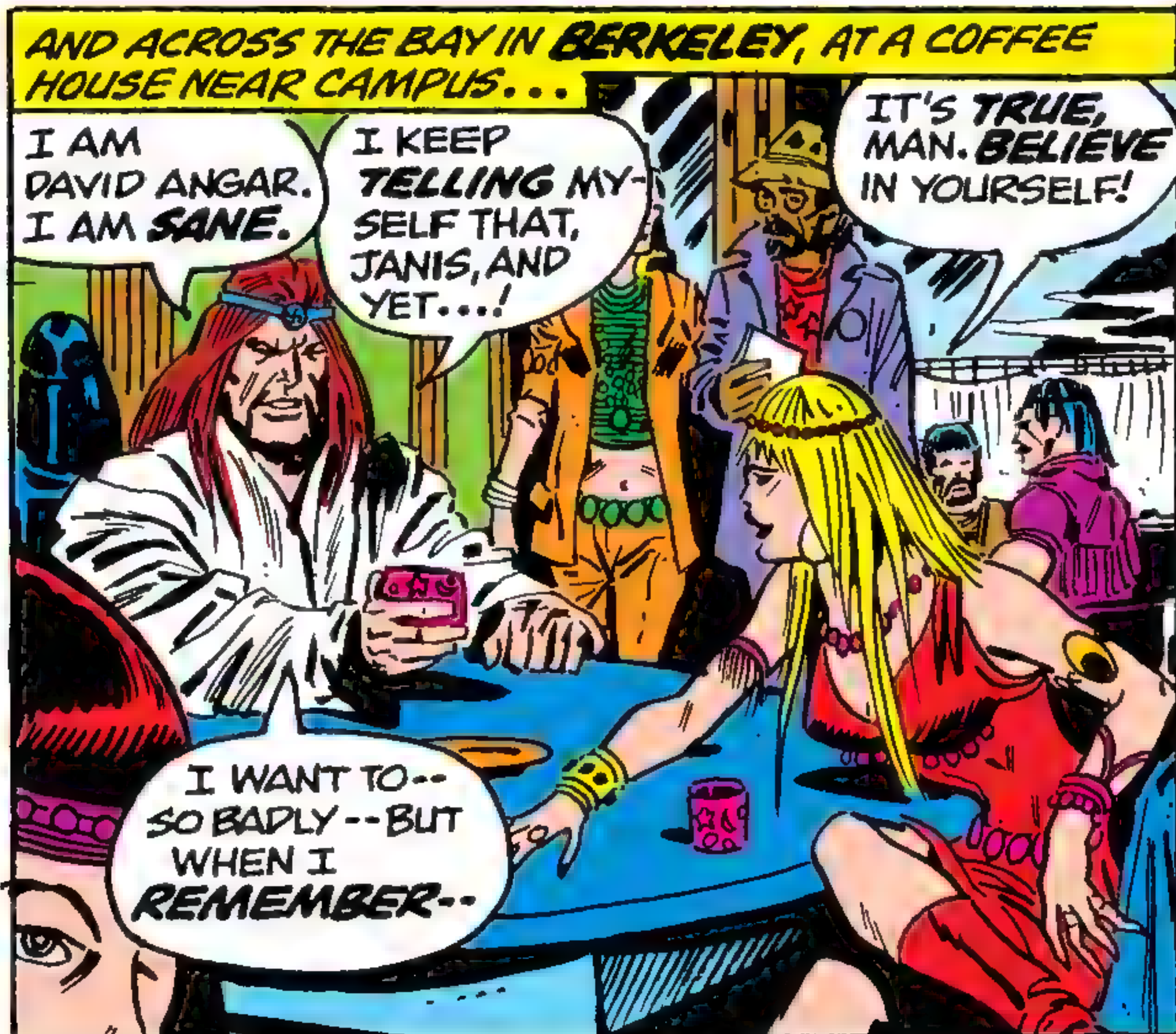
HEY!! YOU'RE IN A **COMA**! YOU CAN'T--!

I CAN'T, HUH? TRY'N STOP ME!

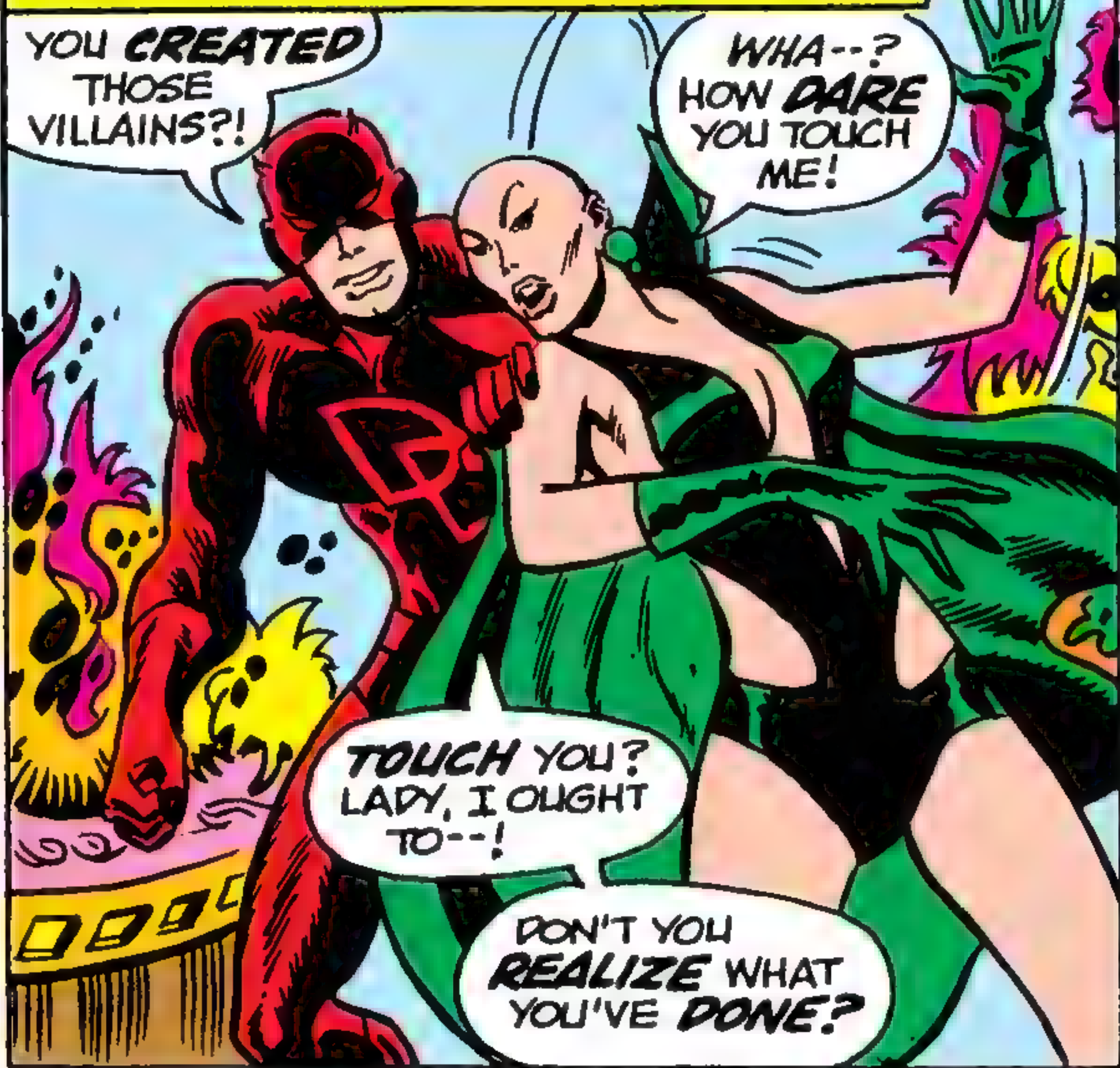
B-BUT YOU'RE UNDER **ARREST**!

IZZAT SO? WELL, GET THIS, CRUMB--

THE **RAMROD'S** BUSTIN' LOOSE!!



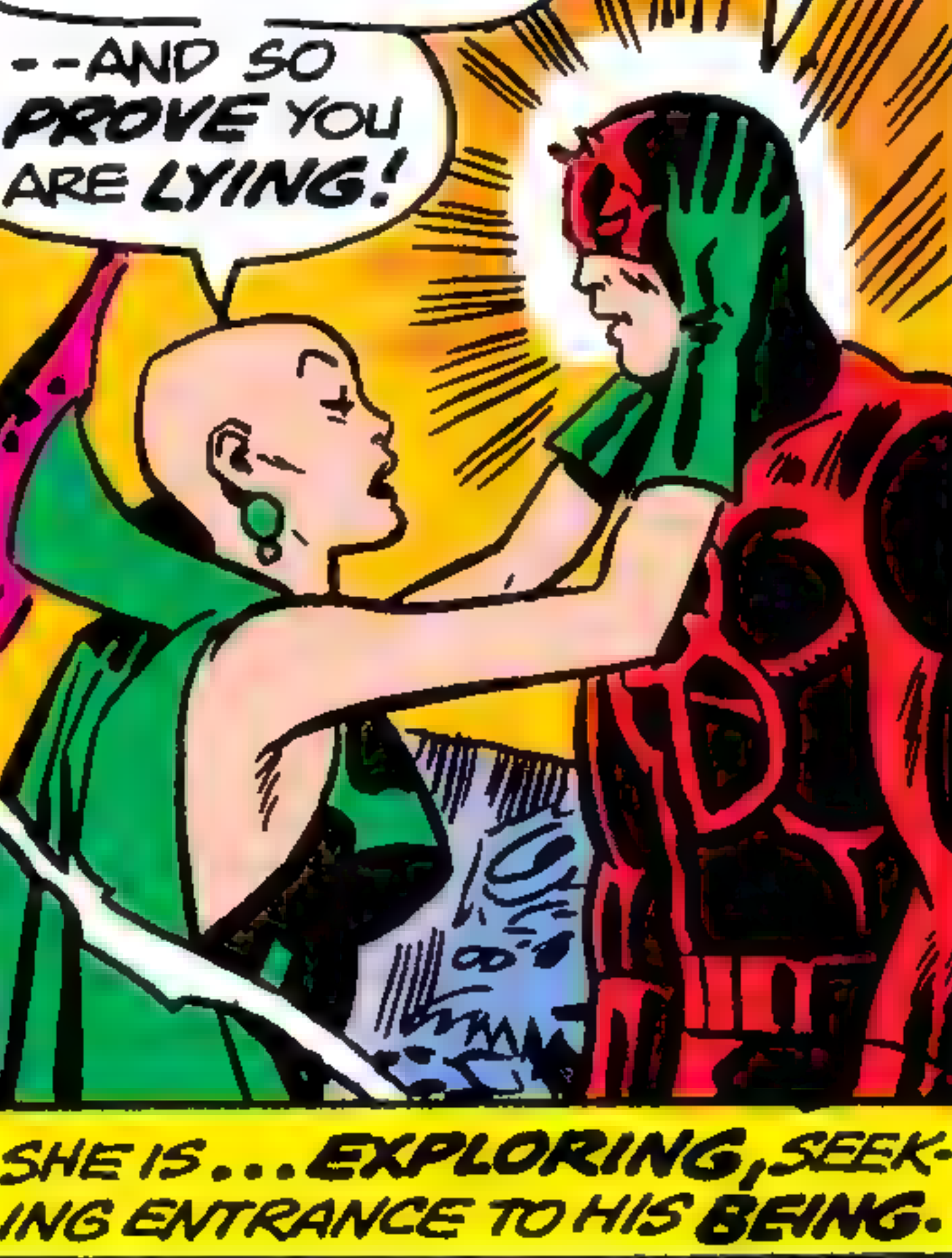
AND SO DOES DAREDEVIL'S TEMPER--!



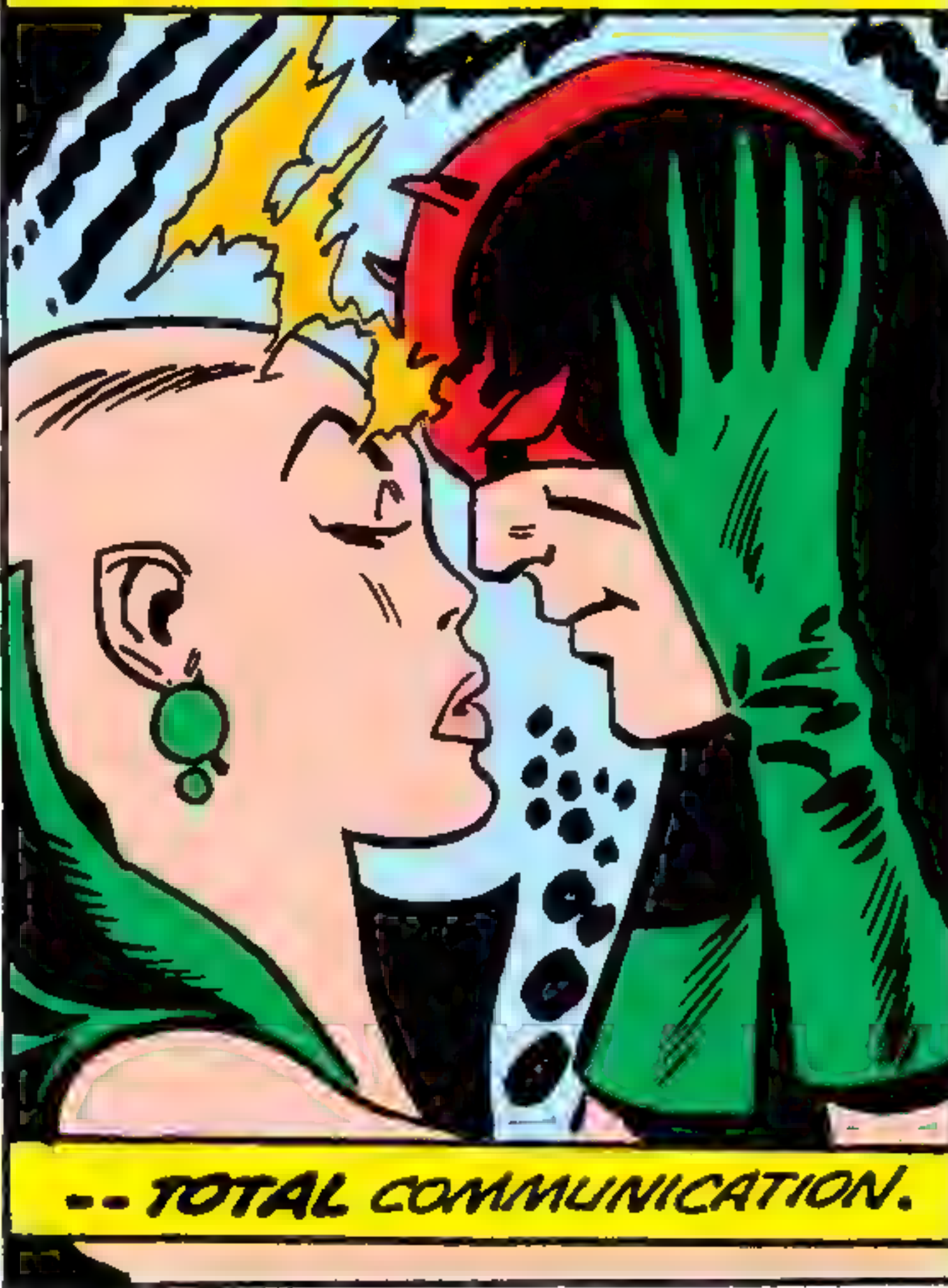
THE TITANS WASTED THEIR EFFORTS ON YOU, MOON DRAGON. THEY HAVEN'T MADE YOU **WISE**-- JUST **ARROGANT**!



HERE, THEN -- STEP CLOSER -- LET ME **PROBE** YOUR INNER-MOST THOUGHTS--



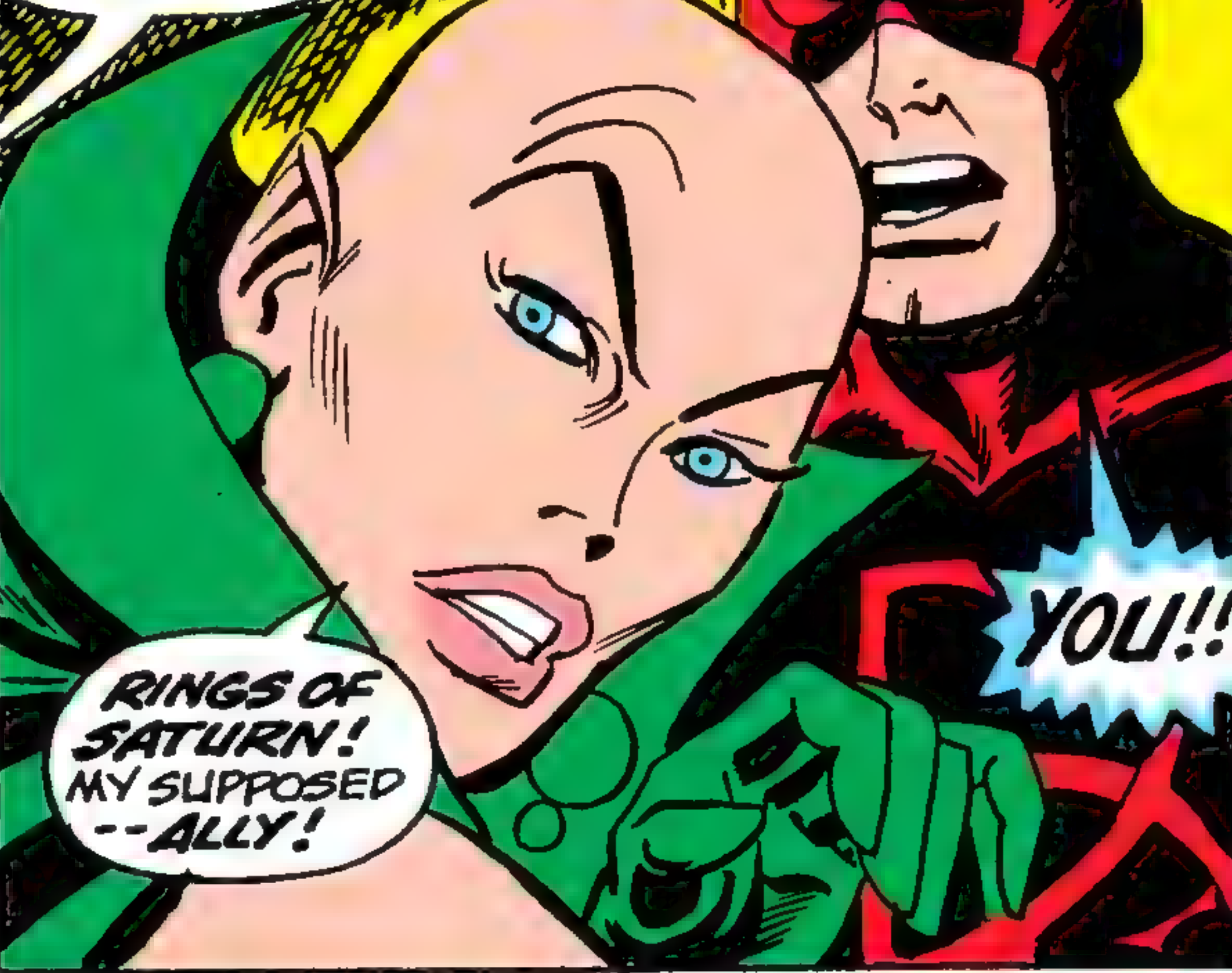
GENTLY, SHE DRAWS HIM TO HER, AND FOR THE **BAREST INSTANT** THEY ACHIEVE--

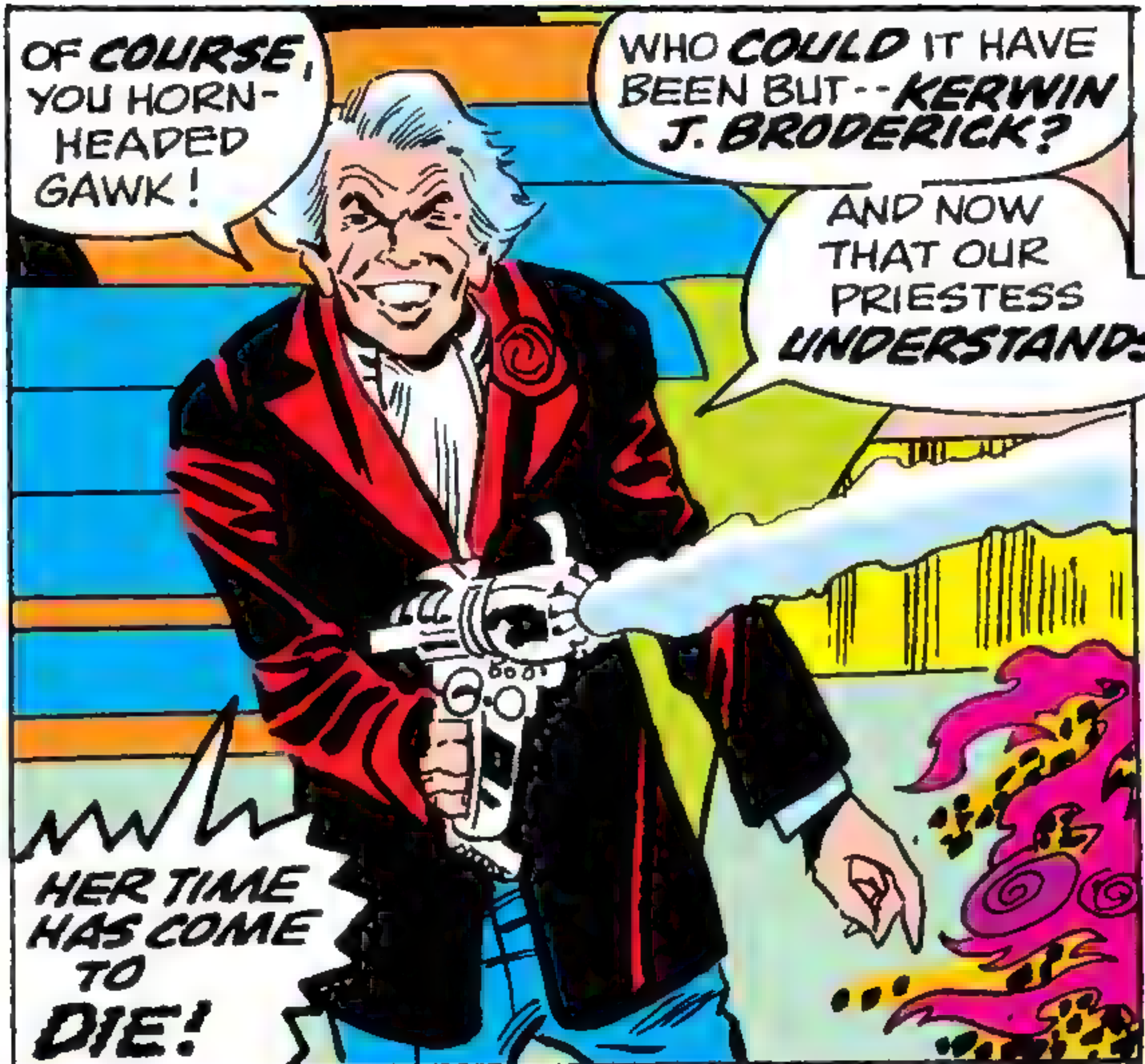


BUT THAT MEREST MOMENT, APPARENTLY... IS **ENOUGH!**



AND IT'S ONE YOU WON'T **UN-DO**, EITHER, DEAR LADY.



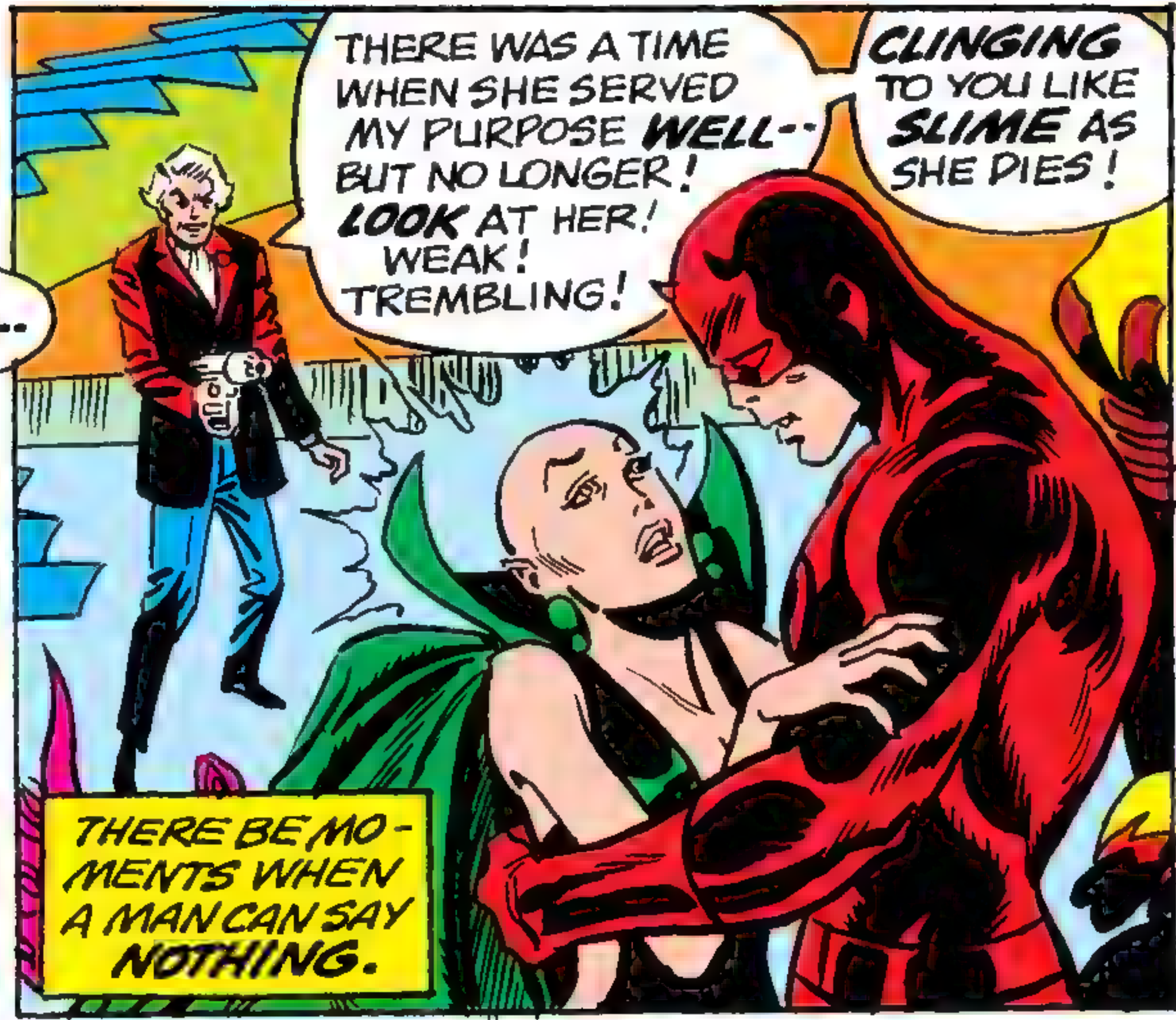


OF COURSE, YOU HORN-HEADED GAWK!

WHO COULD IT HAVE BEEN BUT--KERWIN J. BRODERICK?

AND NOW THAT OUR PRIESTESS UNDERSTANDS--

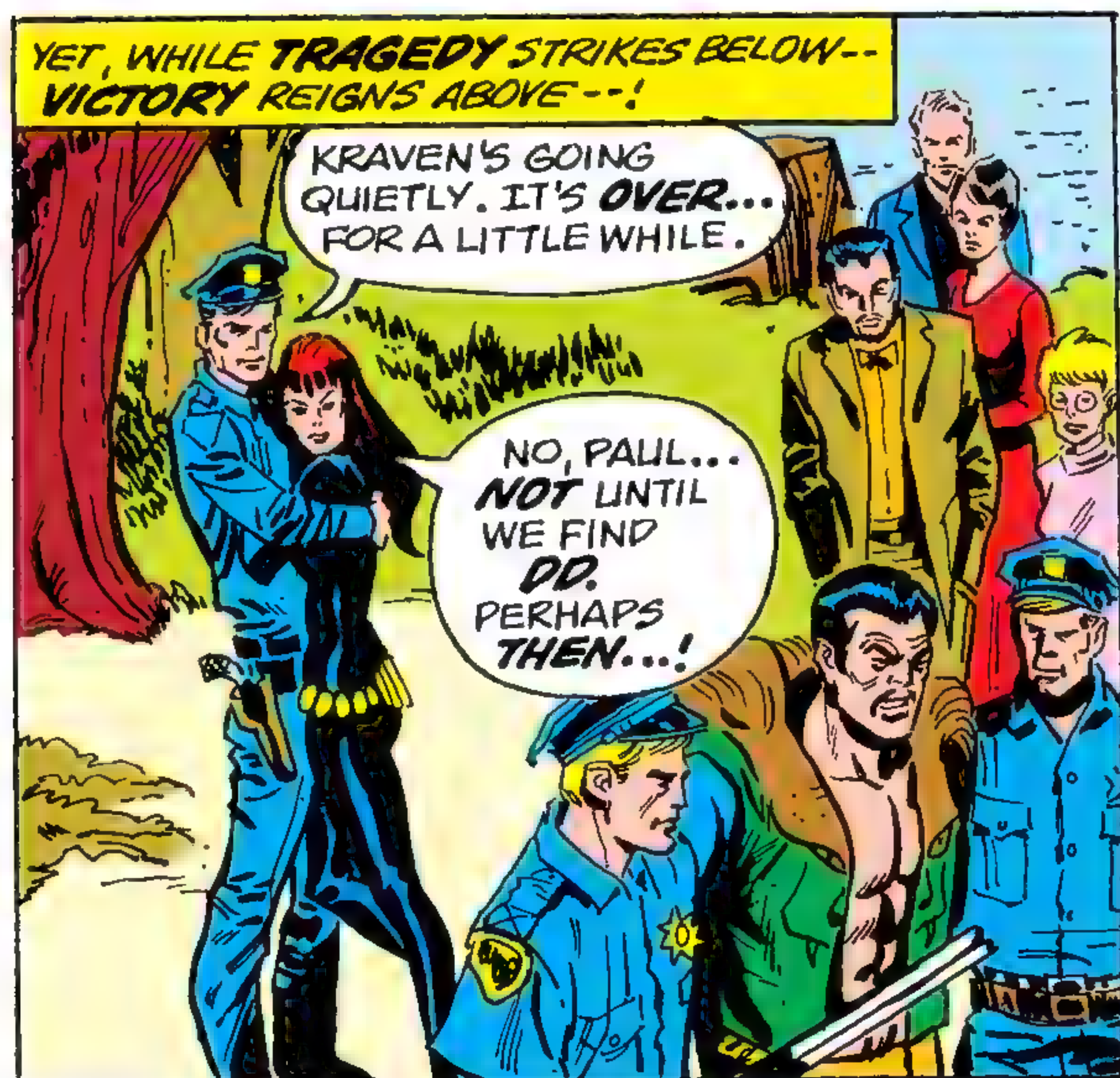
HER TIME HAS COME TO DIE!



THERE WAS A TIME WHEN SHE SERVED MY PURPOSE WELL-- BUT NO LONGER! LOOK AT HER! WEAK! TREMBLING!

CLINGING TO YOU LIKE SLIME AS SHE DIES!

THERE BE MOMENTS WHEN A MAN CAN SAY NOTHING.



YET, WHILE TRAGEDY STRIKES BELOW-- VICTORY REIGNS ABOVE--!

KRAVEN'S GOING QUIETLY. IT'S OVER... FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

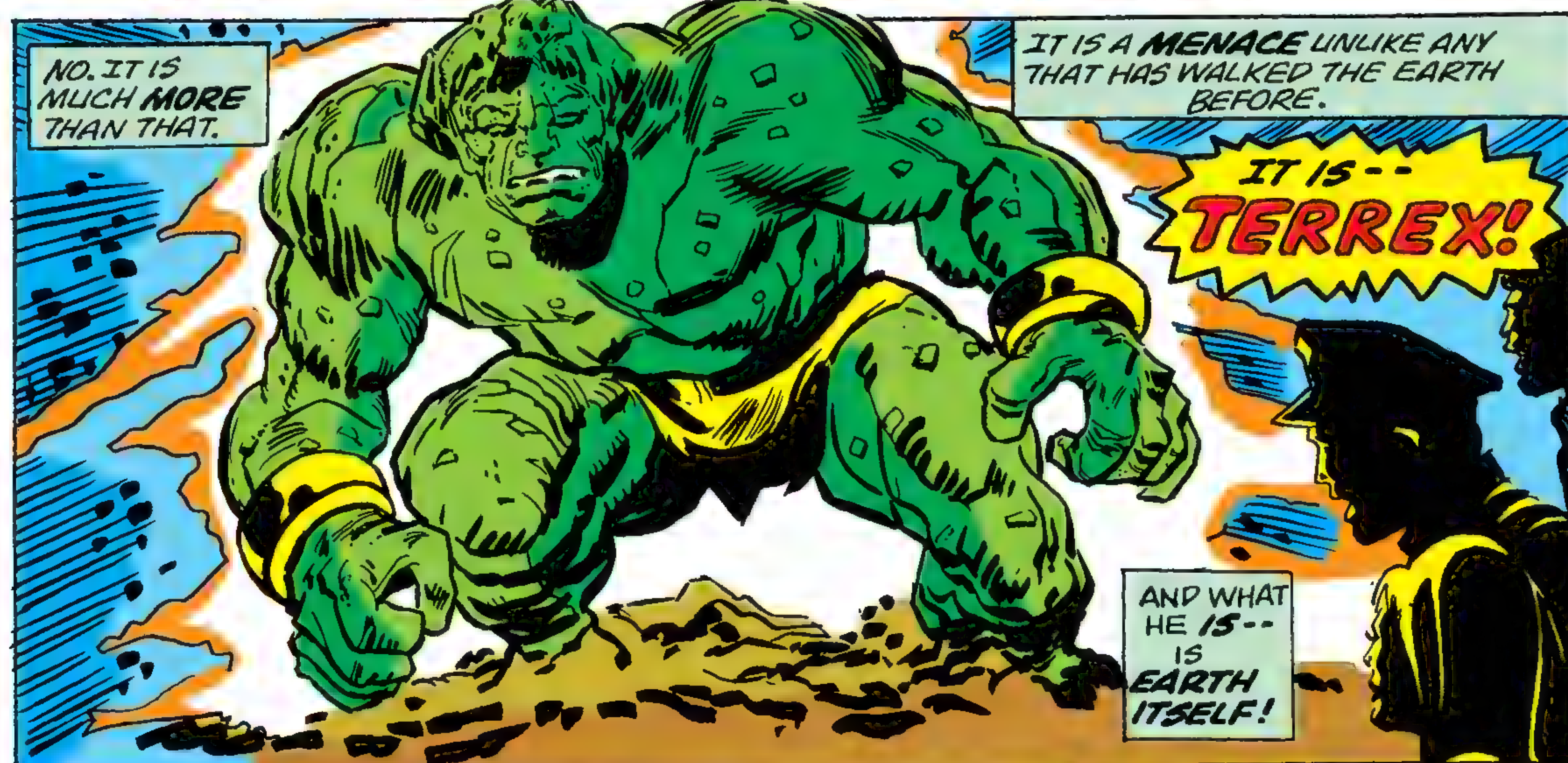
NO, PAUL... NOT UNTIL WE FIND DD. PERHAPS THEN...!



ASSUMING "THEN" EVER COMES-- FOR AT THAT MOMENT--!

HEY! THE GROUND'S QUAKING! LOOK OVER THERE!

PAUL... IT'S SOME KIND OF ERUPTION!



NO. IT IS MUCH MORE THAN THAT.

IT IS A MENACE UNLIKE ANY THAT HAS WALKED THE EARTH BEFORE.

IT IS-- TERREX!

AND WHAT HE IS-- IS EARTH ITSELF!

NEXT • BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THERE IS A LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR THIS, AND YOU'LL FIND IT--PLUS A STUNNING SURPRISE IN -- "LIFE BE NOT PROUD!"

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

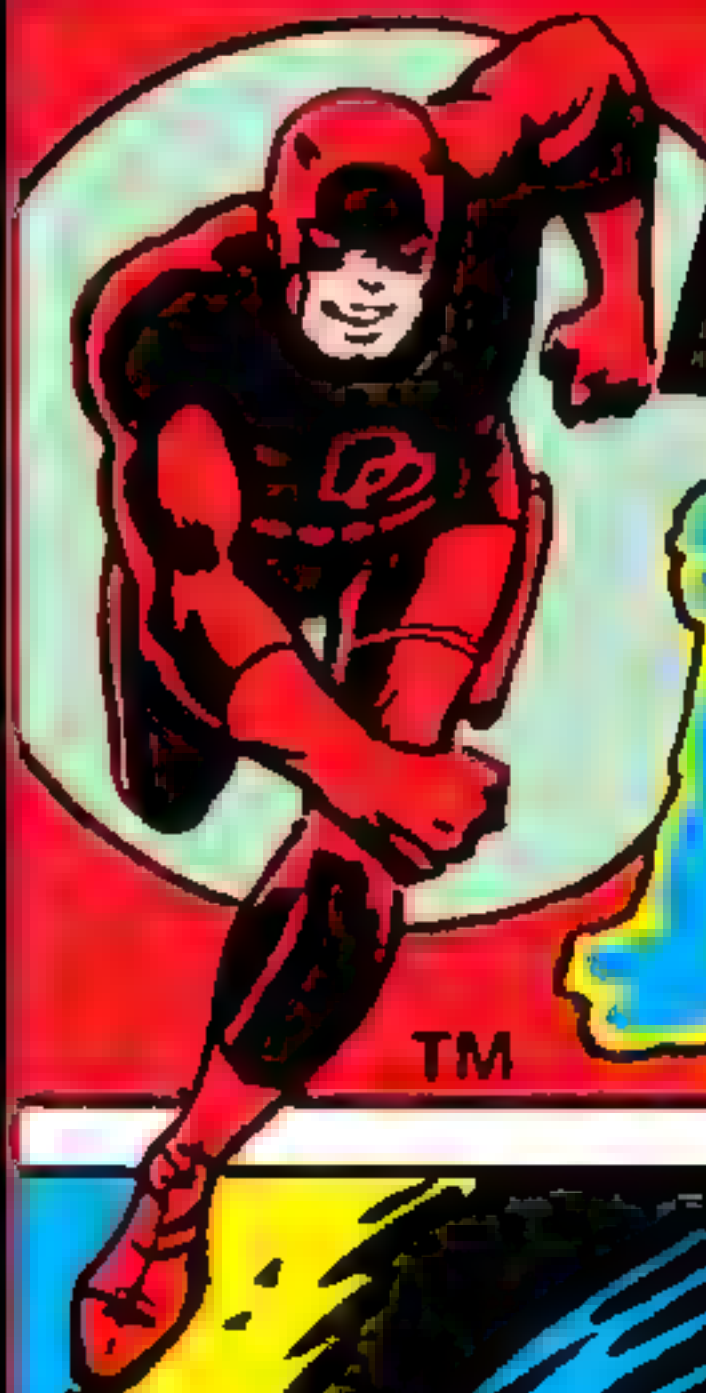


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DAREDEVIL® AND THE BLACK WIDOW™



WIDOW--
STAY BACK!
THAT THING'S
MONSTROUS,
DEADLY--
AND IT CAN'T
BE STOPPED!

I AM
TERREX--
AND I AM
DEATH!

AND IF
TERREX
DON'T WASTE YOU
TWO CLOWNS--**THEN**
RAMROD
WILL!!



Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**™

STEVE GERBER * DON HECK * SAL TRAPANI * S. LEFFERMAN, LETTERER * ROY THOMAS
WRITER * ARTIST * INKER * GEO. ROUSSOS, COLORIST * EDITOR

LIFE BE NOT PROUD!

THE HERO IN RED IS DAREDEVIL...THE WOMAN IN HIS ARMS, A TITAN PRIESTESS CALLED MOON DRAGON...AND THE MAN WITH THE GUN IS...

KERWIN BRODERICK--
SAN FRANCISCO'S MOST
RESPECTED LAWYER--!
YET YOU'VE MURDERED
THIS WOMAN! WHY??

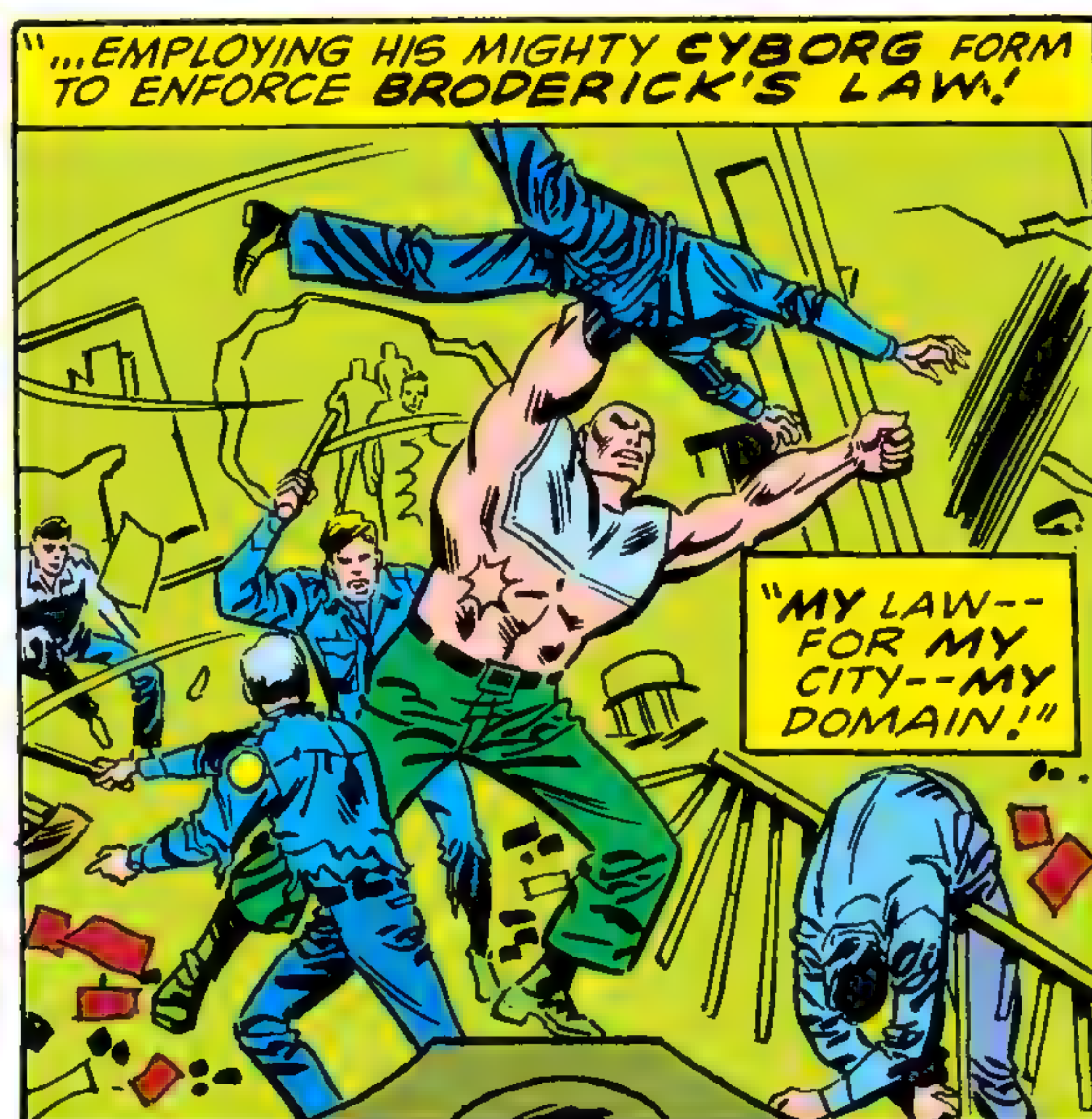
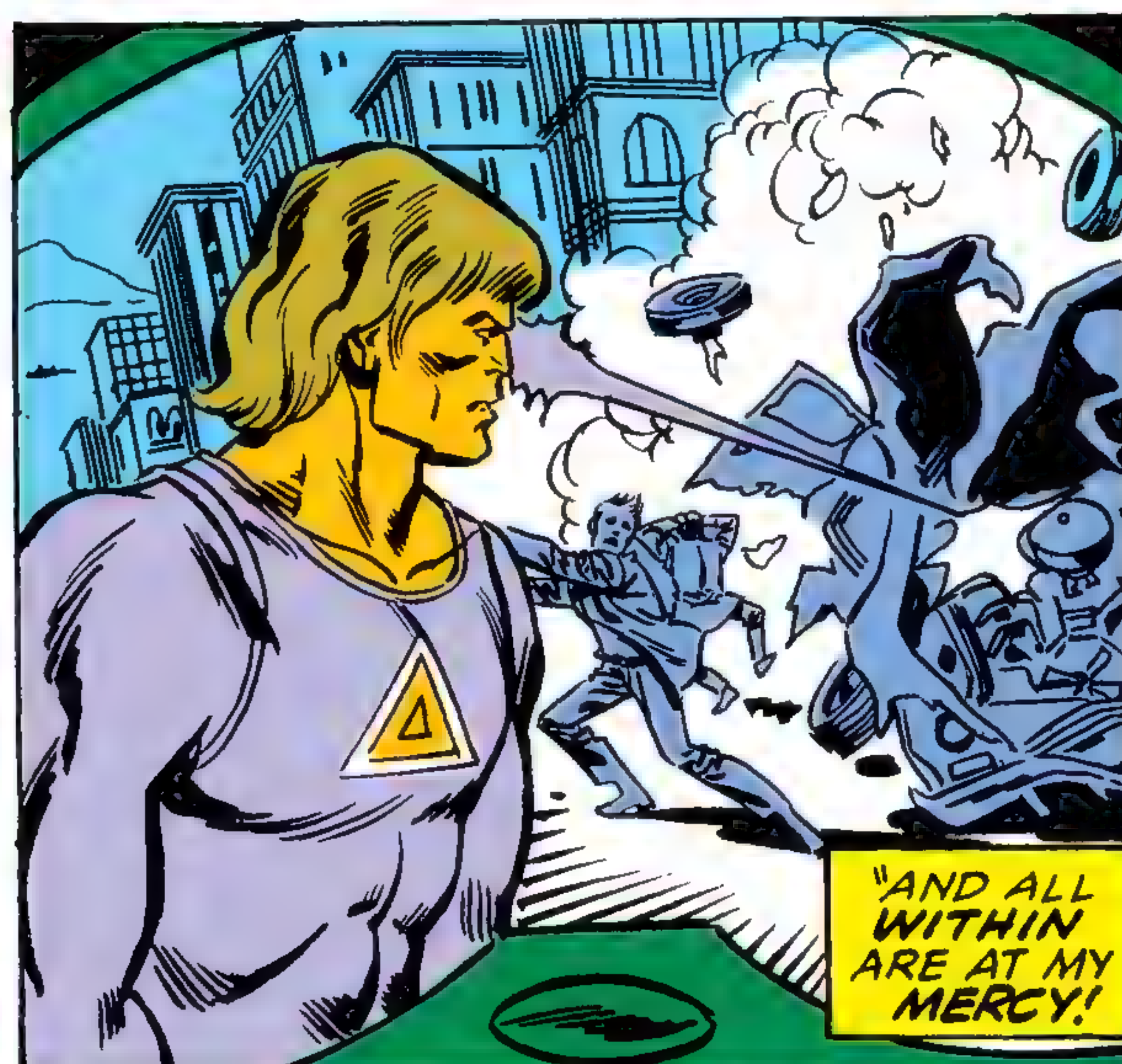
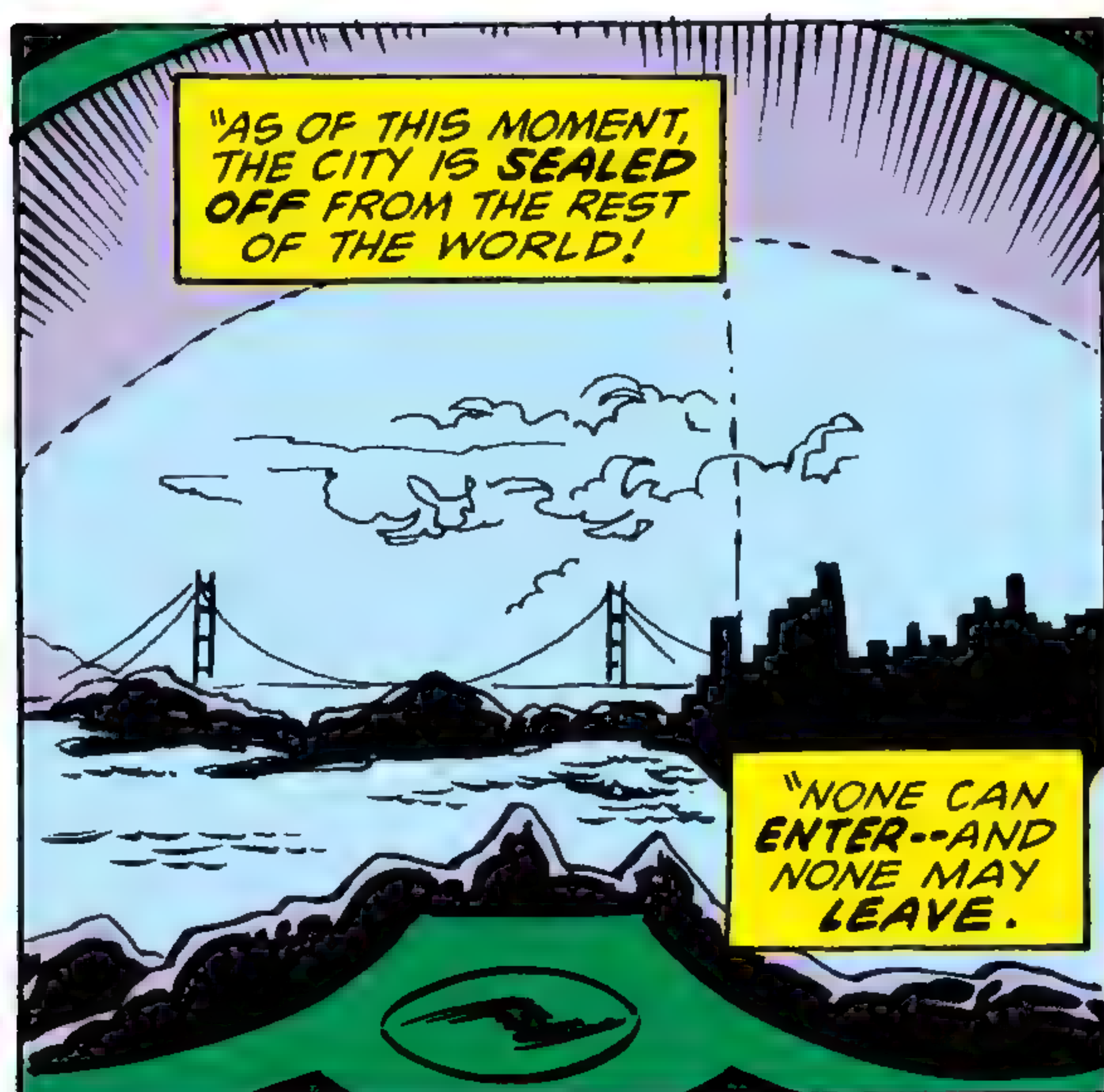
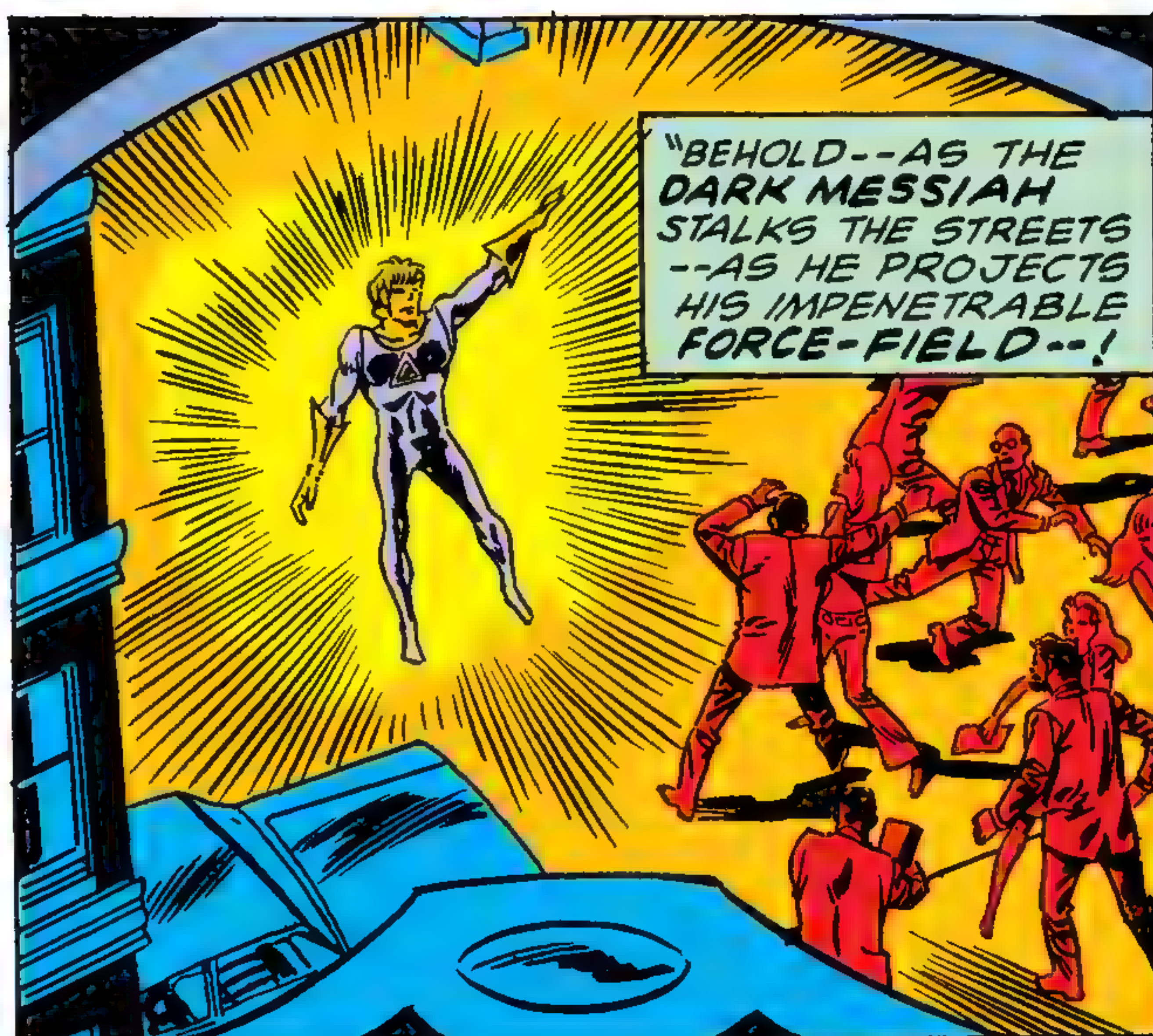
BECAUSE, LIKE YOU
AND THE BLACK WIDOW,
SHE STOOD BETWEEN ME
AND MY EMPIRE!

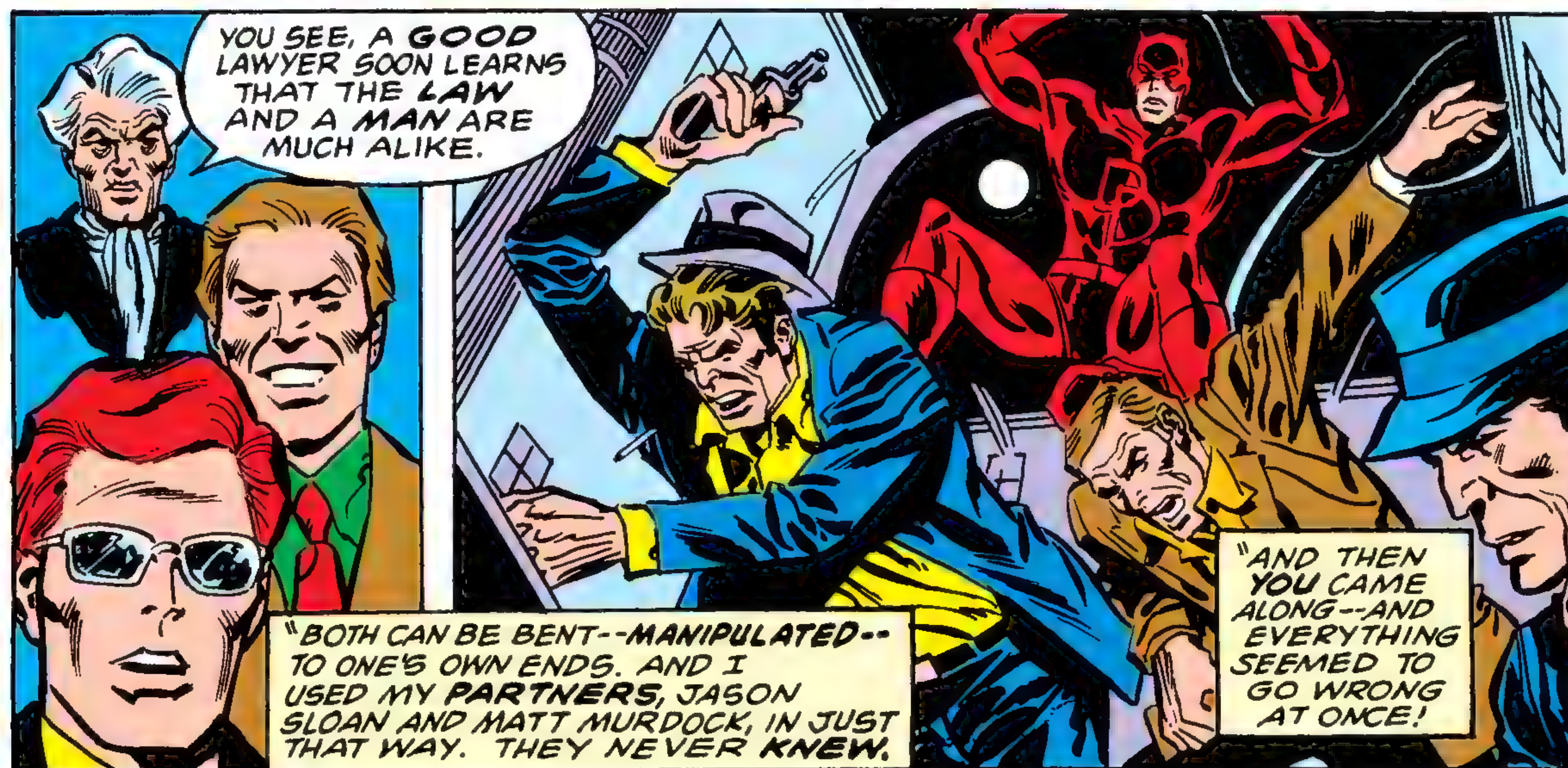
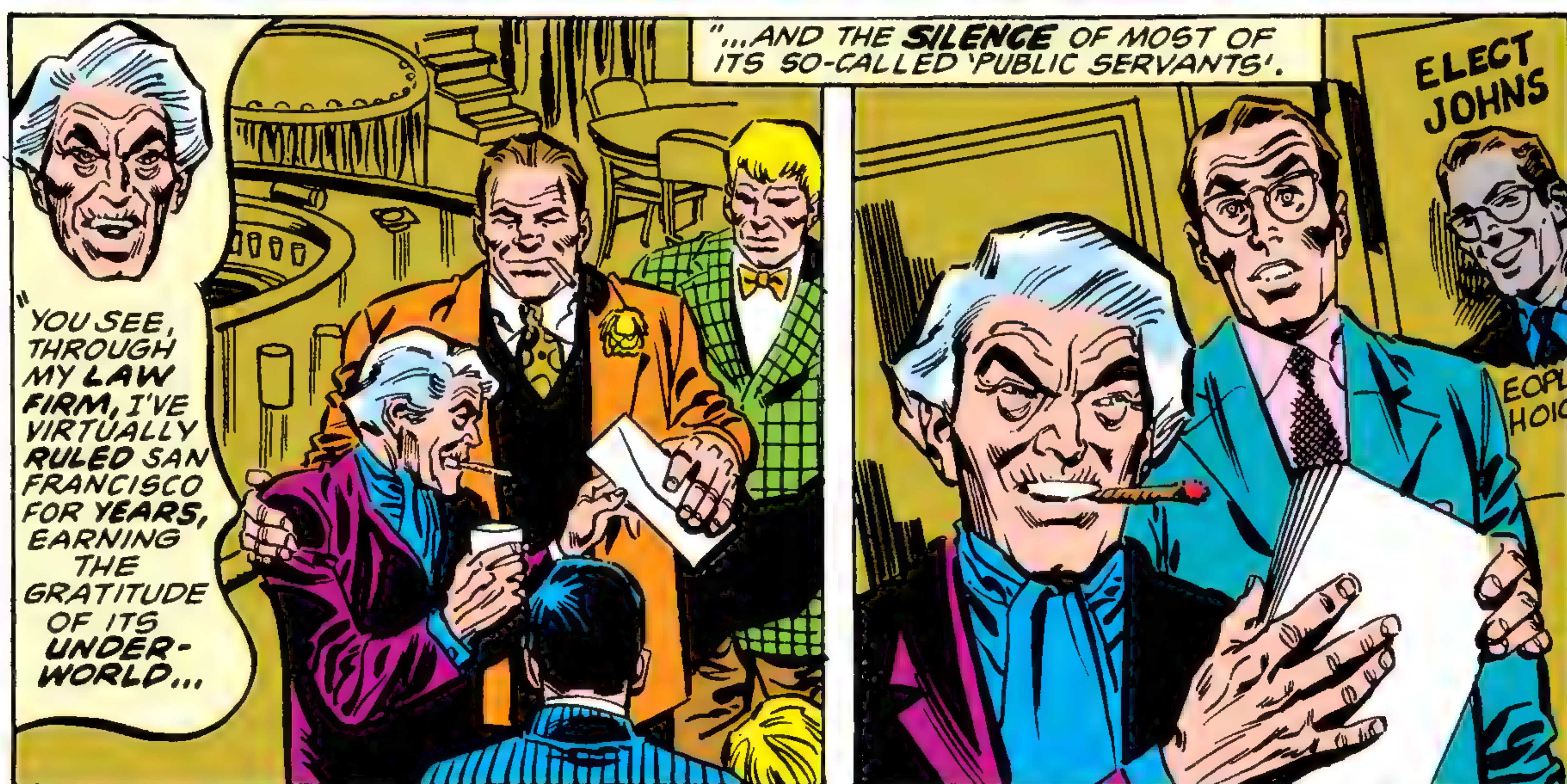
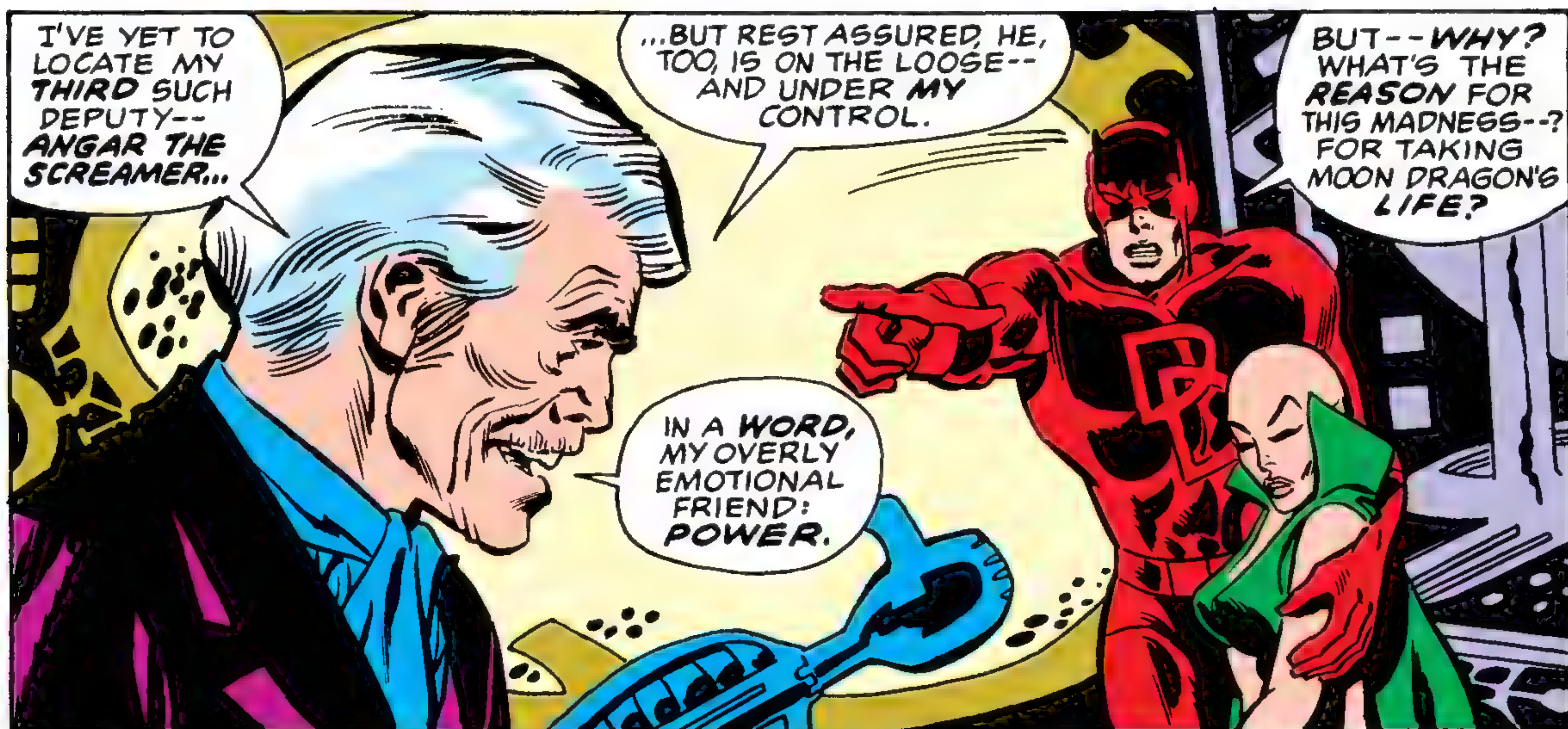
DON'T MOURN FOR
HER, DAREDEVIL.
RATHER, WATCH THIS
GIANT SCREEN--

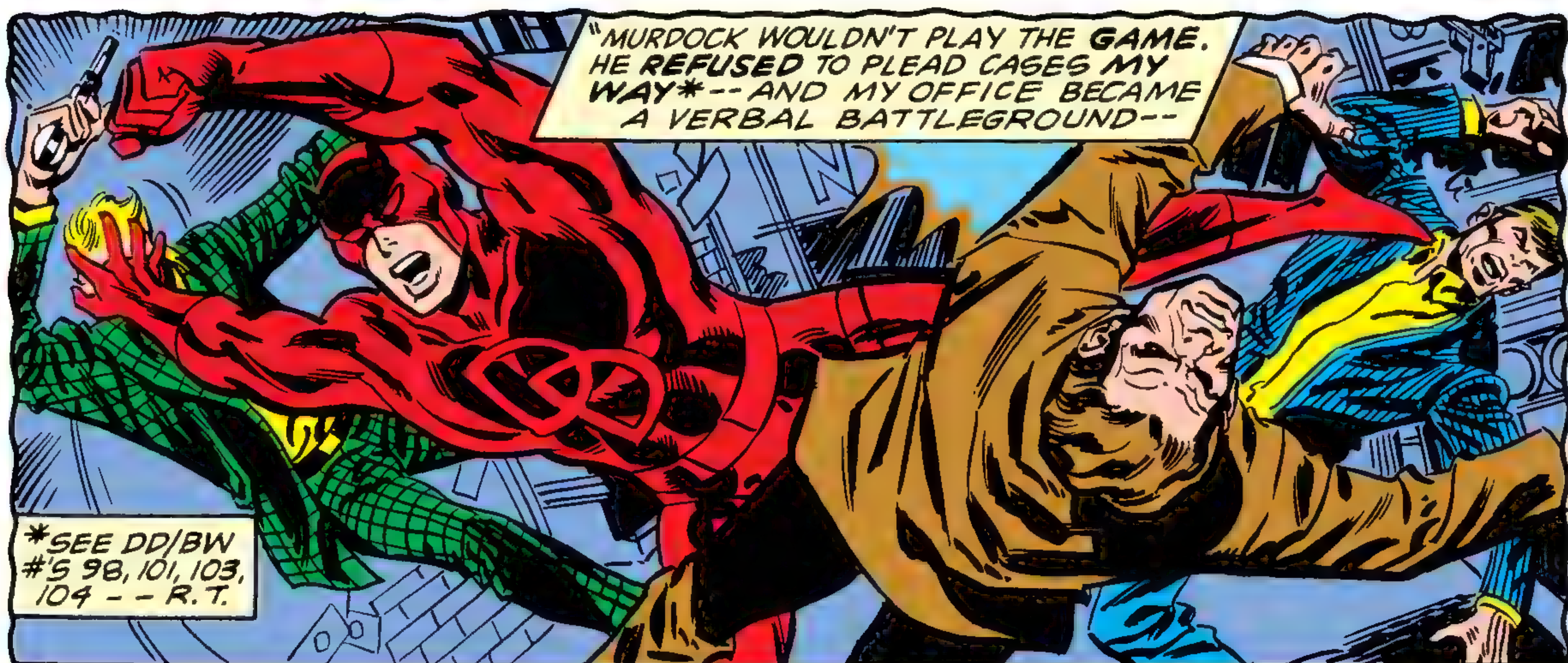
--AND OBSERVE THE
MONSTER SHE UNWITTINGLY
GAVE ME THE POWER TO
CONTROL! HE IS CALLED...
TERREX!

AND HIS POWER
IS THAT OF LIFE
ITSELF!









"MURDOCK WOULDN'T PLAY THE GAME. HE REFUSED TO PLEAD CASES MY WAY*-- AND MY OFFICE BECAME A VERBAL BATTLEGROUND--

*SEE DD/BW
#S 98, 101, 103,
104 -- R.T.

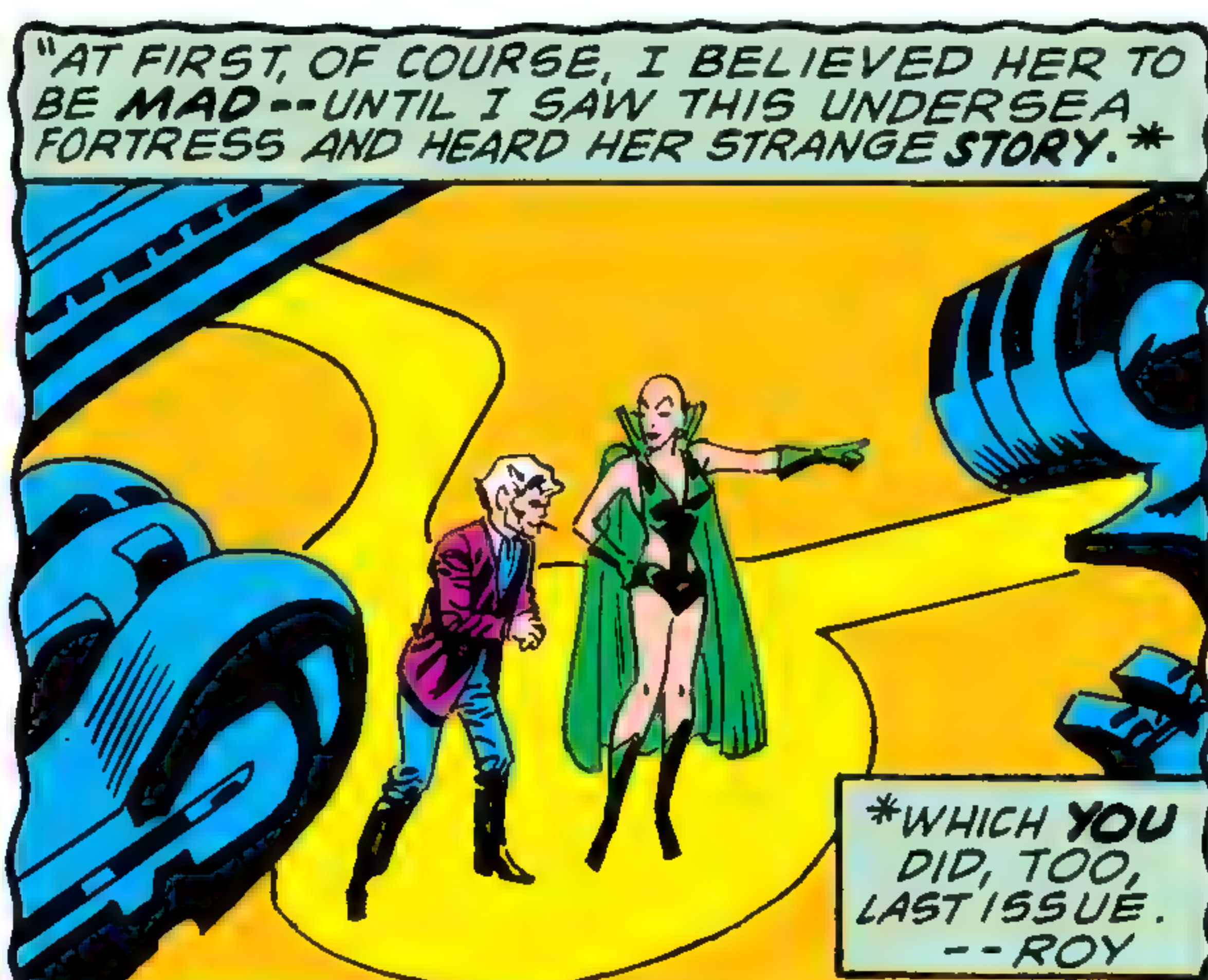
"--JUST AS YOU MADE A REAL BATTLEGROUND OF THE STREETS, MUCKING UP SOME OF MY MOST PROFITABLE OPERATIONS WITH YOUR OBSESSIVE DO-GOODING. YOUR ELIMINATION BECAME A NECESSITY... BUT I HAD NOT THE MEANS TO ACCOMPLISH IT.



"UNTIL I MET MOON DRAGON.

"IRONICALLY, SHE HAD SOUGHT ME OUT--ON THE BASIS OF MY STERLING REPUTATION.

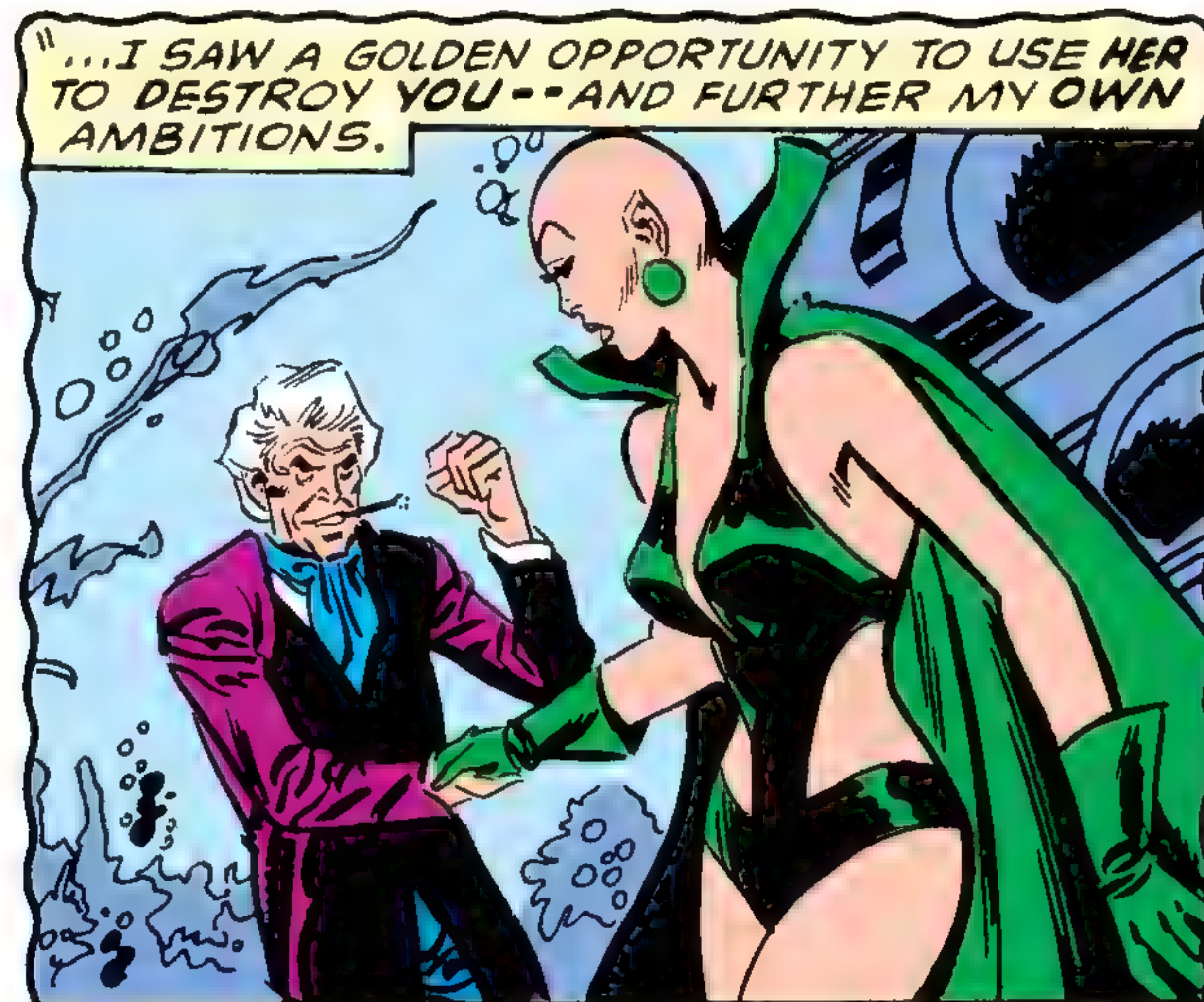
"SHE NEEDED AN HONORABLE MAN TO AID HER IN HER MISSION--PROTECTING EARTH FROM THE EVIL THANOS.



"AT FIRST, OF COURSE, I BELIEVED HER TO BE MAD--UNTIL I SAW THIS UNDERSEA FORTRESS AND HEARD HER STRANGE STORY.*

*WHICH YOU DID, TOO, LAST ISSUE.
--ROY

"BUT WHEN I REALIZED IT WAS TRUE--THAT SHE REALLY HAD COME TO EARTH FROM A MOON OF SATURN TO FIGHT THIS THANOS PERSON...

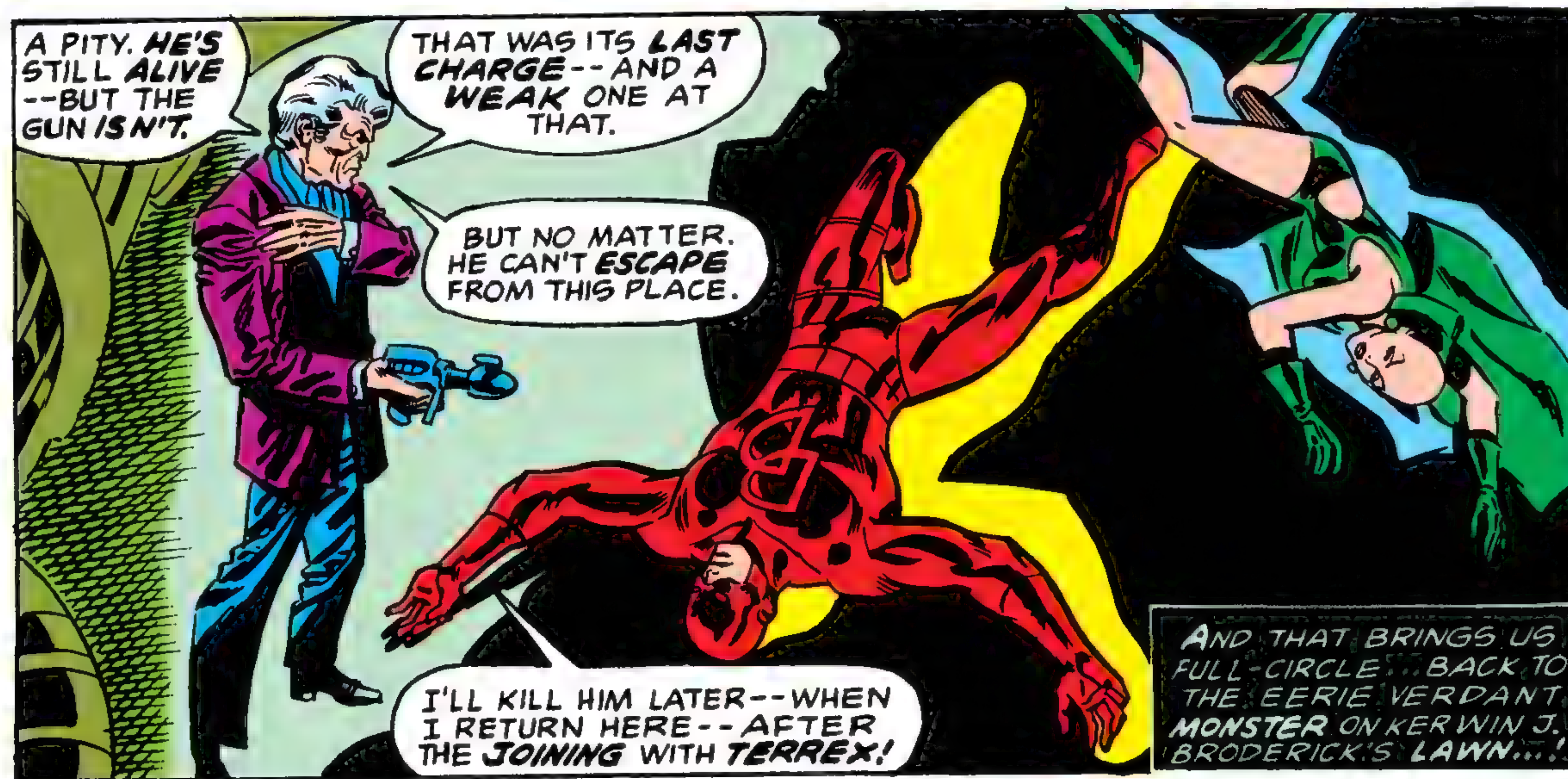


"...I SAW A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY TO USE HER TO DESTROY YOU--AND FURTHER MY OWN AMBITIONS.

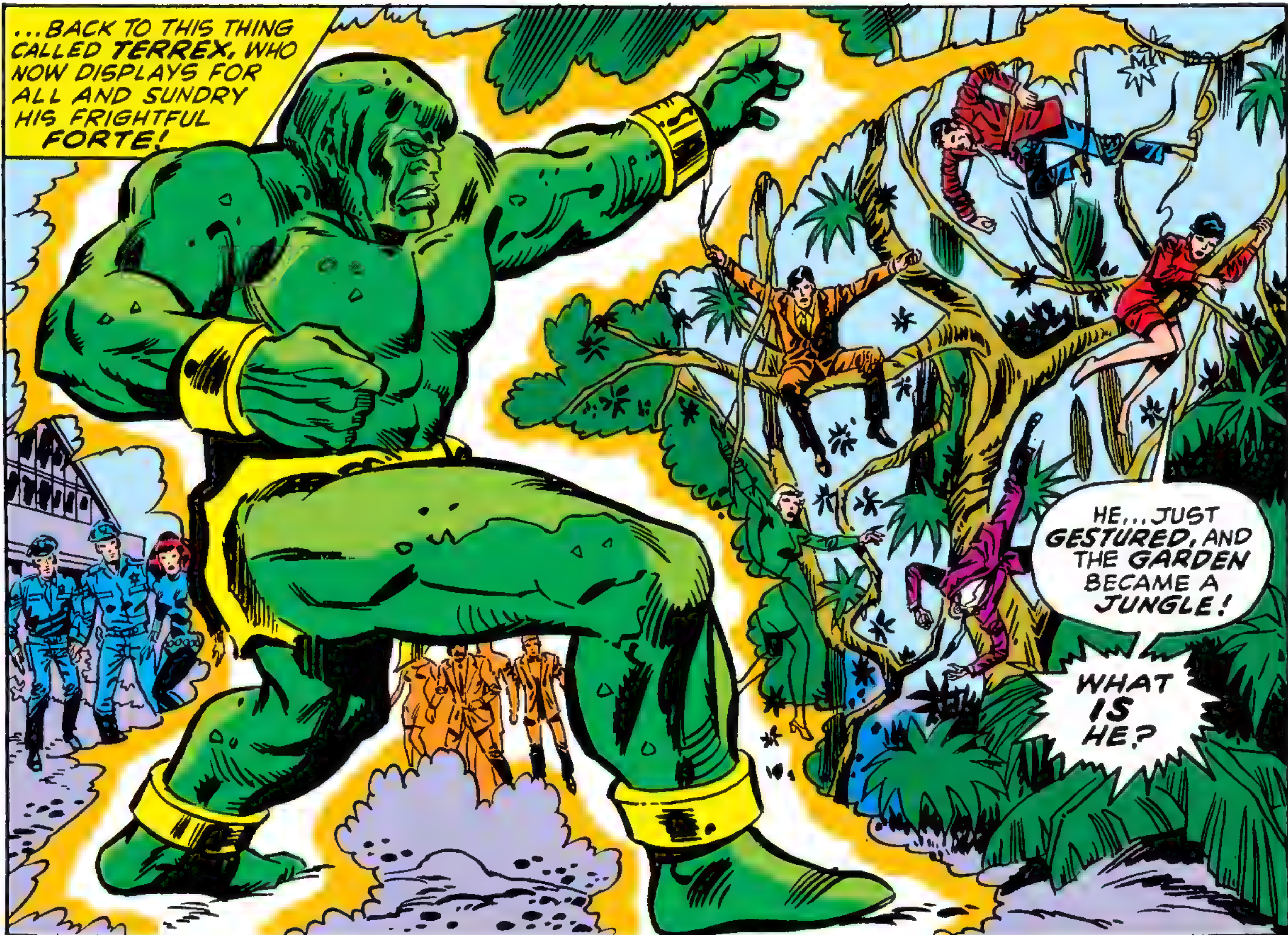
"FOR WHEN I SAW THE TECHNOLOGY SHE POSSESSED, I WAS NO LONGER CONTENT WITH DE FACTO RULE OF THIS CITY. I WANTED MORE!"



I WANTED TO BE KING OF SAN FRANCISCO--AN ABSOLUTE MONARCH WITH ABSOLUTE POWER!



...BACK TO THIS THING
CALLED **TERREX**, WHO
NOW DISPLAYS FOR
ALL AND SUNDRY
HIS FRIGHTFUL
FORTE!



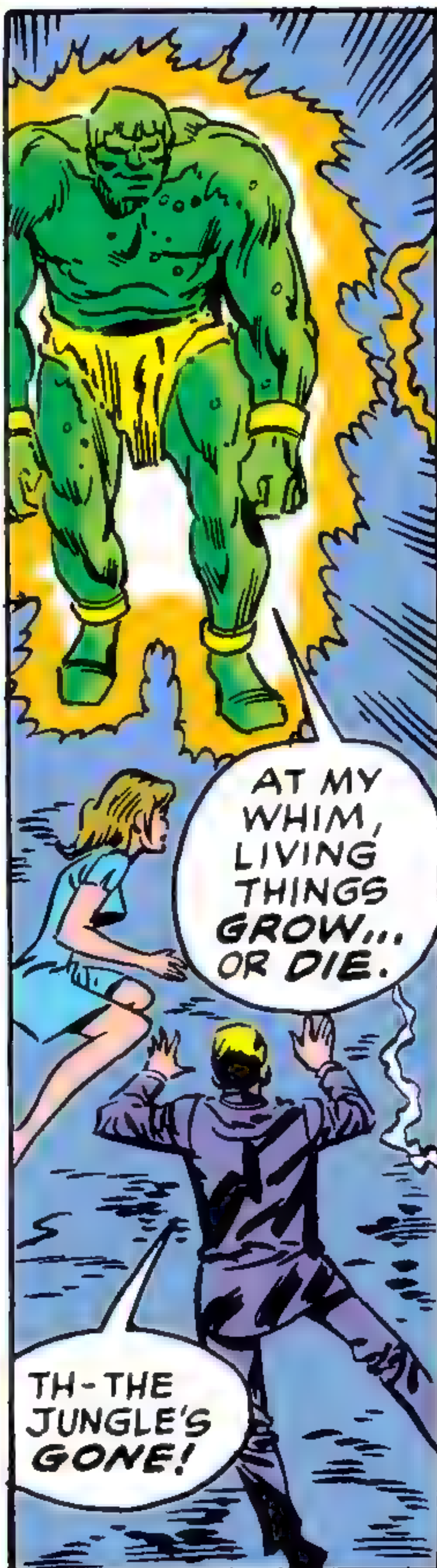
HE... JUST
GESTURED, AND
THE GARDEN
BECAME A
JUNGLE!

WHAT
IS
HE?

IS YOUR UNDERSTANDING
TRULY SO PITIFULLY
MEAGER, HUMAN?



I AM **TERREX**...
HE WHO IS OF
THE EARTH!



AT MY
WHIM,
LIVING
THINGS
GROW...
OR DIE.

TH-THE
JUNGLE'S
GONE!

AN' I'M NOT
WAITIN' FOR
THE NEXT
ONE TO
SPROUT!



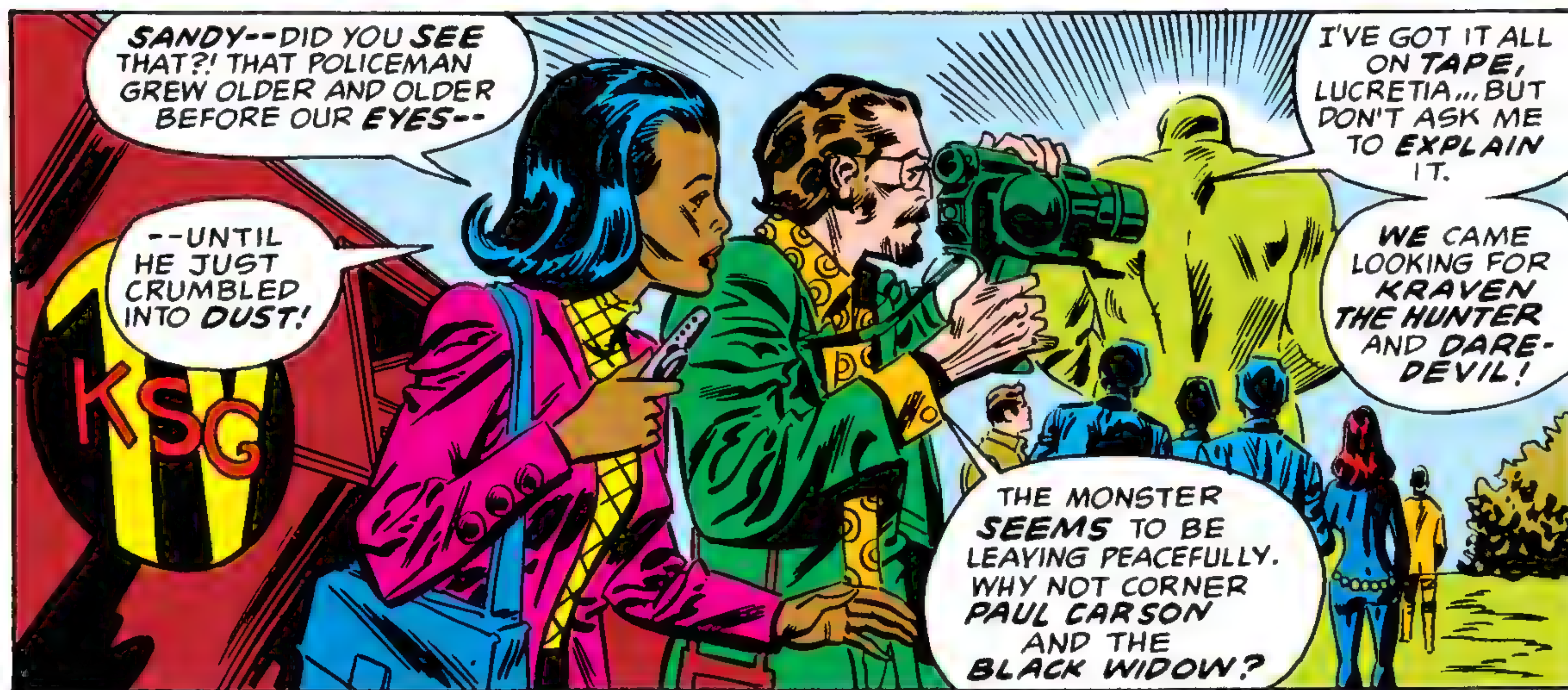
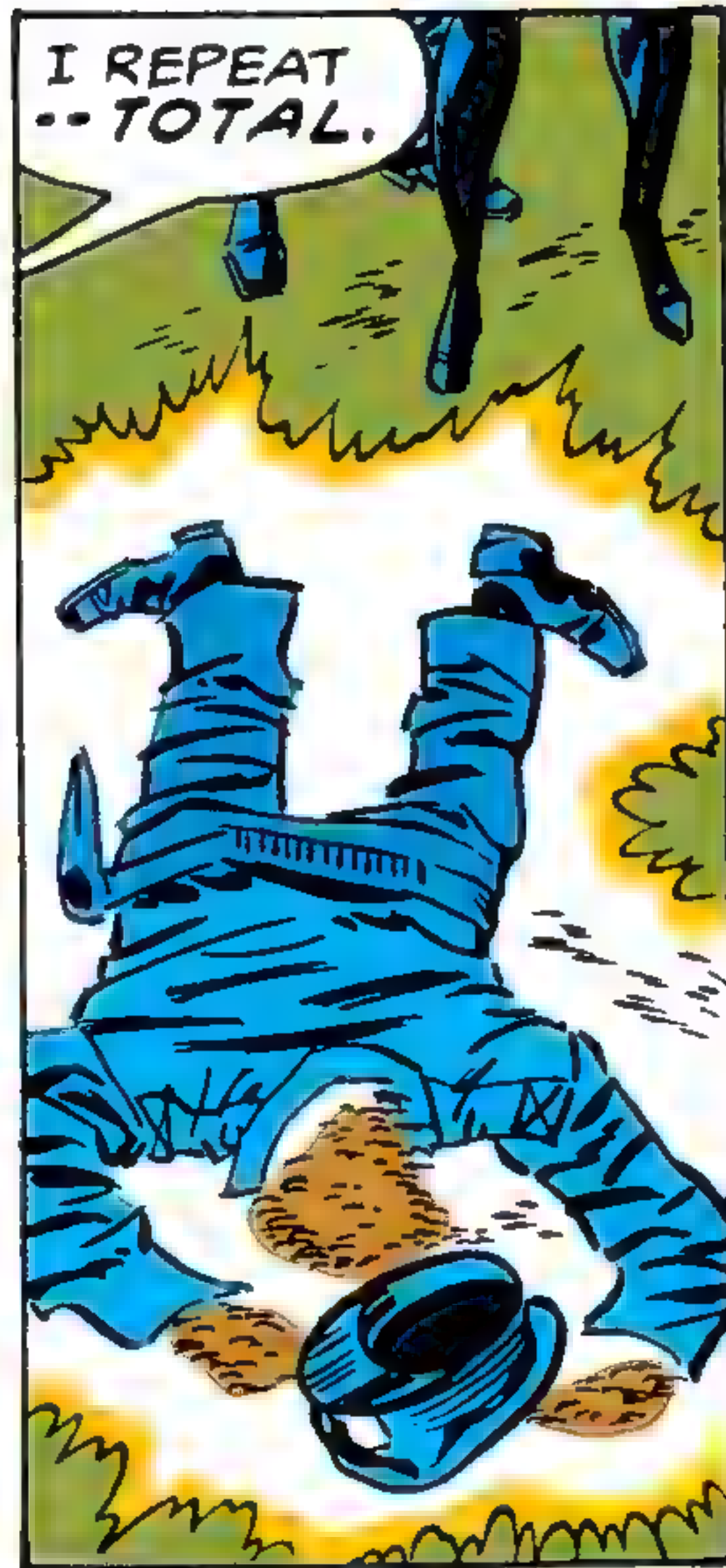
I'M GONNA
KILL THIS
FREAK
O'NATURE
BEFORE IT
KILLS US!

NO, HUMAN
... YOU ARE
NOT.

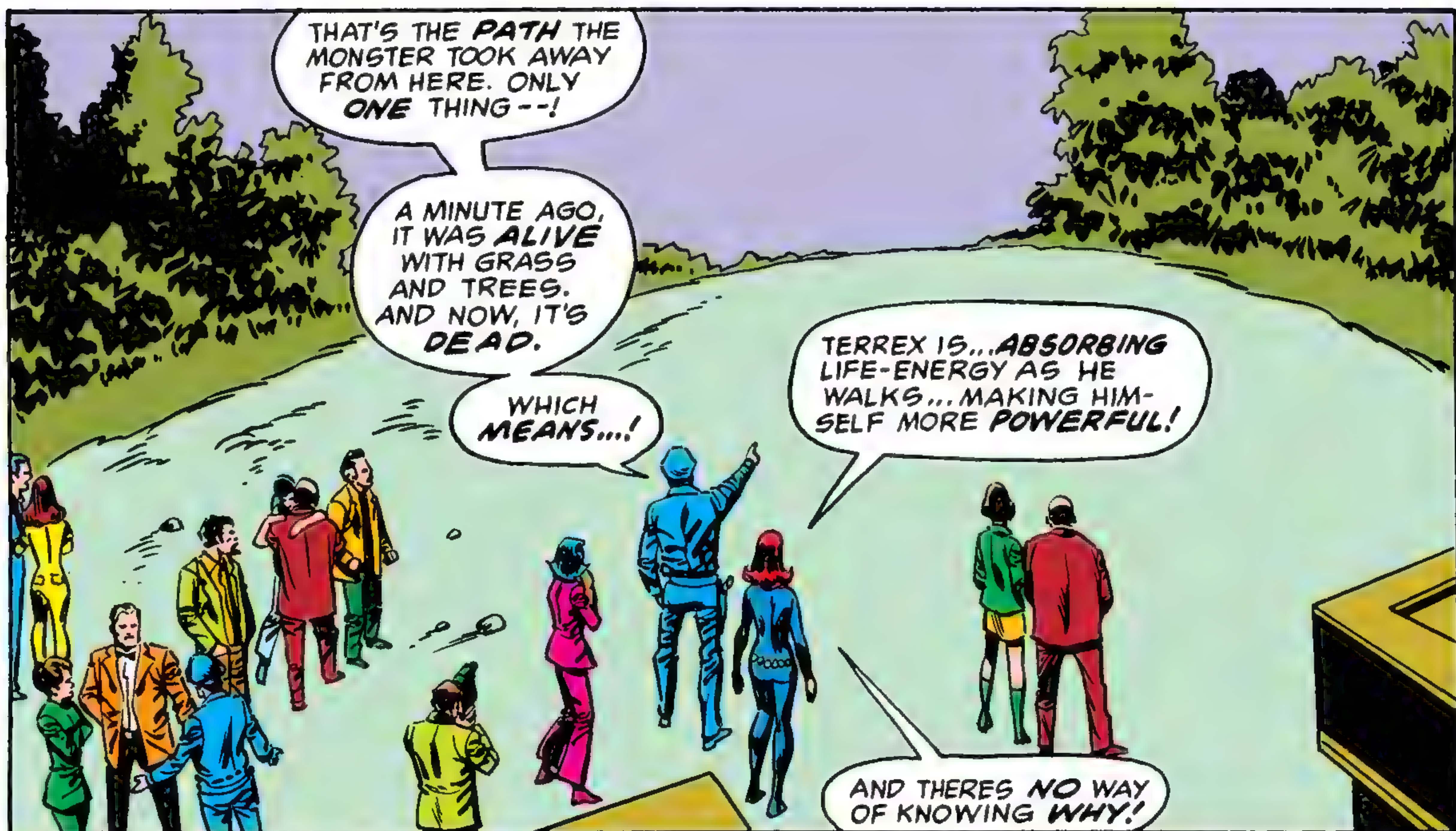


AND
THIS
... IS
WHY.

'UHH'
WHAT'S
HE--
DOIN'--
TO ME??



*THANKS TO MOON DRAGON'S TELE-PORT BEAM, LAST ISSUE. --R.T.



THAT'S THE **PATH** THE MONSTER TOOK AWAY FROM HERE. ONLY **ONE** THING--!

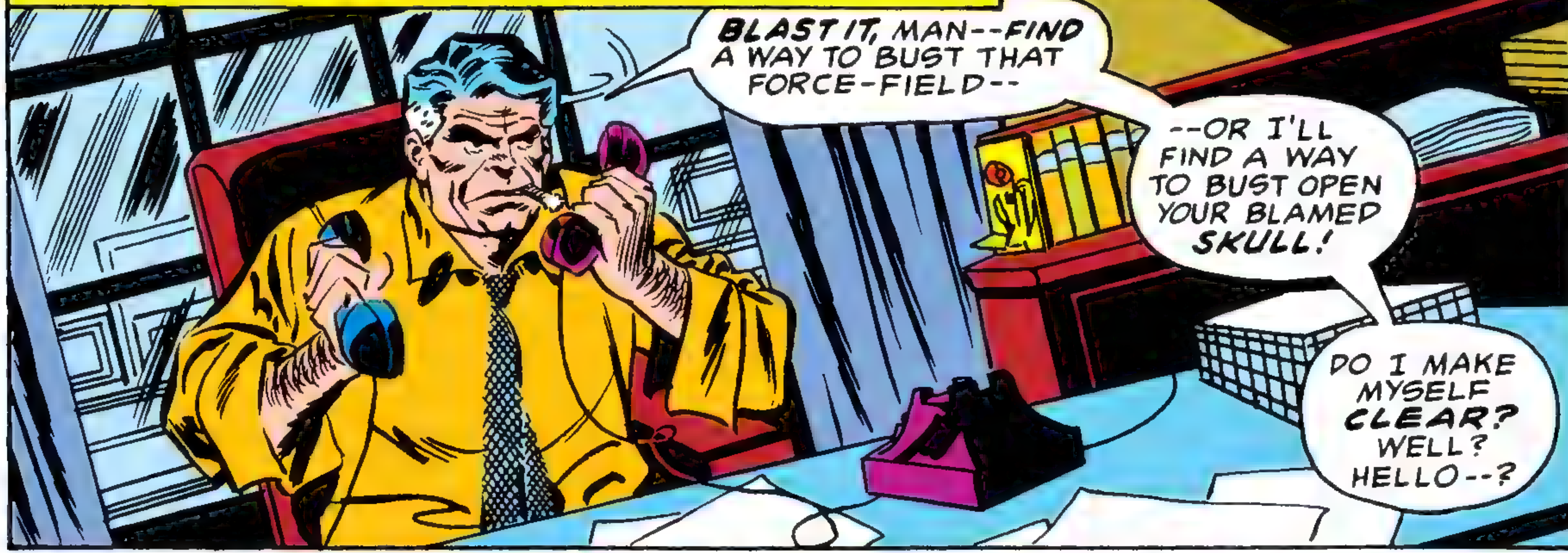
A MINUTE AGO, IT WAS **ALIVE** WITH GRASS AND TREES. AND NOW, IT'S **DEAD**.

WHICH **MEANS...**!

TERREX IS...**ABSORBING** LIFE-ENERGY AS HE WALKS... MAKING HIMSELF MORE **POWERFUL**!

AND THERE'S **NO** WAY OF KNOWING **WHY**!

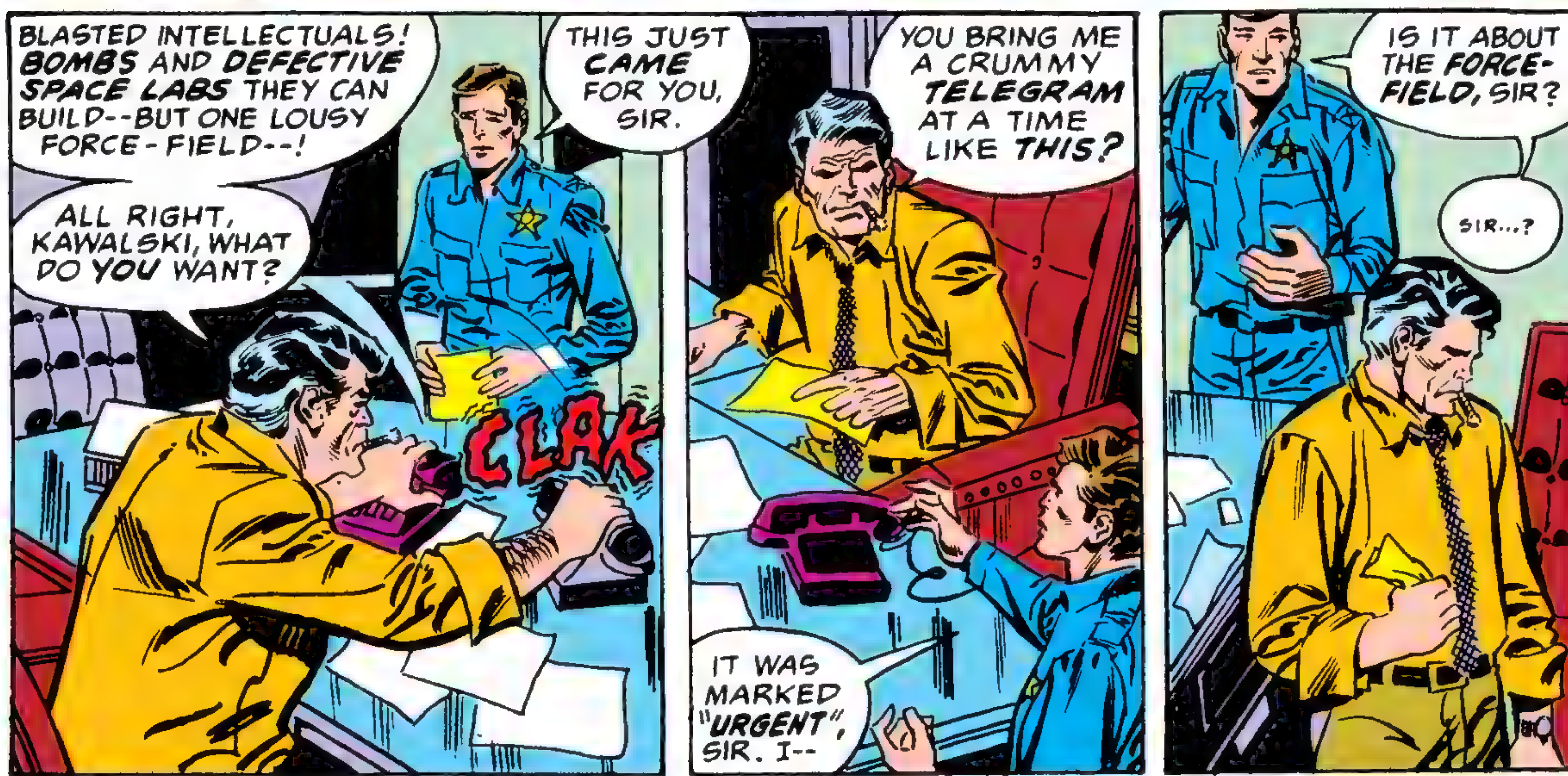
CUT: TO THE DOWNTOWN OFFICE OF A MUCH-HARRIED POLICE COMMISSIONER O'HARA, A MAN ATTEMPTING TO COPE WITH A CITY GONE MAD.



BLAST IT, MAN--FIND A WAY TO BUST THAT FORCE-FIELD--

--OR I'LL FIND A WAY TO BUST OPEN YOUR **BLAMED SKULL**!

DO I MAKE MYSELF **CLEAR**? WELL? HELLO--?



BLASTED INTELLECTUALS! BOMBS AND DEFECTIVE SPACE LABS THEY CAN BUILD--BUT ONE LOUSY FORCE-FIELD--!

ALL RIGHT, KAWALSKI, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

THIS JUST **CAME** FOR YOU, SIR.

YOU BRING ME A CRUMMY **TELEGRAM** AT A TIME LIKE **THIS**?

IS IT ABOUT THE **FORCE-FIELD**, SIR?

SIR...?

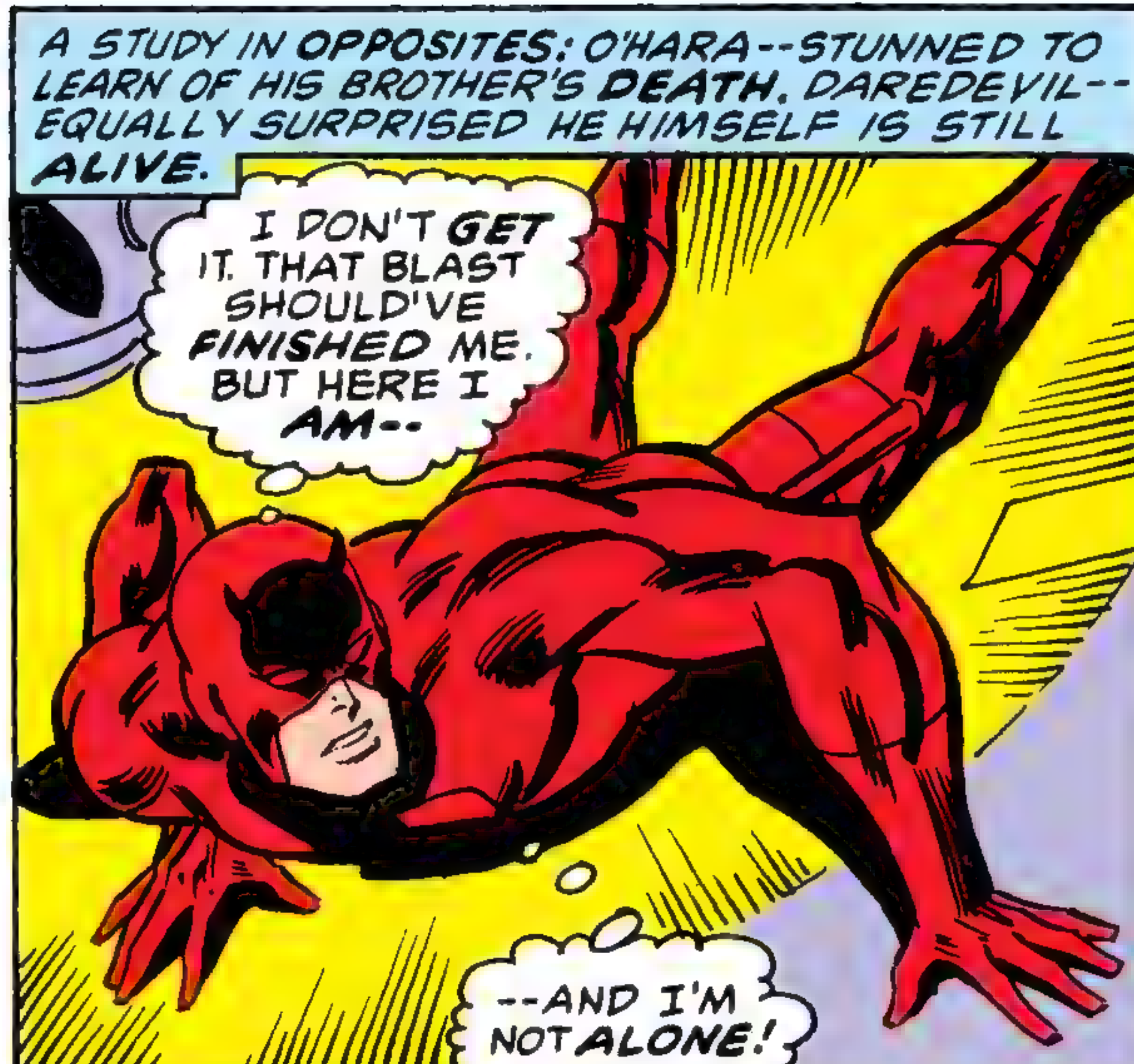
IT WAS MARKED **"URGENT"**, SIR. I--



NO...IT'S PERSONAL. MY BROTHER--FOUND DEAD NEAR HIS HOME--IN AFRICA.

COULD I HAVE A MOMENT ALONE, SON?

HUH--? OH, SURE-- I'M SORRY, SIR.



A STUDY IN OPPOSITES: O'HARA--STUNNED TO LEARN OF HIS BROTHER'S DEATH. DAREDEVIL--EQUALLY SURPRISED HE HIMSELF IS STILL ALIVE.

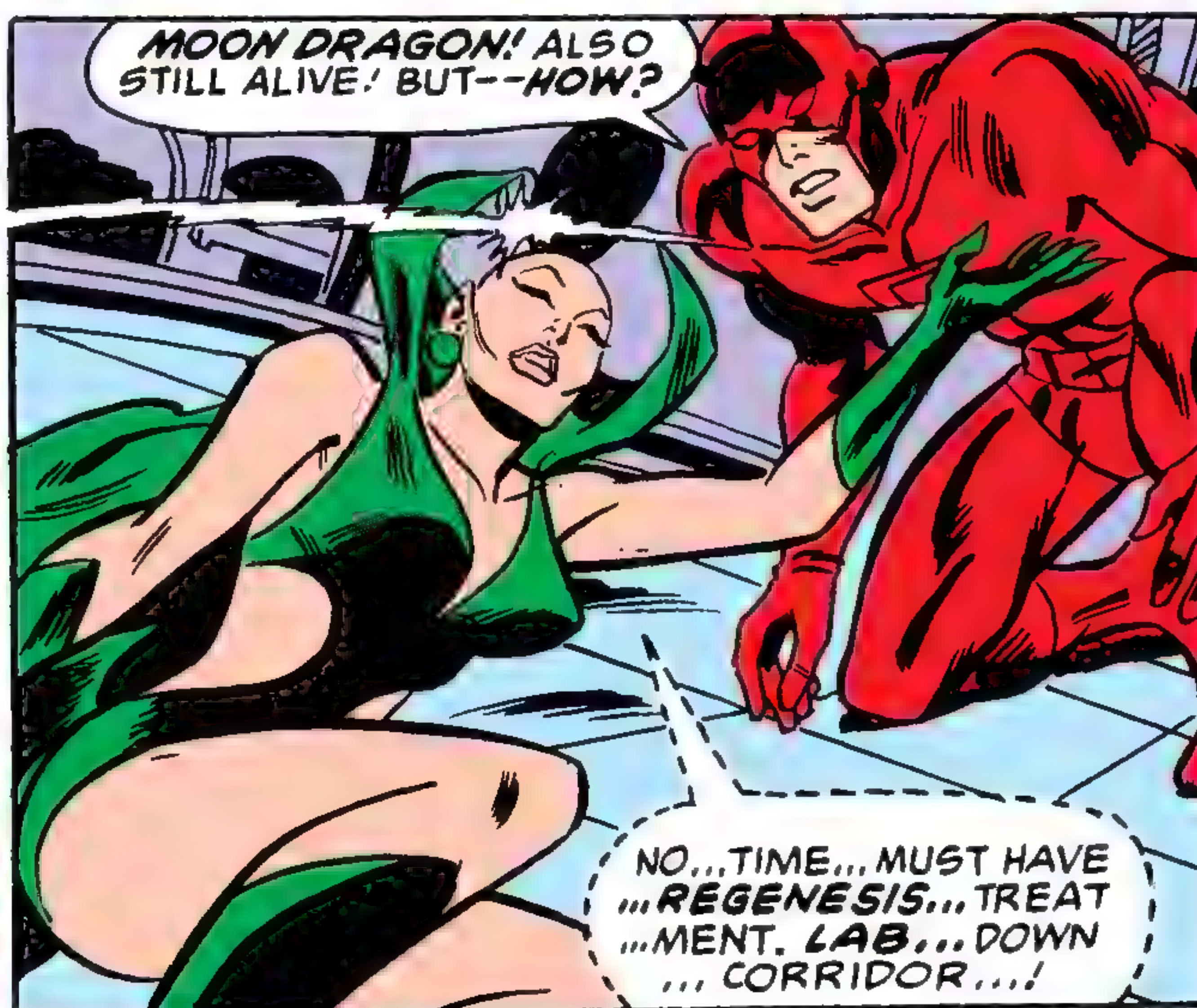
I DON'T GET IT. THAT BLAST SHOULD'VE FINISHED ME. BUT HERE I AM--

--AND I'M NOT ALONE!



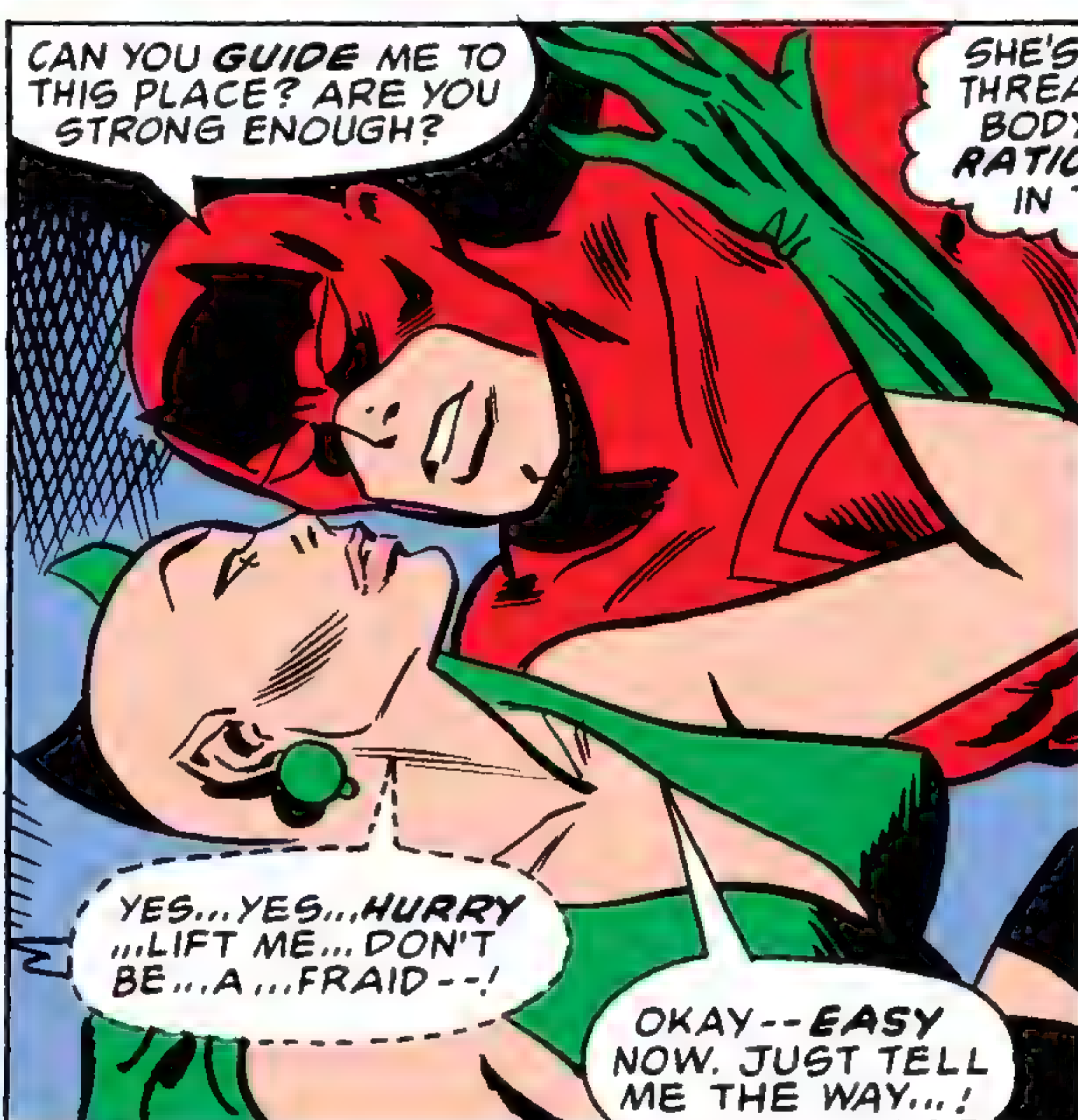
I CAN HEAR ANOTHER HEARTBEAT-- BESIDE ME.

VERY WEAK... AND FRIGHTENINGLY SLOW-- BUT IT'S UNMISTAKABLY THAT OF--



MOON DRAGON! ALSO STILL ALIVE! BUT--HOW?

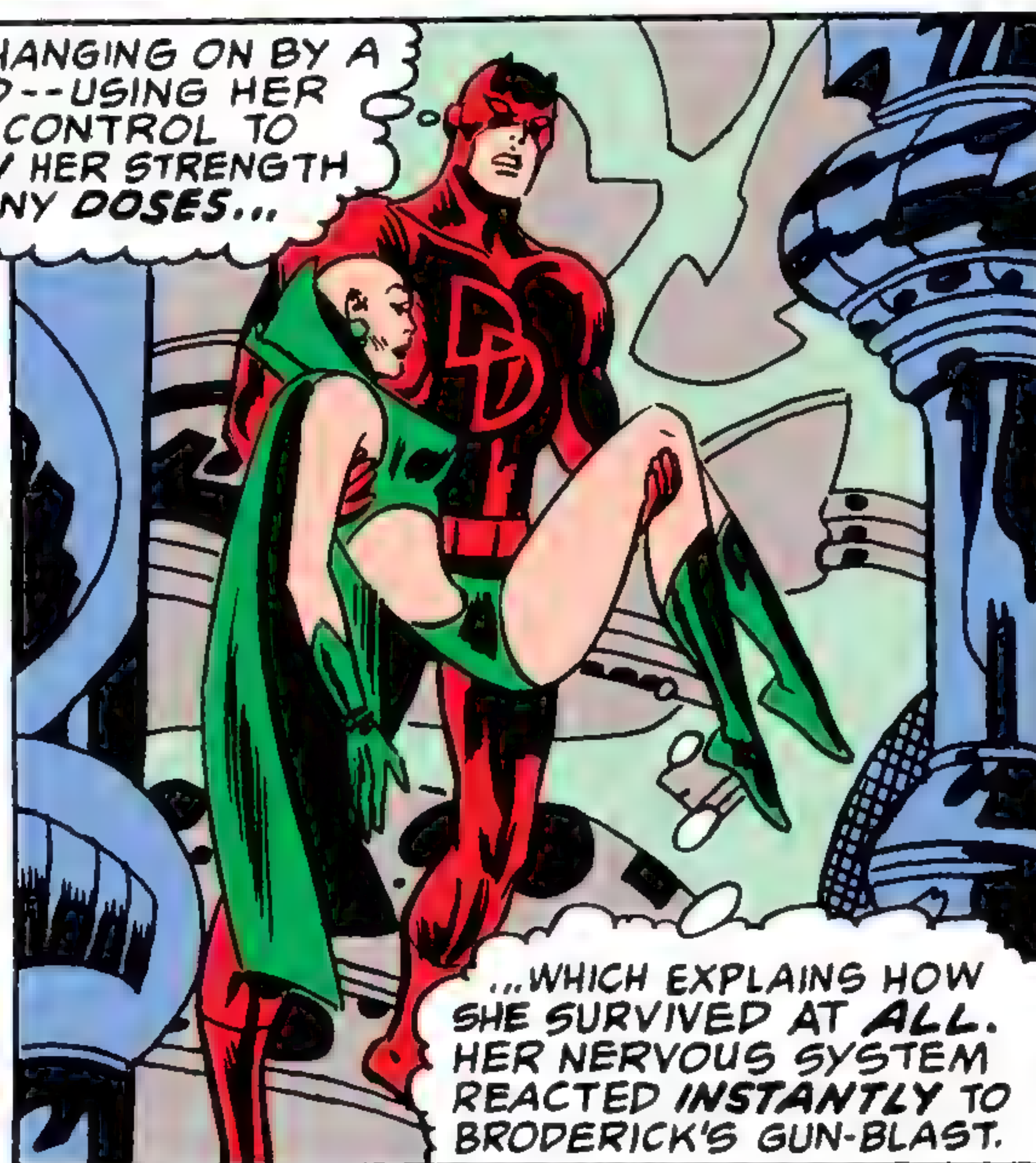
NO...TIME... MUST HAVE ...REGENESIS...TREAT ...MENT. LAB... DOWN ... CORRIDOR...!



CAN YOU GUIDE ME TO THIS PLACE? ARE YOU STRONG ENOUGH?

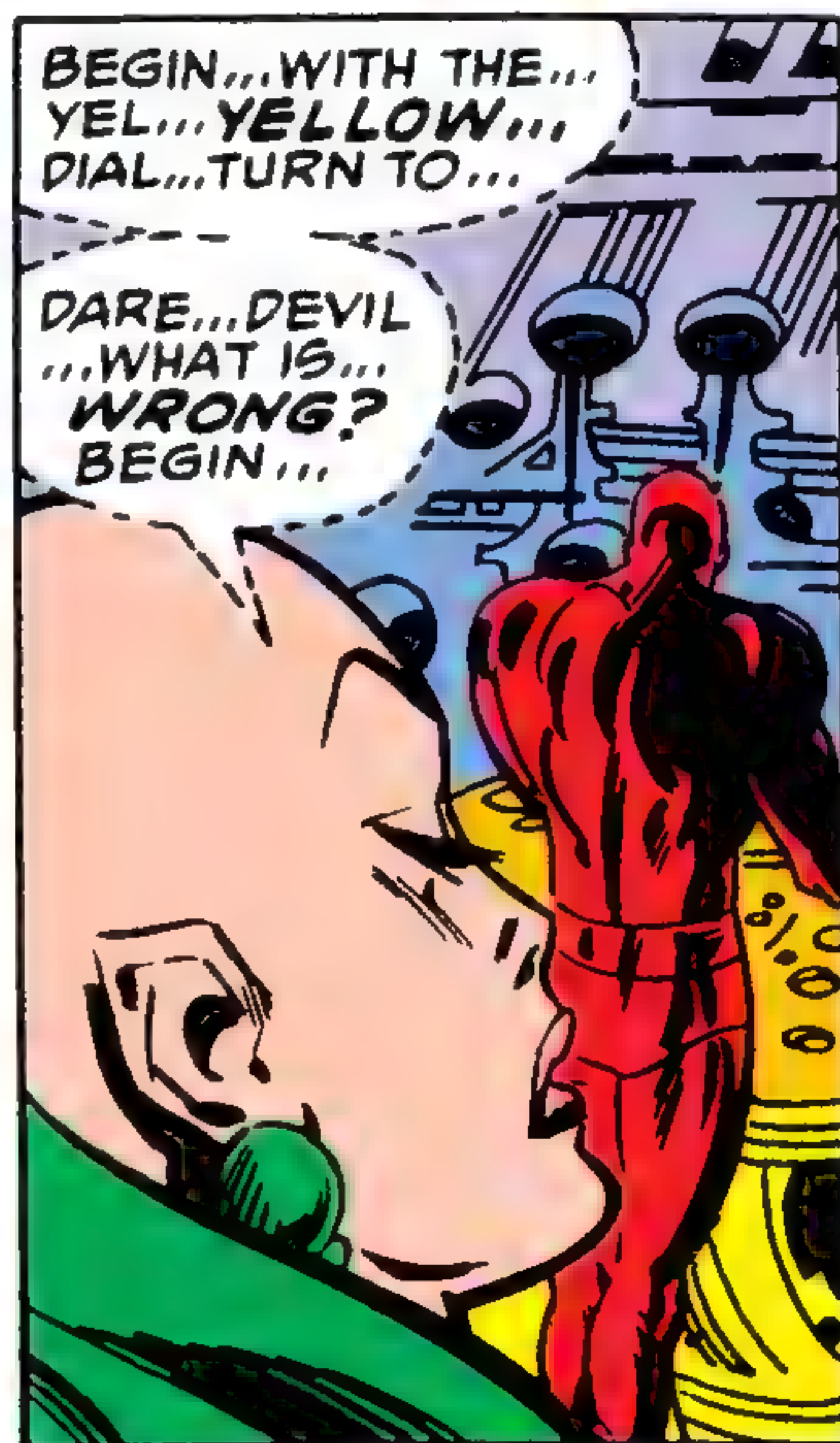
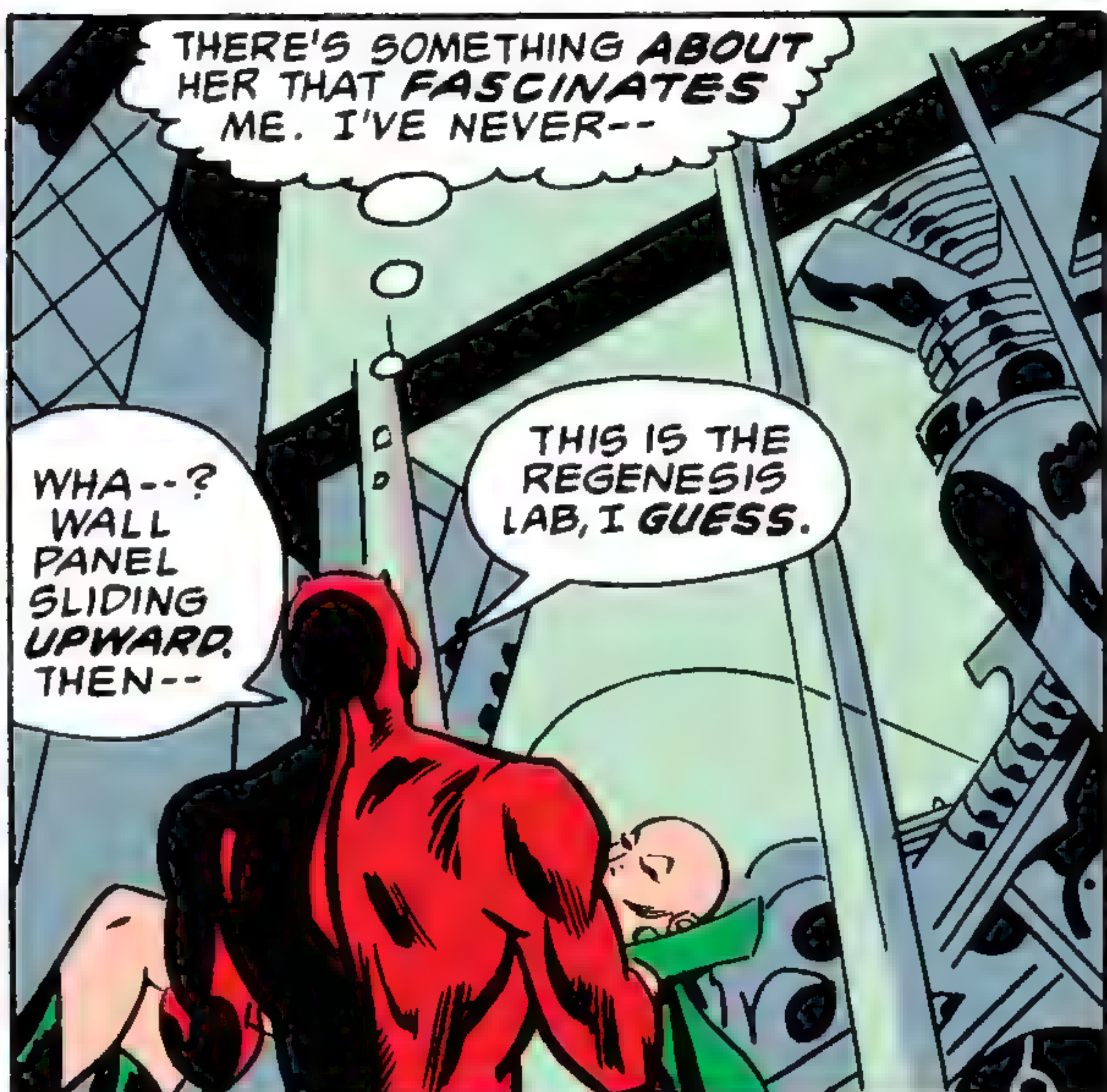
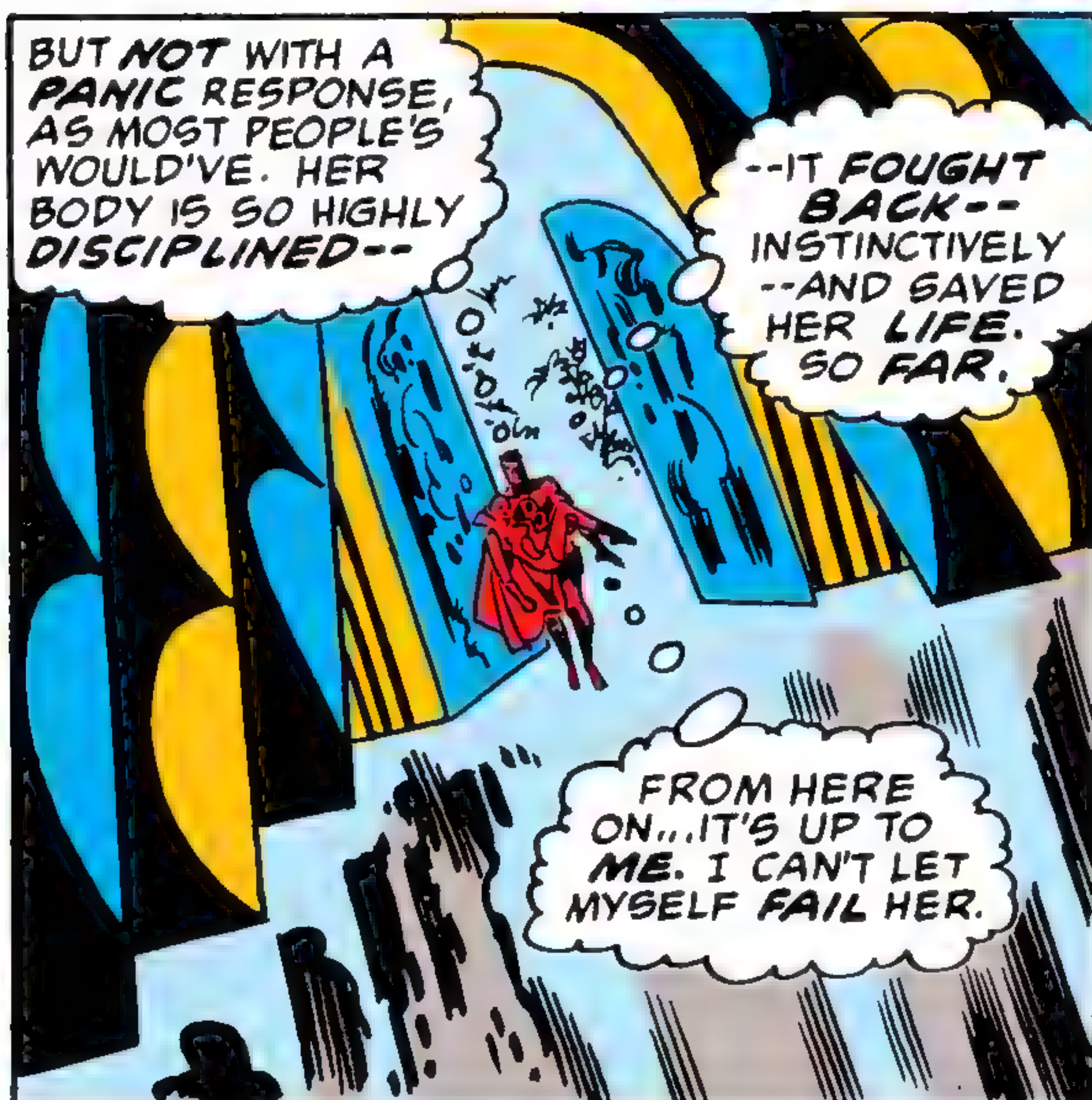
YES...YES...HURRY ...LIFT ME... DON'T BE...A...FRAID--!

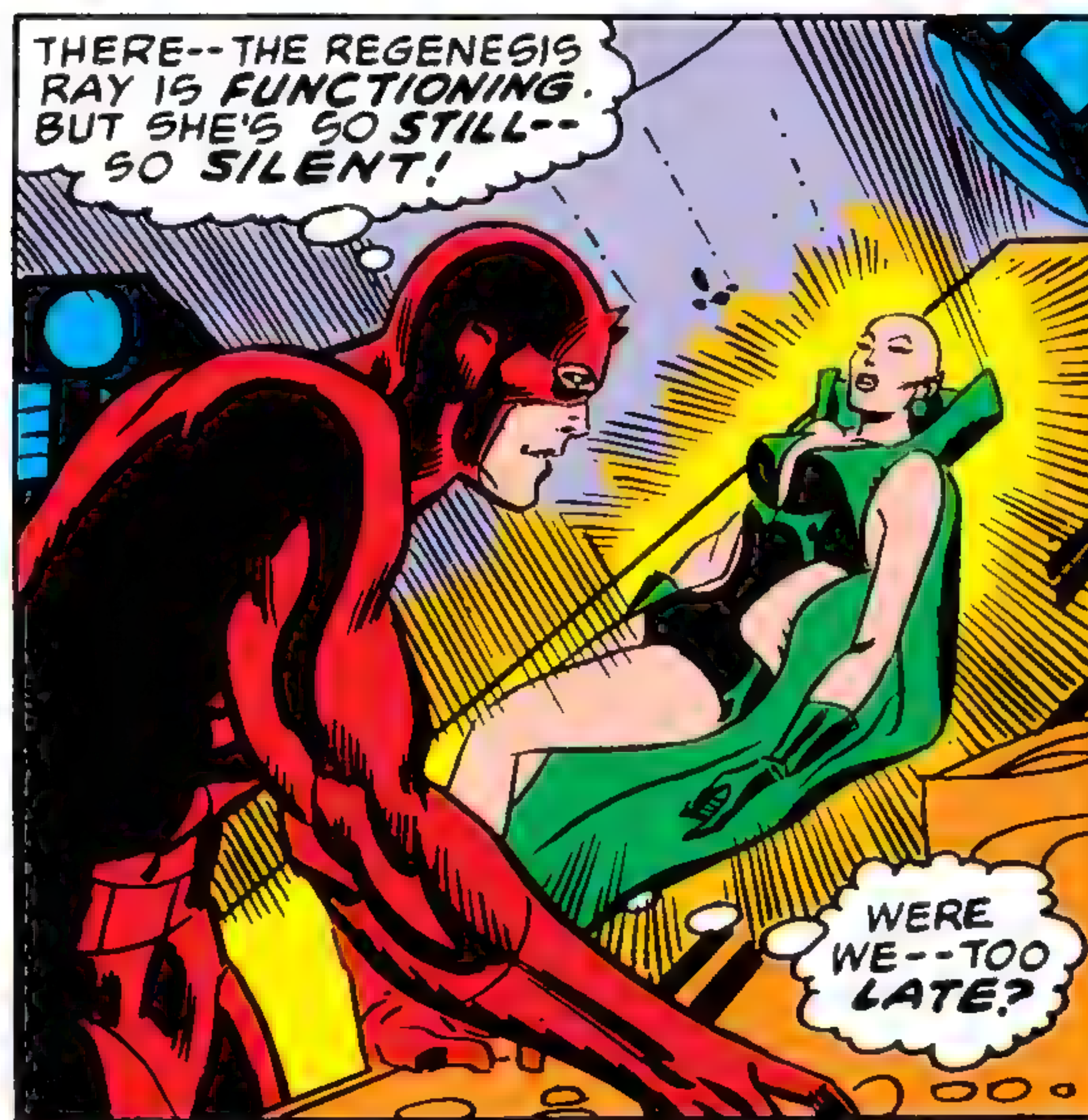
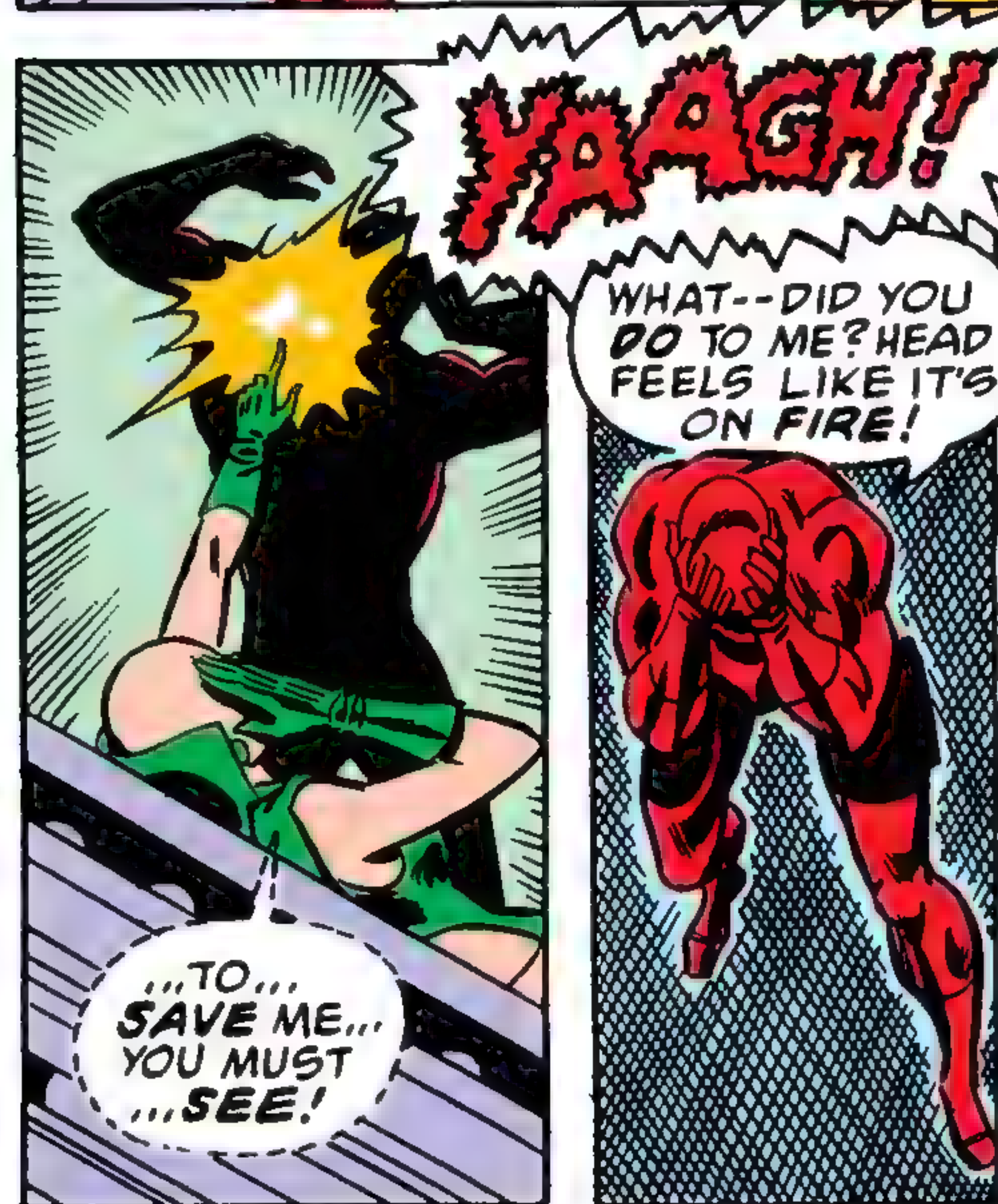
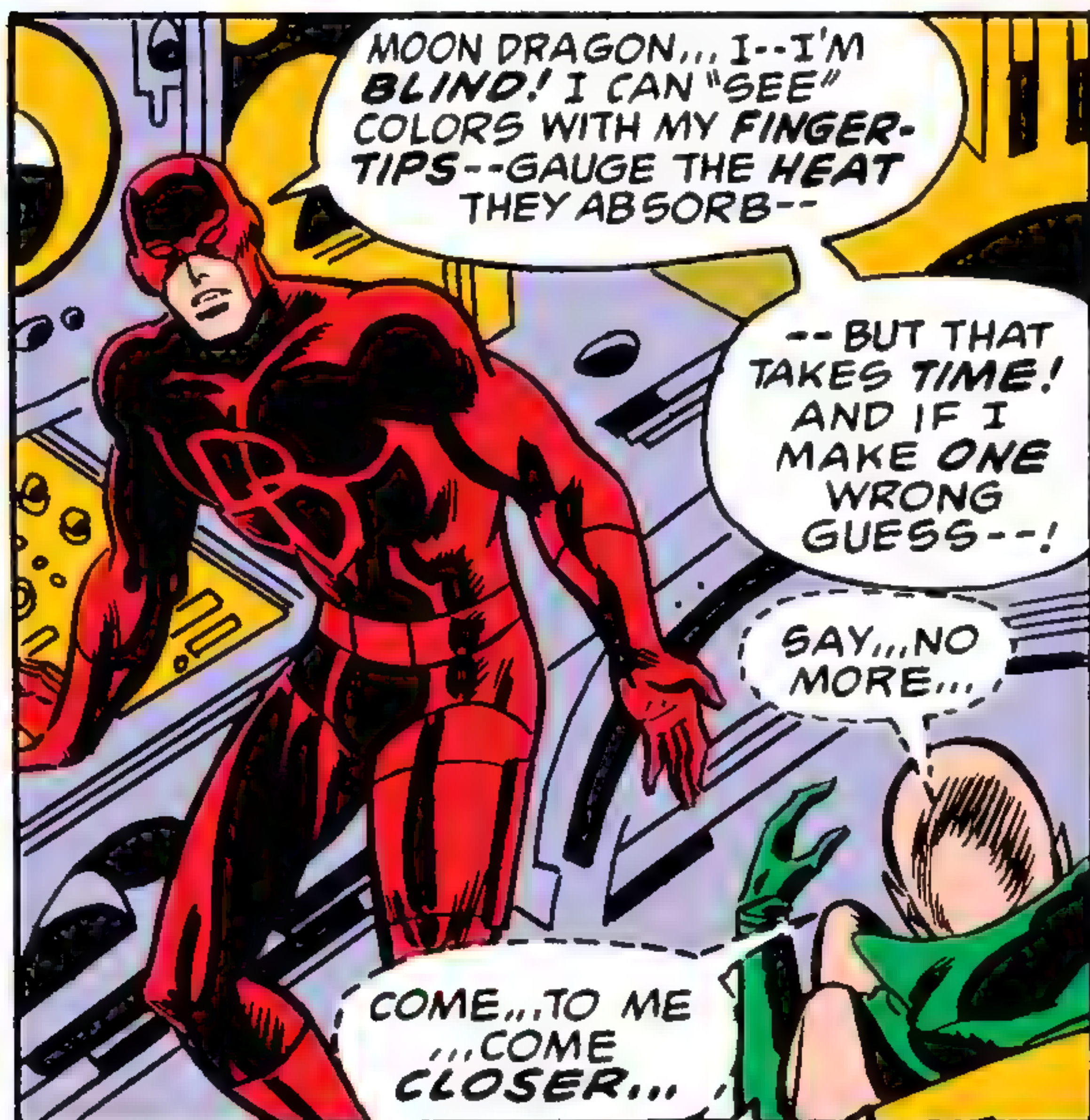
OKAY--EASY NOW. JUST TELL ME THE WAY...!

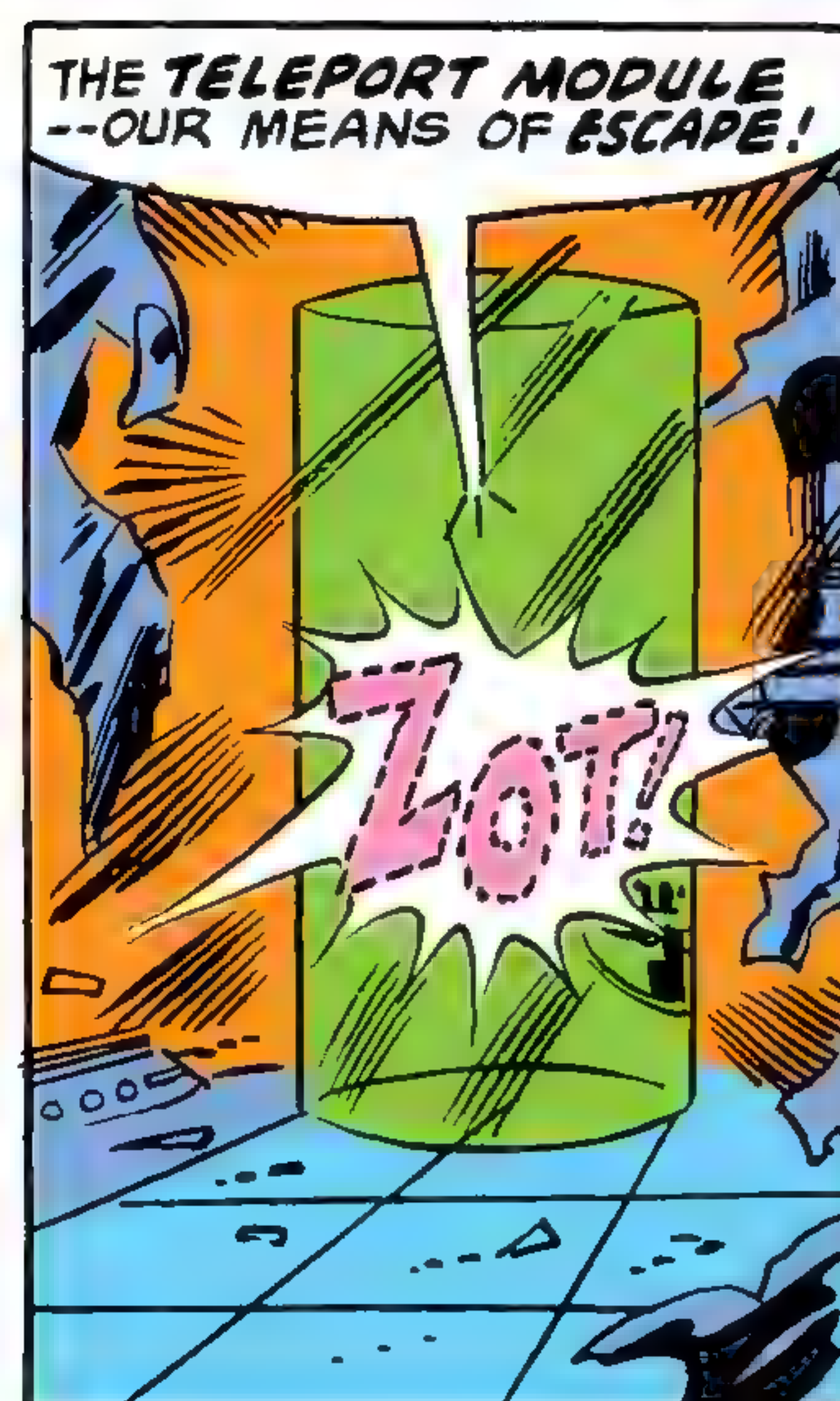
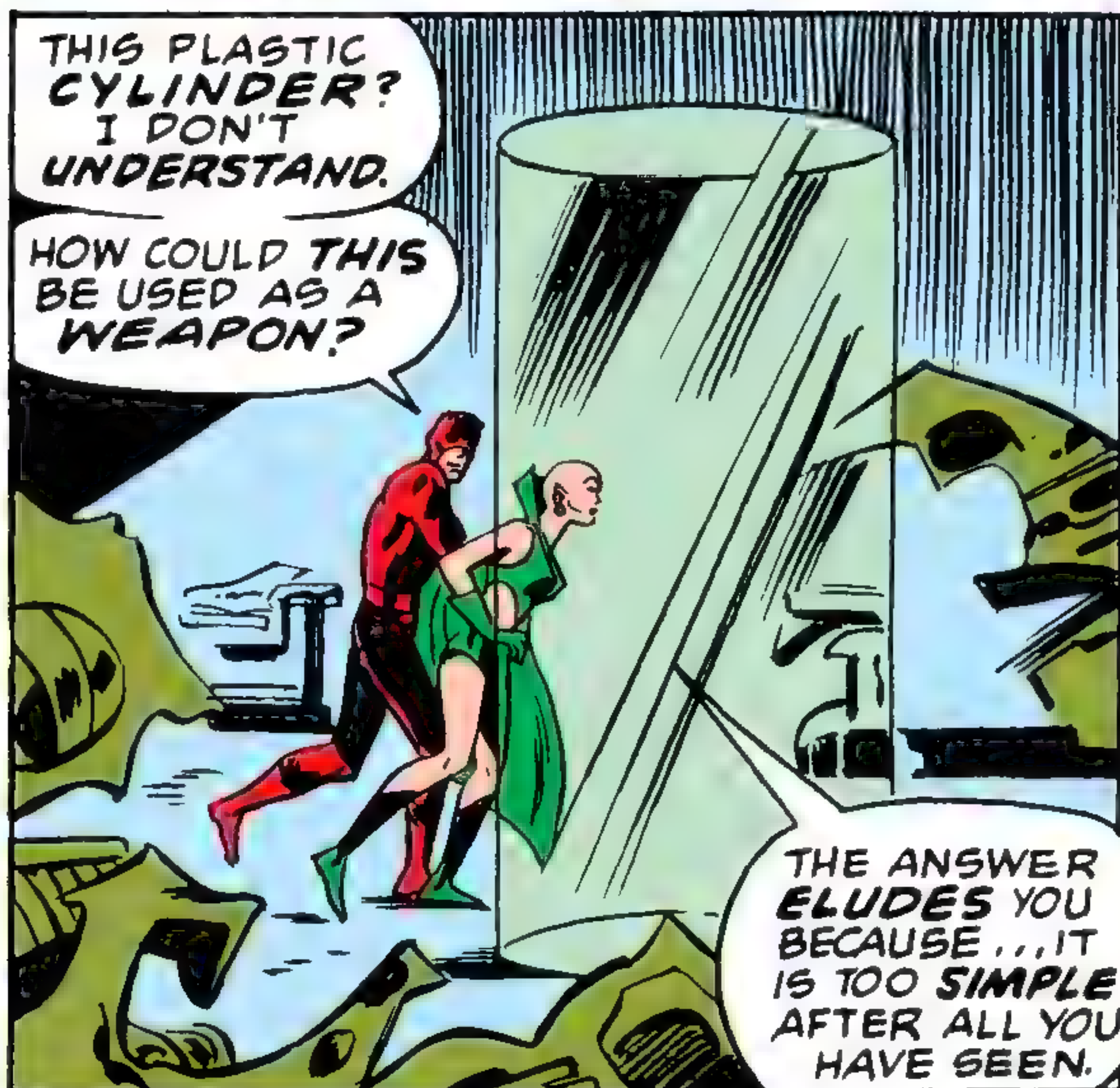
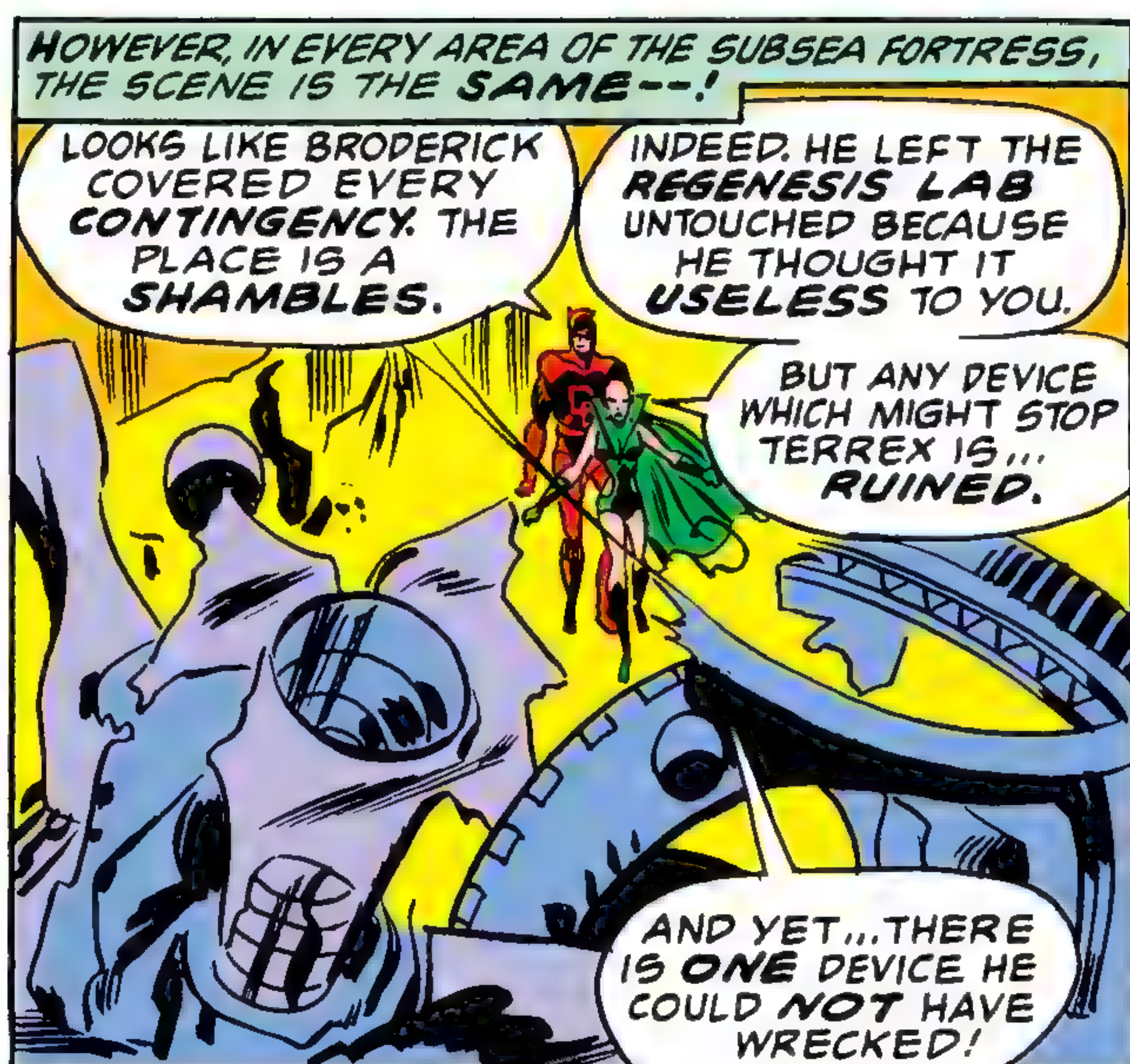
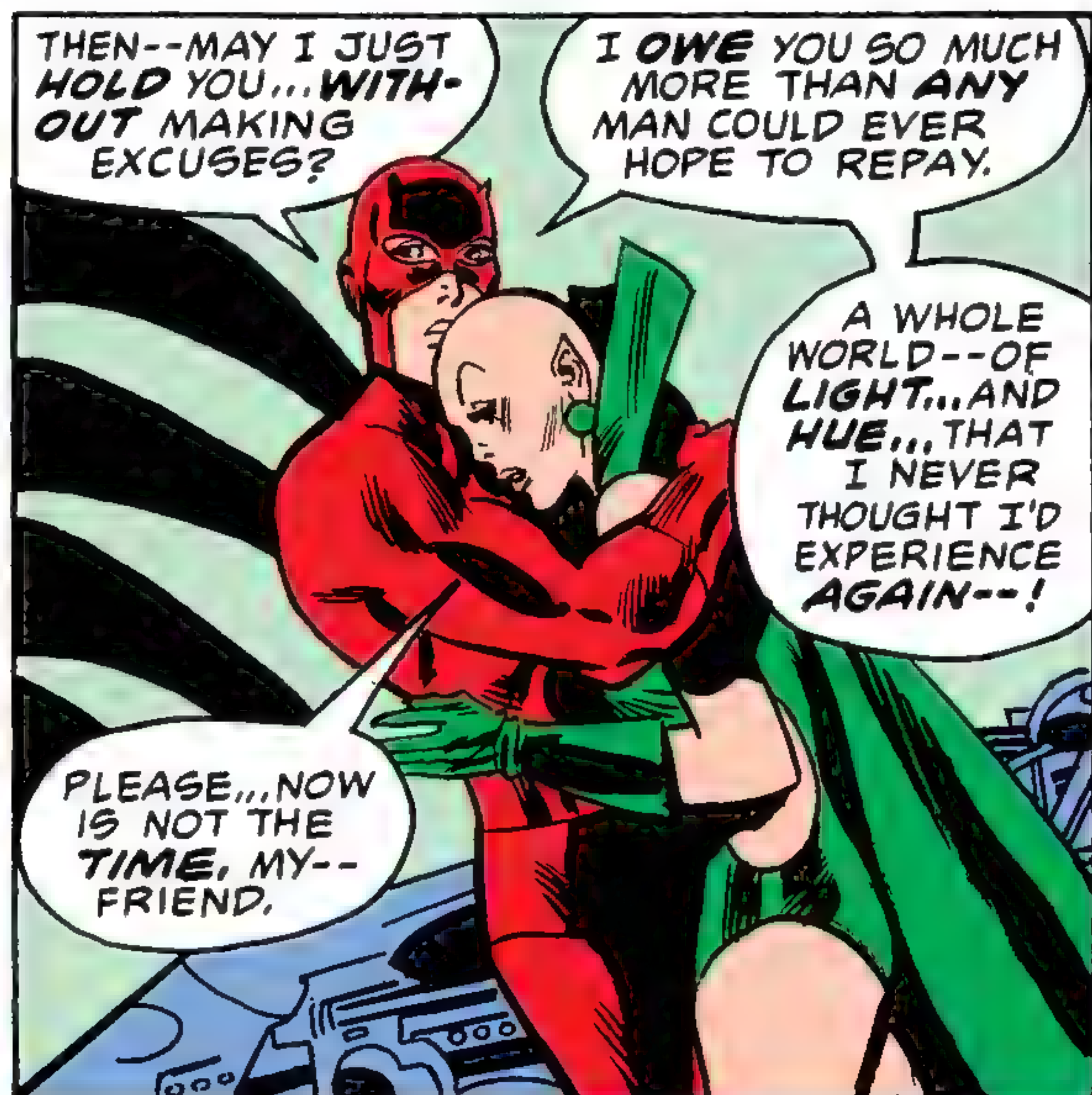


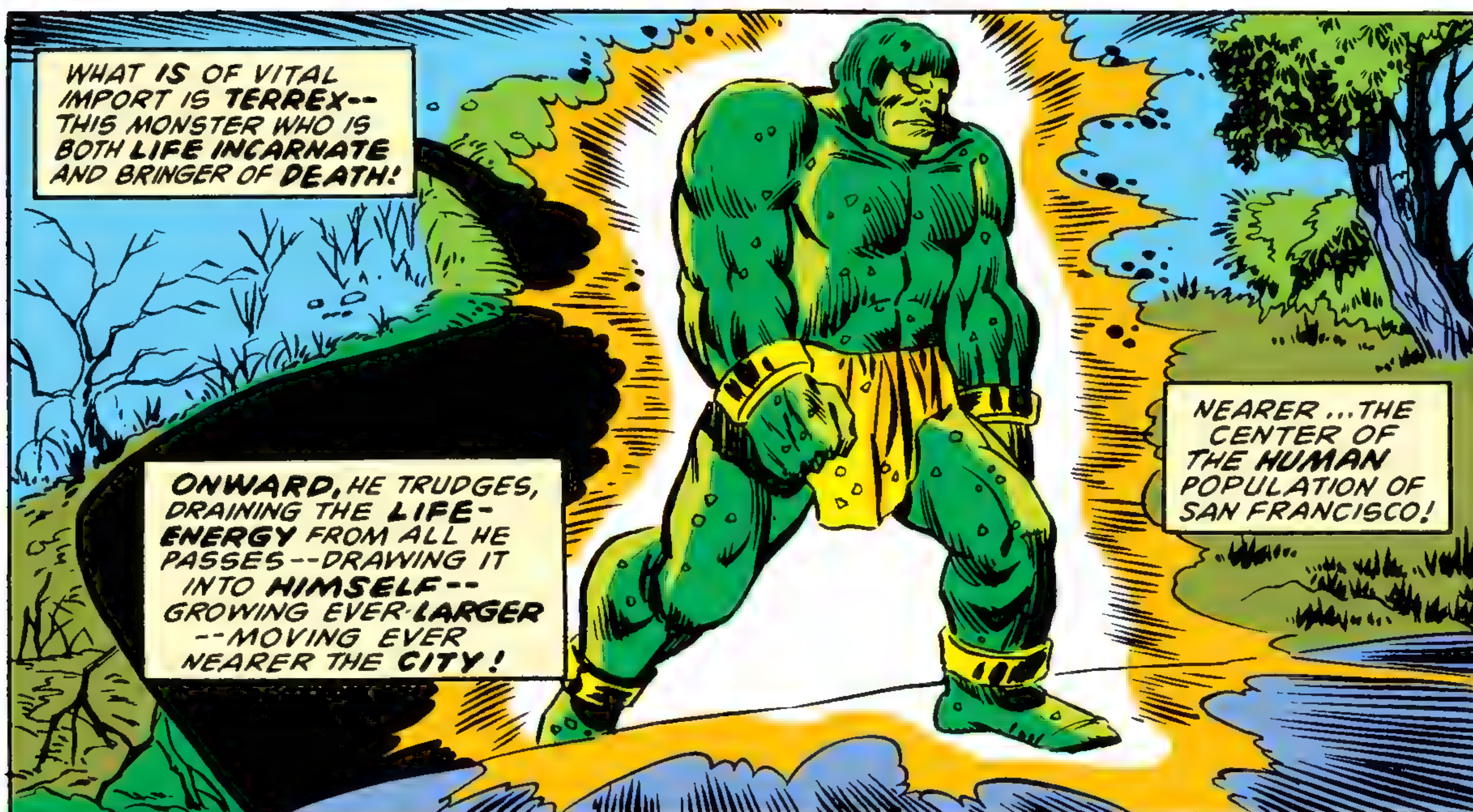
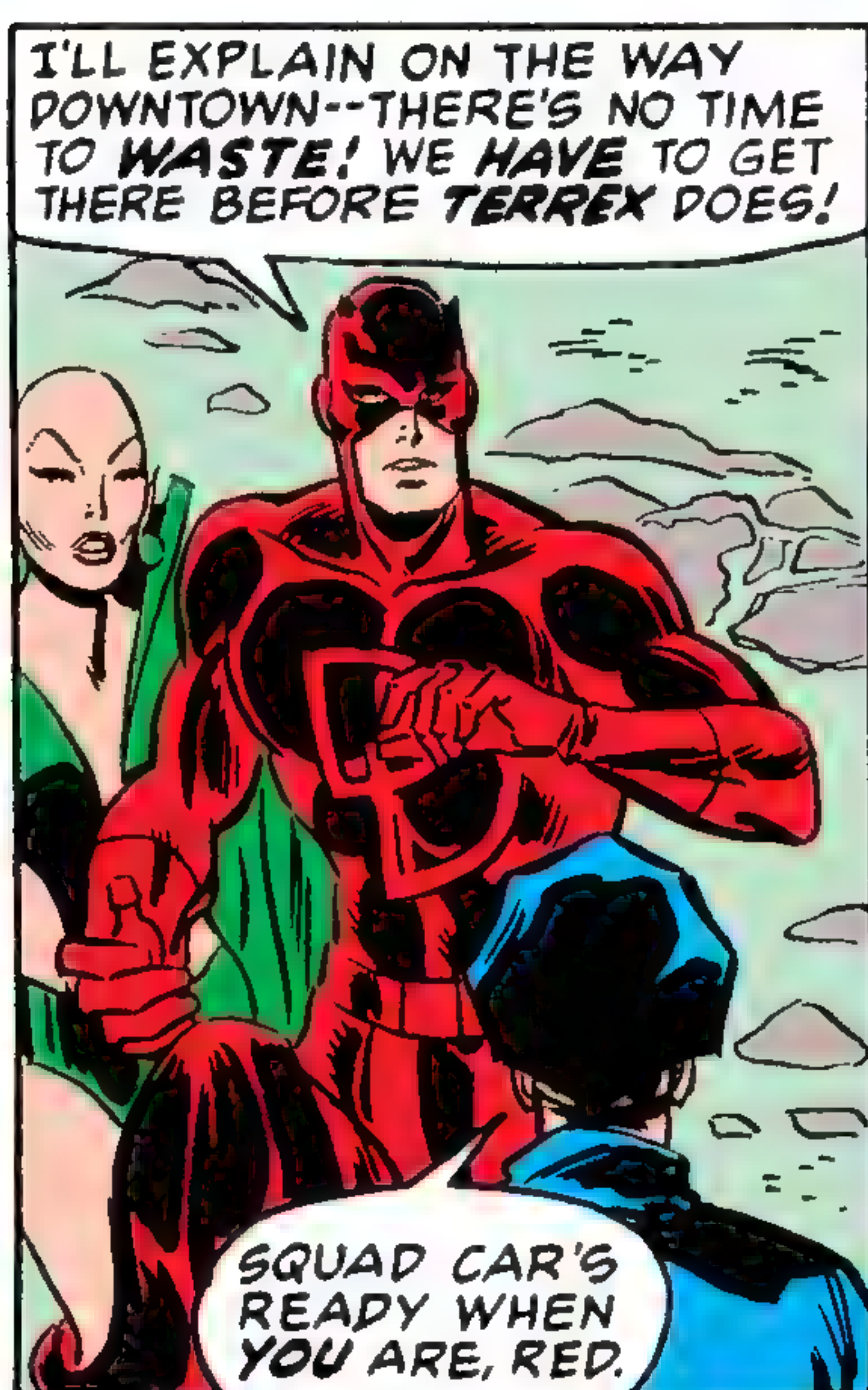
SHE'S HANGING ON BY A THREAD--USING HER BODY CONTROL TO RATION HER STRENGTH IN TINY DOSES...

...WHICH EXPLAINS HOW SHE SURVIVED AT ALL. HER NERVOUS SYSTEM REACTED INSTANTLY TO BRODERICK'S GUN-BLAST.



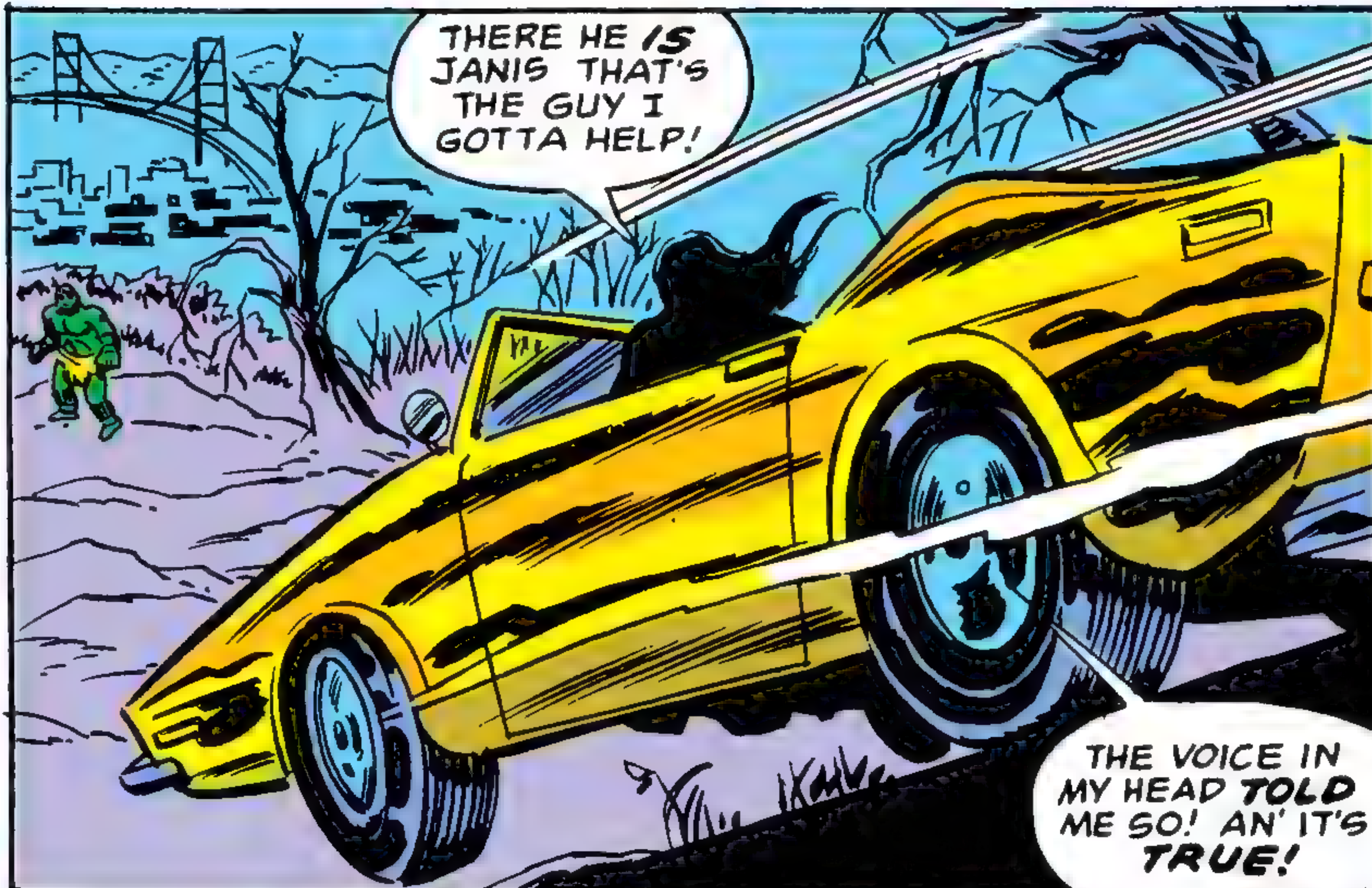






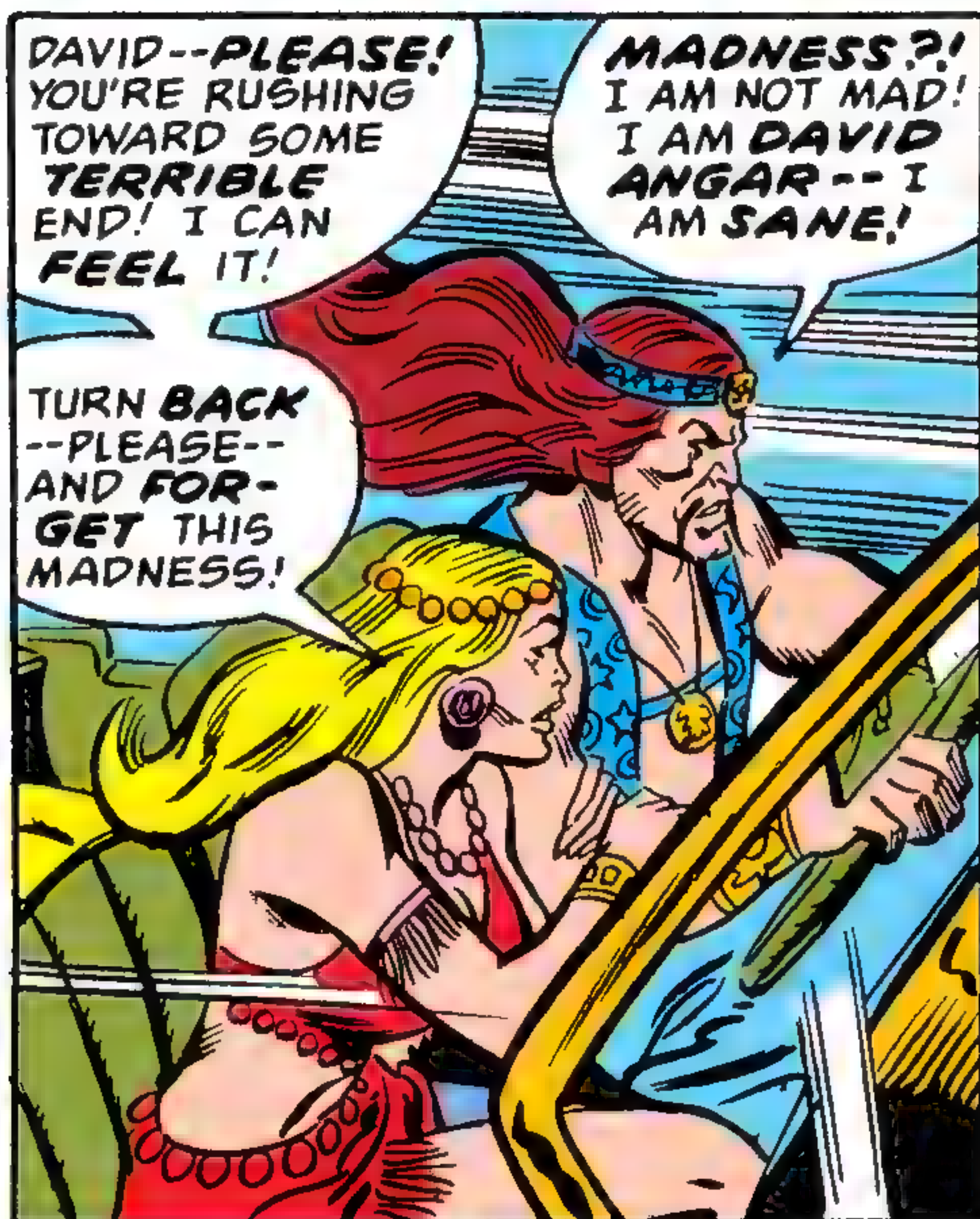


SUDDENLY--! / **ROARING**
SOUND BEHIND
ME...! PERHAPS
MY FIRST
OPPOSITION?



THERE HE IS
JANIS THAT'S
THE GUY I
GOTTA HELP!

THE VOICE IN
MY HEAD TOLD
ME SO! AN' IT'S
TRUE!



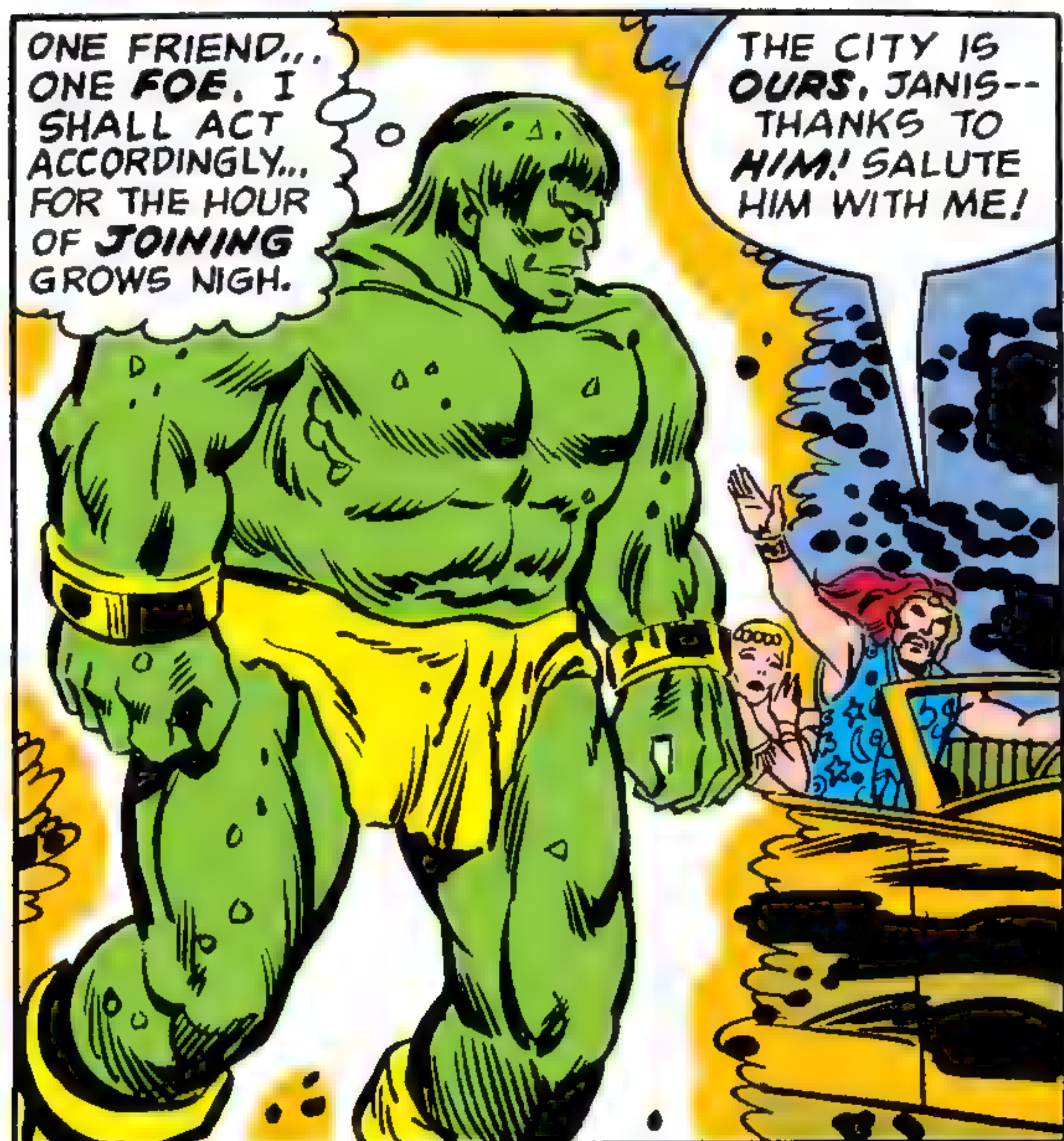
DAVID--PLEASE!
YOU'RE RUSHING
TOWARD SOME
TERRIBLE
END! I CAN
FEEL IT!

MADNESS?!
I AM NOT MAD!
I AM **DAVID**
ANGAR-- I
AM **SANE!**

TURN **BACK**--
PLEASE--
AND **FOR-**
GET THIS
MADNESS!



AND MORE--I AM
THE **SCREAMER--**
MASTER OF THE
MIND-STORM! I
AM **POWER!**



ONE FRIEND...
ONE **FOE**. I
SHALL ACT
ACCORDINGLY...
FOR THE HOUR
OF **JOINING**
GROWS NIGH.

THE CITY IS
OURS, JANIS--
THANKS TO
HIM! SALUTE
HIM WITH ME!



**BUT JANIS CANNOT SALUTE--OR DO ANYTHING
ELSE, EITHER. JANIS IS DEAD.**

**VERY
DEAD.**

CAN YA DIG IT?
WITH **HIM** ON MY
SIDE, **NO ENEMY**
CAN LIVE TO
DEFEAT ME.

IN A MOMENT, ANGAR WILL GLANCE TO HIS RIGHT AND LEARN JUST HOW TRUE THAT STATEMENT IS! WHILE IN DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO--

YOU MAY AS WELL CUT YOUR SIREN, PAUL.

IT'S BUMPER-TO-BUMPER FOR BLOCKS AHEAD OF US. WE CAN'T GET THRU.

FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD US--THIS MUST BE THE DARK MESSIAH'S WORK--OR THE RAMROD'S. OR BOTH!

AND TO THINK-- THE WHOLE THING WAS ENGINEERED BY YO-- THAT IS, MATT'S SENIOR LAW PARTNER!

LET'S SAVE THE DISCUSSION OF SUBTLE IRONIES FOR LATER, SHALL WE--

--AND CONCENTRATE NOW ON SOLVING THE CITY'S BURGEONING TRAFFIC PROBLEM! ALLEZ-OOP!

THAT'S FRENCH FOR "UP, UP, AND AWAY!"

I KNOW. I LEARNED THE "LANGUAGE OF LOVERS" IN SPY SCHOOL.

AND SPEAKING OF LOVERS... YOU HAVEN'T QUITE EXPLAINED THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN YOU AND --BALDY!

NOT TO MENTION HOW YOU GOT YOUR EYESIGHT BACK!

I COULDN'T TALK ABOUT THAT IN FRONT OF PAUL--!

ABOUT YOU AND THAT ALLEGED WOMAN? WHY??

TASHA--I MEANT ABOUT MY EYES! PAUL ISN'T SUPPOSED TO KNOW I WAS BLIND!

YOU KNOW, YOU ALMOST SOUND JEALOUS.

JEALOUS? DON'T BE SILLY! I'M A FREE-THI--D.D.--LOOK OUT!

GOOD LORD! WHO IS THAT GOLDEN-SKINNED--

UNNGH!

HAST THOU SO SOON FORGOTTEN THE DARK MESSIAH, DAREDEVIL?

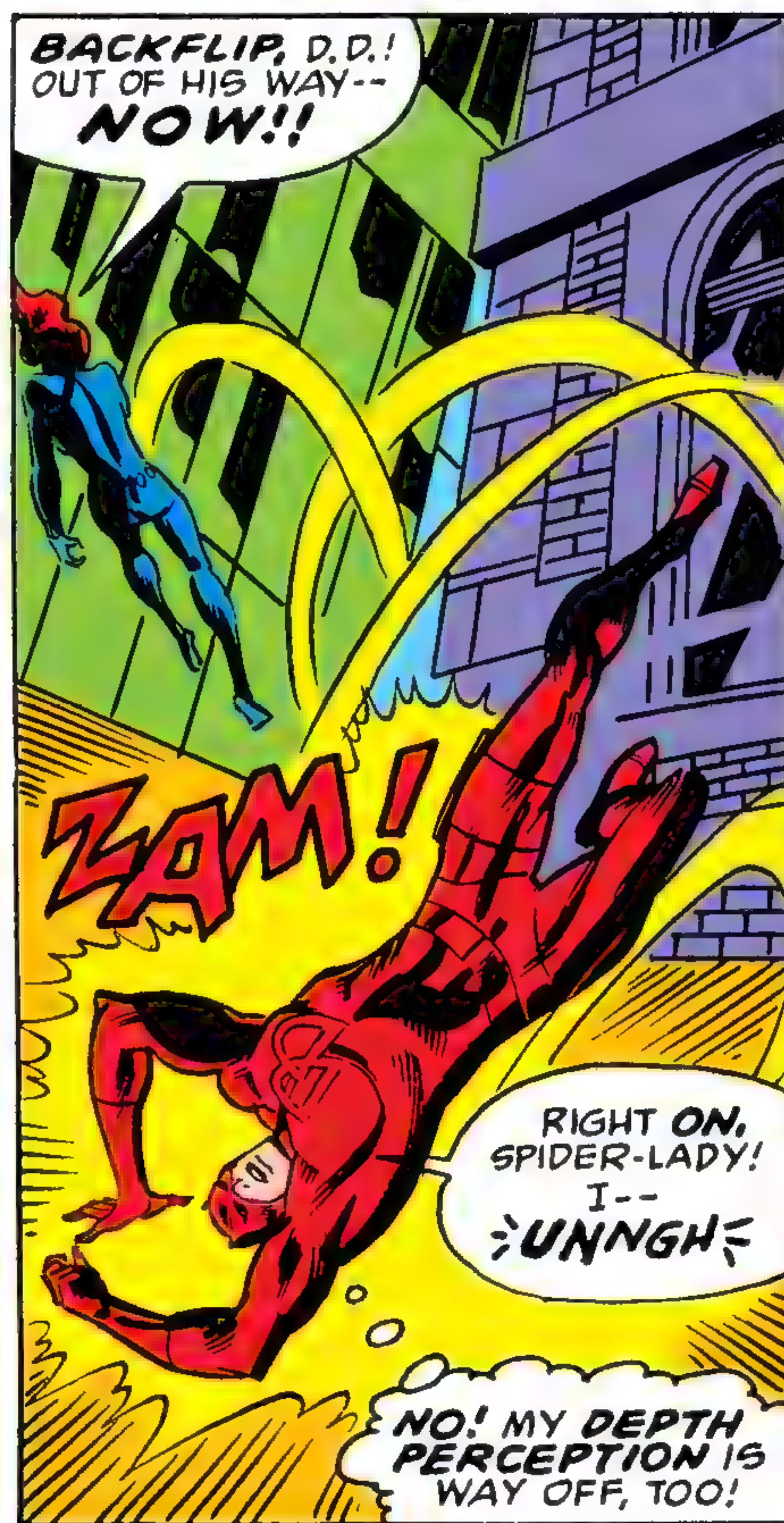
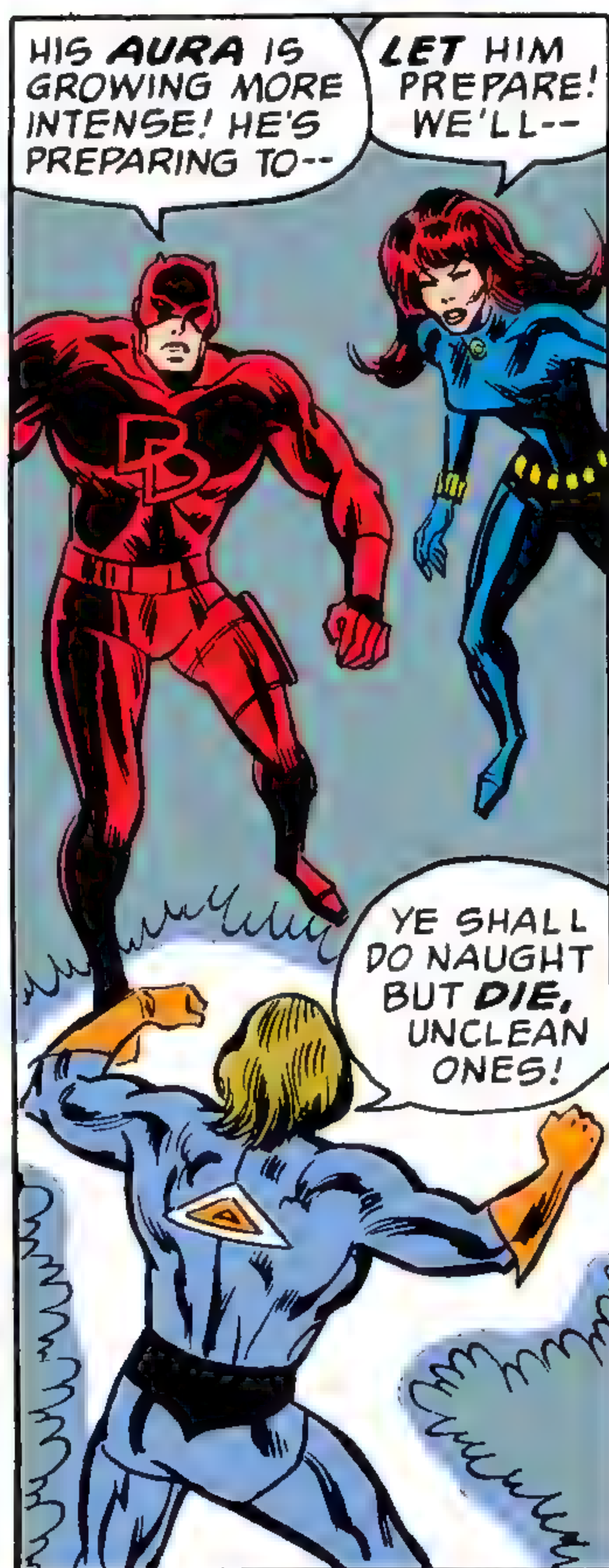
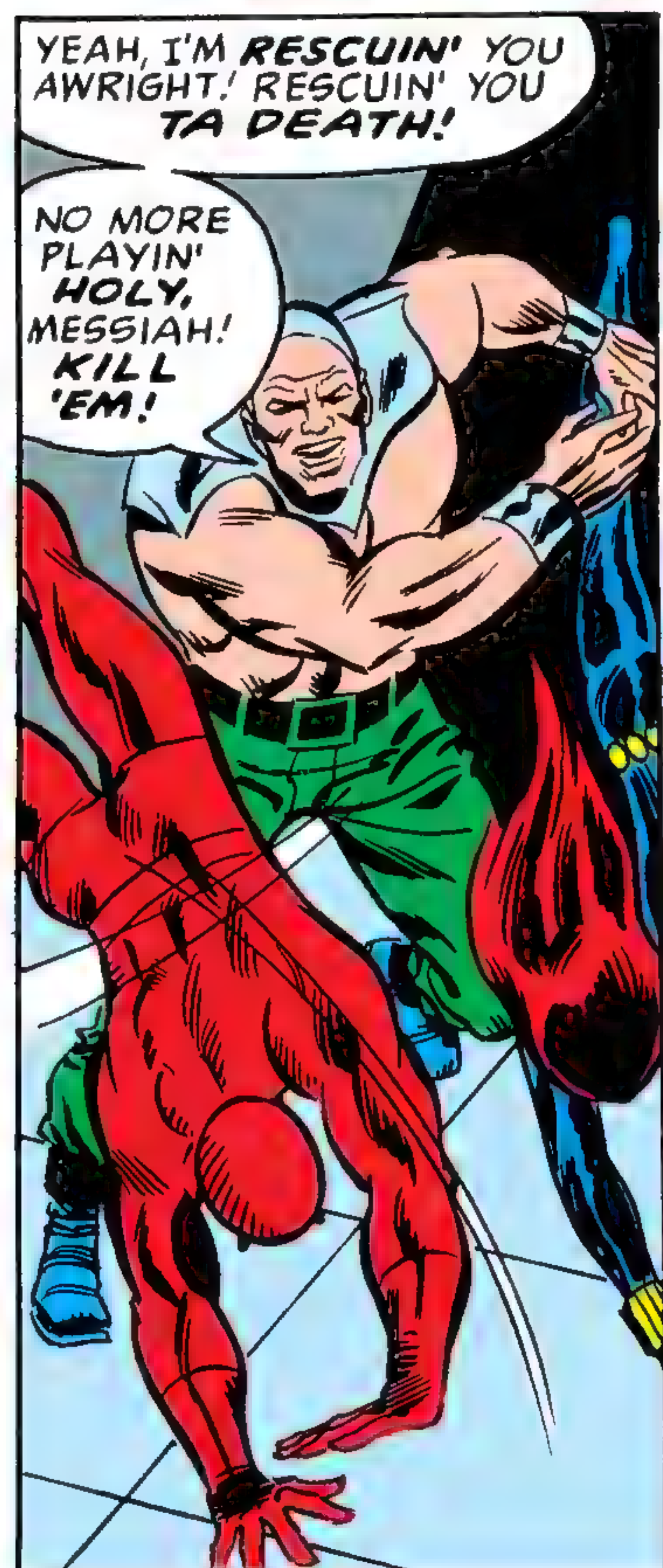
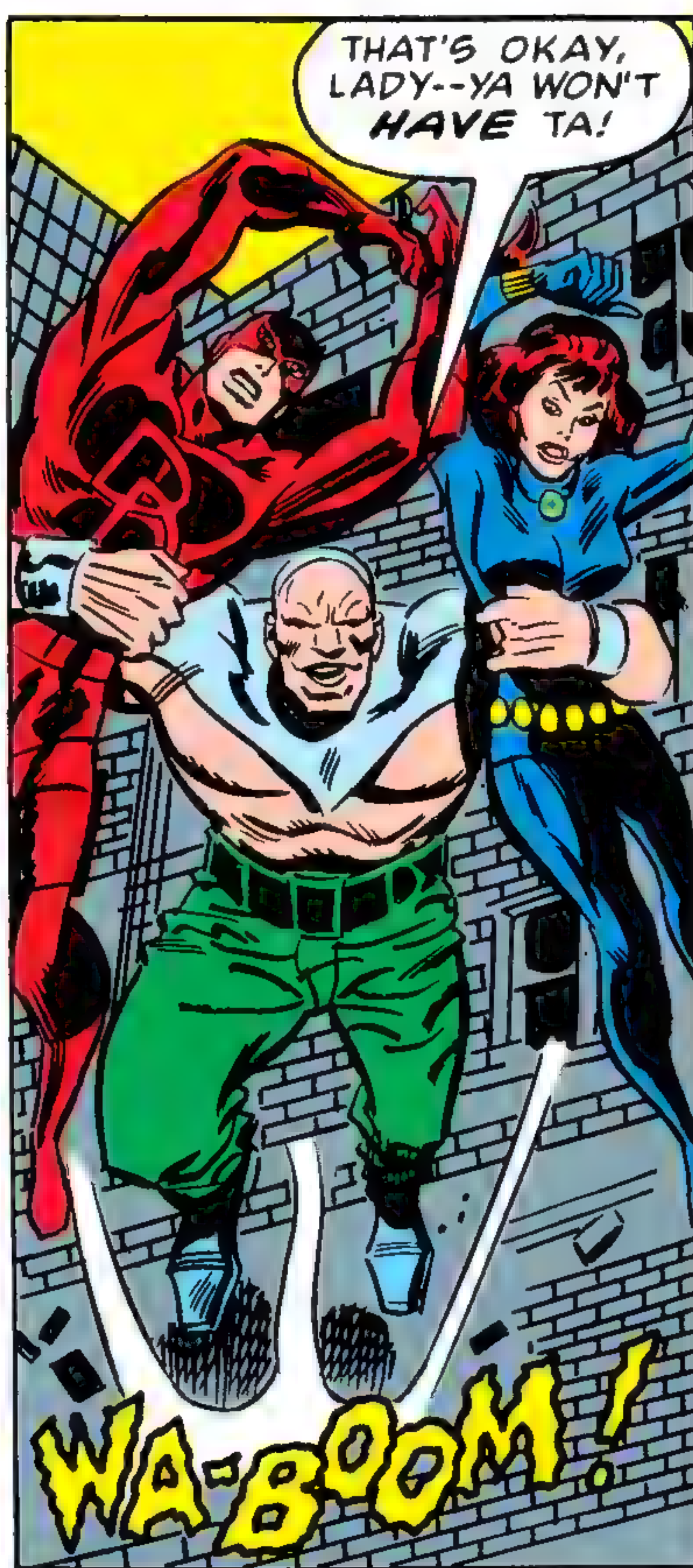
MORDECAI! I'VE--NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE! HIS WEIRD APPEARANCE CAUGHT ME SO OFF-GUARD--

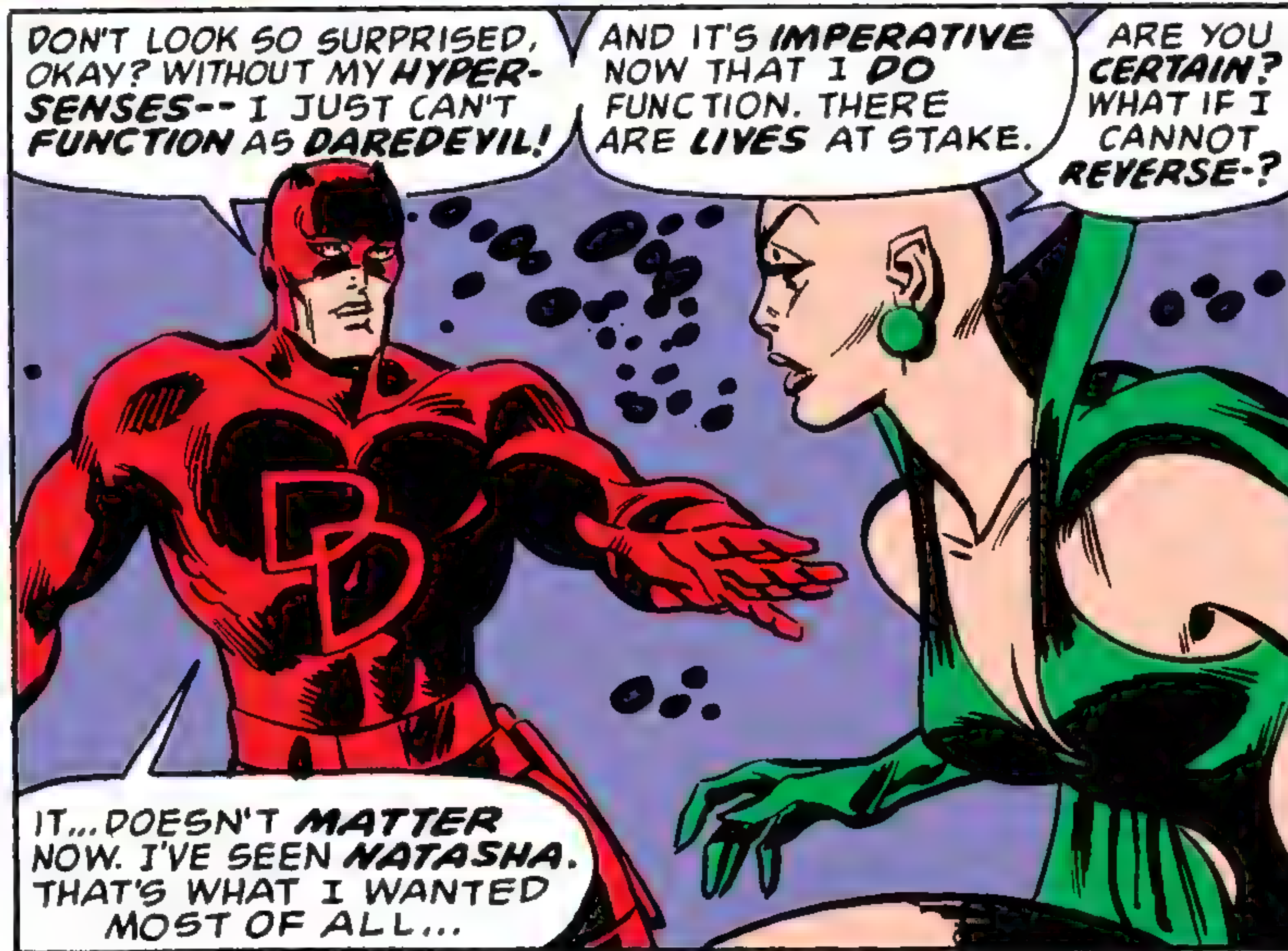
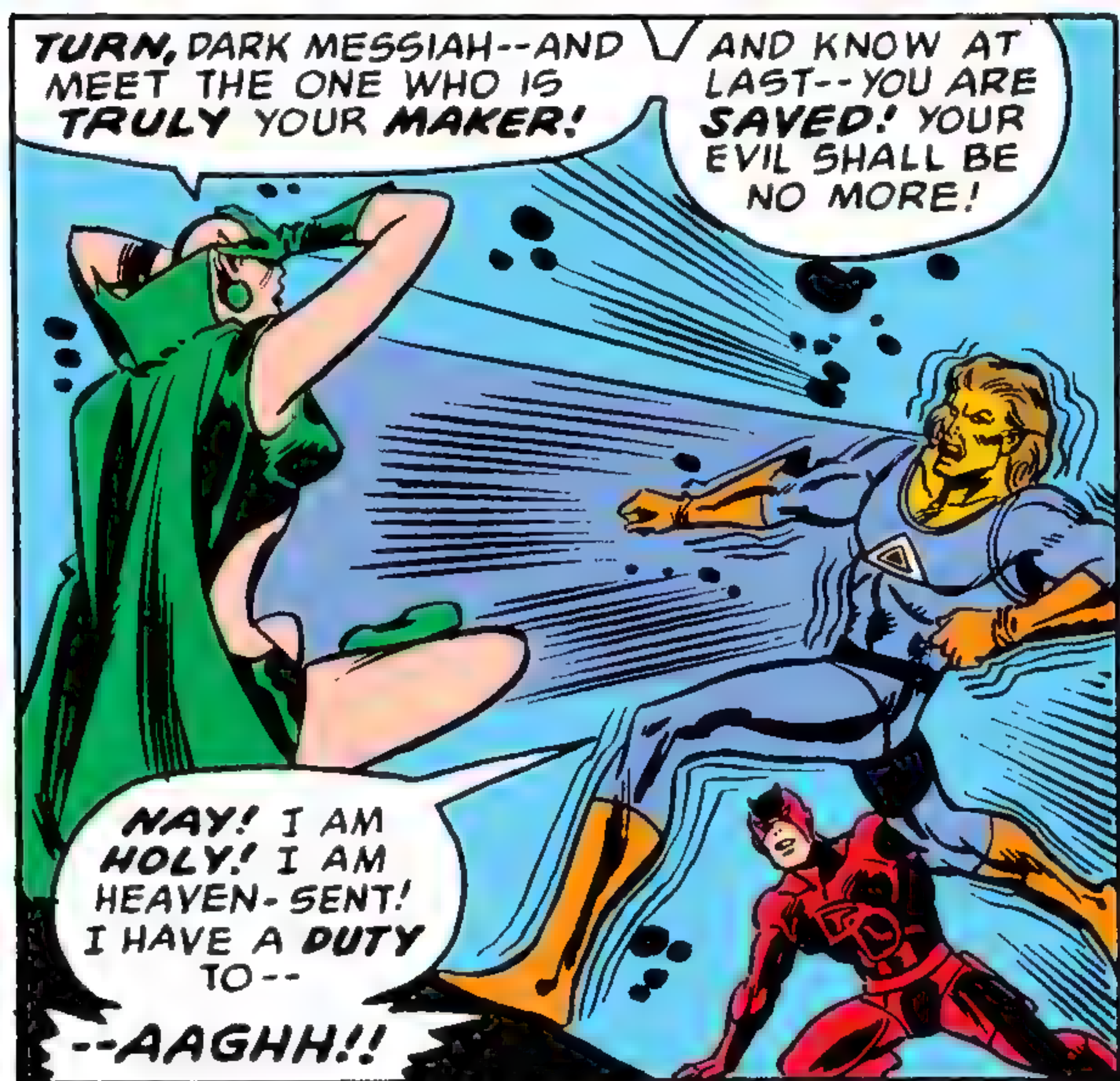
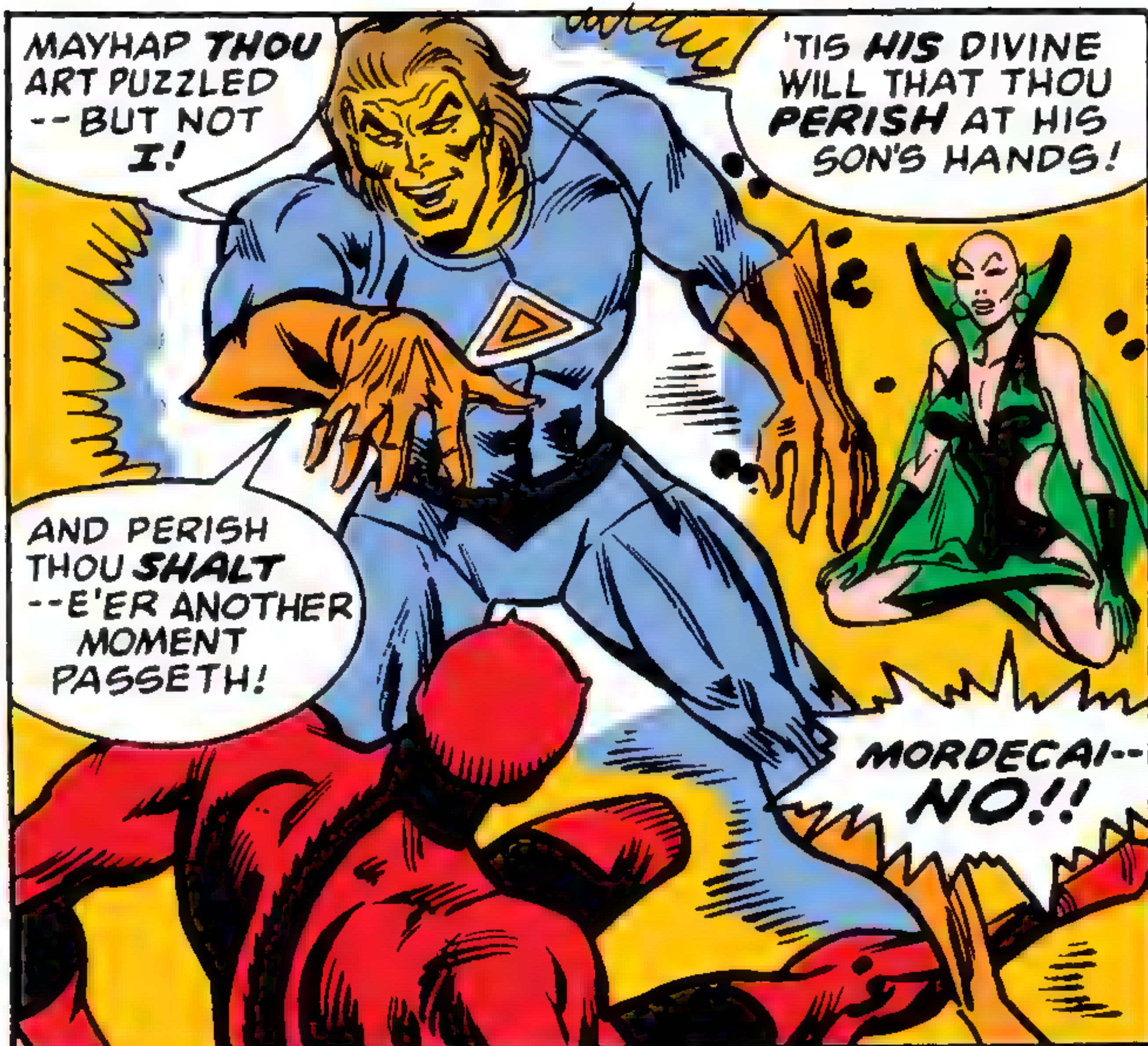
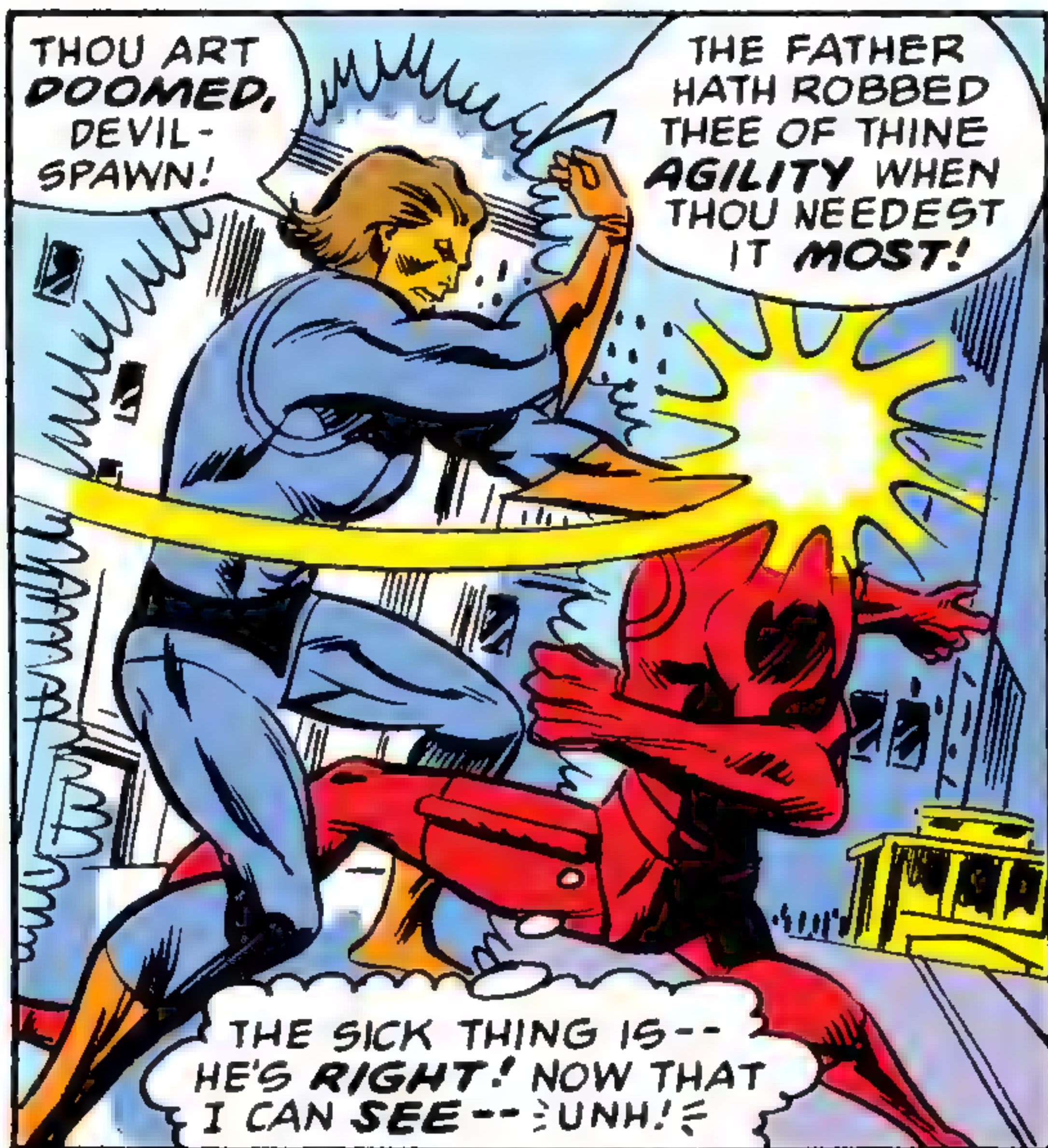
--I FORGOT ABOUT HIS EYE-BEAMS!

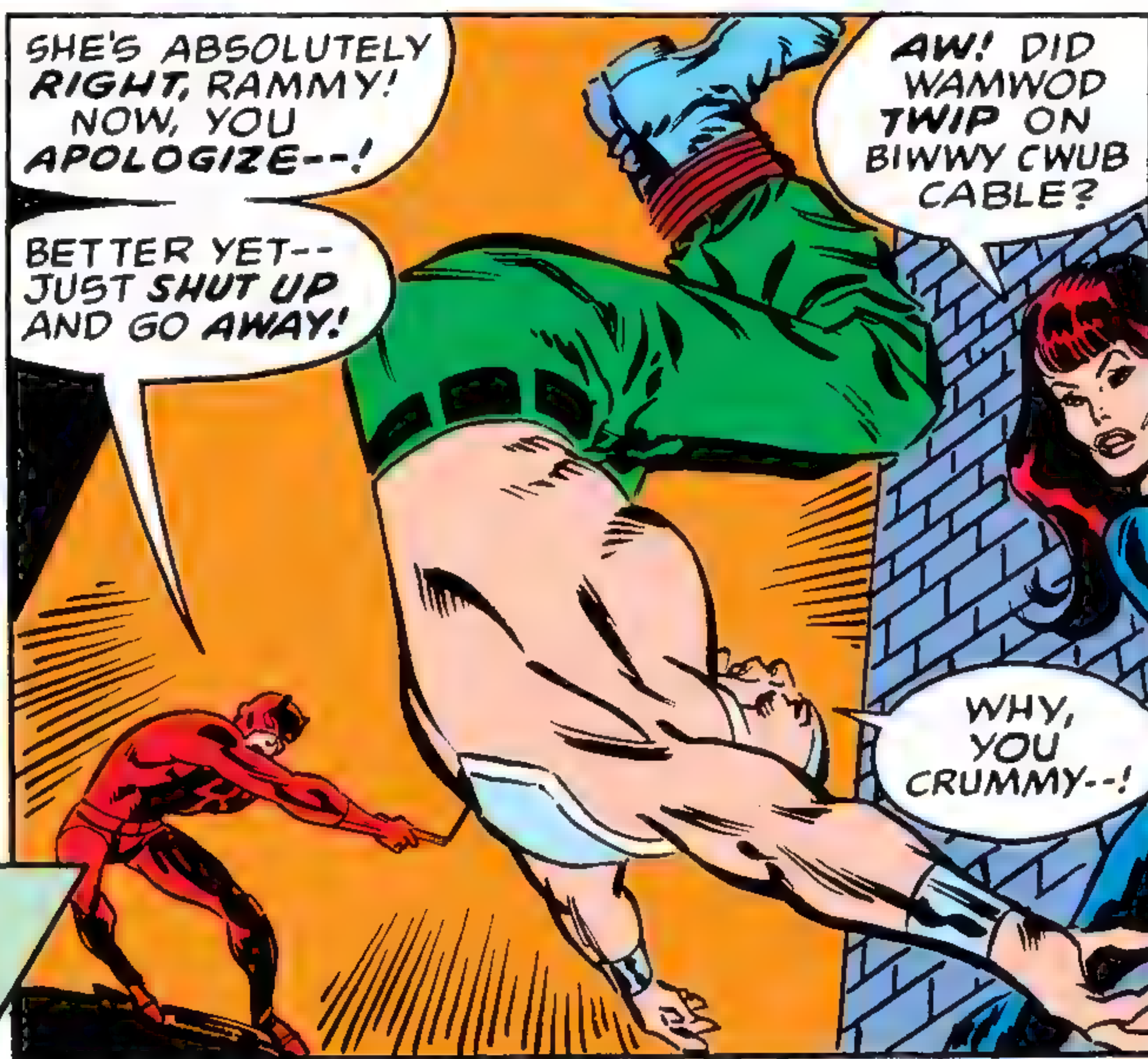
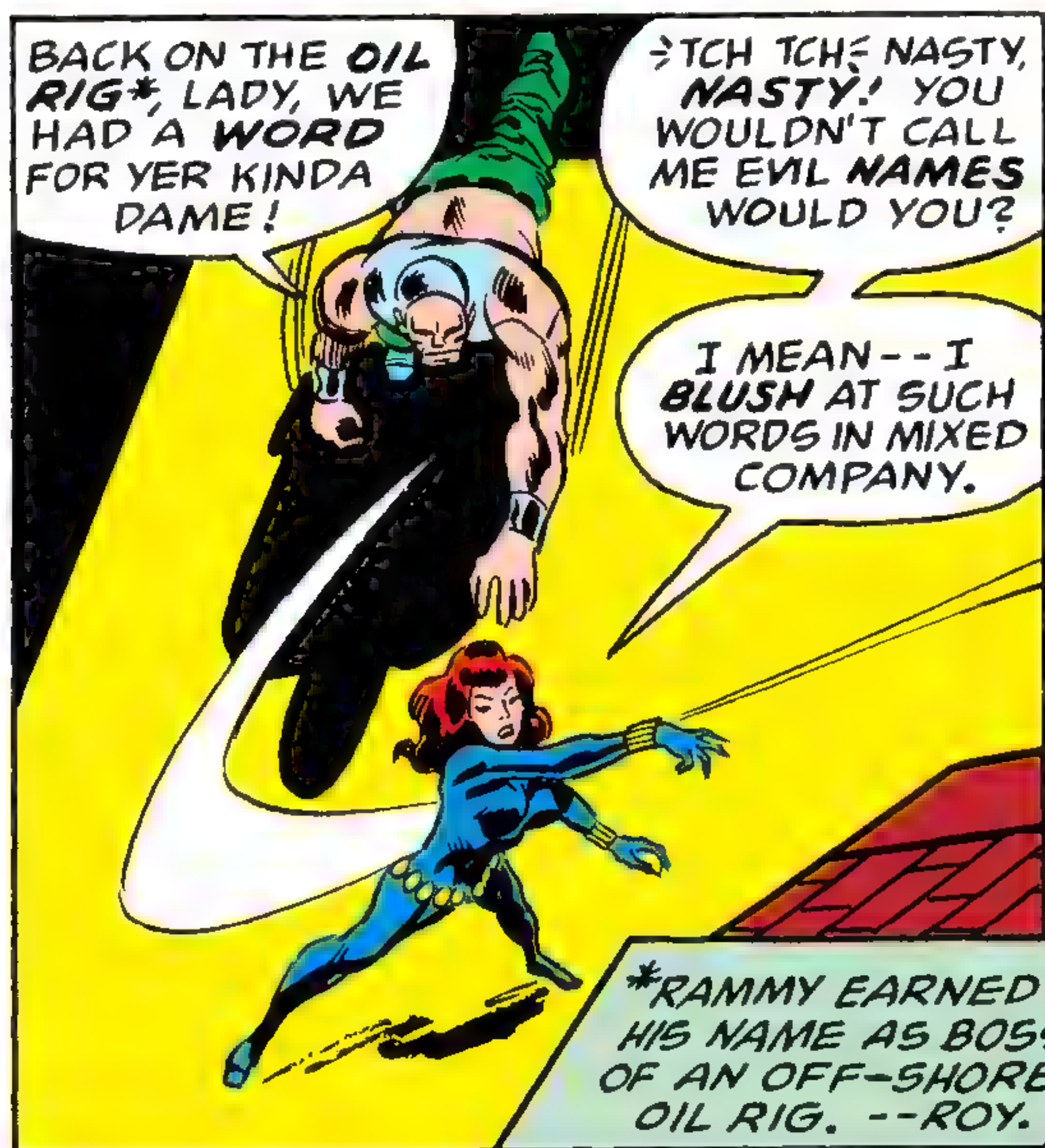
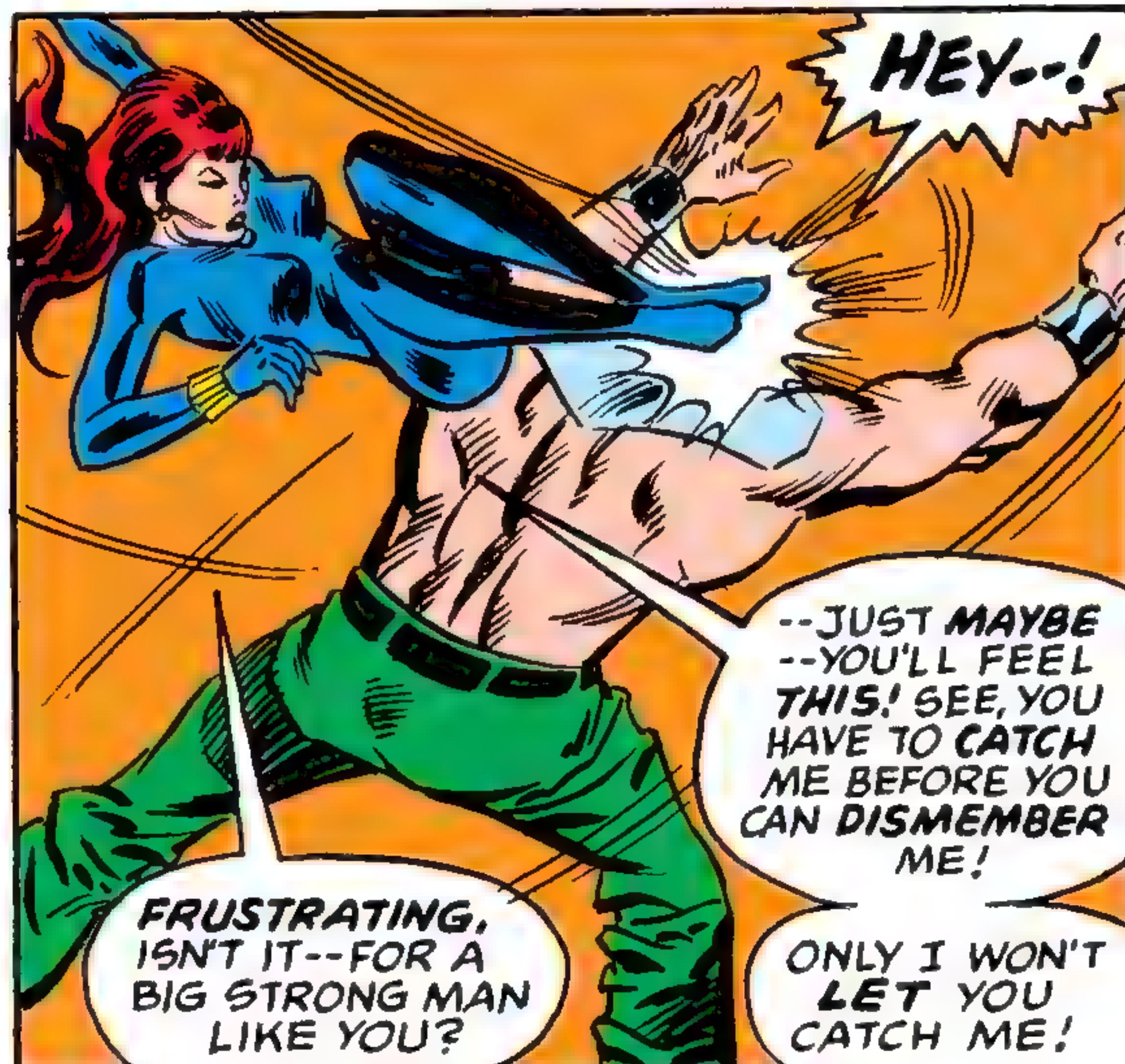
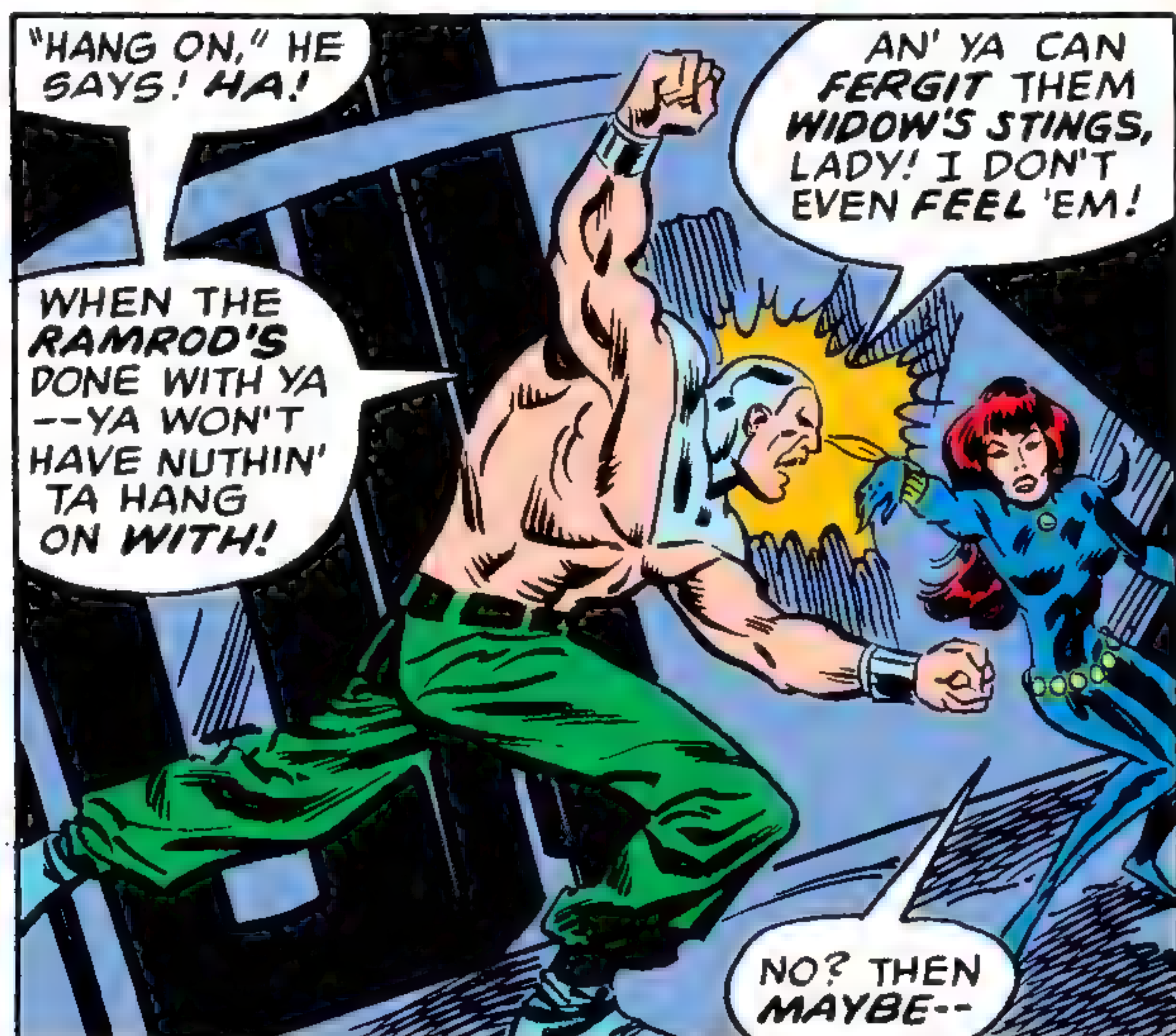
ALLOWETH ME THEN TO REFRESH THY FAILED MEMORY--

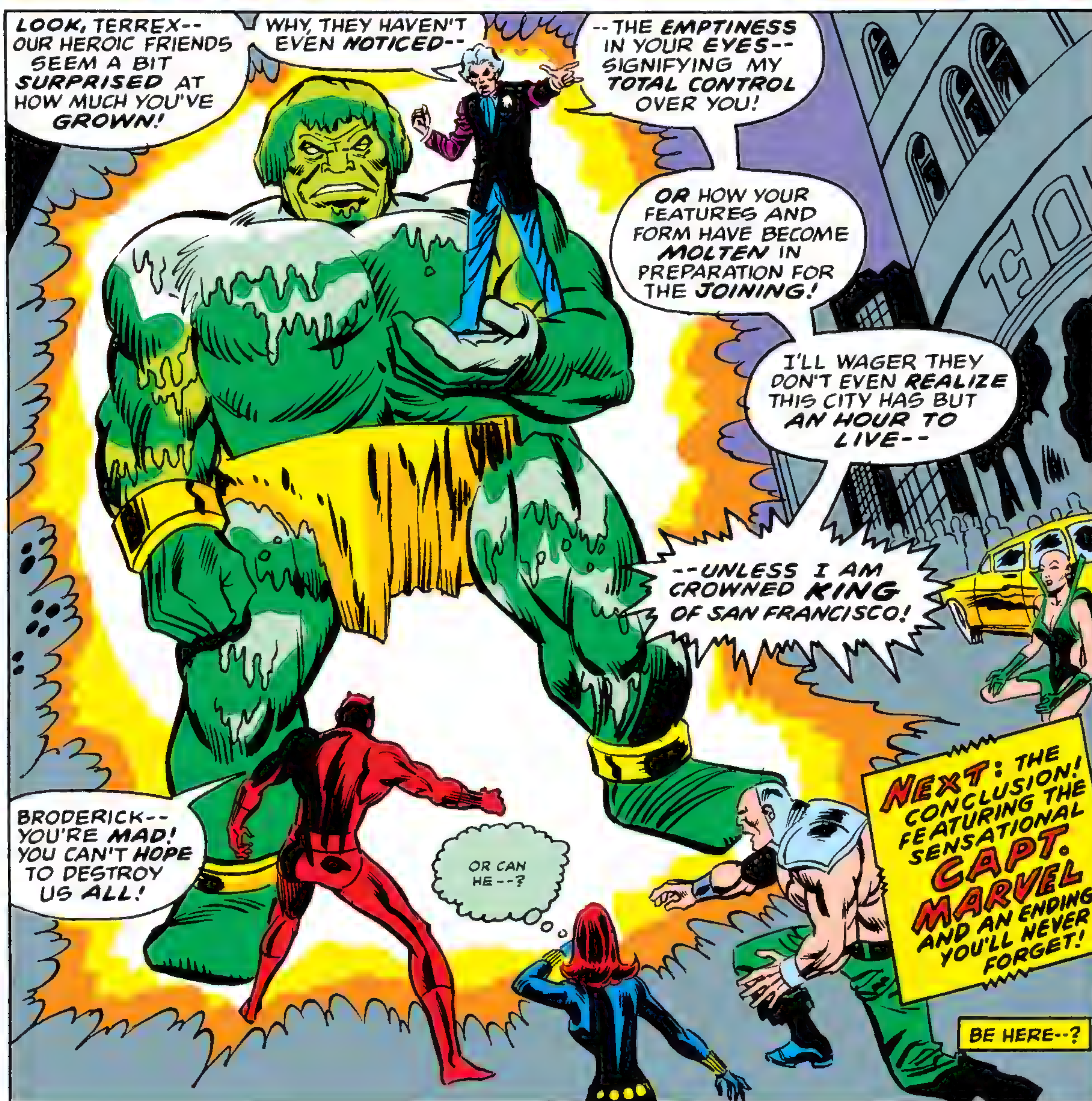
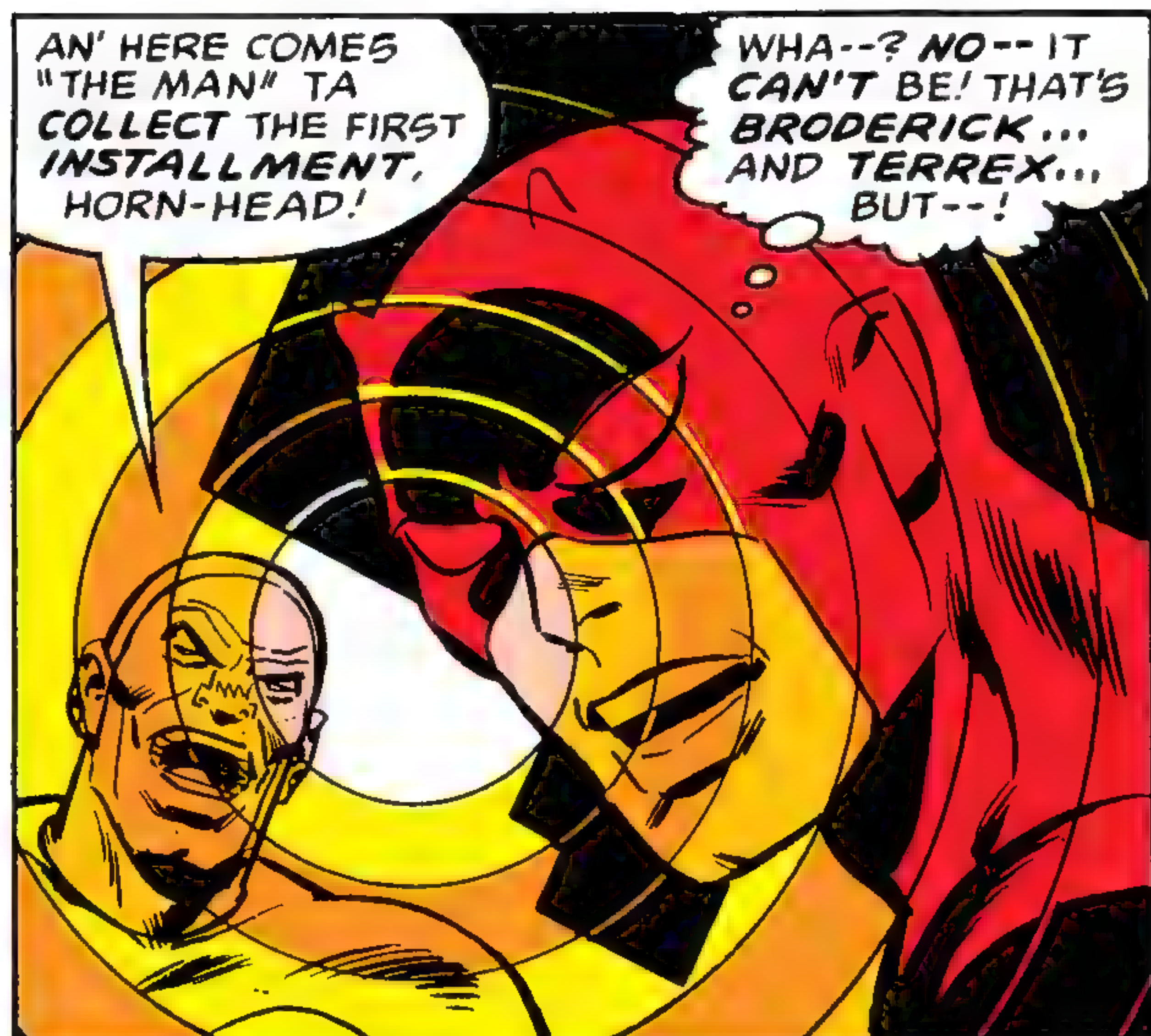
--BY HOISTING THEE AND THINE UNCHASTE COMPANION ALOFT 'PON THE LIGHT THAT SHINETH FROM MINE EYES!

AND LET ME SHOWETH YE THE POWER OF FAITH --BY DASHING YE 'GAINST YON WALL!









DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUPTM



20¢
©

107
JAN
02459

DAREDEVIL[®]

AND THE

BLACK WIDOWTM

WHAT'S THIS??
MATT MURDOCK..
GOING INTO ACTION
WITHOUT HIS COSTUME?

HE HAS NO CHOICE--
IN THE STORY WE CALL

**BLIND
MAN'S
BLUFF!**

GUEST-STARRING THE ONE AND ONLY

**CAPTAIN
MARVEL!**

BLIND MAN'S

BLUFF!

IT IS
TIME,
MASTER.
I AM
ENTERING...
MELDING
PHASE!

DO YOU CRAVE
ACTION...SUSPENSE...
MYSTERY...OR EVEN
RUN O' THE MILL COSMIC
WONDER? THEN HANG
TIGHT, MARVELITE, AND
READ ON! THIS ONE'S
GOT 'EM ALL!

EXCELLENT,
TERREX! DID
YOU HEAR THAT,
DAREDEVIL?
IN MOMENTS--

I--KERWIN J.
BRODERICK--
WILL HOLD ABSOLUTE
POWER OVER SAN
FRANCISCO!

AN' THAT MEANS
YOU'VE HAD IT,
HORN-HEAD!

DON'T
ATTACK
HIM, D.D.--
IT'D BE
SUICIDE!

CAN THAT
BE WORSE
THAN WHAT
HE HAS
IN MIND
FOR US?

BIG RED'S
GOT A
POINT
THERE,
WIDOW!

STEVE GERBER
WROTE IT!

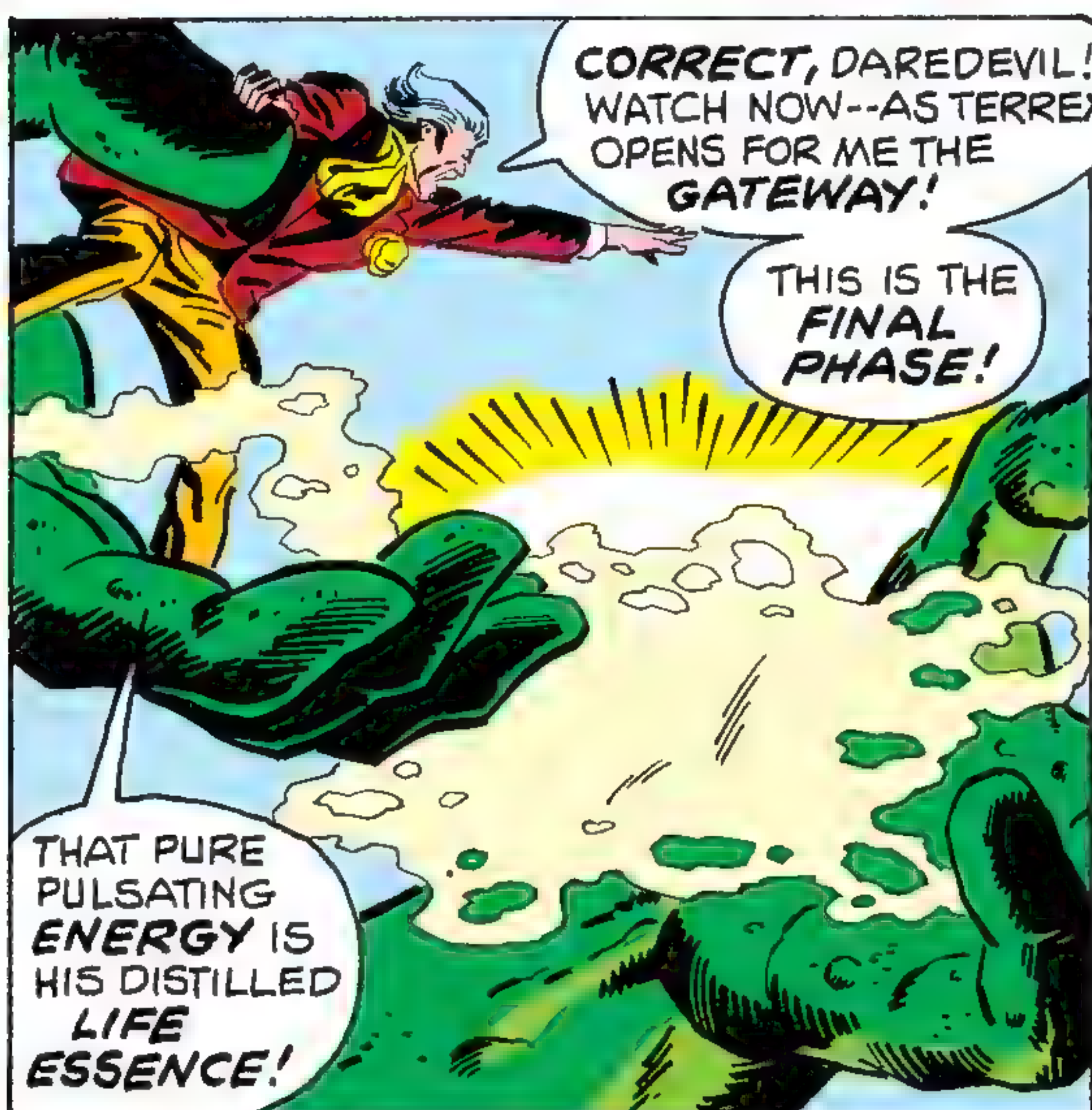
BOB BROWN
DREW IT!

SAL BUSCEMA
INKED IT!

C. JETTER LETTERED IT!
P. GOLDBERG COLORED IT!

ROY THOMAS
EDITED IT!

NOW IT'S
YOUR TURN--
READ IT!!



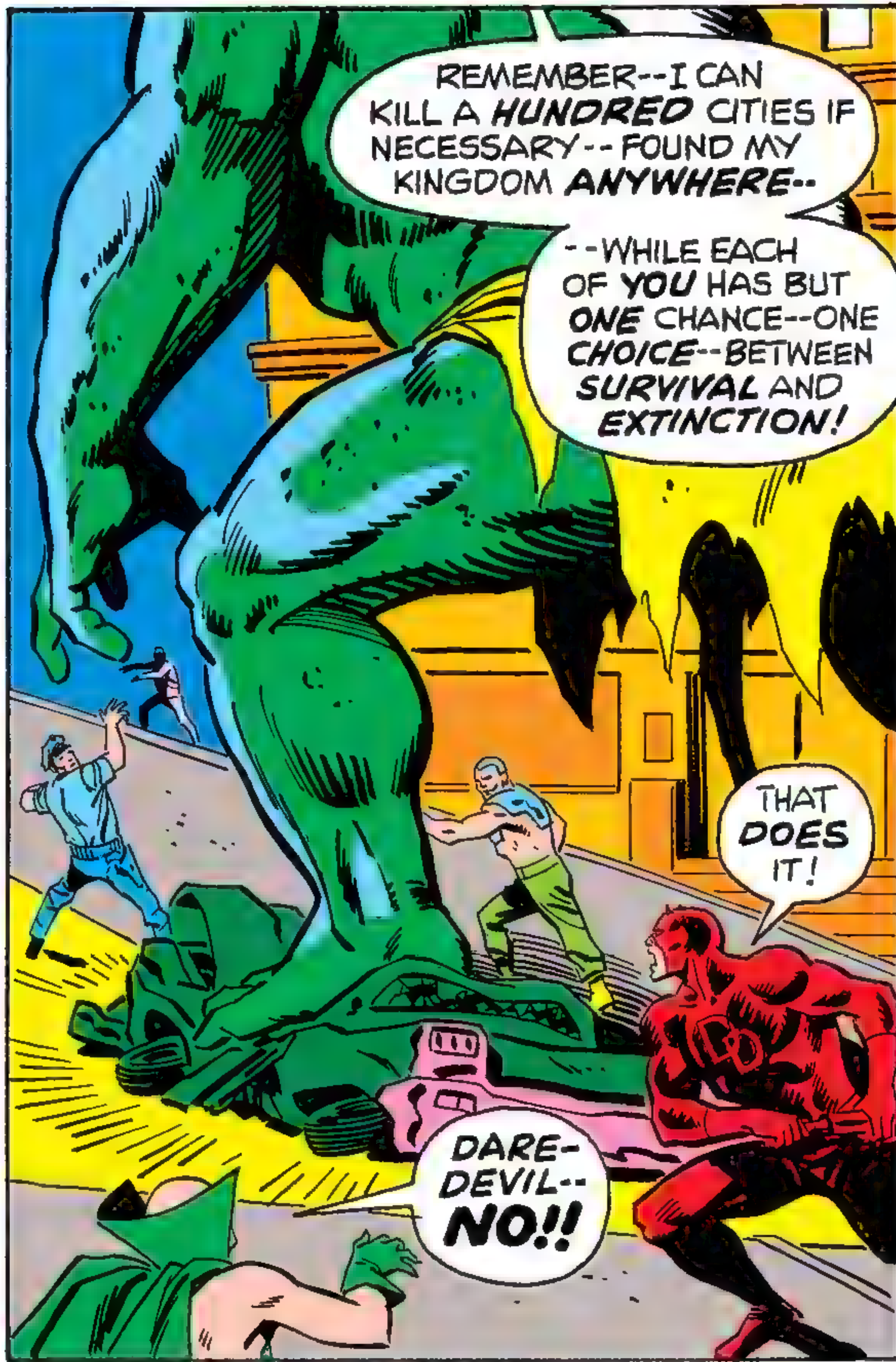


WE ARE
ONE!!

NOW **HEAR**
ME, SAN FRANCISCO!
THIS CITY HAS BUT
ONE HOUR TO
CROWN ME ITS
KING--

--BEFORE I
EMPLOY MY
POWER TO
SUCK THE VERY
LIFE FROM ALL
WHO DWELL HERE!
THIS IS **NO**
IDLE **THREAT!**

THE CITY
SUBMITS--
OR IT
DIES!



REMEMBER--I CAN
KILL A **HUNDRED** CITIES IF
NECESSARY-- FOUND MY
KINGDOM **ANYWHERE--**

--WHILE EACH
OF **YOU** HAS BUT
ONE CHANCE--ONE
CHOICE--BETWEEN
SURVIVAL AND
EXTINCTION!

THAT
DOES
IT!

DARE-
DEVIL--
NO!!



WHY **NOT?**
WHAT HAVE **I**
--WHAT HAS
ANYBODY--
GOT TO LOSE
NOW?

EITHER WE
TRY, AT LEAST,
TO **STOP** THAT
MANIAC--OR WE
BECOME HIS
SUBJECTS! OR
WE **COULD** JUST
LIE DOWN AND
DIE!

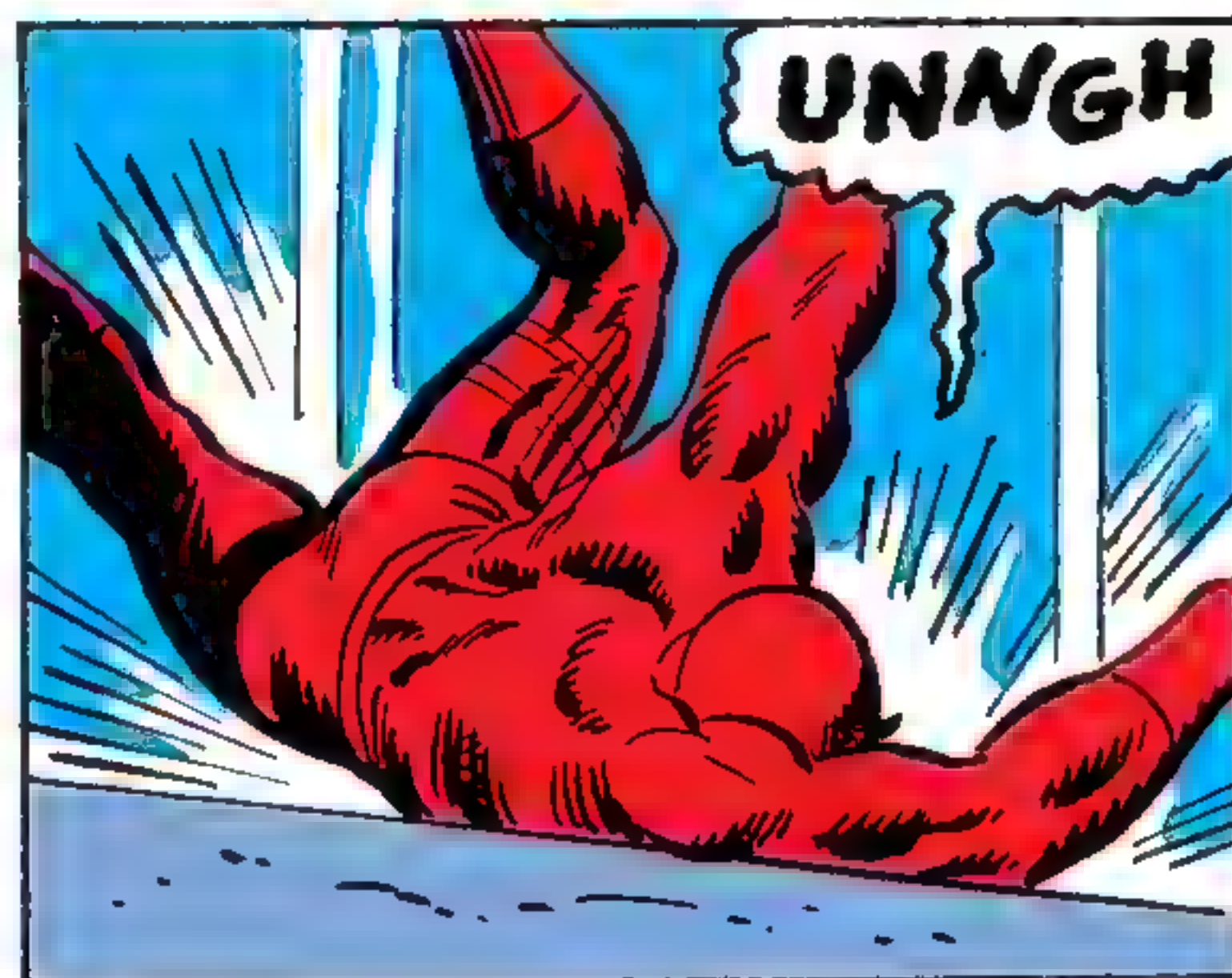


I GUESS I'M JUST **NOT** THE
LAYING-DOWN **TYPE!**

HEADS UP,
KING KONG!
HERE
COMES--

AAGH!

YOU
TRULY ARE
A FOOL,
AREN'T
YOU?



UNNGH

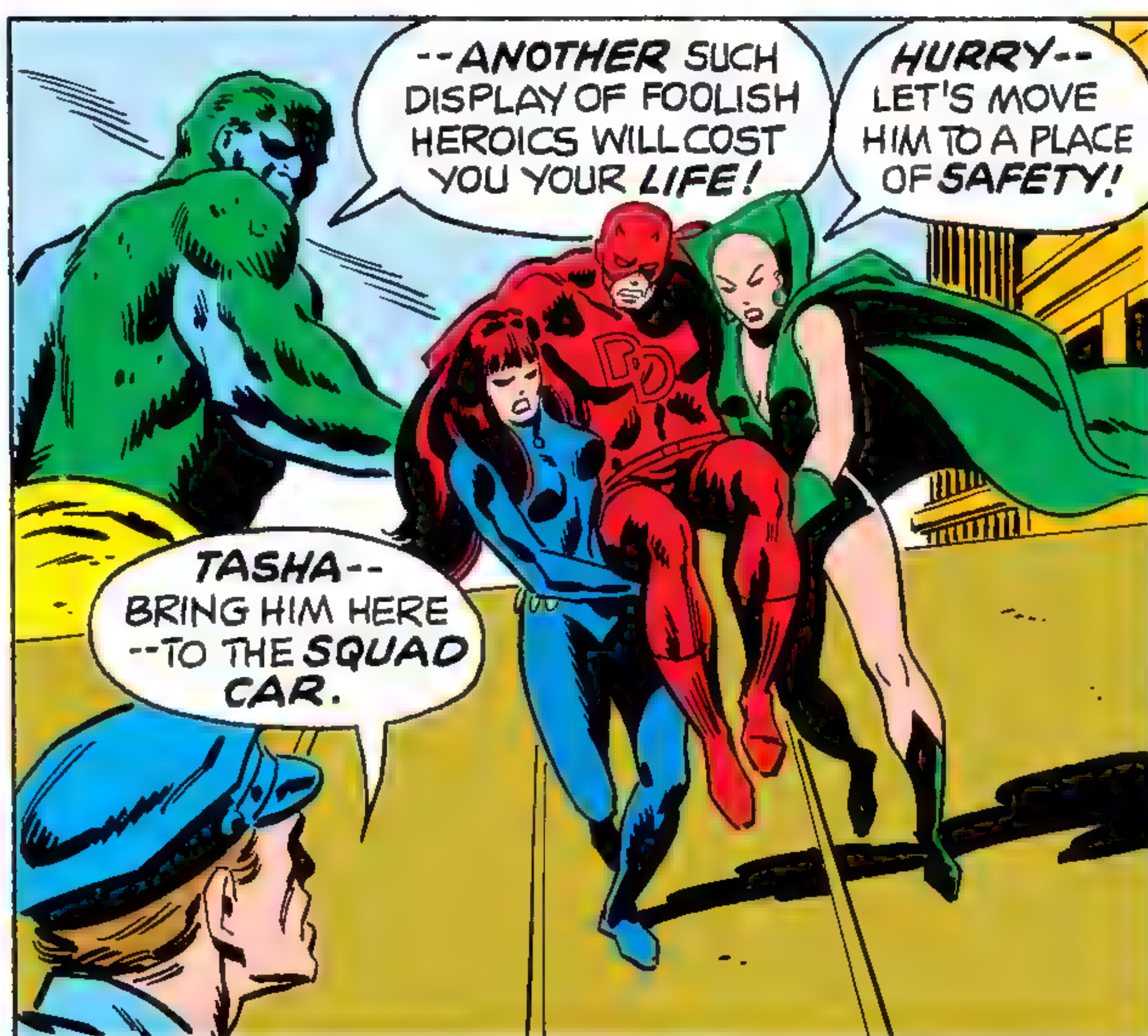
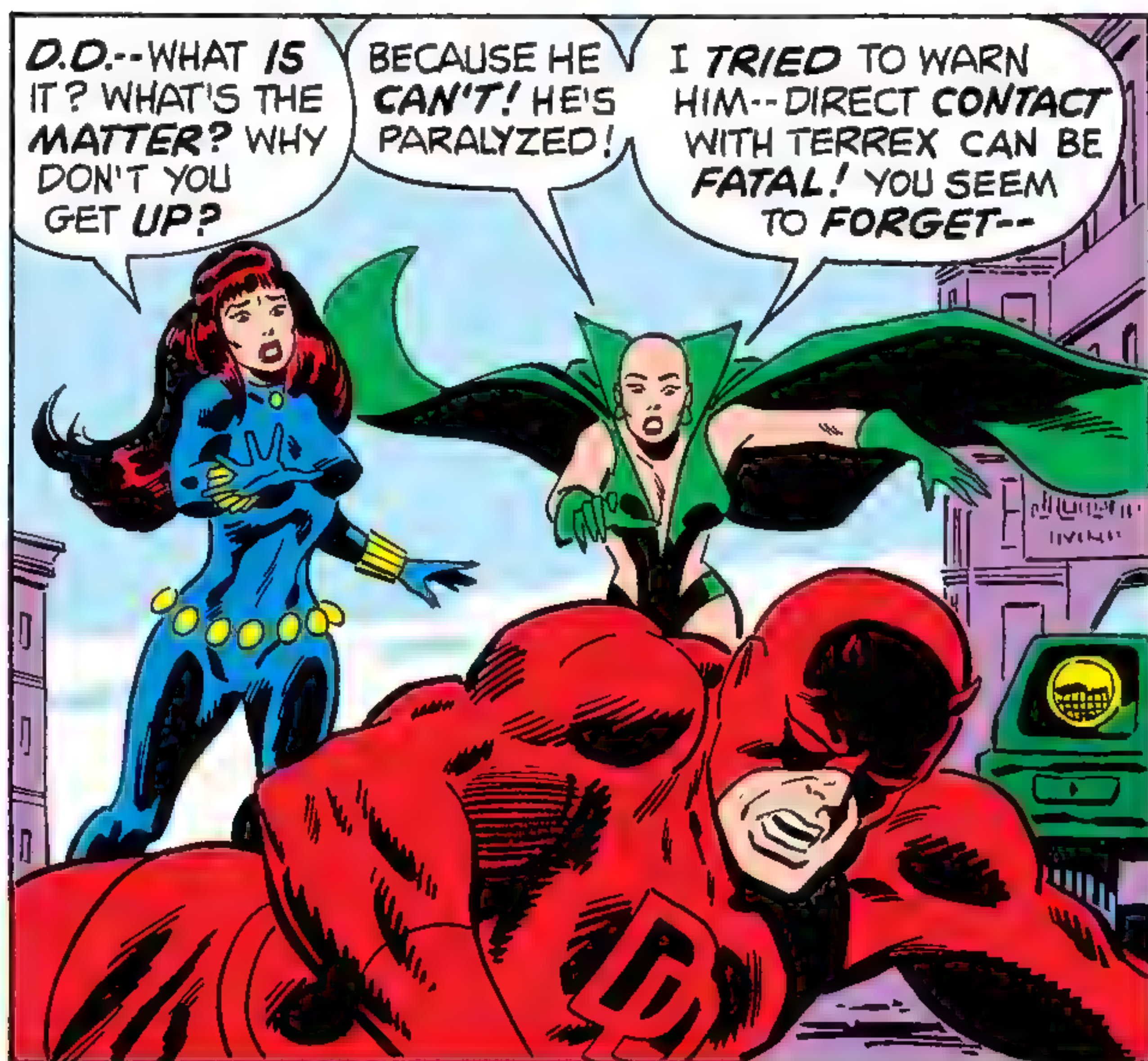


SO--**WEAK--!**
WHAT DID
HE--**DO**
TO ME?

WAIT--
SOMETHING'S
WRONG--!

MY LEGS!!

I CAN'T MOVE MY LEGS!
THEY'RE NUMB--**COLD--!**



NOW THAT WE'RE UP TO DATE ON MATT (D.D.) MURDOCK AND KERWIN BRODERICK--LET'S LOOK IN ON THE OTHER PARTNER IN THEIR RAPIDLY-DISSOLVING LAW-FIRM--!

I--I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, MR. SLOAN! THAT THING ---IS MY EMPLOYER!

AND MY FORMER MENTOR, JANET ---THE MAN I ADMIRERD-- SO MUCH.

MATT WAS RIGHT ABOUT HIM--ALL ALONG.

HE'S INSANE-- NO, WORSE THAN INSANE--HE'S A POWER HUNGRY MENACE TO ANYTHING THAT BREATHES!

AND AS MUCH AS ANYONE, I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR LETTING HIM GET THIS FAR!

MY LOYALTY TO HIM BLINDED ME! I LET HIM USE ME ALL THIS TIME--

--LET HIM MAKE ME A TOOL OF HIS MAD AMBITIONS!

BUT IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. YOU COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN--

BLAST IT-- I SHOULD'VE KNOWN! EVEN BLIND MATT DID!

BUT NOT JASON SLOAN! NO, NOT ME! I HAD TO WAIT-- HAD TO SEE MY WHOLE CAREER FALL APART BEFORE MY EYES--

--BEFORE I COULD ADMIT I'D BEEN PLAYED FOR A PRIZE CHUMP!

BRODERICK'S RUINED ME, JANET!

ALL I'VE WORKED FOR--STRIVED FOR-- --THE FIRM--MY PROFESSION--MY FORTUNE--

--IT'S ALL A JOKE NOW-- A MOUND OF ASHES! ASHES!

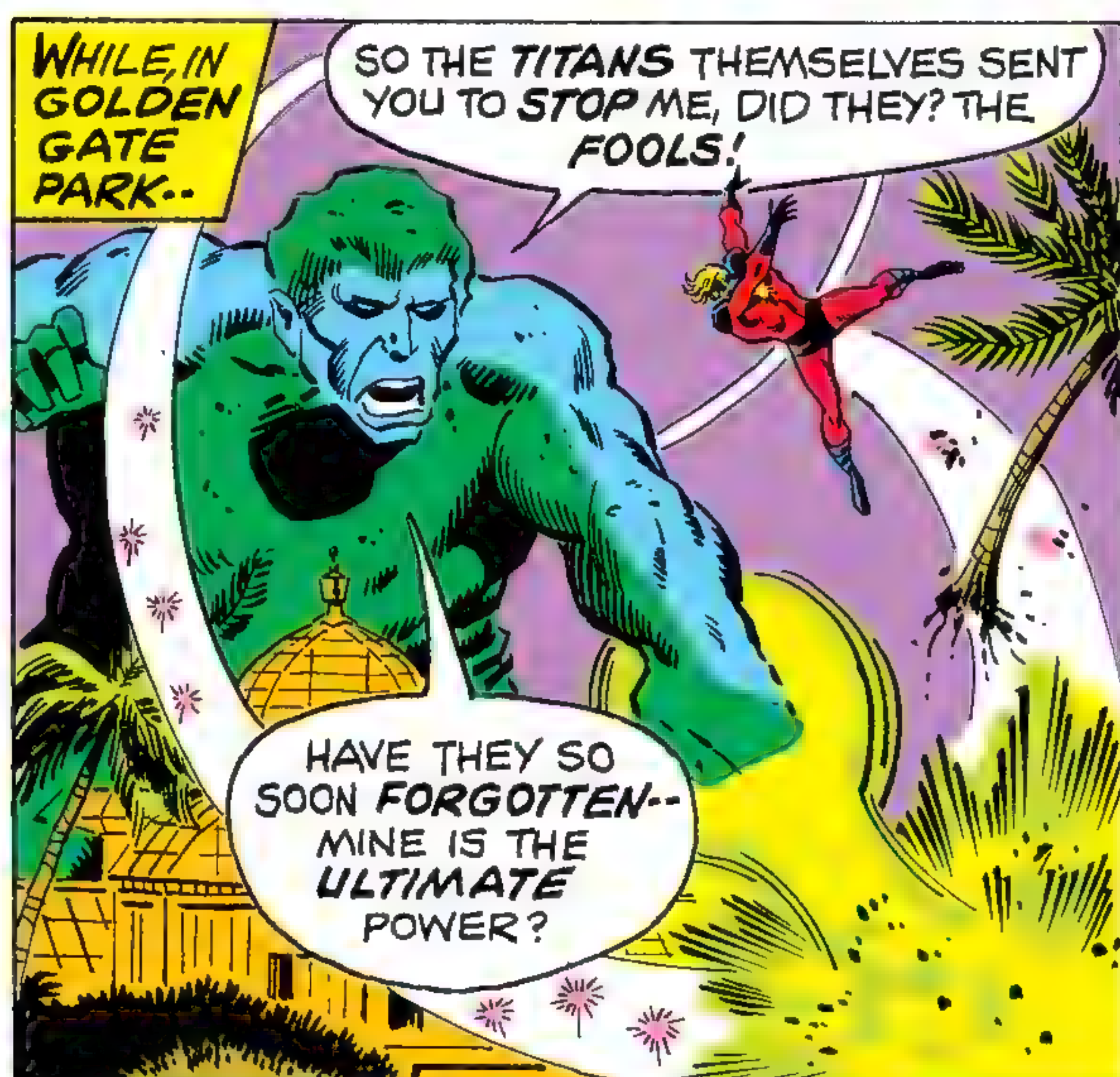
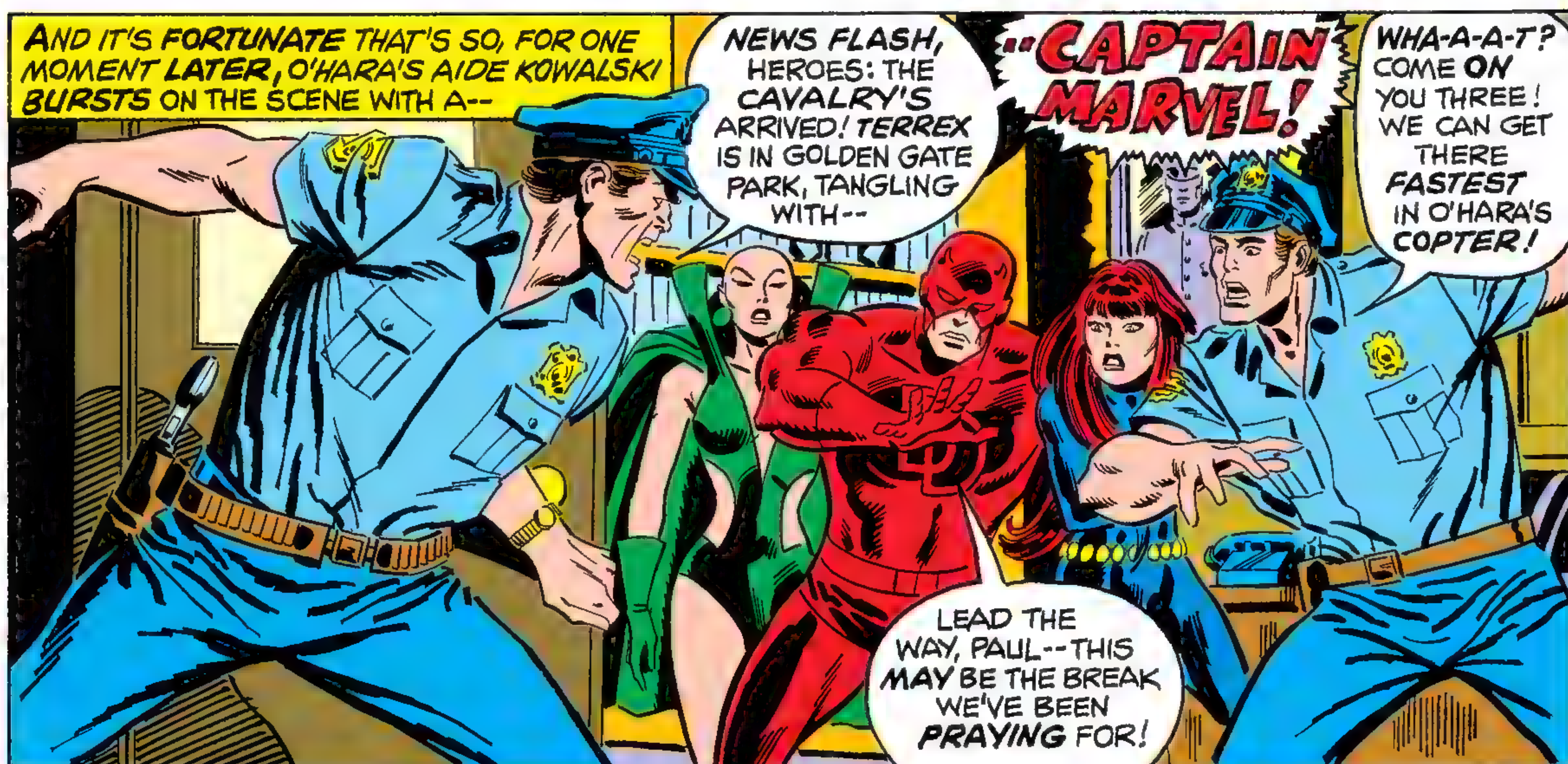
MR. SLOAN--WAIT! I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU SO -- SO AGITATED!

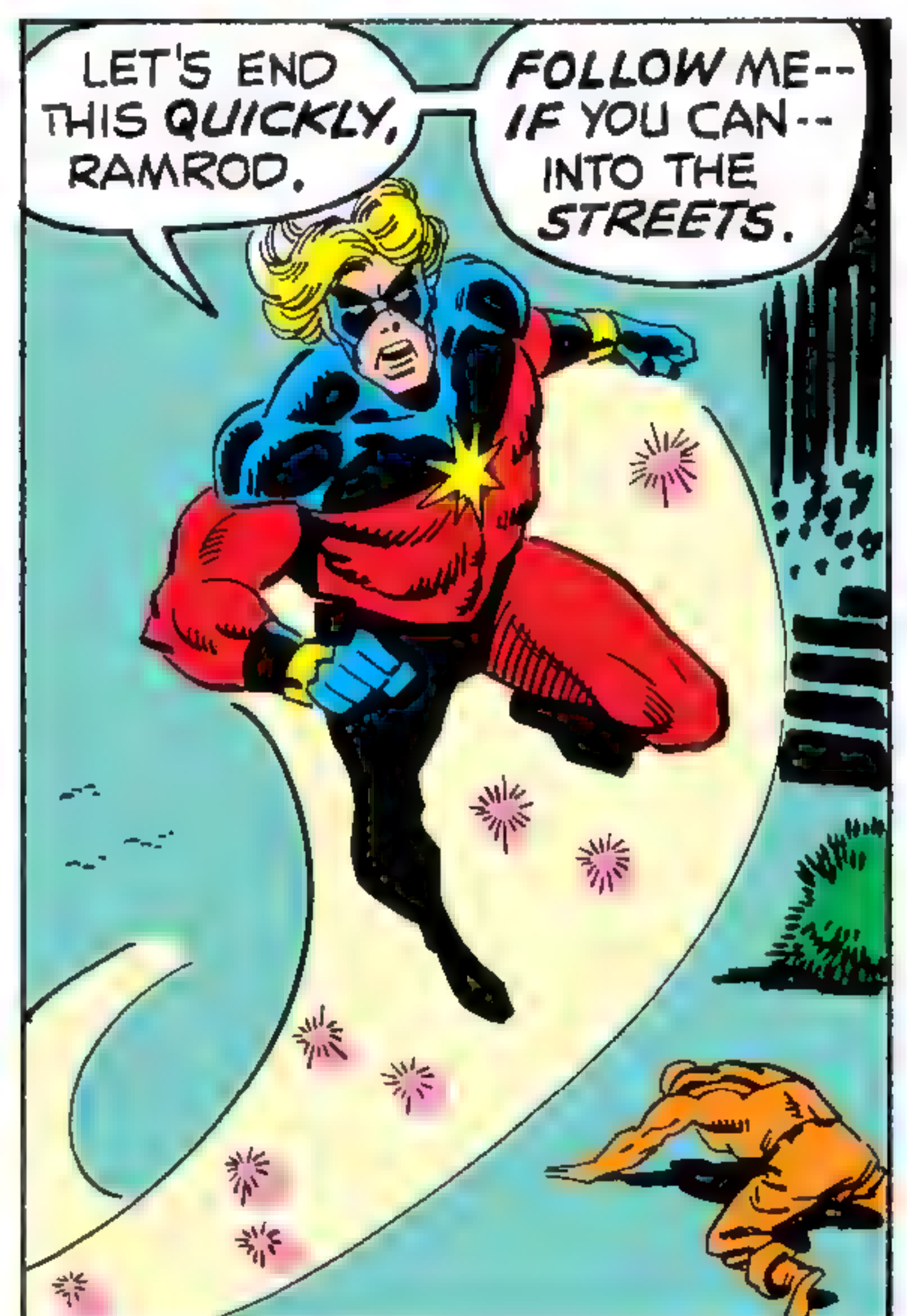
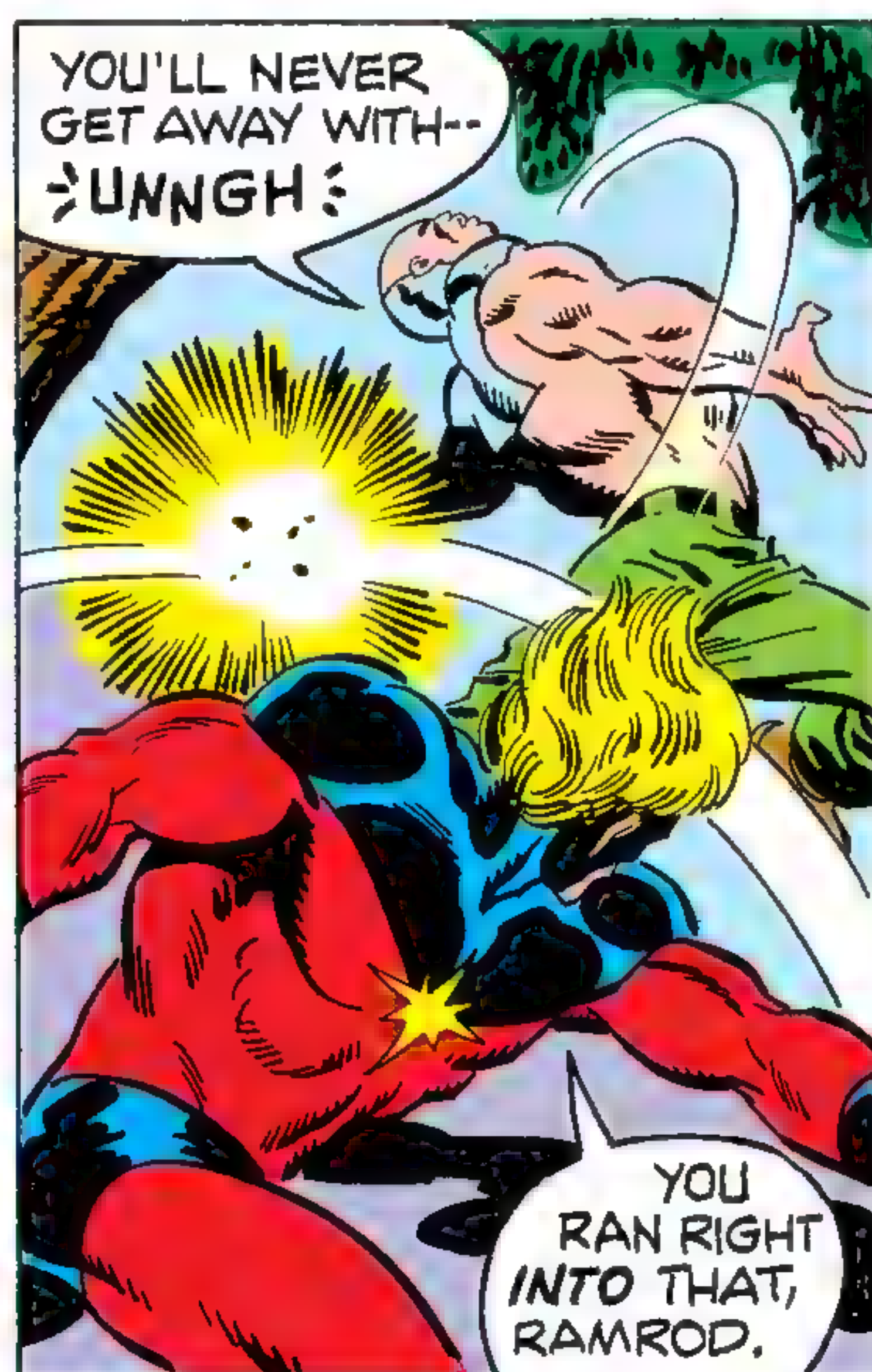
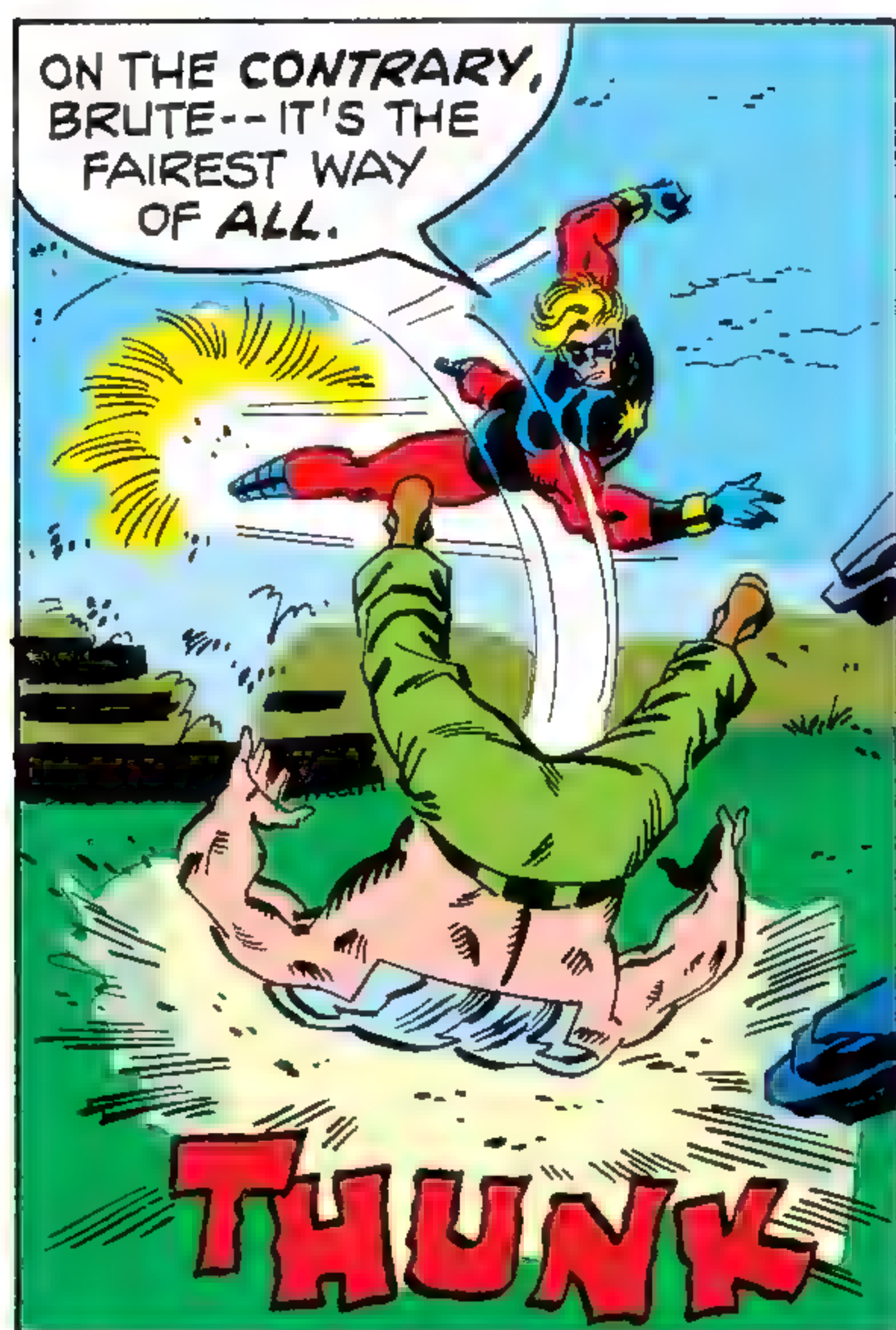
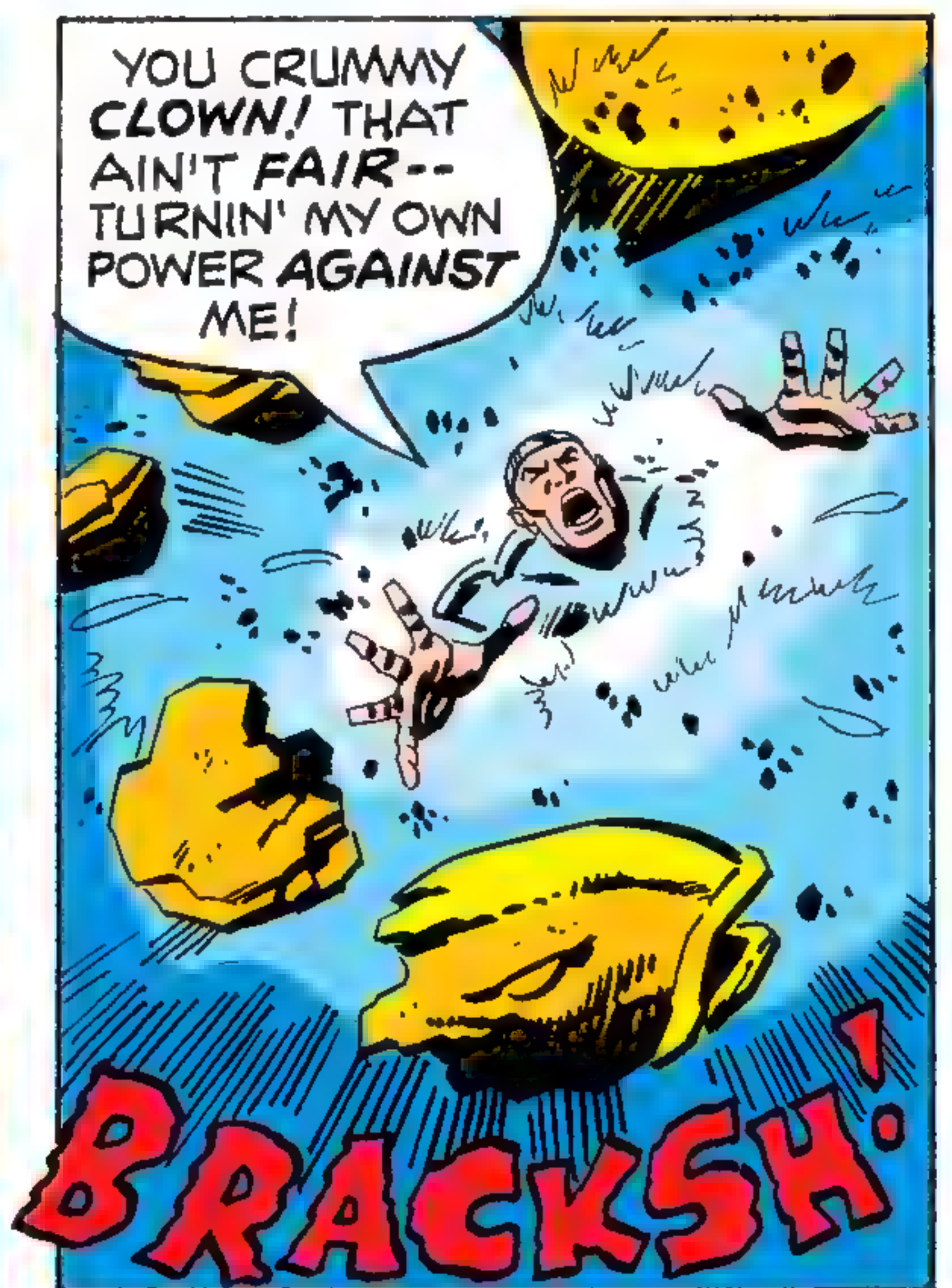
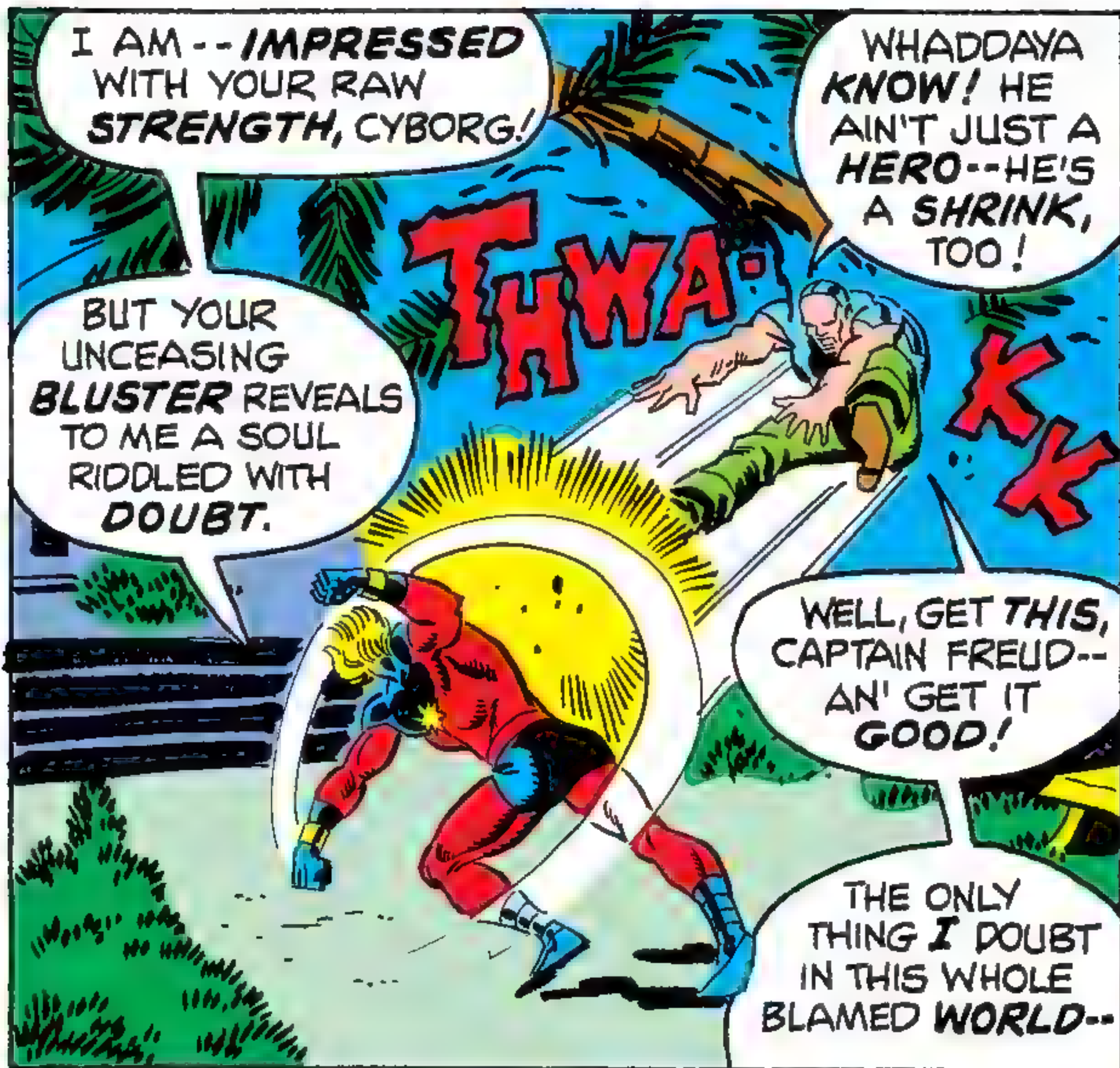
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

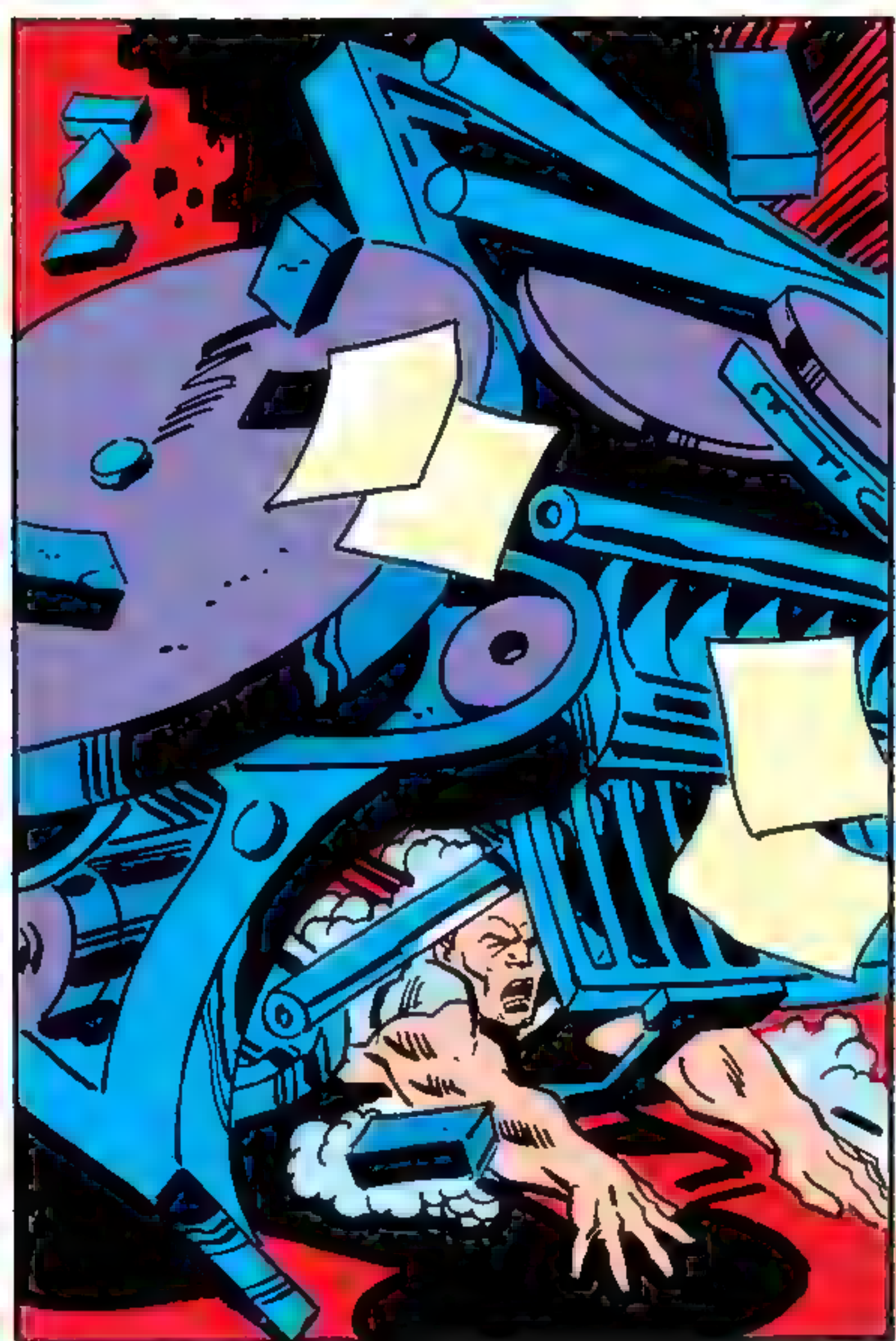
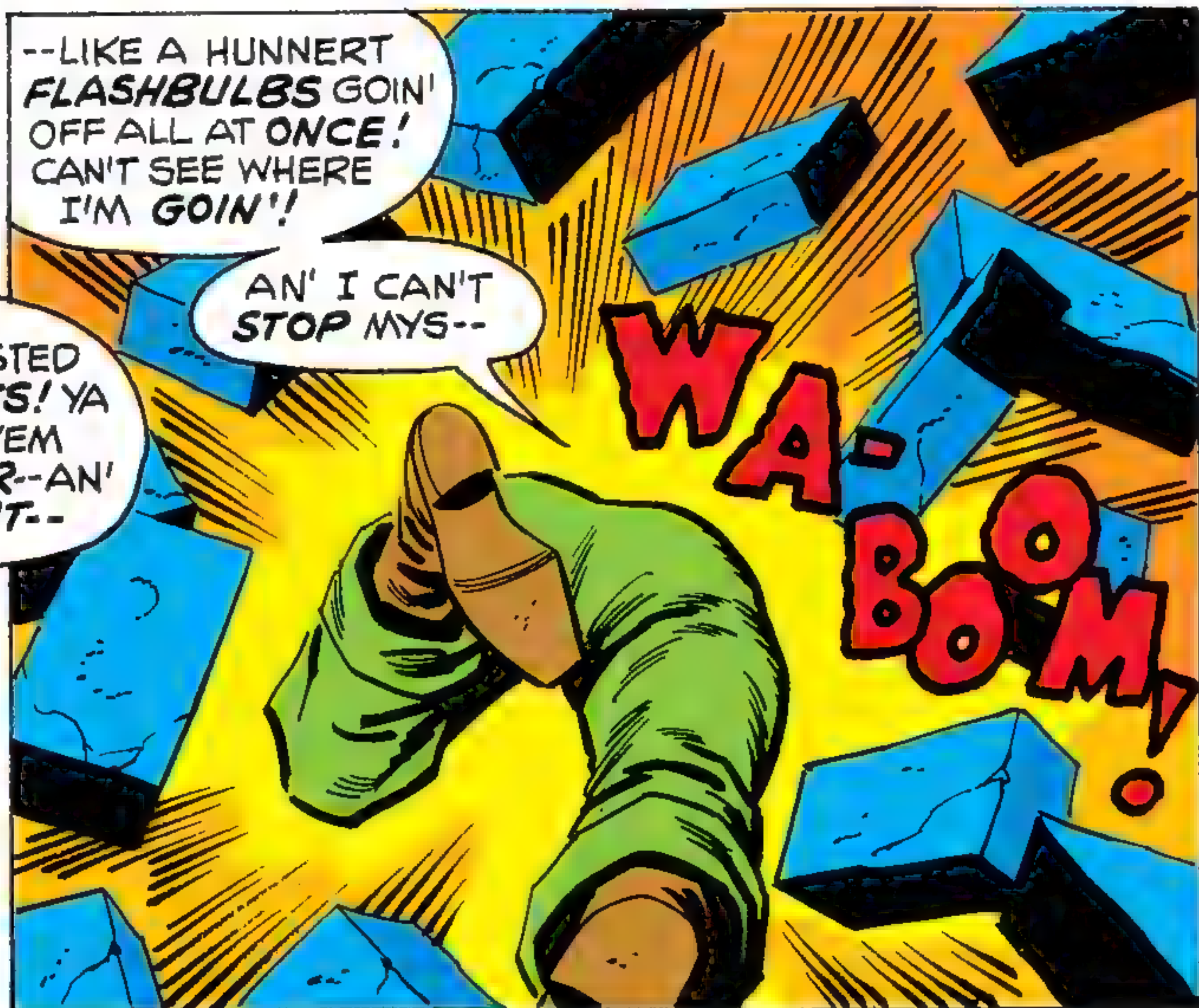
I--I DON'T KNOW. BUT I HAVE TO GO SOMEWHERE-- DO SOMETHING...

AND, WHILE WE WONDER WHAT JASON MEANS BY THAT--











AND AFTER A HARROWING BOUT LIKE *THAT*, I CAN USE SOME *REFRESHMENT*.

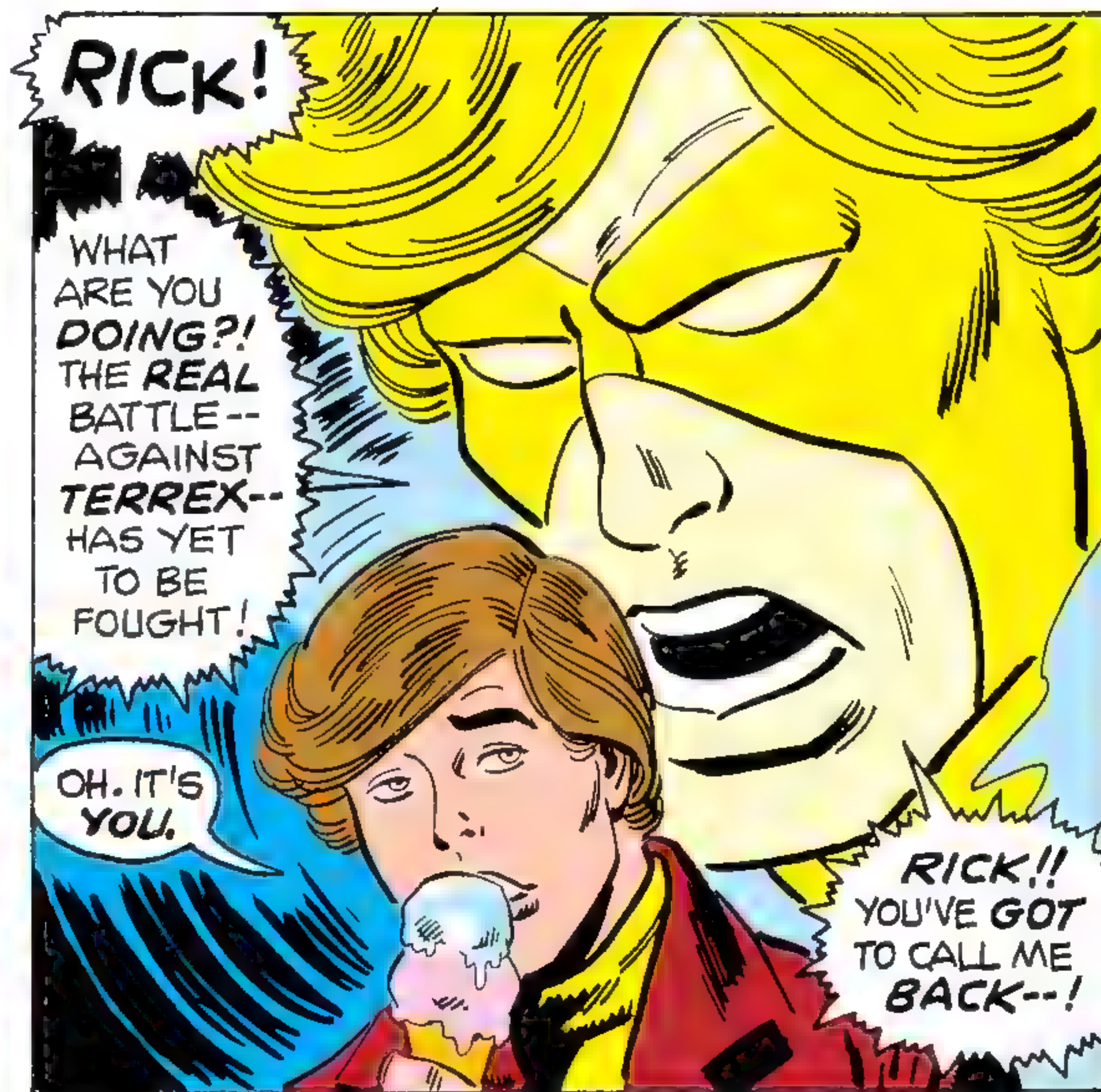
WHAT'LL IT *BE*, KID-- "D.D. CHERRY," "WIDOW LICORICE," OR, "TERREX LIME"?

FUNNY--HOW IT'S STILL "BUSINESS-AS-USUAL" FOR MOST FOLKS--EVEN DESPITE *TERREX'S* THREAT.

I TAKE THAT BACK.

JUST MAKE IT *VANILLA*--TWO SCOOPS.

NO SENSE OF *HUMOR*, HUH? THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU *KIDS*!

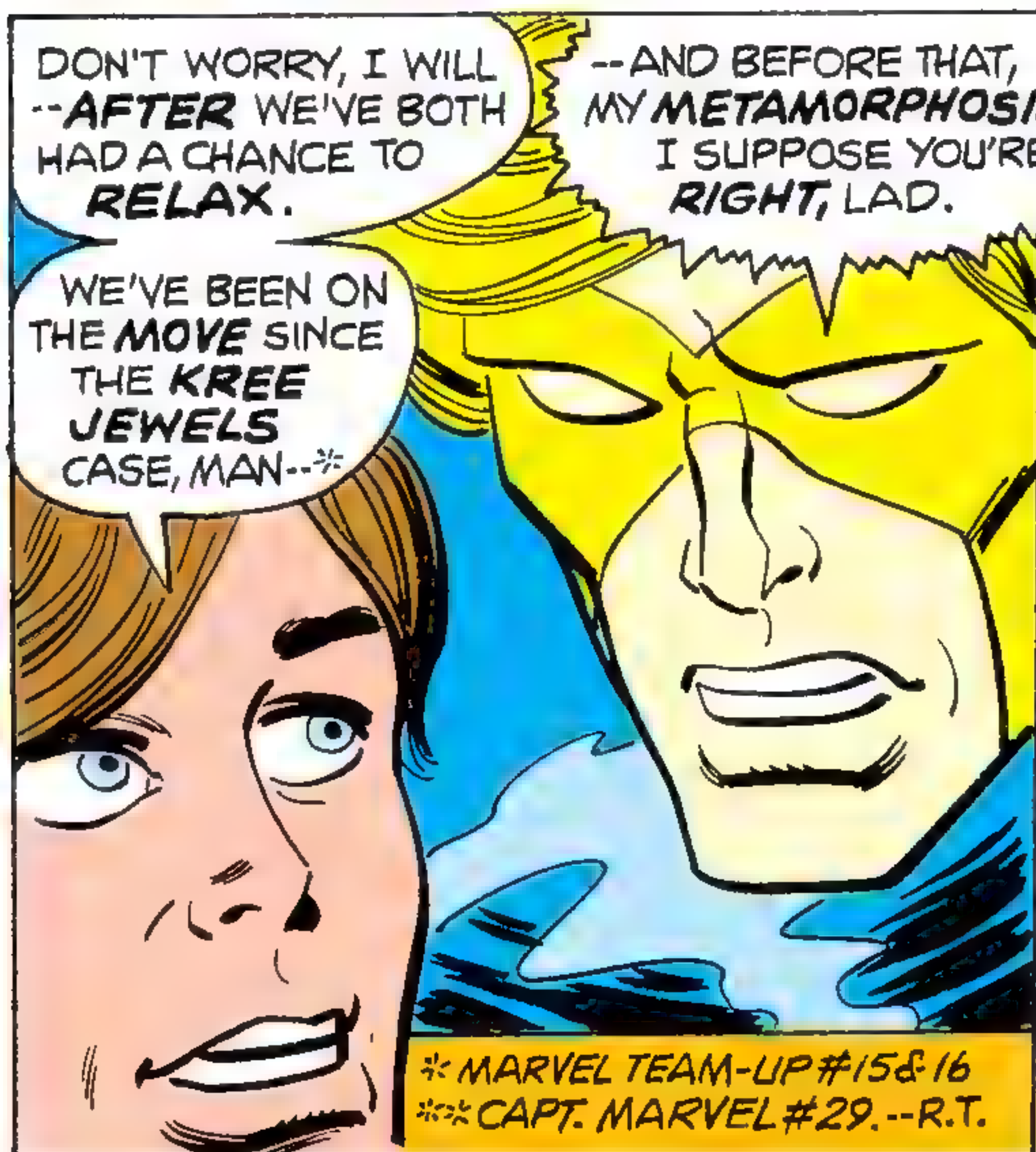


RICK!

WHAT ARE YOU *DOING*?! THE *REAL* BATTLE--AGAINST *TERREX*--HAS YET TO BE FOUGHT!

OH. IT'S YOU.

RICK!! YOU'VE GOT TO CALL ME *BACK*--!

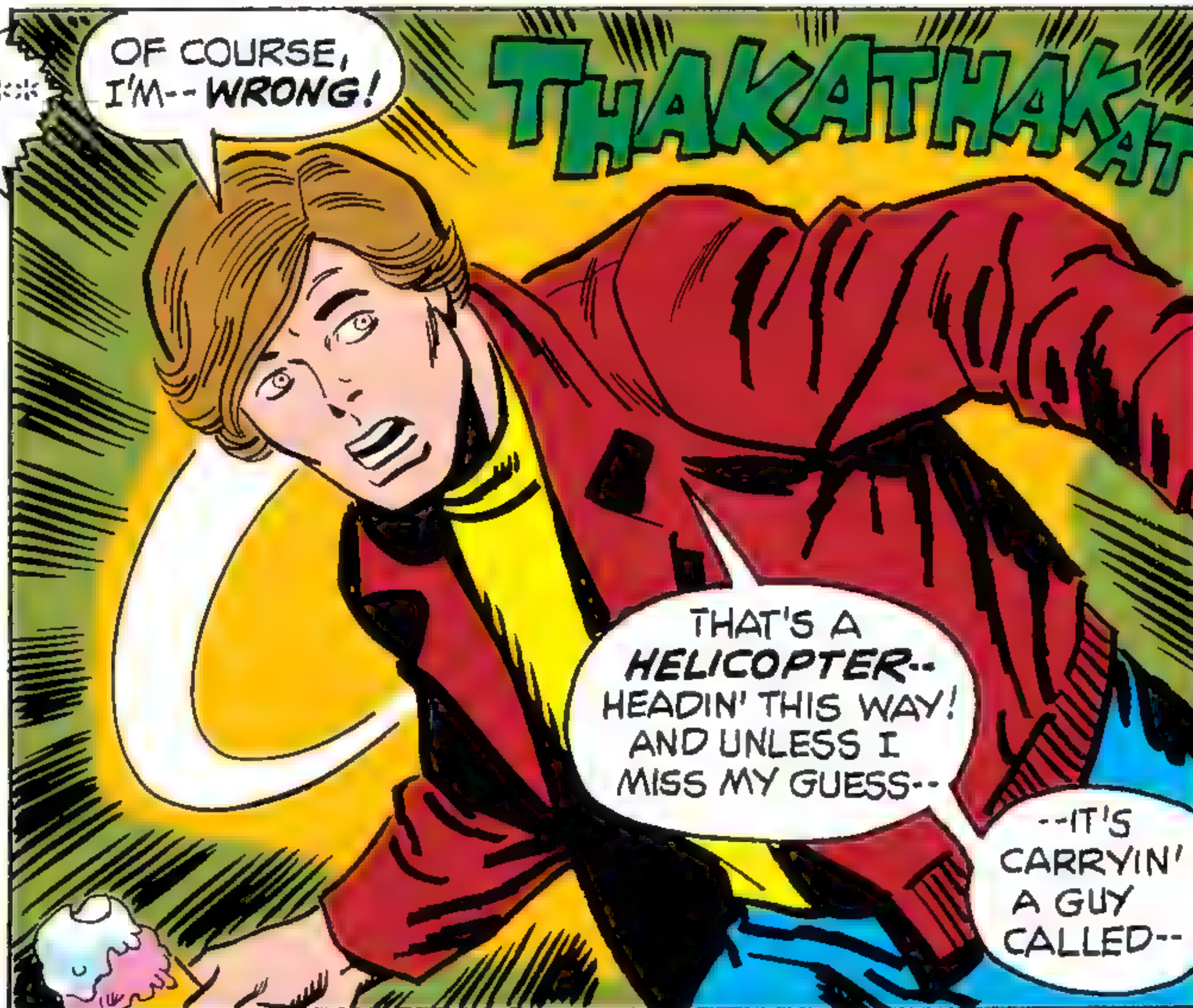


DON'T WORRY, I WILL --*AFTER* WE'VE BOTH HAD A CHANCE TO *RELAX*.

--AND BEFORE THAT, MY *METAMORPHOSIS*. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE *RIGHT*, LAD.

WE'VE BEEN ON THE *MOVE* SINCE THE *KREE JEWELS* CASE, MAN--*

* MARVEL TEAM-UP #15&16
** CAPT. MARVEL #29. --R.T.



OF COURSE, I'M-- *WRONG*!

THAKATHAKAT

THAT'S A *HELICOPTER*--HEADIN' THIS WAY! AND UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS--

--IT'S CARRYIN' A GUY CALLED--

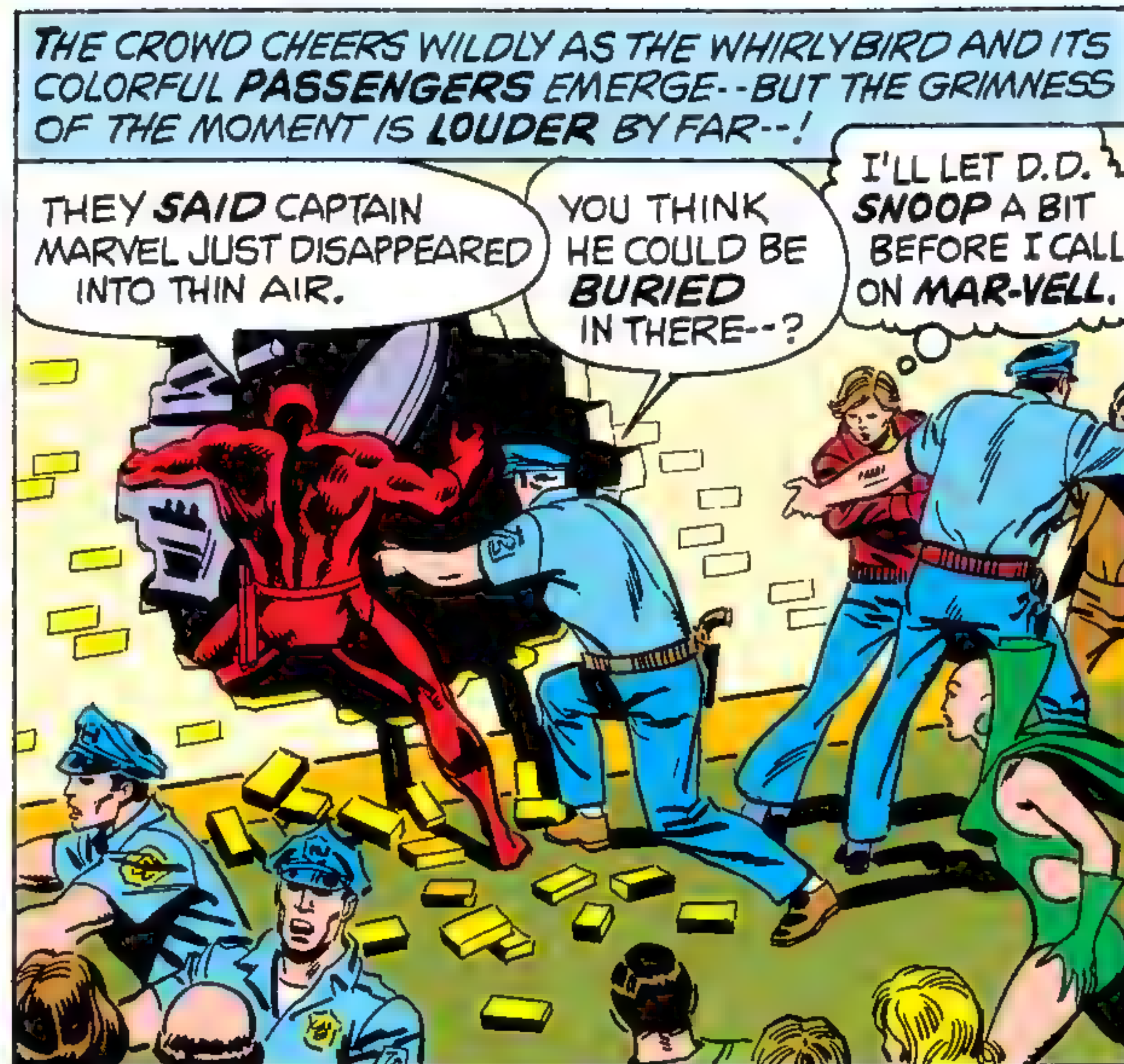


DAREDEVIL! THAT'S WHERE CAPTAIN MARVEL WAS LAST *SIGHTED*!

BACK OFF, KID. POLICE AND SUPERHEROES *ONLY*!

B-BUT-- OH, *SKIP* IT.

TAKE 'ER DOWN, PAUL. LET'S HAVE A *LOOK*.

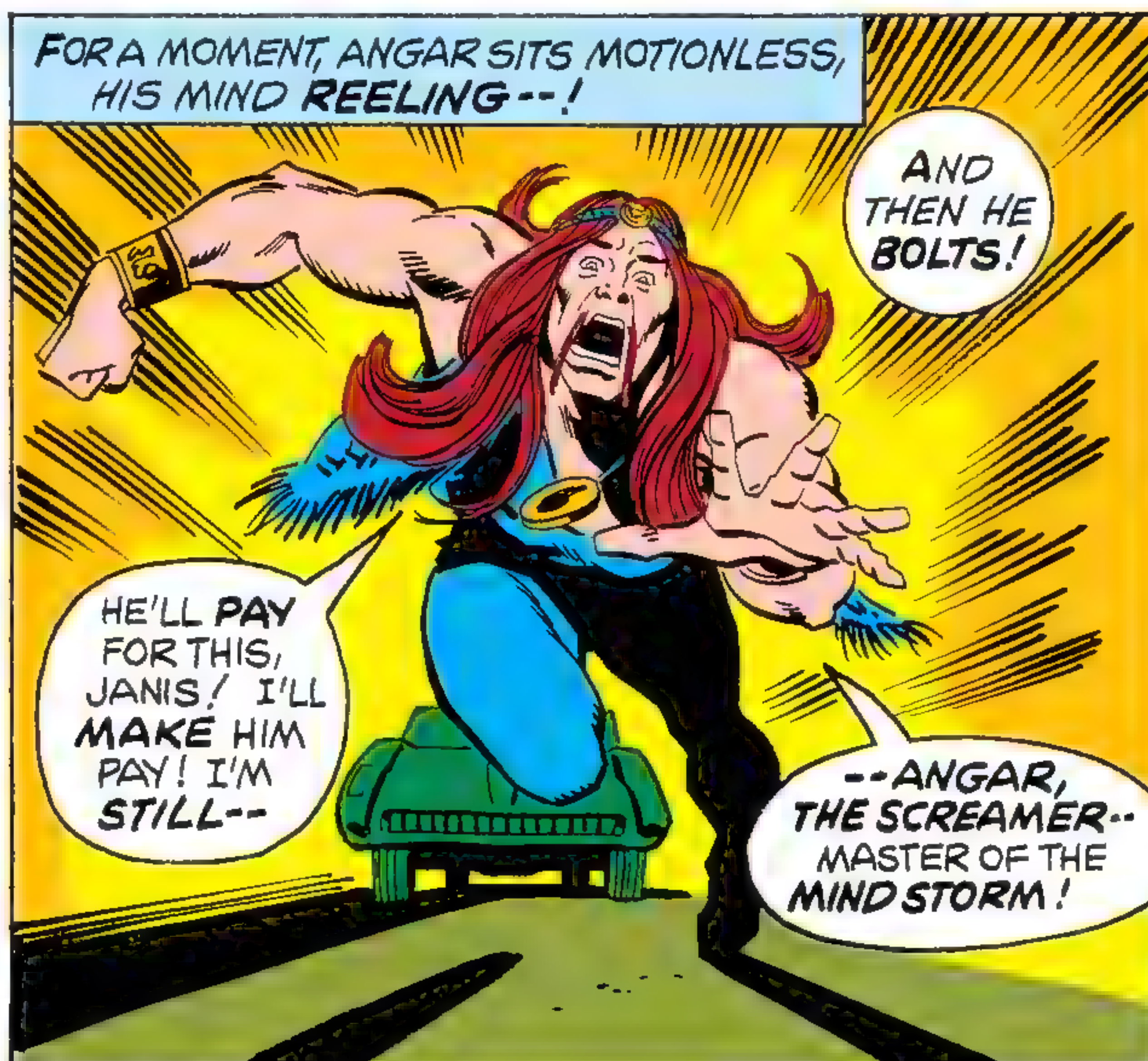
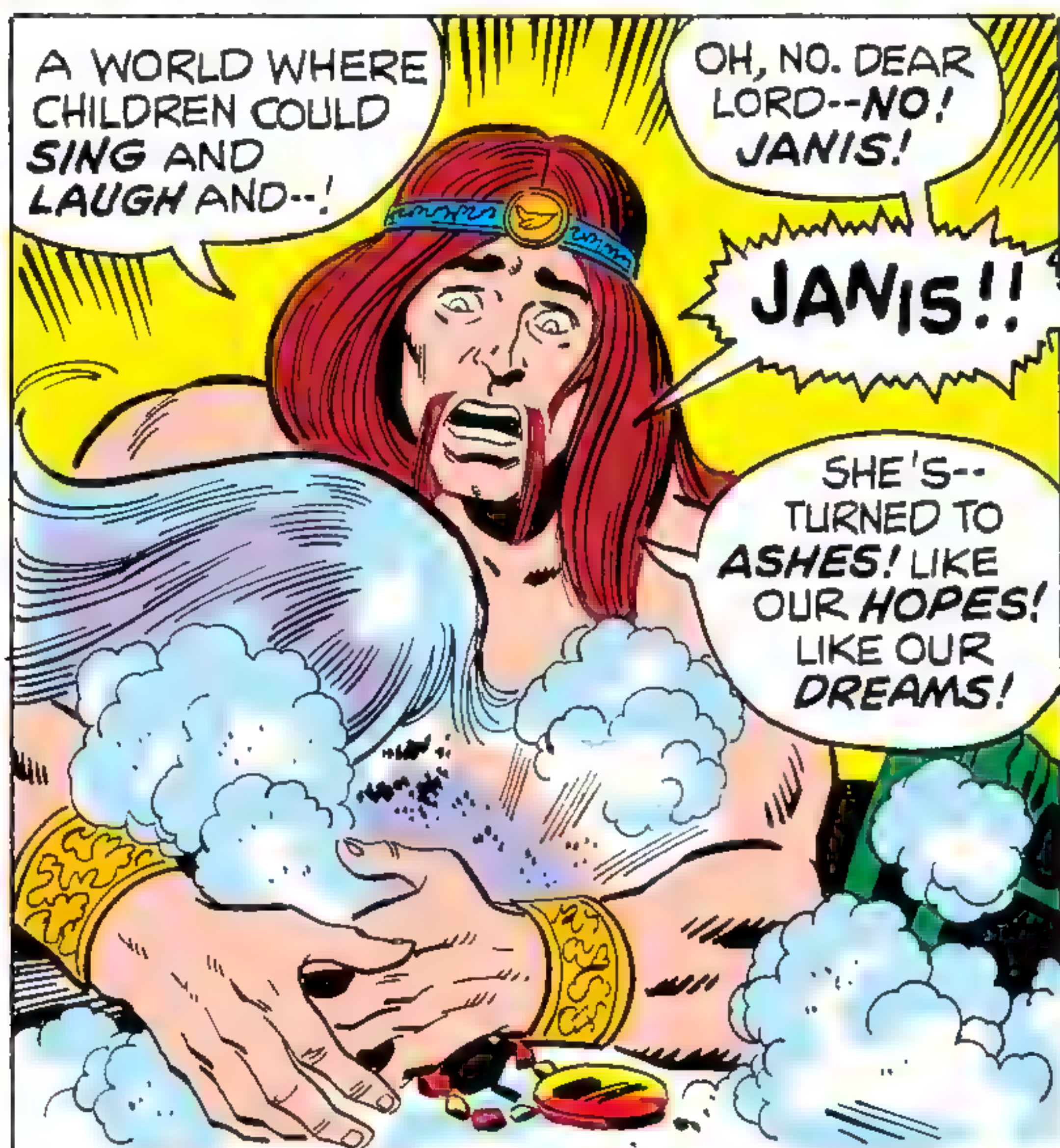
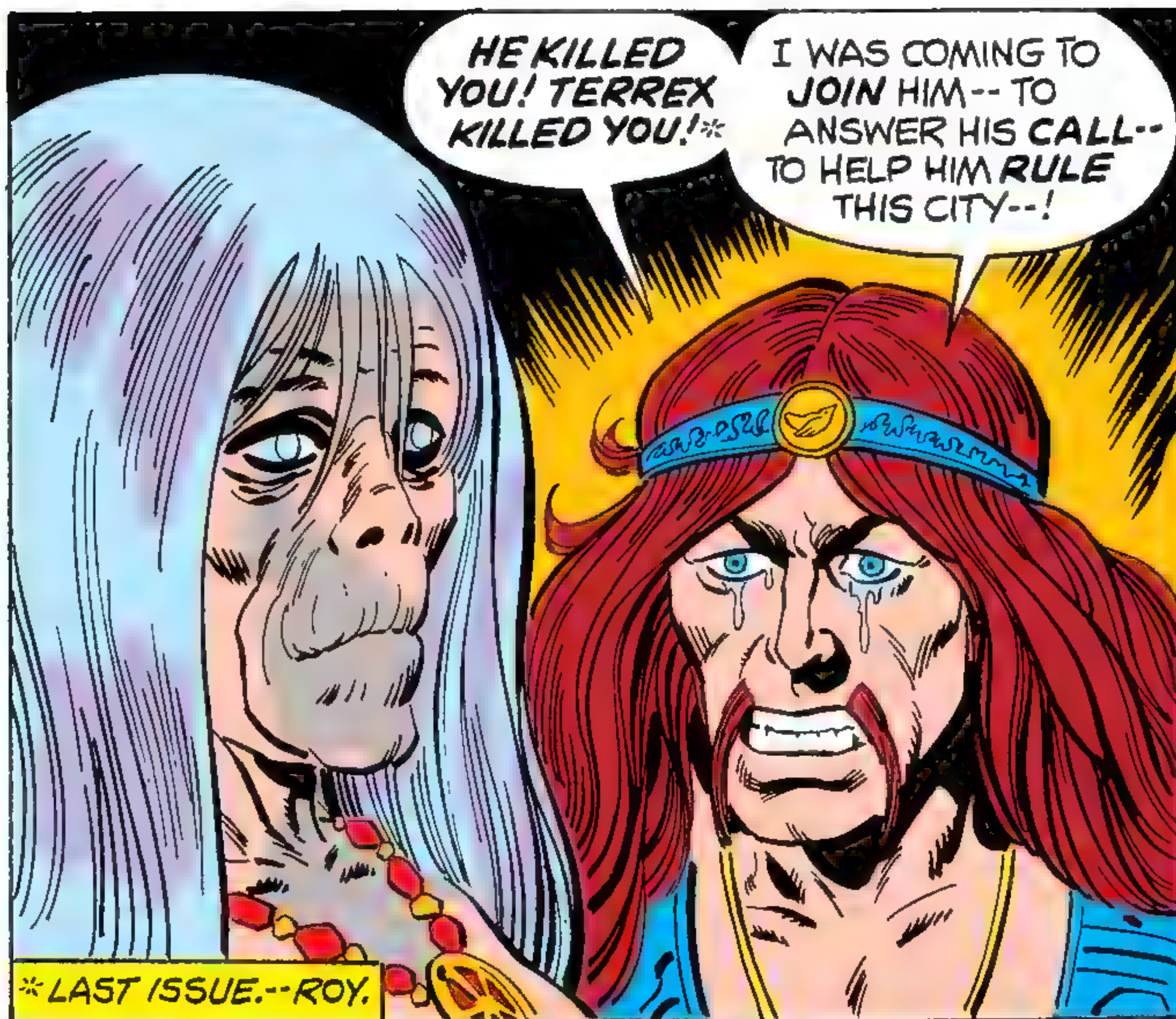
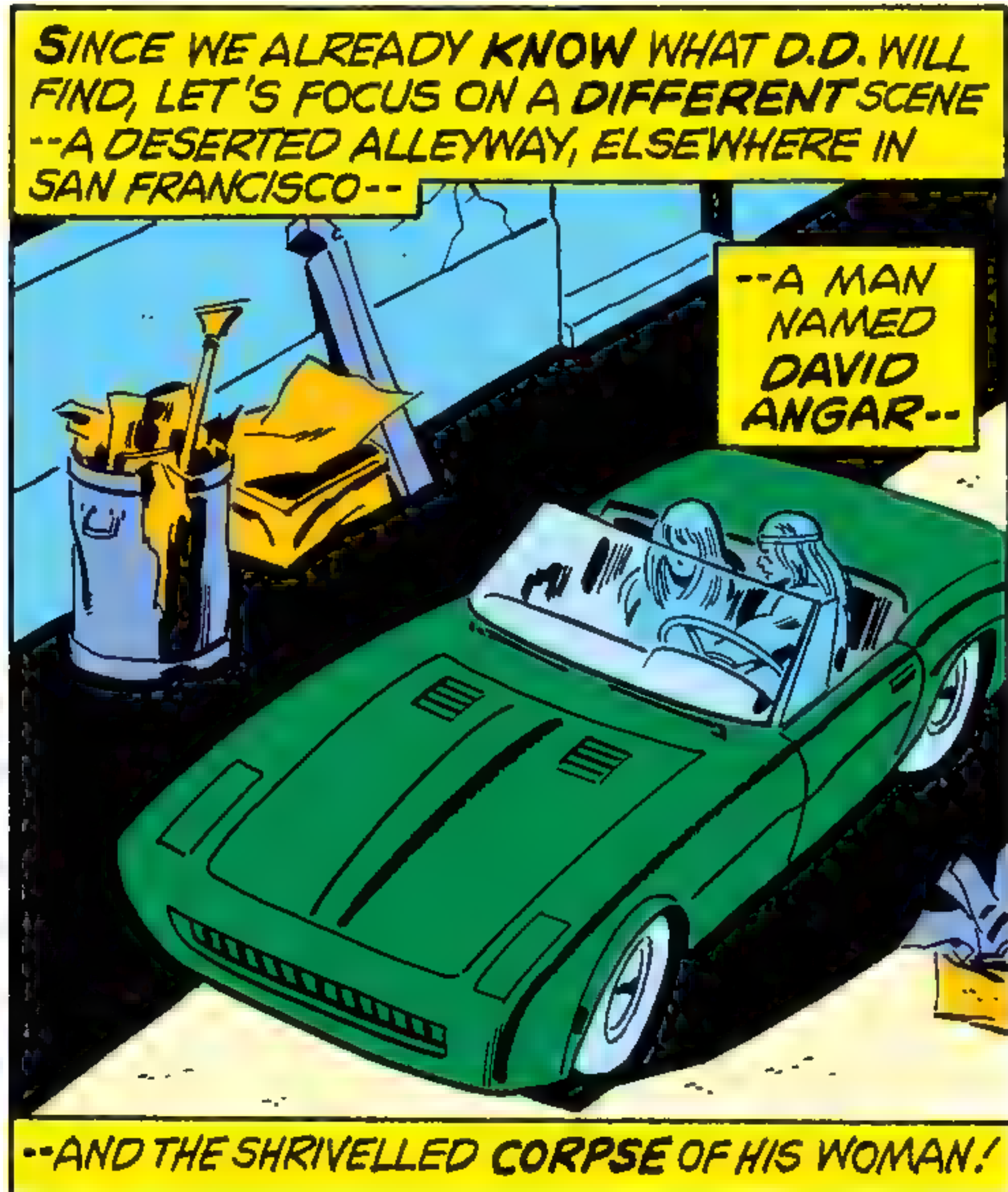


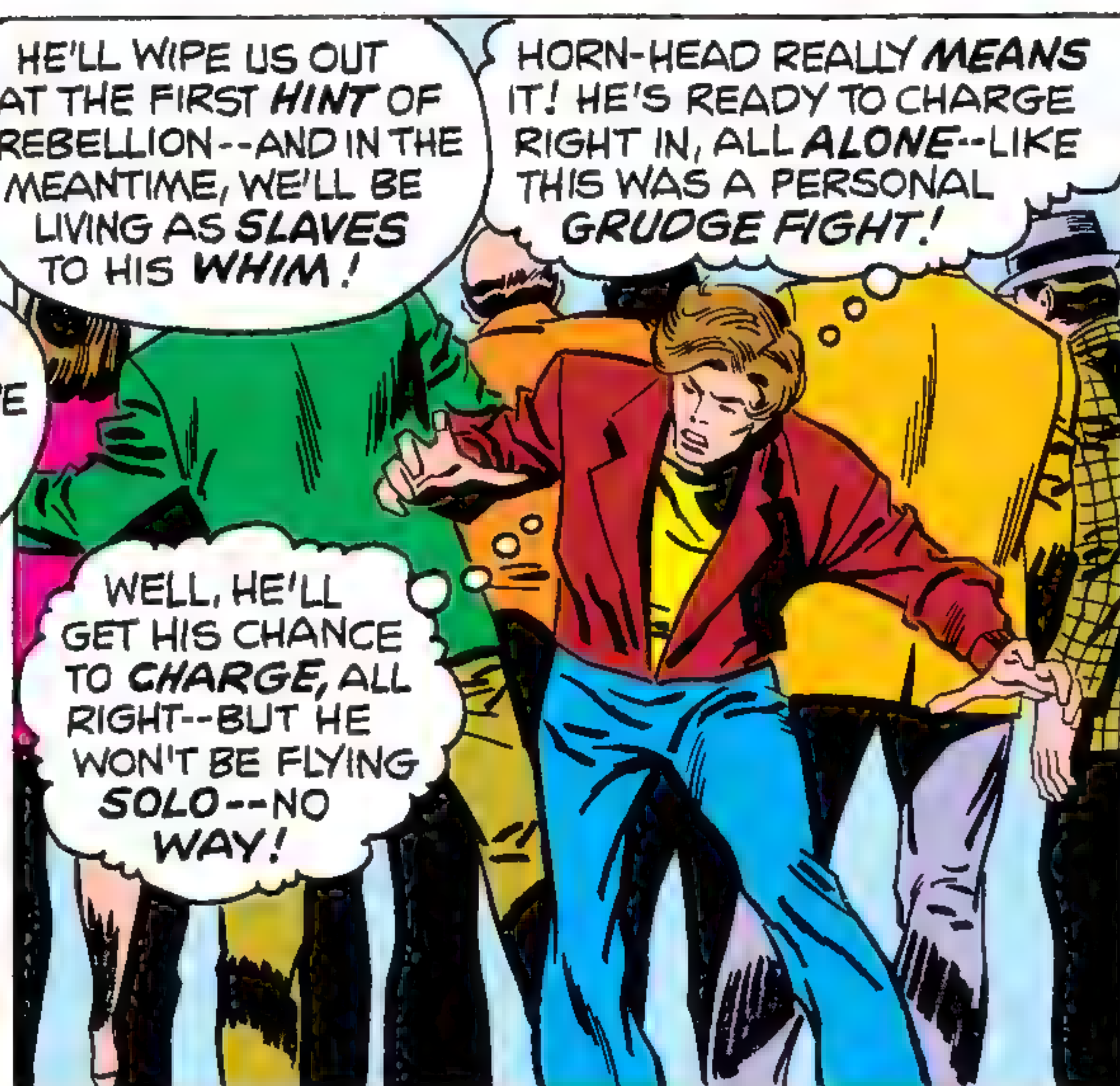
THE CROWD CHEERS WILDLY AS THE WHIRLYBIRD AND ITS COLORFUL *PASSENGERS* EMERGE--BUT THE GRIMNESS OF THE MOMENT IS *LOUDER* BY FAR--!

THEY *SAID* CAPTAIN MARVEL JUST DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR.

YOU THINK HE COULD BE *BURIED* IN THERE--?

I'LL LET D.D. *SNOOP* A BIT BEFORE I CALL ON *MAR-VELL*.

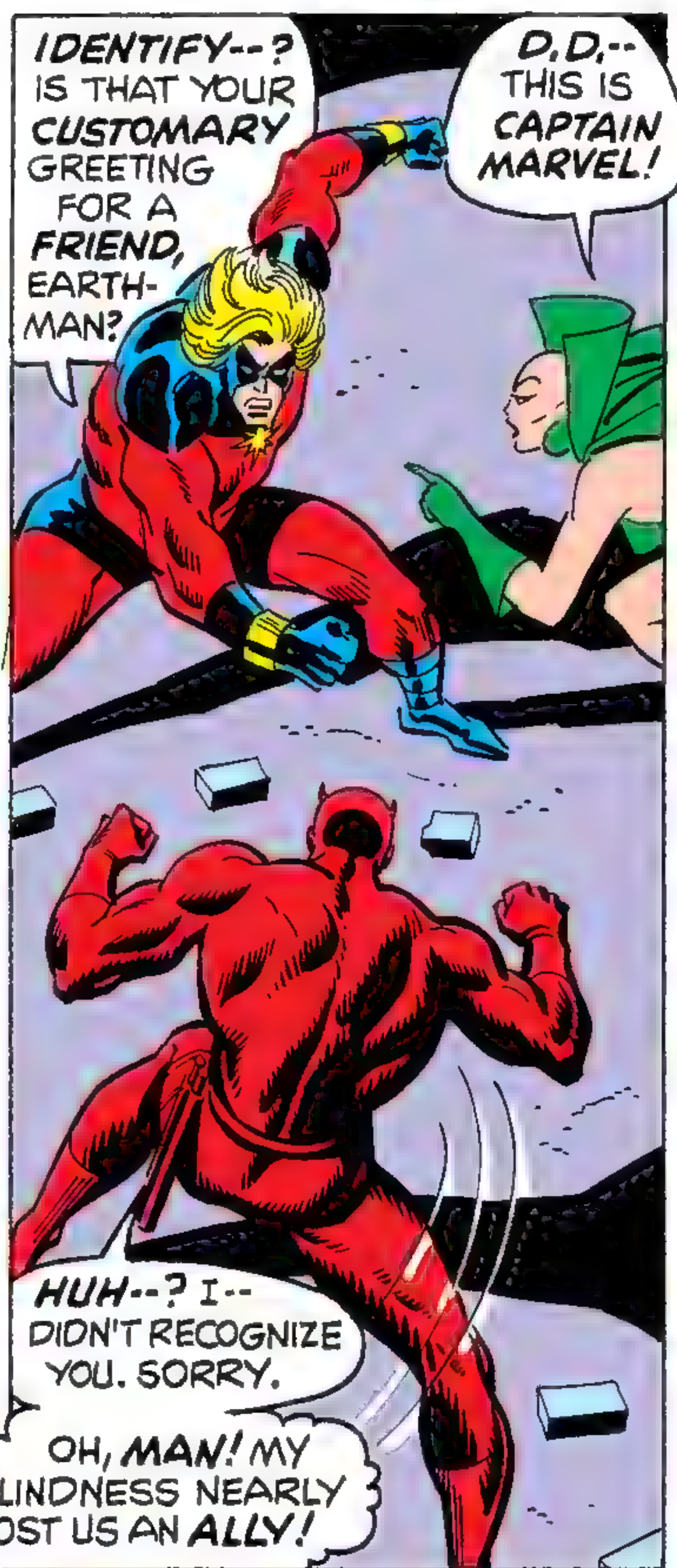






WHOEVER HE IS--HE'S A LIVING **POWERHOUSE!** JUDGING FROM HIS HEART-BEAT--HIS **PHYSIQUE--** HIS **STRENGTH** MUST BE ALMOST **SUPERHUMAN.**

IDENTIFY YOURSELF, MISTER, OR--



IDENTIFY--? IS THAT YOUR **CUSTOMARY** GREETING FOR A **FRIEND,** EARTH-MAN?

D.D.-- THIS IS **CAPTAIN MARVEL!**

HUH--? I-- DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU. SORRY.

OH, MAN! MY BLINDNESS NEARLY COST US AN ALLY!



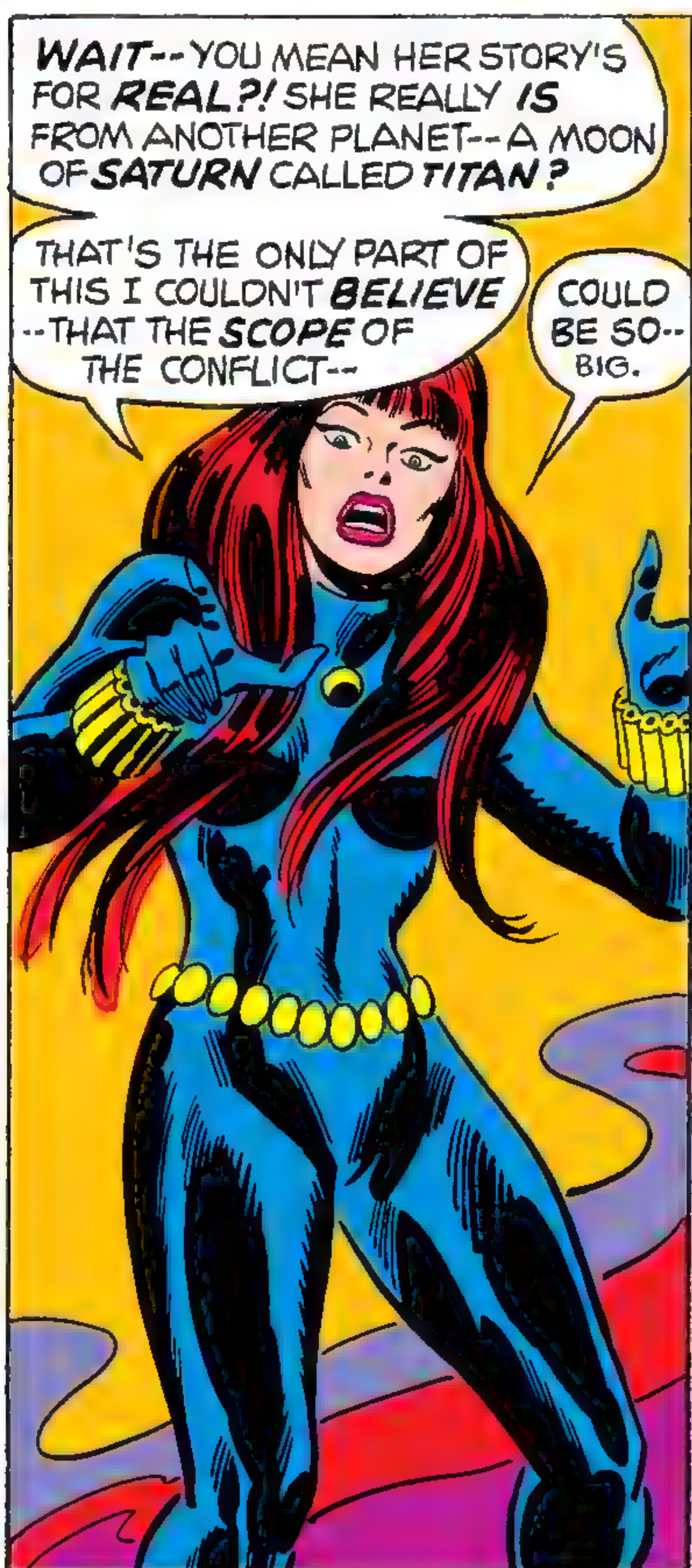
FORGIVE THE TERRAN, CAPTAIN. HE'S BEEN UNDER **SEVERE** STRAIN!

TELL ME-- WERE YOU SENT BY THE TITANS--BY **MENTOR** AND **EROS?**

YOU **KNOW** ABOUT TITAN? THEN IT'S **TRUE--** YOU ARE **MOON DRAGON!**

THE TITANS WERE SURPRISED --AND **PLEASED--**

--TO LEARN YOU MIGHT STILL BE **ALIVE!**



WAIT--YOU MEAN HER STORY'S FOR **REAL?** SHE REALLY IS FROM ANOTHER PLANET--A MOON OF **SATURN** CALLED **TITAN?**

THAT'S THE ONLY PART OF THIS I COULDN'T **BELIEVE** --THAT THE **SCOPE** OF THE CONFLICT--

COULD BE SO-- BIG.



BIG ENOUGH TO MENACE A **GALAXY,** BLACK WIDOW--AND ALL THE DOING OF **ONE MAN--**

--**THANOS!** THE EVIL SON OF **MENTOR,** TITAN'S FORMER **RULER!**

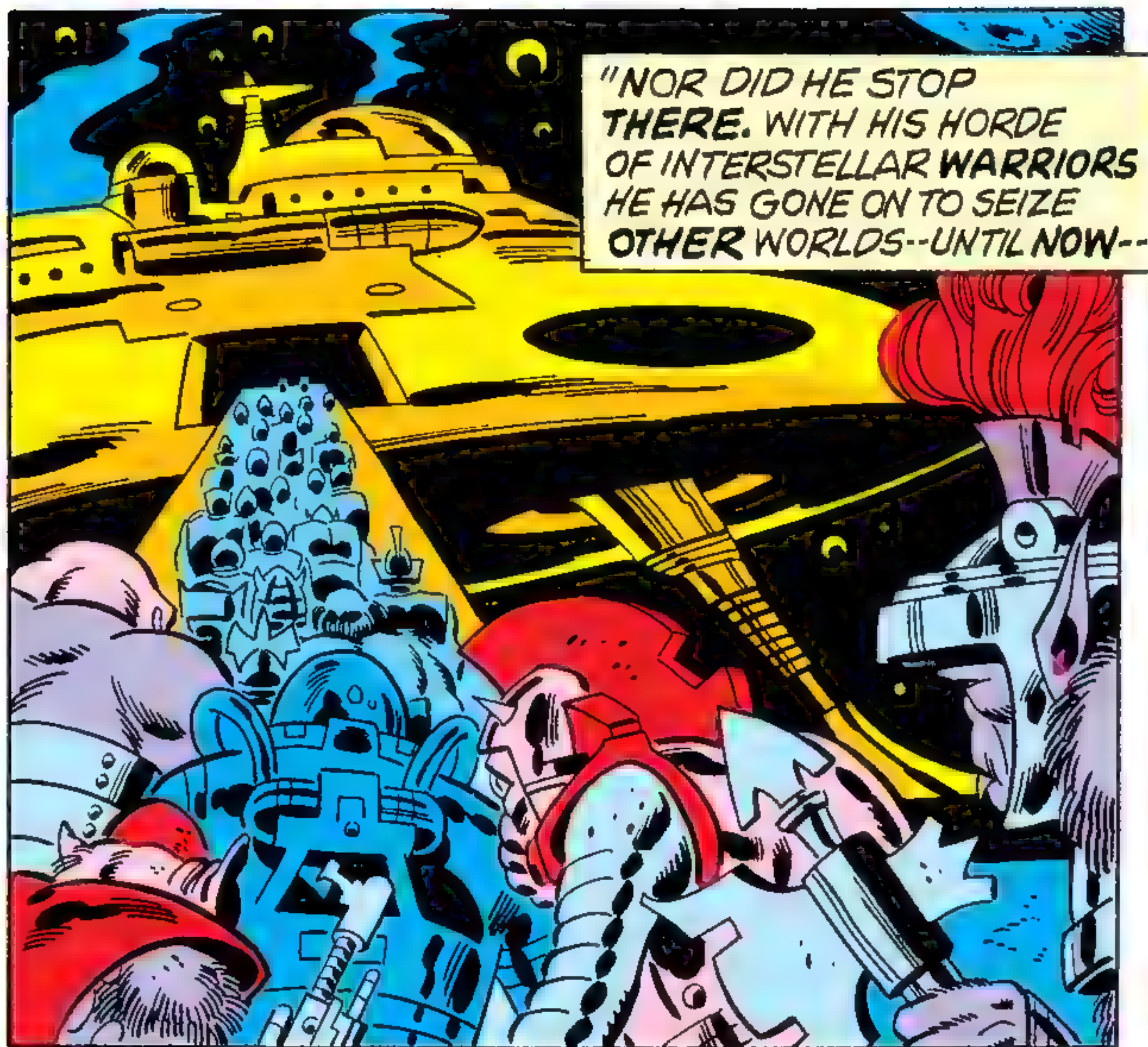
"**THANOS HIMSELF** NOW RULES WHAT LITTLE IS LEFT OF TITAN'S ONCE-BURGEONING **CULTURE--**AND HE RULES BY **FORCE ALONE--**



"--THE SAME WAY HE GAINED THE **THRONE!**

"**WEAPONS** WERE UNKNOWN ON TITAN UNTIL **THANOS** BROUGHT THEM--

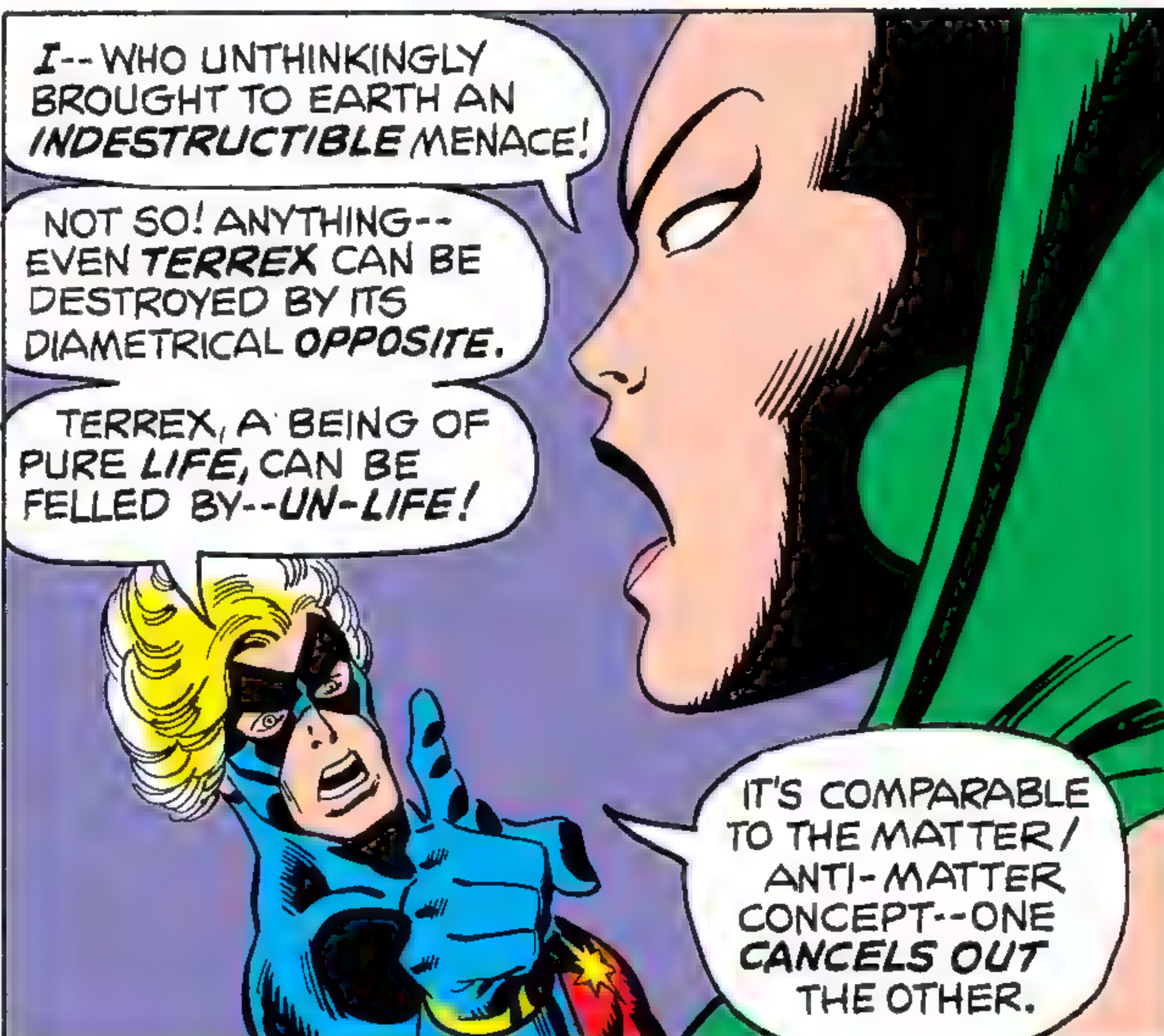
"--UNTIL HE USED THEM TO **WIPE OUT** THE WORK OF CENTURIES SPENT IN PURSUIT OF **HIGHER IDEALS** THAN **EMPIRE.**



"AS FOR TERREX--HE, OR RATHER IT, WAS THE CREATION OF A TITAN SCIENTIST--TO BE USED AS A DOOMSDAY WEAPON.



"THE SCIENTIST DIED BEFORE HE COULD UNLEASH HIS MONSTER. AND ONLY ONE OTHER ON ALL TITAN UNDERSTOOD THE SCIENCE BEHIND THE LIFE-CREATURE."



AND SO--D.D., THE WIDOW, MOON DRAGON AND CAPTAIN MARVEL CONCEIVE A DARING PLAN--

--A PLAN DESTINED TO BE IMMEASURABLY ENHANCED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE IN GOLDEN GATE PARK OF--

SLOAN!
JASON SLOAN!
GOOD TO SEE YOU,
MY BOY! WHAT
BRINGS YOU?

I'VE COME..
TO STOP YOU,
KERWIN! I'VE
GOT TO
STOP YOU!

YOU SEE,
I BELIEVED IN
YOU--FOUGHT
FOR YOU. AND
NOW--!

POLICE LINE

YOU'VE MADE A
MOCKERY OF ME--
OF MY CAREER--
OF MY LIFE!

BAM BAM

AND I
HAVE TO KILL
YOU FOR
THAT, KERWIN.
KILL YOU!!
OH--NO.

BULLETS
DON'T
HURT
YOU--?

YOU PITIFUL DUNCE!
I'M NO LONGER THE
MAN YOU KNEW! I'M
IMMORTAL! I'M A
KING! I OWN
YOU!

THEN--I
BEG YOU--DON'T
LET ME LIVE!
TAKE MY LIFE--
NOW!

I HELPED
CREATE YOU--
I DESERVE
TO DIE AT YOUR
HAND!

JASON, JASON, JASON-- YOU
ALWAYS DID AMUSE ME!

BUT NEVER
MORE THAN
NOW! DON'T
STOP, BOY!
GO ON!

PRETEND I'M
A JURY! ENTER
YOUR PLEA OF--

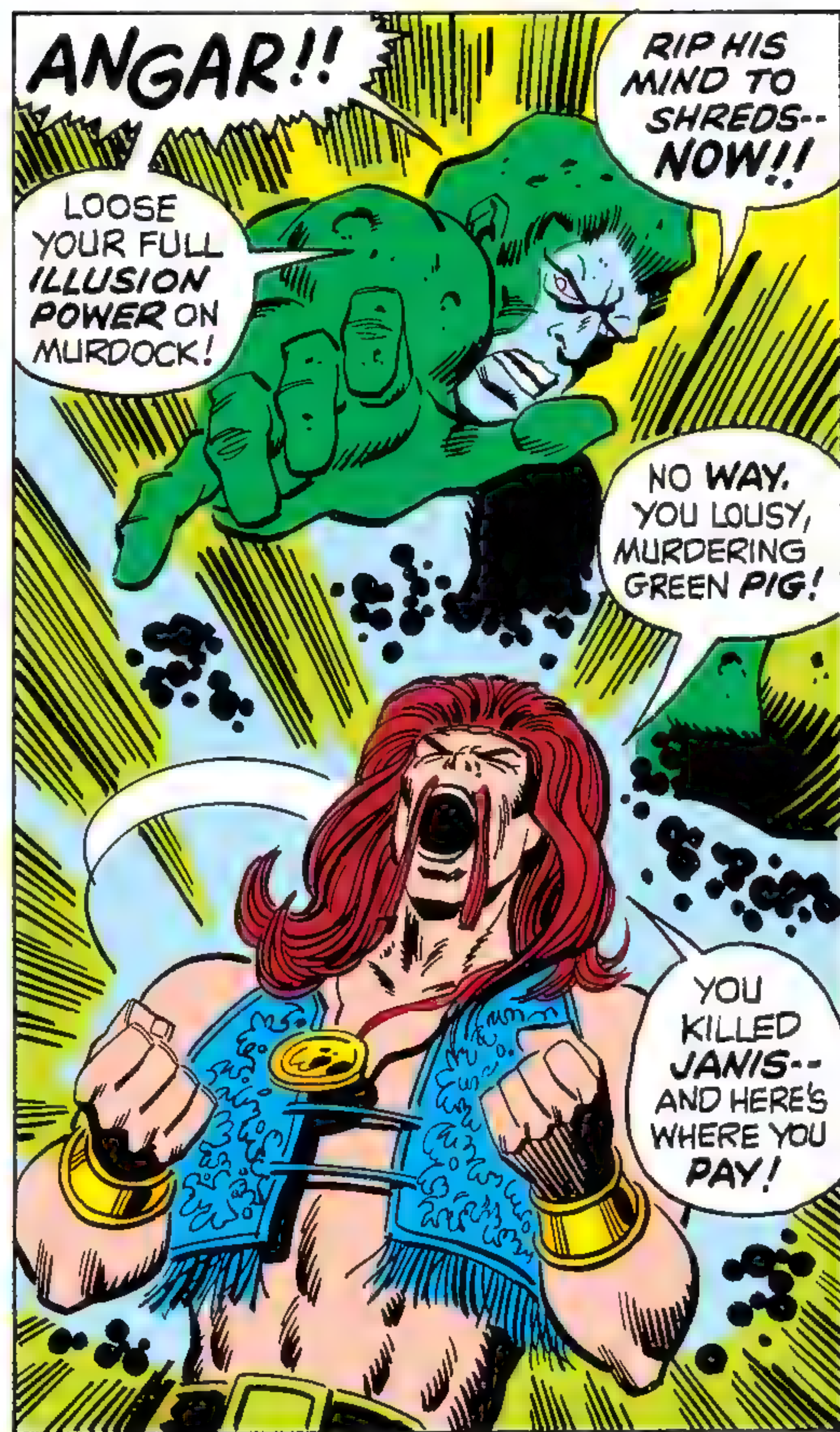
wha...?

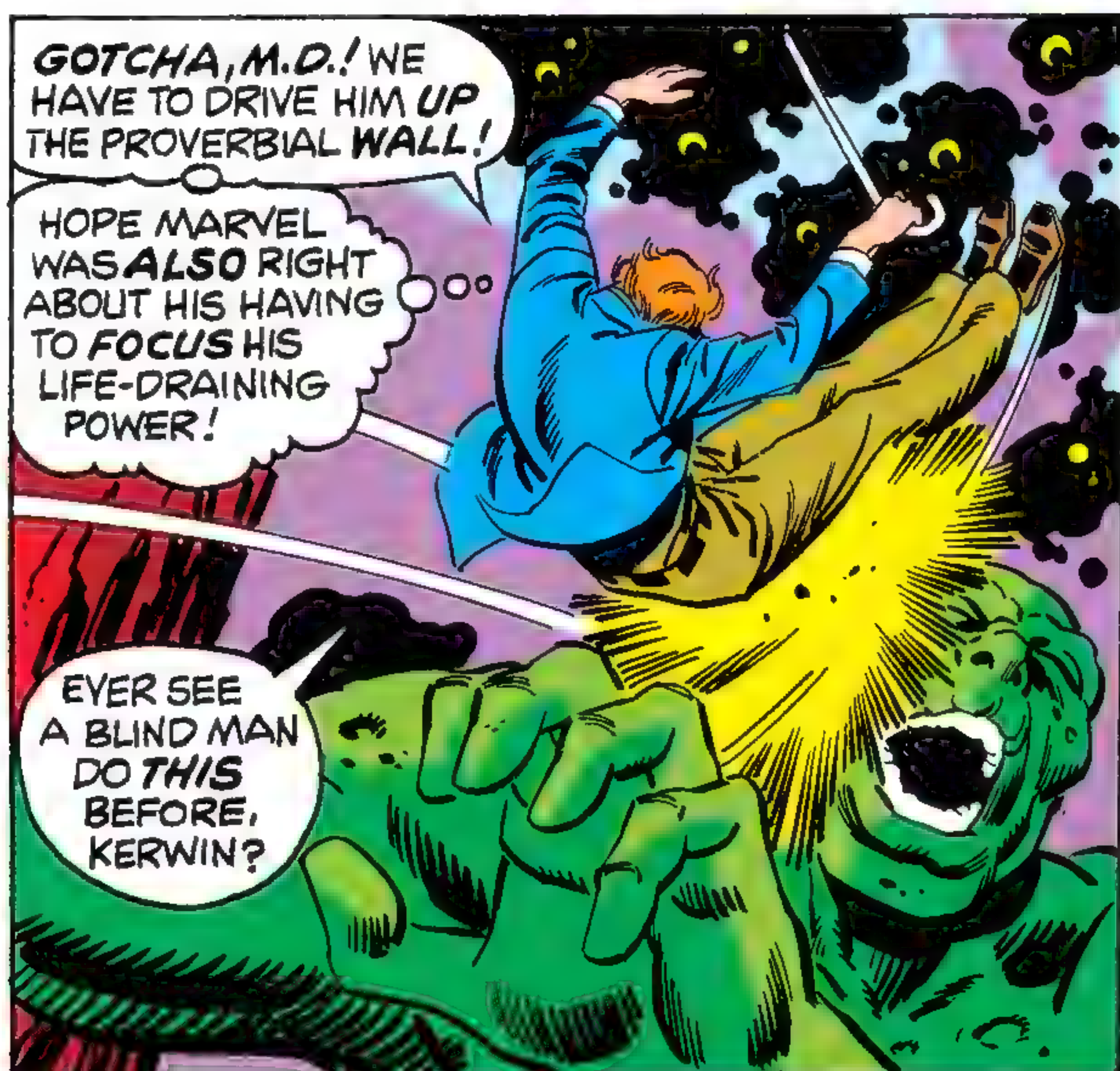
THAT'S
ENOUGH,
JASON.
STAND
UP!

YOU HEARD
ME, PARTNER--
OFF YOUR
KNEES--UP
ON YOUR
FEET!

AND
I MEAN
NOW!

M-MATT--?
IS THAT--
YOU?





GOTCHA, M.D.! WE HAVE TO DRIVE HIM UP THE PROVERBIAL WALL!

HOPE MARVEL WAS ALSO RIGHT ABOUT HIS HAVING TO FOCUS HIS LIFE-DRAINING POWER!

EVER SEE A BLIND MAN DO THIS BEFORE, KERWIN?



NO! NO! YOU CAN'T BE BEATING ME! YOU'RE FLEAS NEXT TO ME!

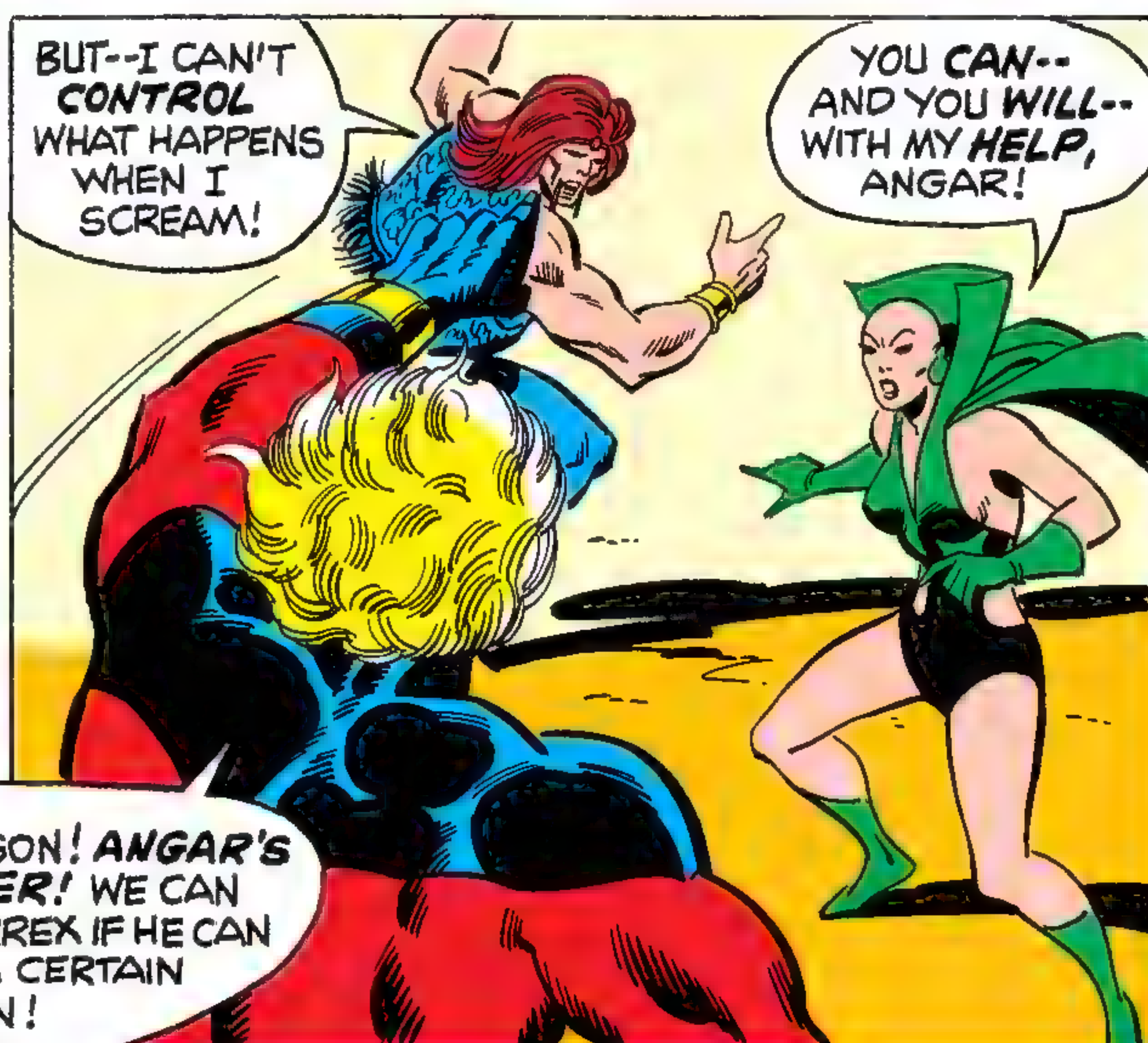
THE HALA YOU SAY, MONSTER!*

*IN-JOKE FOR KREE-LOVERS.--S.G.&R.T.



H-HOW'S MATT DOING THAT? UNLESS--YEAH! IT'S ALL PART OF THE ILLUSION! THAT'S IT! SURE!

BUT IT'S SO--REALISTIC--



BUT--I CAN'T CONTROL WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I SCREAM!

YOU CAN-- AND YOU WILL-- WITH MY HELP, ANGAR!

MOON DRAGON! ANGAR'S THE ANSWER! WE CAN DEFEAT TERREX IF HE CAN PROJECT A CERTAIN ILLUSION!

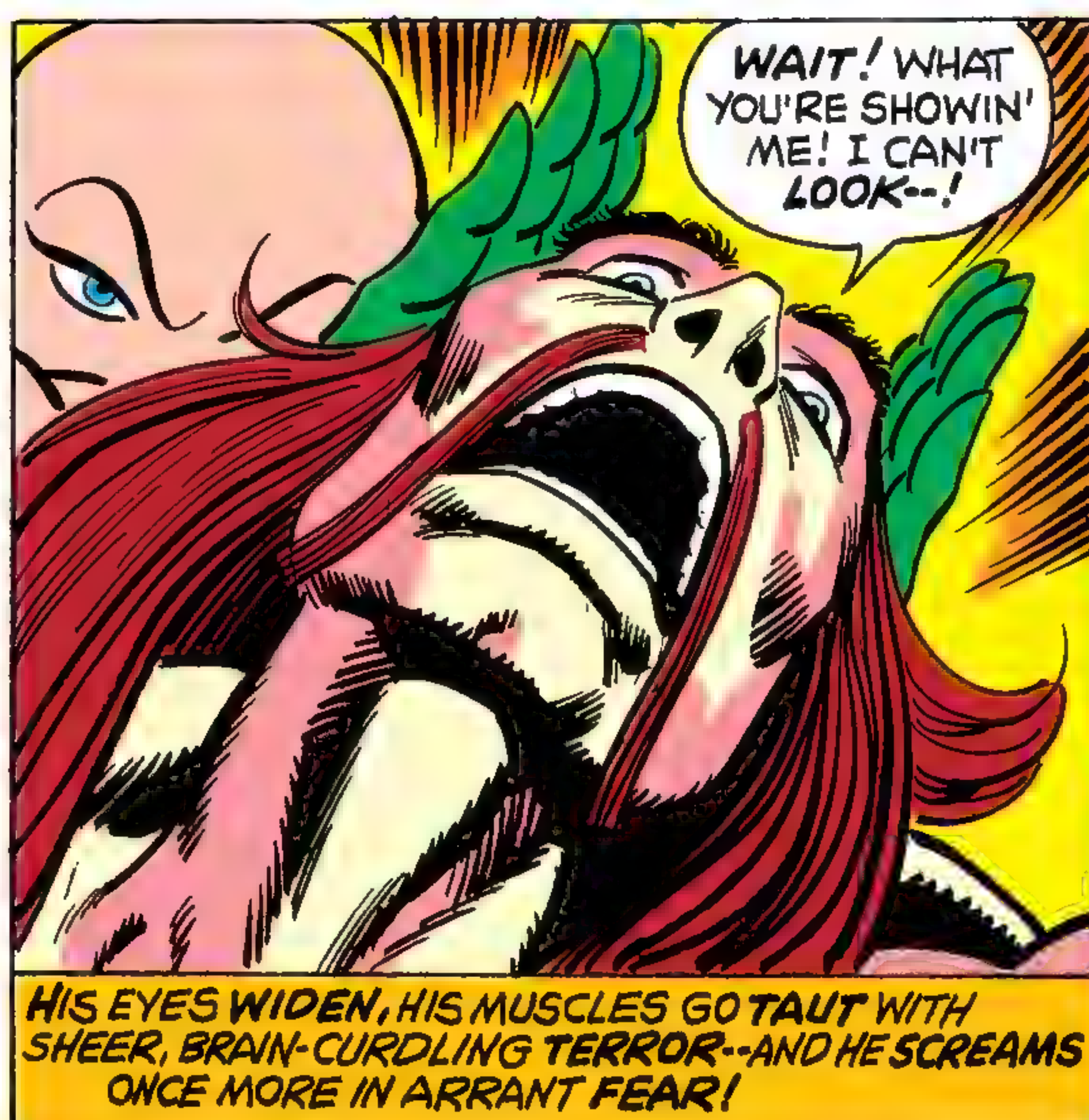


TOGETHER--WE'LL CREATE THE ILLUSION OF UN-LIFE! CORRECT, MAN OF THE KREE?

RIGHT! THE VERY SIGHT MAY DESTROY TERREX!

BE STILL, YOUNG ANGAR--I AM ABOUT TO ENTER--YOUR SOUL.

GETTING DIZZY--LIKE I'M STRUNG OUT ON DOWNERS--TRIPPIN' OUT!--



WAIT! WHAT YOU'RE SHOWIN' ME! I CAN'T LOOK--!

HIS EYES WIDEN, HIS MUSCLES GO TAUT WITH SHEER, BRAIN-CURDLING TERROR--AND HE SCREAMS ONCE MORE IN ARRANT FEAR!

AND HE CONTINUES HIS MIND-PIERCING WAIL AS
A VEIL OF DARKNESS FALLS OVER THE EARTH
--A BLACK RAIN THAT OBLITERATES EVERY-
THING FROM VIEW--

--UNTIL ALL
EXISTENCE
SEEMS TO FALL
BEHIND A VAST
CURTAIN OF
EBONY OPACITY--

--UNTIL THE
WORLD IS
BLOTTED
OUT--

--AND EVEN THEN, SEEING WHAT HE SEES,
ANGAR GOES ON SCREAMING--!

THROUGH THE DEMON
DARKNESS TERREX
COMES CLAWING--!

THE LIGHT!
WHO STOLE
AWAY THE
LIGHT?

I-- CAN'T
SEE! THERE'S
NOTHING LEFT
TO SEE!

I'VE GOT
TO GET OUT OF
HERE! FIND A WAY
OUT OF HERE! OUT
OF HERE!

GROPING--STUMBLING--A VERDANT LUMINESCENCE STAGGER-
ING TOWARD THE EDGE OF MADNESS, THE GRAY DOMAIN OF
NON-BEING--THE RIM OF THE PSYCHE!

AND WHEN THE GRAY IS
ALL THERE IS, HE PAUSES
--HE SEES--!

AT LAST! SOMETHING TO
LASH OUT AT--PANIC!--
FIST SMASHES FRAGILE
OVAL--BRITTLE SHELL
CRACKS--

AND FROM
IT POURS--

THE EGG--
UNIVERSAL
SYMBOL OF
LIFE!

ANOTHER BLACKNESS--
ANOTHER VOID--MORE
INKY NOTHINGNESS! THE
EGG WHOSE UNFERTILE
YOLK SPAWNS OBLIVION--

--THAT IS THE HORROR CALLED--UN-LIFE!

THERE FOLLOWS: A GASP--LONG, PAINFUL. A CRY--SHORT, HIGH-PITCHED. A MOAN--ALMOST INAUDIBLE. AND THEN--

IT'S OVER. WHATEVER HE SAW MUST'VE BROKEN HIS MELD WITH TERREX--**DESTROYING** THE MONSTER.

AND KERWIN J. BRODERICK IS--**DEAD**.

LONG LIVE --THE KING.

AND ANGAR IS THE **SCREAMER** NO MORE. THIS TASK TOOK ALL HIS POWER. HIS NORMAL **STATURE** HAS RETURNED.

THAT LEAVES JUST **ONE** QUESTION--WHAT **DID** TERREX SEE THAT ACCOMPLISHED THIS?

IT MUST HAVE BEEN SO **AWESOME**, SO COMPLETELY **TERRIFYING**! WHAT--?

I DARE NOT **TELL** YOU, MY FRIEND--FOR FEAR YOU MIGHT **LAUGH**. LET US SAY ONLY--

--IT WAS A **SIMPLE** THING--LIKE **MOST** FINAL TRUTHS.

AND WITH THAT, I MUST LEAVE YOU. I HAVE **OTHER** PRESSING AFFAIRS.

FAREWELL, THEN. PERHAPS--WE WILL MEET **AGAIN**!

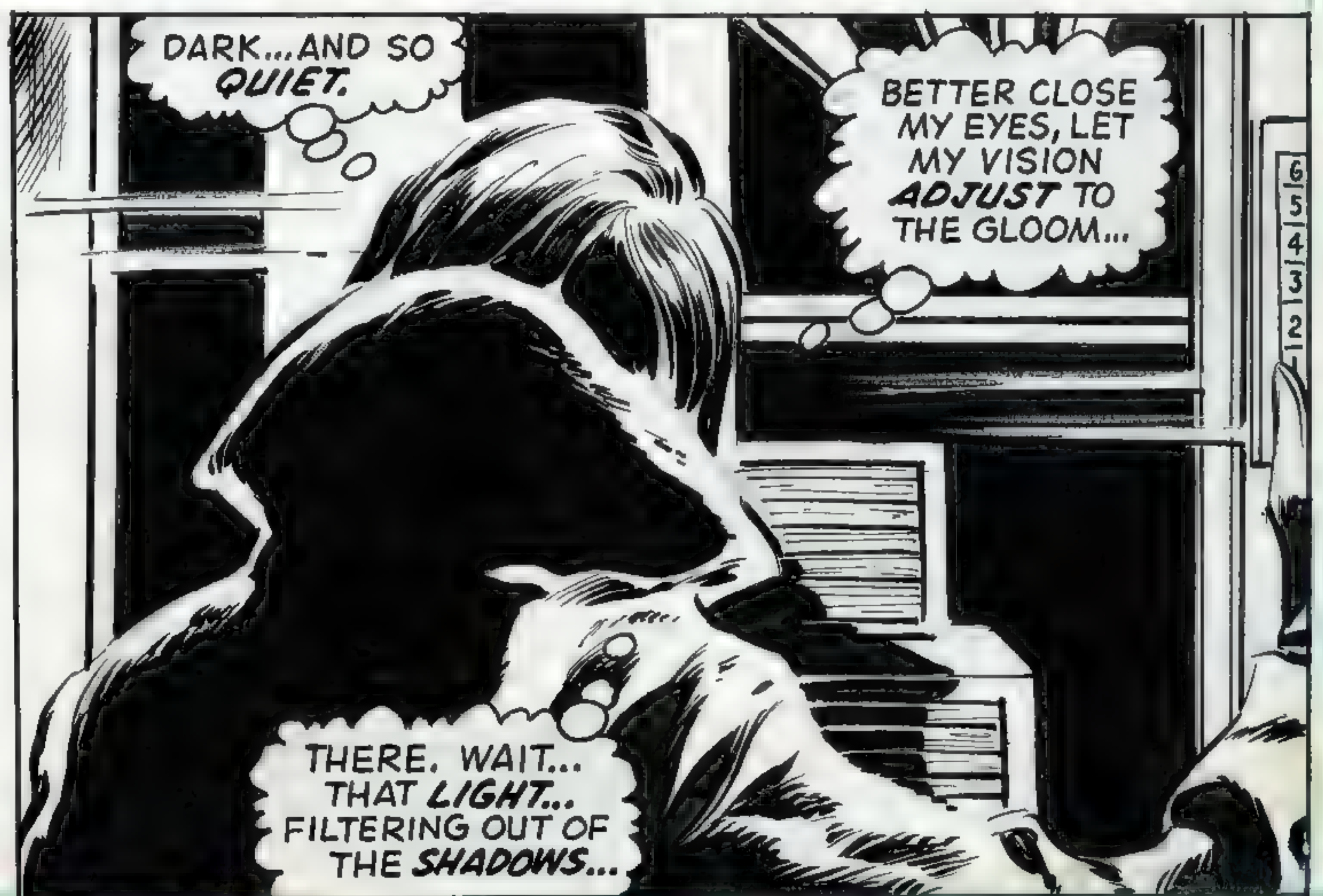
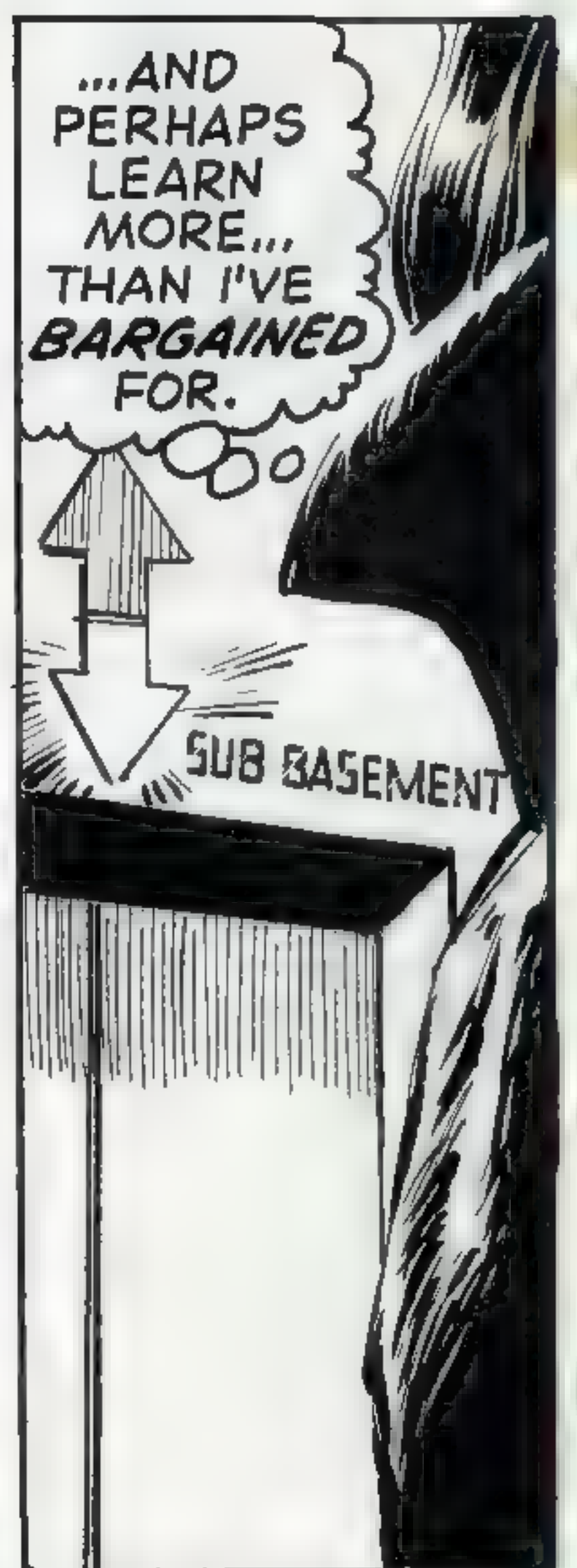
THERE HE GOES, MATT--A MAN WHO'S BEEN TO THE ENDS OF THE **UNIVERSE**! ISN'T HE REMARKABLE?

NO, BLACK WIDOW--THE GALAXY BOASTS MANY MEN WHO HAVE SEEN THE STARS--

--BUT ONLY **ONE** HAVE I MET WHOSE EYES CAN **NOT** SEE--YET WHO STILL DARES **ALL** FOR HIS CAUSE!

YOUR **DAREDEVIL** IS MORE ASTOUNDING BY FAR THAN I.

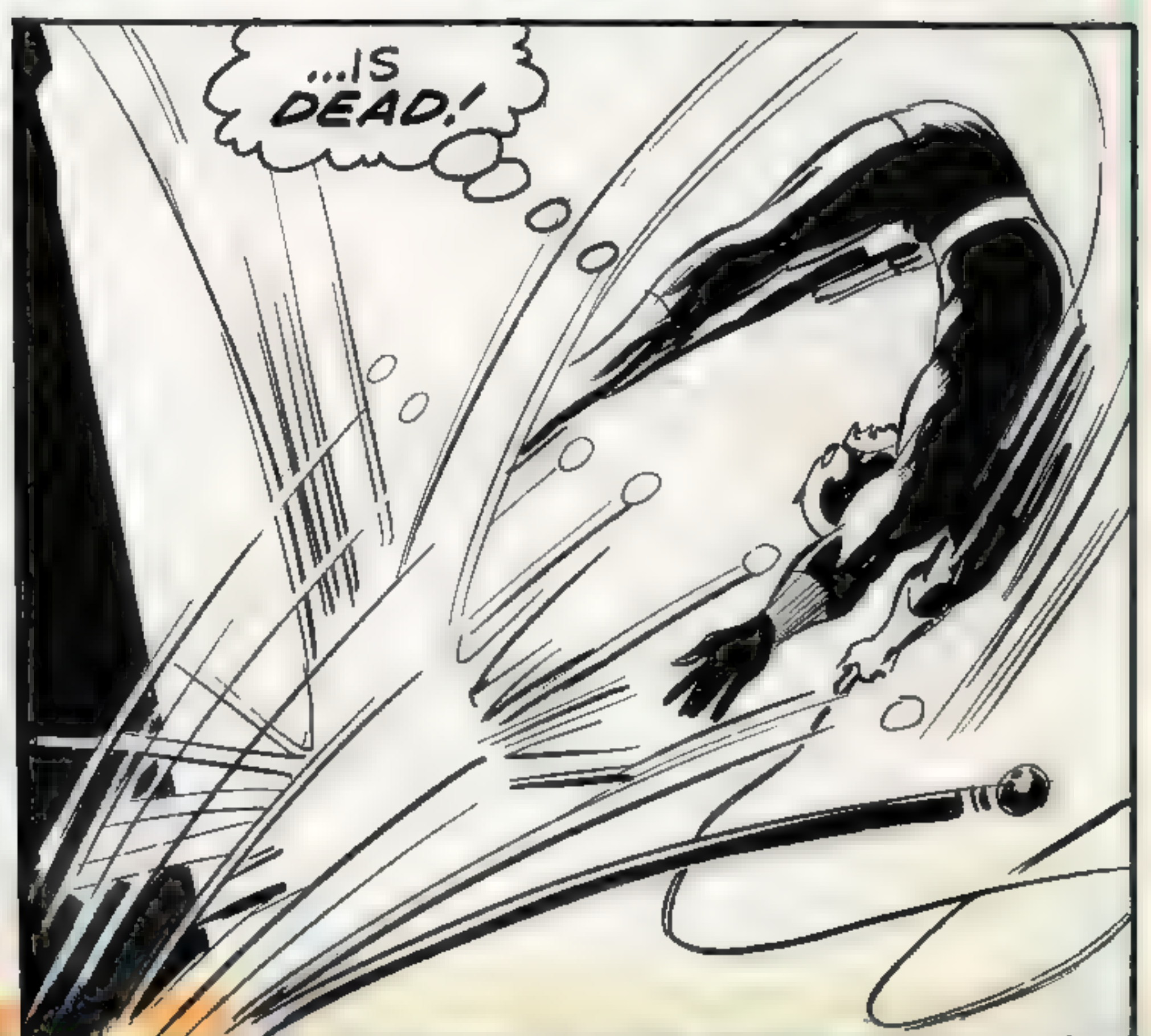
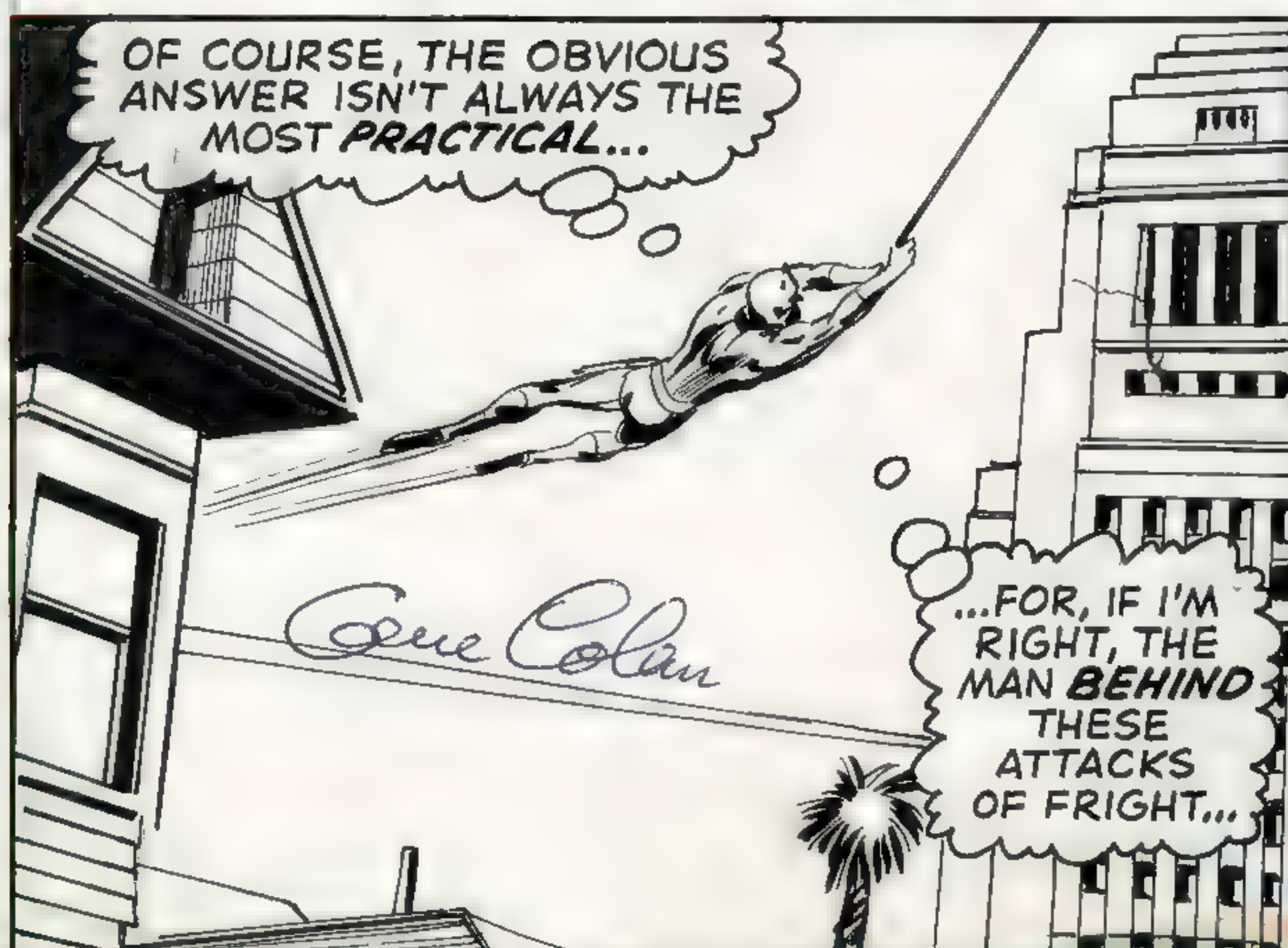
NEXT: NEW YORK! FOGGY NELSON! THE RETURN OF AN OLD FOE--AND THE MYSTERY OF--- **BLACK SPECTRE!!**



Gene Colan 7

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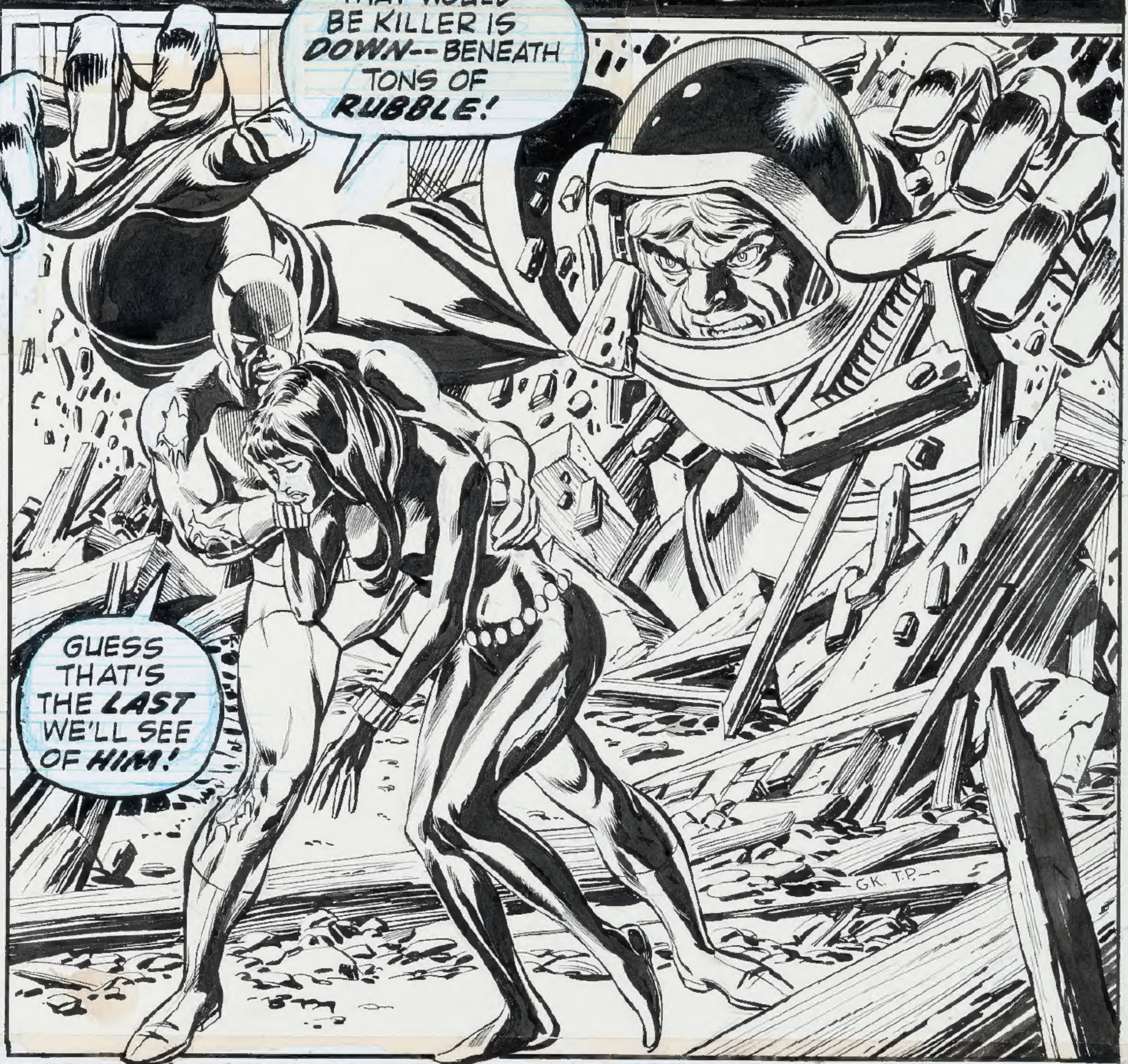
DAREDEVIL®

AND THE BLACK WIDOW



THAT WOULD-
BE KILLER IS
DOWN-- BENEATH
TONS OF
RUBBLE!

GUESS
THAT'S
THE **LAST**
WE'LL SEE
OF HIM!



DON'T LOOK NOW, DD--BUT THAT "WOULD-BE KILLER" IS ALSO KNOWN AS--

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN!

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THAT "WOULD-BE
KILLER"

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ROLLING STONE
**MEETS
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SEE PAGE 10

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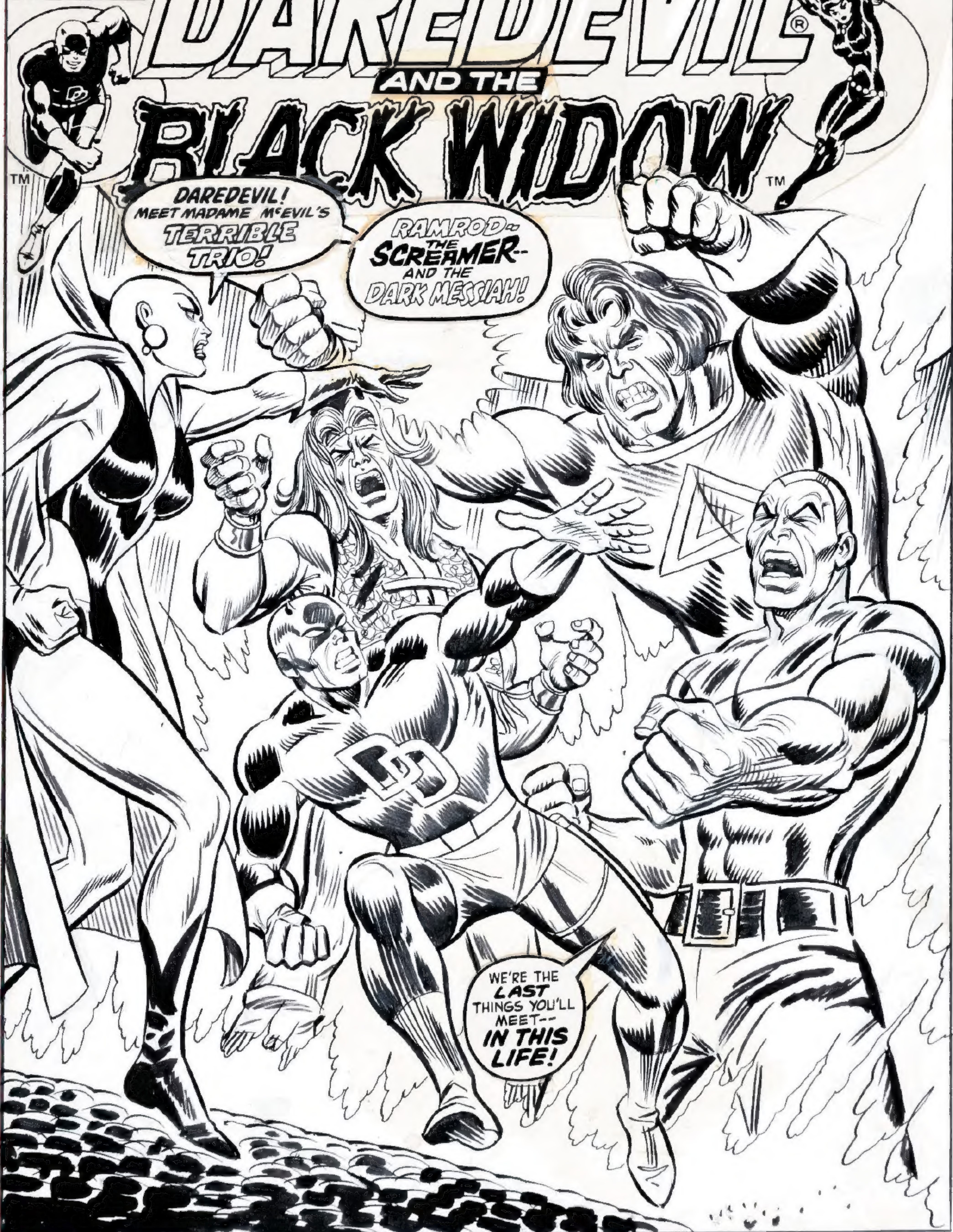
AND THE

BLACK WIDOW™

DAREDEVIL!
MEET MADAME M'EVIL'S
TERRIBLE
TRIO!

RAMROD-
THE
SCREAMER-
AND THE
DARK MESSIAH!

WE'RE THE
LAST
THINGS YOU'LL
MEET--
IN THIS
LIFE!



7x10 1/2

JOHN ROMITA

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